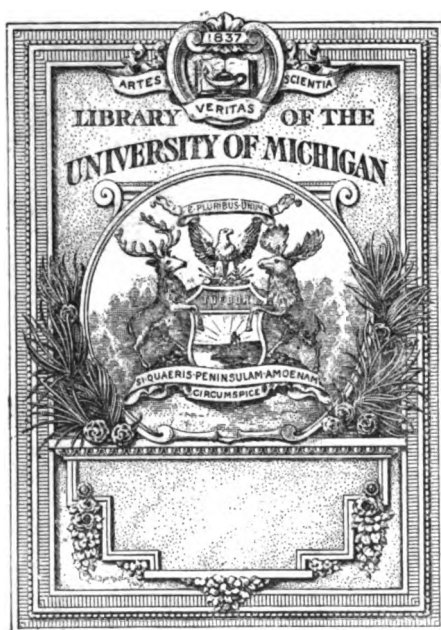


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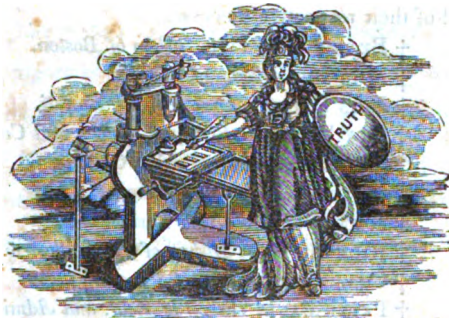


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VOLUME II.

The United States
CATHOLIC
MAGAZINE:

MONTHLY PERIODICAL,
CONTAINING
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED ARTICLES,
A SUMMARY OF
Ecclesiastical Intelligence, etc.



Truth shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free—John 8:32.

The Official Organ of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, and the
Rt. Rev. Bishop of Richmond, and published with the approbation
of the Right Rev. Bishops of the United States.

EDITED BY REV. CHARLES I. WHITE.

BALTIMORE:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN MURPHY,
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1843.

APPROBATION.

WE earnestly recommend to the clergy and laity, the UNITED STATES CATHOLIC MAGAZINE, a Catholic periodical published monthly in Baltimore. It is calculated to promote the honor of our holy religion, and will, we trust, have a place in every Catholic Library.

BALTIMORE, *Circumcision of our Lord*, 1842.

† SAMUEL, *Archbishop of Balt.*

I hereby establish the United States Catholic Magazine my official organ of public communication with the clergy and laity of the archdiocese of Baltimore. Should it become necessary to address them on any subject before the regular period for the publication of the Magazine, an extra sheet will be issued, corresponding in dimensions and style with those of the periodical.

† SAMUEL, *Archbishop of Baltimore.*

Feast of St. Mark, 1843.

"The undersigned wish to express their approbation of the manner in which the United States Catholic Magazine has hitherto been conducted; and their confidence in the able and zealous directors who superintend its pages, authorizes them to recommend it to the patronage of the faithful of their respective dioceses.

† BENEDICT JOSEPH, *Bishop of Boston.*

† MICHAEL, *Bishop of Mobile.*

† JOHN BAPTIST, *Bishop of Cincinnati.*

† GUY IGNATIUS, *Bishop of Bolena and Coadjutor of Louisville.*

† ANTHONY, *Bishop of New Orleans.*

† MATHIAS, *Bishop of Dubuque.*

† JOHN, *Bishop of New York.*

† RICHARD PIUS, *Bishop of Nashville.*

† CELESTINE, *Bishop of Vincennes.*

† PETER PAUL, *Bishop of Zela, and Administrator of Detroit.*

† JOHN JOSEPH, *Bishop of Natchez.*

† JOHN M. *Bishop of Claudiopolis and Vicar Apostolic of Texas.*

"Having within my jurisdiction no press through which to publish the official documents of the diocese, I have selected for that purpose the United States Catholic Magazine, and as such recommend it earnestly to the reverend clergy and laity thereof.

† RICHARD VINCENT, *Bishop of Richmond.*

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NOTICE.

In presenting this volume to the public, we will observe that it forms the second of a series, the first of which is known under the title of the *Religious Cabinet*. The work, from its origin, has professed to be chiefly an eclectic periodical; but during the second year of its publication, the contributions received from various sources, have been sufficiently numerous and important to permit a slight departure from the design which we at first proposed to ourselves; and we believe that the deviation has met the views and wishes of our readers generally. A similar plan will continue to be pursued, and the main portion of each number of the Magazine will consist of original matter, while a due regard will be paid to such selections as may appear to possess any particular excellence.

THE EDITOR.

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ERRATA.

Page 51, towards the end of second column, for "Calendars," read "Calenda."

" 53, first column, line eighteen, for "eleven," read "twelve."

" 170, last stanza, for "steeps," read "stepped."

" 485, for "Boquet," read "Bouquet."

" 555, first column, seventeenth line from the end, for "five," read "fourteen."

" 556, second column, for "Lucian," read "Lucius."

" 712, { first column, at the end,
second column, at the beginning, } for "MDCCXIX," read "MDCCXIV."

THE
UNITED STATES
CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1843.

REMAINS OF THE LATE REV. RICHARD H. FROUDE, M. A.

FELLOW OF ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

PART I.—2 vols. 8vo. London, 1838.

PART II.—2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839.

THE above volumes contain the posthumous Remains of a Student of Oxford, whose opinions have excited an interest beyond the bounds of his own communion. He was one of the originators, if not the originator of the religious views, which have been sent forth to the world in the famous "Tracts for the Times." These "Remains" are curious, not to say important, as letting us into the secret of the feelings in which these views originated, and of the motives by which their upholders are actuated. They will also be read with interest as the aspirations of an ingenious mind in its search after truth; as the fearless enquiries of one not satisfied with the principles of the faith in which he had been brought up; and who, to use his own words, "felt hungry for some ideal perfection, of which he had no definite idea."

The editor of the volumes in question is presumed to be the Rev. Mr. Pusey, whose name will be familiar to our readers, as the great champion of the Oxford opinions, and whose followers are now designated after his name—the *Puseyites*. After informing us, that "Richard H. Froude was born in 1803, on the feast of the Annunciation, and that he died of consumption, on the

VOL. II.—No. 1.

28th of February, 1836, when he was nearly thirty-three, after an illness of four years and a half," he proceeds to open to us the views by which this gifted young man was actuated. "When the great principle of Catholicism, *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*—always, every where, and by all—had once rooted itself in his mind, he determined not to flinch from results; when once convinced that the only safe way is to go back to the times of universal consent, he would naturally go on and say to himself: 'if I lay down this rule on one question, I shall not be dealing fairly with myself, honestly with my opponents, or reverently with Him to whom I am virtually appealing, except I carry the same mode of reasoning into all other questions, wherein it is applicable. Accepting the Church's interpretation of scripture in regard to the sacrament of the holy eucharist, I must not decline her doctrine of the accompanying sacrifice, gathered from the same liturgies and the same interpretation of holy scripture; believing her concerning the genuineness of the Bible, I must also believe her concerning a transmitted priesthood: taking it on trust from her creeds, that such and such is the only true account of the doctrines of the Bible, I may not doubt her consistent and perpetual witness, that such and such are the right rules for interpreting the same.

holy book: I believe, because she assures me, that bishops only have the right to ordain; must I not believe her equally positive assurance, that excommunication is also theirs by exclusive and indefeasible right, and that it is no true eucharist which is not consecrated by hands which they have authorised.' These are instances of the manner in which the author of these papers reasoned. Such a mind, thoroughly uncompromising in its Catholicity, would feel deeply, that as ancient consent binds the person admitting it alike to all doctrines, interpretations, and usages, for which it can be truly alleged; so there is something less tangible and definite, though not less real than any of these, which no less demands his dutiful veneration, and to which he is bound to conform himself in practice; that is to say, the cast of thought and tone of character of the primitive Church, its way of judging, behaving, expressing itself on practical matters, great and small, as they occur. For what, in fact, is this character, but what an apostle once called it—'the mind of Jesus Christ' himself, by the secret inspiration of his spirit communicated to his whole mystical body, informing, guiding, moving it, as he will? A sacred and awful truth; of which whoever is seriously aware, will surely be very backward to question or discuss the propriety of any sentiment, allowed to be general in Christian antiquity, how remote soever from present views and usages; much more, to treat it with any thing like contempt or bitterness.

"Should it appear to him, for example, that the ancient Church took in their literal and obvious meaning, those expressions of our Saviour and of St. Paul, which recommend celibacy as the *more excellent way*, so as to give honor to those who voluntarily so abode, that they might wait on the Lord; and in particular to assume that the clergy should rather of the two be unmarried than married; he will not permit the prejudices of a later time to hinder him from honoring those whom his Lord so delighted to honor; he will consider that the same cast of thought which leads men to scorn religious celibacy, will certainly prevent marriage also, which they profess to honor, from being strictly

religious. Should he find that the records of the fathers bear witness in every page to their literal observance of the duty of fasting, and the high importance which they attached to it, it is not the titles of 'Jewish, Pharisaical, self-righteous,' nor yet that of 'ascetic' (more widely dreaded than all), which will deter him from obeying his conscience in that particular. Should he perceive that the counsels and demeanor of the holy men of old, towards heretics and other sinners, correspond much more truly with the apostolic rule, *Put away from among yourselves that wicked person*, than with the liberal and unscrupulous intercourse which respectable persons now practice; for peace and quietness and good nature's sake, it is a conviction which cannot but widely influence both his judgment of other times and his conduct towards his contemporaries; it will lead to many a sentence that will sound harsh, and many a step that will be accounted severe; it will cause him often to shock those by whom he would greatly wish to be approved: and yet thus he must judge and act, if he will be true to his own principle, and conform himself throughout to the will of God, which the consent of those purer ages indicates. Again, he who makes up his mind really to take antiquity for his guide, will feel that he must be continually realizing the presence of a wonder-working God: his mind must be awake to the possibility of special providences, miraculous interferences, supernatural warnings, and the tokens of the Divine purpose, and also to indications of other unseen agency, both good and bad, relating to himself and others: subjects of this kind, if a man be consistent, must fill up a larger portion of his thoughts and affections, and influence his conduct far more materially, than the customs and opinions of this age would readily permit. . . . Assuming this, then, as our ground and first principle, that adherence to the doctrine of universal consent is to be strictly and really uncompromising, it seems no hard question, 'What is to be done, should the principles and practice of the age we live in, appear, on inquiry, in any material respect contradictory to those of ancient Christendom?' Clearly each one in his station is bound to

take his part, not with the new error, but with the old truth. . . . Such were the views taken by the author of these 'Remains.' He entered on the study of the theology of the Reformers with the general and natural impression, that he should find a treasure of sound doctrine, and a tone of thought in unison with the ancient Church. He found himself greatly disappointed, and the process and result of that disappointment are exhibited in his correspondence. He speaks with the fervor of an earnest inquirer, and the indignation of one who had met, or thought he met, with irreverence, where he expected primitive piety."

Of the "indignation" here spoken of, an example or two may be in point. "Why do you praise Ridley? Do you know sufficient good about him to counterbalance the fact, that he was the associate of Cranmer, Peter Martyr, and Bucer? By the way, how beautifully the Edinburgh Review has shown up Luther, Melancthon & Co! What good genius has possessed them to do our dirty work? As for myself, I never mean, if I can help it, to use any phrases even, which can connect me with such a set." Again: "I have taken up Strype now and then, and have not increased my admiration of the Reformers. As far as I have gone, too, I think better than I was prepared to do of Bonner and Gardiner. The person whom I like best of all I have read about is Cardinal Pole. He seems the hero of an ideal world, a union of chivalrous and Catholic feeling, like what one hopes to find people, before one reads about them." Again: "I have been looking into Strype's Memorials and into Burnet a good deal, without finding much to like in the Reformers. Edward VI and his court were on the whole a poor set. I see that when Flanders was under excommunication, Master Edward promised to send over English clergy who would perform the offices of the Church, in spite of the Pope, for the above mentioned scoundrels." . . . "As to the Reformers, I think worse and worse of them. Jewell was what you would in these days call an irreverent dissenter. His Defence of his Apology disgusted me more than almost any work I have ever read." . . . "I wonder that a

thoughtful fellow, like H. does not get to hate the Reformers faster. As soon as I began to know —, I felt they were the very kind of fellows he would most have hated and despised, if he had known them. I did not dare to sport my opinions, till I had read more and more. I believe I have a want of reverence, else I should not have got to hate them so soon as I did. — was a long time in giving up Cranmer." . . .

"The movement was mainly originated and constructed by Henry VIII, and the Protector Somerset, and by ecclesiastics, evincing a most unworthy subservience to the capricious sensuality of the one, and the unblushing sacrilegiousness of the other."

. . . "There are substantial differences in the way of thinking and moral sentiment, which separate the Reformers from the fathers, more widely, perhaps, than any definite statements of doctrine. Compare the sayings and manner of the two schools on the subjects of fasting, celibacy, religious vows, voluntary retirement and contemplation, the memory of the saints, rites and ceremonies recommended by antiquity, and involving any sort of self-denial, and especially on the great point of giving men divine knowledge and introducing holy associations: there can be little doubt, that, generally speaking, the tone of the fourth century is so unlike that of the sixteenth, on each and all of these topics, that it is absolutely impossible for the same mind to sympathise with both. You must choose between the two lines: they are not only diverging, but contrary." In another place, speaking of the Reformation, he calls it "a limb badly set, which must be broken again in order to be righted." Writing to a friend, he says: "When I get your letter I expect a rowing for my Roman Catholic sentiments. But really I hate the Reformation and the Reformers more and more; and I have almost made up my mind that the rationalist spirit which they set afloat is the beast of the Revelations." . . . "You will be shocked at my avowal, that I am every day becoming a less and less loyal son of the Reformation. It appears to me plain, that in all matters that seem to us indifferent or even doubtful, we should conform our practices to those of

the Church which has preserved its traditional practices unbroken." There is a prayer in the "Extracts from his private Journal," to this effect: "Save me, O Lord, from the snares of a double mind, and make my way stable before Thee. Suffer me not, when my foot slips, to lean upon a bruised reed, nor when my eyes are dim, to follow blind guides."

Young Froude appears to have imbibed at an early age the opinions and views, which have been taken up by the Oxford men, and which at this moment are causing so great sensation not only in England, but also on this side the Atlantic. He appears to have regarded himself in the light of a kind of apostle of regeneration to the Church of England, and to have prepared himself for his mission by some of the severer preparatives of the primitive ages, which have so wofully fallen into disuse in the Church of which he was a member. We will allow him to speak for himself. In his "Private Journal," of which large extracts are given in the volumes before us, he says: "This day (Sept. 19, 1826) I attended the Cathedral service at Exeter. This is a glorious place; I wish I could look on it as the temple of God, and feel his Spirit moving on the face of the waters. . . . Respecting Church regulations for fast and abstinence, I consider that if the forms of *society* are calculated to make each individual feel his proper place with reference to others, and in helping us to act right in this relation, it cannot be absurd to heap up ceremonies in *religion*, which may be witnesses to us of the presence of the great King, and of the way of acting and thinking which suits our relation to Him.

"Nov. 12, 1826.—I went to New College Chapel. Being in the anti-chapel, I could not go through the right forms of standing and kneeling without attracting attention; as it was, I was much distracted with the thought that men were observing me.

"Nov. 11.—I went to Magdalen Chapel; and though I would not go through all the forms without obtruding myself on notice; yet it seems to me to have been very impressive, &c. I have been coming to a resolution that I will begin a sort of monastic, austere life, and do my best to chastise my-

self before the Lord; I will keep the fasts of the Church as much as I can without ostentation; give all the money I can save to charity or for the adorning of religion. The studies which I have prescribed to myself are Hebrew and the ante-nicene fathers.

"April 9.—This is the Monday of Passion week, and I have resolved to keep the whole week as strict a fast as I can, without being observed. Yet I feel very much afraid that I shall, at meals, find some artifice with which to deceive myself. So that to invigorate myself, I have thought it best to resume my old plan, of recording against myself what I have resolved. O my God, give me grace to turn this trifling effort to the lasting benefit of my soul; for it is through thee alone that I can either will or do any thing acceptable in thy sight. I must not let this go off in a puff, but use it to strengthen myself in abstinence and self-mortification. I hope I have put my hand to the plough, I must, with God's assistance, be most vigorously on the watch, lest I forfeit my inheritance by looking back.

"Oct. 4, 1837.—I intend to receive the Sacrament next Sunday, and want to have some settled notion what particular weaknesses I must pray for support against. . . . I must keep my body under, and bring it into subjection. . . . I suppose, when I have been accustomed to fasting a little longer, I may be able to shake off the silly fancies about exhaustion, which get possession of me.

"March 25, 1828.—I am to-day twenty-five years old. I have begun it with a specimen of my state. I did not know this morning that it was either my birth-day, or the feast of the Annunciation: and yet all the term, I have watched for the approach of Saints' days for weeks beforehand. This is very humiliating, and, upon the whole, I have every reason to be dissatisfied with myself for the conduct of this year. *Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison.*

"I have been looking round my rooms, and thinking they looked comfortable and nice, and I said in my heart, 'Ah, ah! I am warm; it is disgusting for a fellow like me to be enjoying the fat of the land.'

"Oct. 27.—I was not up till half past six;

slept on the floor, and a nice uncomfortable time I had of it! Tasted nothing to-day till tea-time, and then only one cup and dry bread.

"Nov. 6.—I felt to-day as if I had been getting enthusiastic, and that the secret world of new pleasures and wishes to which I am trying to gain admittance, is a mere fancy. . . . I am glad of the advice given me about penance; for my spirit was so broken down that I had no vigor to go on even with the trifling self-denials I had imposed on myself: besides, I feel that though it has in it the color of humility, it is in reality the food of pride. Self-imposed, it seems to me quite different from when imposed by the Church; and even fasting itself, to weak minds, is not free from evil, when, however secretly it is done, one cannot avoid the consciousness of being singular. . . . I think since the end of lent, except on one of the Rogation days, I have imposed no manner of restriction on myself. I mean to fast to-day, being the first of the Ember-days, and *hope* to keep the two others strictly: but I hardly know my own mind. *Evening*: I have not kept my fast to-day, as I intended, having only gone without breakfast: for by the time I had done lectures, I felt so very stupid, that I fancied it was more than I need do to exaggerate the cause. . . . Dr. — has told me to indulge in a more generous diet, and I was glad of the excuse. . . . I am weary of finishing the course which I had prescribed to myself. The enthusiasm which set me off has gradually died away, and I am left to go on resolutions, the aim of which I often lose sight of.

"Nov. 18.—I have slackened my rules to-day, and let go my dreamy feelings, that have been keeping me up. Bad as I am, it seems as if I might, not indeed be too penitent, but penitent in a wrong way. Abstinences and self-mortifications may themselves be a sort of intemperance. They ought not to be persevered in, farther than as they are instrumental to a change of character in things of real importance; and the lassitude which I have lately felt, is a sign that they will do me no good just for the present. How hard it is to keep a pure motive for any thing."

"Nov. 30.—I was rather braced up this morning by reading about the martyrs in Eusebius, and sat in the cold very well, &c."

In the perusal of the above extracts, the writer's declining state of health must not be lost sight of.

To enable the reader to form some idea of the views by which the author of these "Remains" was actuated, we shall, without further comment, proceed to give some short extracts from these curious volumes. In one of his letters, he says: "For a long time — looked on me as a mere sophister, but P. conciliated his affections with Palmer's chapter on the primitive liturgies, and I verily believe that he would now gladly consent to see our communion service replaced by a good translation of the liturgy of St. Peter; a name which I advise you to substitute in your notes to — for the obnoxious phrase 'Mass-book.'" Again: "I can see no other claim which the prayer book has on a layman's deference, as the teaching of the Church, which the Breviary and Missal have not in a far greater degree."

"I wish Palmer would publish a supplement to the '*Origines Liturgicæ*,' with the anaphora of the primitive liturgies in Greek. Have you read Brett's translation of them? They are a death-blow to Protestantism, if Palmer is right about their antiquity and independence." Writing to another friend, he says: "Do not forget to send me the parts *autumnalis* and *hiemalis* of my Breviary, which I forgot to bring with me."

The editor offers us the following exposition of Mr. Froude's views, on points connected with the above. "The view which the author took of his own position was probably this,—that he was a minister not of any human *establishment*, but of the one Holy Church Catholic. His loyalty is engaged to this Church Catholic, and he cannot enter into the drift and intentions of her oppressors without betraying her; for example, he cannot sympathise in the provision which hinders his celebrating five out of the seven daily services, which are his patrimony equally with the Romanists: again, doubtless, the spirit in which the present

establishment was framed, would require an affectionate admiring remembrance of Luther and others, for whom there is no evidence that the author of these volumes ever entertained any reverence."

In another of his letters Mr. Froude says: "I have two schemes about the 'Tracts:' first, I should like a series of the apostolical divines of the Church of England; secondly, I think one might take the Jansenist saints, Francis de Sales, the nuns of Port Royal, Pascal, &c., who seem to me to be of a more sentimental imaginative cast than any of our own, and to give more room for writing *ad captandum*. Must it not be owned, that the Church of England saints (*query*, who are they?), however good in essentials, are, with a few rare exceptions, deficient in the austere beauty of the Catholic ethos."

Again: "Would to heaven that we could concoct a second edition of old times again. . . . Your old project about the mendicant orders was the sort of thing, though, perhaps, something connected with later times would tell more, just at present."

"How many a goodly monument of ancient piety, how many a sacred relic of saint or martyr, has been insulted and destroyed under the color of religious zeal. Nay, even the perilous and shocking step of denying the Godhead of our blessed Lord, has by some persons been taken under the false conviction that they were flying from idolatry."

In a letter from Cintra, where he visited the two convents situated on the highest points of the mountain, he exclaims: "These Roman Catholics are queer fellows, they are determined to be admired and not envied: we, unhappily, by an inverse ratio, are envied and not admired."

In one of his letters from Rome, he says: "As for travelling, it is melancholy to think how little one gets for one's time and money. The only thing I can put my hand on as an acquisition, is having formed an acquaintance with a man of some influence here, Monsignor —, the head of the Roman college, who has enlightened — and me, on the subject of our relations to the Church of Rome. We got introduced to

him to find out whether they would take us in on any terms to which we could twist our consciences, and we found to our dismay, that not one step could be gained without swallowing the council of Trent, as a whole.

"We made our approaches to the subject as delicately as we could. Our first notion was that the terms of communion were, within certain limits, under the control of the Pope; or that in case he could not dispense solely, yet at any rate, that the acts of one council might be rescinded by another; indeed, that in Charles the first's time, it had been intended to negotiate a reconciliation on the terms on which things stood before the council of Trent. We found to our horror, that the doctrine of the infallibility of the Church made the acts of each successive council obligatory forever; that what had been once decided, could never be meddled with again; in fact, that they were committed finally and irrevocably, and could not advance one step to meet us, even though the Church of England should again become what it was in Laud's time, &c. I met Mr. —, the offensive — man, the other day, and he sported the following sentiment,—he wondered at Cardinal Gonsalvi for leaving a large sum of money towards rebuilding St. Paul's here (which was burnt down some years ago), when he might have left it to what would be a 'real national work,' such as clearing out the Forum or repairing the Coliseum. I could hardly refrain from insulting him, but have given up that line."

We must trespass upon the patience of our readers with one other quotation, and we have done.

"I am more and more indignant at the Protestant doctrine on the subject of the Eucharist, and think that the principle on which it is founded, is as proud, irreverent, and foolish as that of any heresy, even Socinianism. On this point I must write you out a sentence from Pascal. Speaking of Isaiah xiv, xv, he says: 'Till the time of his incarnation Christ remained hidden under the veil of that nature which concealed him from human eyes; and when the time of his appearance came, he still

remained hidden under cover of his humanity. At length, when he was pleased to fulfil the promise made to his apostles of remaining with them all days even to his last coming, he chose to remain under the most strange and obscure secrecy of all,—the eucharistic species.' And then he goes on to say, that deists penetrate the veil of nature; heretics that of the incarnation; 'but for ourselves,' he adds, 'we should think ourselves happy that God has so far enlightened us, as to recognise Him under the species of bread and wine.' I believe that you will agree with me that this is orthodox." A very striking extract is then given from the celebrated Goethe's "Memoirs of his own Life." Again: "In respect to the scriptural miracle of the eucharist, it is objected that the eucharistic bread and wine cannot be supposed to become that very body of Christ which was broken for us, and that very blood of the new testament which was shed for us, without supposing that the body and blood of Christ are at the same time present in two places, in heaven and on the altar: and that this is a contradiction. Now I am convinced, that upon serious reflection, faithful Christians will admit it to be no contradiction. As to the sense in which it is true to say that the body and blood of Christ are present on the altar, many persons may have differences about it; but that there is any contradiction in supposing the very body of Christ which is in heaven, to be on the altar, they will, I think, see to be an ignorant prejudice. . . . I have heard serious persons argue, that were the miracle of the eucharist revealed in scripture so distinctly as not to admit of evasion, they would rather disbelieve their eye sight which told them the existence of the text than the concurrent testimony of two senses, which prove that no change takes place in the bread and wine; or, as some with less reverence express themselves, that they would rather believe the Bible false, than the miracle true. Their method of arguing does not seem becoming in the professed followers of Him who has said: 'Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed.' To convince serious persons with how little

favor God is likely to regard this particular species of scepticism, it may be useful to remind them of the double miracle recorded most unequivocally in scripture, which was as completely concealed from the senses of the person for whose instruction it was performed, as the miracle of the eucharist is from our senses, and which he was likely to have paid a heavy penalty for disregarding.

"The ass on which Balaam rode, stood still, contrary to her wont, in an apparently unobstructed road: she was his ass on which he had ridden ever since she was his unto that day, and she was never wont to do so with him. This, it seems, ought to have convinced Balaam, taking into consideration the warning he had received from God, that some cause, miraculous, though invisible, was operating to prevent his progress. Balaam, however, looked before him, and he saw nothing but a clear path among vineyards, with a wall on this side and a wall on that side. 'Shall I not,' he might have said, 'believe the evidence of my senses? Am I to rely on dreams that I had last night, and on the past faithfulness of this animal, rather than trust what I see with my own eyes?' Balaam's was truly a Protestant spirit; and his anger was kindled, and he smote the ass with his staff. Yet Balaam had little reason thus to rely on his senses, and God made little allowance for his doing so: and unless the faithfulness of his ass had prevented his following his own will, there was one in the way who would have slain him, and left her alive. 'The Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the angel of the Lord standing in the way, and his sword drawn in his hand.' The angel of the Lord was as really standing in the way before Balaam saw him, as afterwards; and the bread and wine may become as really the body and blood of Christ, though we perceive it not, as though we perceived it. Balaam's disbelief deserved that the angel of the Lord should slay him; of how much sorer punishment shall we be thought worthy, should it prove that we have trodden under foot the Son of God!"

The same views respecting the holy eucharist are more fully developed in a paper,

of which the headings are: "On the invisible powers of the apostles;"—"The apostolic eucharist miraculous;"—"The apostolic eucharist sacrificial;"—"No eucharist without a priesthood."—(*Vol. I, pp. 98—160.*)

The last of the volumes in question contains a "History of the contest between Thomas à Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, and Henry II of England; chiefly consisting of translations of contemporary letters extracted from the printed edition of the collection in the Vatican, and from other sources." This subject has evidently been chosen by the writer in order to illustrate his views respecting the power of excommunication, as virtually abandoned by the Church of England; a procedure which Mr. Froude and his followers look upon as a vital departure from the spirit of the apostolic age. The greater part of this volume is written in a truly Catholic spirit, and the character of Thomas à Becket is ably vindicated from the aspersions of party historians. In a future article we shall have occasion to return to this subject. Of the

ardor and research with which the author had prosecuted his enquiries on this subject, we have abundant testimonies before us. Take the following: "Monsignor — desired me to apply to him if I had any occasion to consult the Vatican library. I expect to see there the original *Epistolæ Sti. Thomæ* (which were sent to be deposited there by the sainted writer himself).

"*April 13, 1833.*—When we are there [in France], we shall, I suppose, see Avignon and Nismes, and then steam it up the Rhone to Lyons. Between that and Paris, I hope to visit and make drawings of some of the abbeys, churches, &c., which are connected with the history of St. Thomas of Canterbury."

"*May 23.*—What I have seen since my last letter has been more interesting to me than any thing else, except Rome. We stopped about at many places in the central part of France, to see out-of-the-way things connected with Becket's history, and found many of them so very curious and striking in themselves, that they would amply have repaid us by their own merits."

From the British Critic.*

A BRETON COLLEGE UNDER NAPOLEON.

La Petite Chouannerie; ou, Histoire d'un Collège Breton sous l'Empire. Par A. F. Rio. 8vo. Londres, 1842.

IT is one of the cheering symptoms of the age, that an increasing interest is felt about the prosperity of our neighbors across the channel; and if any portion of the Catholic world deserves attention at this moment it is France. It is through France that German philosophy is moving northward; she is at this moment the arena on which the Church is combating the wisdom of the powers of this world; and we should have our eyes fixed upon her literature and general tone of feeling: for there is being

fought a battle in which we soon shall have to take our part, if the time be not come already. The disease which now infects society in France is not the wretched atheism of Voltaire; it is a far more attractive and subtle system, an imitation of the Catholic Church which it would fain combine and modify to suit the taste of this philosophic age. Look into the pages of nearly all the modern French historians; you will find the services of Christianity to the human race acknowledged with enthusiasm, and the saints eulogised in a way which, if it were not for a tone of bold irreverence, would make the reader suppose that he had before him the productions of a Catholic. Let him go a little further, and he will soon

* See *Religious Cabinet*, vol. i, p. 339, note.

find his error; Catholicism is with them one very beautiful side of human nature, but it has had its day; it suited the infancy of nations, and was a toy for barbarians to play with. In one page St. Augustine figures—in the next, Pelagius; one, according to them, defended fatalism, the other liberty; but each was admirable in his way, for each followed the bent of his nature, and had a perfect right to do so. These are however, but the external indications of the system; it is founded on a philosophy, evanescent enough certainly, but still a philosophy professing to be based on reasoning. Its professors talk loudly of the oneness of truth; yet, strange to say, this unity consists in its changeableness. Its unity lies in the mind, which is one; so that truth is but the stirring of the great mind of the universe, and its symptom and outward development is human nature. Thus the prevailing opinion in every age is the standard of truth with these philosophers, and the intellectual progress of man is their symbol. "*Le progrès*" has become quite a technical word with them; it is the shibboleth of La Jeune France. We have spared the reader its bold blasphemies on the subject of the nature of God; but with that exception, the above is a tolerably correct outline of the philosophy which has seduced some of the greatest intellects of France; it is even said to number amongst its ranks La Martine and La Mennais. However empty and unsatisfactory it may be in itself, it possesses one great qualification to catch those who are not earnest enough to close at once with Christianity; it looks like Catholicism, without imposing any restraint upon the will or the reason. It allows of brilliant writing and enthusiastic feeling on the glories of the middle ages. It may praise and admire indefinitely, and deck itself out in the beauties of every system; it may ransack the poetry of the whole moral and physical world, for all lies equally open to its libertine taste. In a word it simulates the unity of Catholicism, without the severity of its creed, and all its beauty without its austerity.

The only way to oppose Pantheism is to put forward that reality which this shame-

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less doctrine imitates; the Church alone can fill the craving void in the heart of France, which she evidently feels so acutely. It is not natural to France to be irreligious; the steady progress of the Church through the turbulent history of the last fifty years is a proof of it. We do not talk at this moment of the French revolution itself—the Church was then under persecution, and therefore sure to flourish; but we would but look back to the time when it was established (such as the establishment was) by the concordat of 1802. The churches were a scene of desolation and ruin; their walls were covered with the obscene figures and inscriptions which had taken the place of the images of the saints; the lead had been torn off the roof, and the bells had been melted to make cannon; the gold and silver ornaments had been sent to the mint. But the most crying evil was the want of clergy; many of the priests had been martyred during the revolution, many had died in exile, and of those who returned, many were so enfeebled by old age and suffering that they were hardly capable of performing their functions. The whole of the external machinery of the Church was gone, and there were no means of replacing it. In former times monasteries would have become seminaries of education for the priests, but of all these not one remained; Mount St. Michael, Fontevault, Clairvaux, and Bec, had become either prisons or barracks, and Napoleon was not the man to withdraw either dragoons or felons to make way for monks. In addition to these evils, the youth of the country was drained off to fill the armies of the tyrant, and many a Frenchman who would have become a holy priest, left his bones in Russia, or in any of the four quarters of the globe to which the imperial will was pleased to send him. Yet, amidst all these difficulties, the Church in France has steadily risen; it has survived one more revolution, which had threatened it with destruction: it now finds that it is flattered and courted by the government; princes and state officials crowd its aisles; the archbishop of Paris has at length, in the face of the people who burned his predecessor's palace, walked in procession through

the streets of the city. Nor is it in these particulars alone that the Church is holding up her head; the intelligence of the country seems to be turning in her favor; statesmen and laymen have taken up the pen in her defence, and that not as the timid apologists of the outworks of Christianity, but as the defenders of the mediæval Church, with all its calls upon the implicit faith of the age. Frenchmen do not want books of evidences, and Paley would have but a poor chance of being read, if he were translated into French; they want to have the Catholic Church put before them in all its severe beauty, and this has been done in different ways by some of the most distinguished writers of the age. Of these we need only mention three—Count Montalembert, the author of the life of St. Elizabeth; M. Azanam, who has employed himself on the scholastic philosophy of the thirteenth century; and M. Rio, the author of the work which stands at the head of this article. We have chosen him to give the reader a notion of Catholic literature in France, because his book is calculated to oppose that which forms the especial danger of the French Church at this moment—that is, a servile dependence on the civil power. To be favored by the state, or by any one on earth but the “*pauperes Christi*,” is so novel a situation for the French clergy, that they seem tempted to make the most of it. The times of which the work before us treats, should remind them that it is not always best to put their trust in princes, or in any child of man.

M. Rio is already known as the author of a book on the painting of the middle ages, in which he has advanced a proposition which must startle most modern virtuosos, and the whole class of travellers, who derive their notions of painting from guide-books and Ciceroni. What is commonly called the revival of the arts under the Medici, he considers to be an irruption of Paganism; whilst, for all genuine Christian painting, he leads us back to the middle ages. One thing he certainly has proved, that modern painters consider the object of their art to be the faithful imitation of nature in its external form; the religious art-

ists of ancient times took for their subjects those supernatural emotions which were unknown before Christianity—so that, with them, the outward development was looked upon, not as an end in itself, but as the expression of the mind within. In a modern picture of a martyrdom, the chief object of the painter is to express correctly the anatomy of the martyr's body; a middle-age painter did his best to throw into the martyr's features, and into the outline of his limbs, his triumphant joy and the eagerness of his sacrifice. Painting, according to M. Rio, should be the realization of the invisible; it should give a body and a form to what is spiritual; and this theory he has drawn out with considerable eloquence, and, what is better, with a thoroughly Catholic feeling. The title of his book is singularly, though, for aught we know, accidentally, in accordance with his theory, for it is calculated utterly to puzzle the reader, until he is illuminated by the contents of the book itself. It is called “*De la Poésie Chrétienne*,” further down there appears on the cover, “*Forme de l'Art, Peinture*,” but whether poetry or painting, or both, is to be the subject of the book, is difficult to discover. Painting certainly appears quite subservient to poetry, and it is not till we get into the work itself, that we find out the meaning of its mysterious title. The book which we have undertaken to review also bears a title which gives an inadequate idea of what it contains; it is called, “*La Petite Chouannerie*.” Those who know that Chouan is now a nickname for a Carlist, will form a rough guess of its subject, but beyond this, we suspect that even French readers would be puzzled to get a clear notion of the contents from the name. The book has neither preface nor conclusion, and it looks as if it were an episode in a larger work. The narrative is written in the first person plural, as if the author had borne a part in the exploits which he relates; but we are left in the dark as to whether this is the case or not, though some modest asterisks in a poem quoted at page 297 incline us to suppose that he was a chief mover in the scene which he describes.

“*La Petite Chouannerie*” proves, on a

nearer inspection, to be the history of a number of youths who quitted the college of Vannes, in Brittany, to join the army of Bretons, who in March, 1815, opposed Bonaparte's power. At first sight the subject promises little but battles and bloodshed, which, however interesting, are seldom very edifying spectacles; the author, however, has introduced a variety of details on the state of the French Church under Napoleon, and on the religious spirit of the brave Bretons who then took up arms, and thus has rendered his narrative one of the most charming we have met with for a long time. He has invested his young heroes with a romance which carries us back to the age of chivalry; we can hardly believe that, in the nineteenth century, such a spirit should animate a whole country, as to rouse the peasant from his home and the student from his college, to defend the ministers of religion from oppression. The inhabitants of the western part of France, especially Brittany and Poitou, are a singularly religious race; they remain almost untouched by the spirit of the revolution, during the greater part of which they were in a state of warfare with its agents. They were a perpetual thorn in the side of the republic, from which they wrested a toleration of religion which extended nowhere beyond the charmed boundary which these brave men, at the expense of their repose and of their blood, created for themselves. If they gained nothing else, at least this preservation from the contagion of irreligion is the reward of their self-devotion. Religious war seems almost a contradiction in terms; but if it be not absolutely unlawful for a Christian to take up arms, the protection of the oppressed and the defence of the Church are the purest motives for which he can turn soldier. If ever, then, there was a cause for which it was meritorious to fight, it was that for which the Bretons and the schoolboys (for really they were no more) of Vannes encountered all the hardships and dangers of an unequal warfare. It was not a mere caprice which thus led these youths to risk their all in such a cause; it required a settled enthusiasm to endure the pains of a campaign. A soldier's life ne-

cessarily implies a severe discipline and strict obedience, lyings on the ground, watchings, cold and hunger, which, strange as it may appear, bear a close resemblance to a monastic rule; and all this, not to speak of the dangers of the field, M. Rio and his companions endured, for the sake of relieving their priests from restrictions put upon them by an usurping government. It is true that they also took up arms for the Bourbons, but the proximate cause which drove them to resistance was, as we shall see, Napoleon's oppressions of the clergy. The principle of passive obedience does not seem, in this case, to come into question at all. It is quite true that the arms of the Church consist in fasting and prayer—her weapons are the keys which her Lord has entrusted to her keeping; the moment, therefore, that she stirs up her sons to raise an arm of flesh against the powers that be, she quits the high vantage ground on which Christ has placed her, and descends to take her place amongst the kingdoms of this world. If a temporal power ordained of God orders a Christian to do what is unlawful, he must patiently abide the penalties which the world chooses to inflict, and refuse to execute the command; in this case passive obedience is unlimited. But the powers which the Vendéens and the Bretons resisted were not the powers ordained of God; the sovereignty of France was vested in Louis XVIII, and his, to all intents and purposes, was the authority which they were called upon to obey. Success alone cannot make a usurper a rightful sovereign; usurpation is a crime, which implies that there is a right and a wrong in the matter, a lawful and an unlawful authority. It is quite true that an usurped power may in time become a rightful one, and it is also true that it is very hard to lay one's finger on the precise time when it does become lawful. But we will venture to say that such was not the case with the government which the Vendéens, and at a later period the students of Vannes, resisted. As for the leaders of the French revolution, with whom the Vendéens waged their noble struggle, it is hard to say in what sense they were a government at all; they were

no more the "powers that be" than a gang of highwaymen, who are certainly the successful party when they stop a traveller on the highway. Napoleon, anointed as he was by the Pope, and recognized at once throughout France, might at one time have made out a stronger case; but at the time of the Breton insurrection, his position was completely changed. First of all he was excommunicated; besides which, scarce a year before he had abdicated his throne, and France had sworn allegiance to Louis XVIII. Again, it should not be forgotten, that in the eyes of the Bretons the Bourbons were not only the recognized sovereigns of France, who had been dethroned by an usurper, but also the family in which the kingdom was vested by divine right. If any reigning house in the world could lay claim to such a title, that of St. Louis was the one; for nearly a thousand years, the line of Capet had possessed the throne in uninterrupted succession, during the course of which it had produced many kings who fully deserved the title of Most Christian. They had been the chief support of the Church during the struggle with the German emperors; three archbishops of Canterbury, St. Anselm, St. Thomas, and St. Edmund, found a refuge with them when all the world had abandoned them; and the race had acquired a new sanctity in the opinion of the faithful Bretons, by the death of Louis XVI. The notion of opposing a lawful authority seems never to have entered into the heads of the people of Brittany and La Vendée; nor can it be said that interested persons excited them to revolt; for the peasants seem uniformly to have been the first to rise, and then voluntarily to put the nobles at their head. These wars were simply the result of the cry of religion within the hearts of a brave and devoted people. This is the great charm of the book now before us; it is the history of men acting, not on calculation, but on the impulse of good and noble motives.

As, however, M. Rio's narrative is but an episode in the wars which so long agitated the western provinces of France, we cannot enter upon the subject without saying a few words on the wars of La Vendée,

where commenced the long struggle of which this insurrection of the students is the termination. The picture which we shall endeavor to draw of the religion which animates the peasantry of those countries would be incomplete without an account of what was called "the Catholic army of La Vendée." In the later rising in Brittany, our author frankly avows the indifference of the generality of the leaders of the expedition to the religious wants of the soldiers; so that the devotional spirit which we have noticed seems to have been almost confined to our friends, the students, and to the peasantry. In the former war, which broke out in 1793, nothing occurs to shock one; the republican historians themselves, though they deplore the mistaken superstition of the Vendéens, bear witness to the purity of their motives and to the devotional spirit in which the war was carried on. One of the oldest of their leaders, of the name of Gamber, reappears in M. Rio's pages, and seems to have been a special favorite with the students, as he certainly was with the author, if we may judge by the enthusiastic way in which he mentions him. Gamber, though the army was only called "*l'armée royale*," never forgot that he had belonged to "*l'armée Catholique*." After the long exercises of the day, his troops might be seen in the evening, ranged along a hedge where they were sheltered from the wind, listening to the voice of the old veteran, who was praying with them. When they were obliged to move on Sunday, Gamber's company might be seen as they marched, telling their beads, which they always wore about them; and the flag which was borne before them was sure to bear a device which carried one back to the time of the crusades. They were but keeping up the traditions which had been taught them in the Vendéen war, which, as we have said before, was not a political contest.

The real name of the country now called La Vendée, is *Le Bocage*. It is situated to the south of Brittany, on the opposite side of the Loire; as its name implies, it is covered with foliage; not that it can in any sense be called a forest, but each field or small farm is a little patch of ground sur-

rounded by rows of trees, which shut it in ; so that seen from an eminence, the whole country looks a large wood, with here and there a church spire, or the pointed turrets of a chateau piercing through the screen. Few roads traverse this natural labyrinth, and these in the winter time often become the beds of torrents, and are therefore impassable. The gentry lived in isolated chateaux, and were quite a different order of men from the rest of the French noblesse. They lived amongst the peasantry in the greatest concord ; their houses were not surrounded by extensive pleasure grounds, but by the diminutive farms of their tenants, all of whom they knew personally, and whose joys and sorrows they shared. The consequence was that when the National Assembly abolished manorial rights throughout France, the decree was a dead letter in La Vendée, where the peasants continued to pay them as usual. If the Revolution had but let them alone, they might have remained in ignorance of the dreadful scenes which were passing about them ; but in its benevolence it was anxious to force its novel blessings of liberty and equality even on those who were bigoted enough to be satisfied as they were. A report, drawn up by a set of commissioners, sent down from the legislative assembly of Paris, speaks with an amusing simplicity on the cause of the troubles in this singular country. "Religion, or at least religion such as they conceive it, has become to this people the strongest, or so to speak, the only moral habit of their lives." "In this country, the difficulty of travelling, the simplicity of a life purely agricultural, the lessons of childhood, and the religious symbols, placed as objects, on which men may ever fix their eyes, have laid open their minds to a crowd of superstitious ideas, which, in the present state of things, no species of illumination can destroy or moderate."*

The tide of revolution, which had so easily inundated France, here first found a check ; it rolled back broken from La Vendée. Here was a strange phenomenon for the Dantons and Marats of Paris, some-

thing quite beyond their philosophy—a whole people so much in love with their religion as to have a strange predilection for paying tithes. The first occasion on which the troubles broke out in La Vendée, was the attempt of the *Assemblée Constituante* to force the oath to the constitution on the clergy. It will be remembered that by a decree of the French constitution, the possessions of the clergy were confiscated, and themselves reduced to the condition of the paid creatures of the state ; all the old diocesses were broken up or suppressed, and the ecclesiastical division of France made one and the same with the civil, so that the bishop was henceforth to be the mere prefect of the department for religious affairs ; above all, connection with Rome was strictly forbidden. Those who refused to bind themselves by an oath to this state of things, were deprived of their sees and cures, and constitutional bishops and priests appointed in their stead ; at the same time, saving, of course, that they were expelled from their benefices, the free exercise of their religion was granted to those who would not join this schism, or, in revolutionary language, to "*l'église des pretres insermentés.*" The Assembly did its best to cajole the clergy of France (for so large was the majority of priests who refused the oath that they may be so called) into this new state of things. It appears that by a decree of May 7, 1791, they even charitably allowed them the use of the parochial, that is, of their own churches for the celebration of mass, though they forbade them to perform there any other ceremony ; secondly, the same decree permitted them freely to worship elsewhere, if they pleased. How it was met in La Vendée will be seen by a letter of instructions sent to his clergy by the bishop of Luçon, in whose diocess that country is situated ; he commands his clergy not to officiate in their own churches, until they were put into their hands, as the sole rightful possessors of them, lest their flocks should by degrees come to consider it indifferent whether they were fed by the hands of intruders or of their own lawful pastors. He next bids them avail themselves of the permission of freely officiating where they pleased. "In

* Thiers, *Revolution Française*, tom. ii. Appendix.

those parishes," he continues, "where there are few landed proprietors in easy circumstances, it will, doubtless, be difficult to find a suitable place of worship, to procure the sacred vessels and vestments; in this case a mere barn, a portable altar, a chasuble of chintz or other common stuff, and vessels of pewter, will be sufficient, in case of necessity, for the celebration of the holy mysteries." This extract will give us an idea of the state of the Church in La Vendée at a time when the revolution was inclined to be most tolerant. It seemed, however, as if the poverty of the Church only endeared her the more to her faithful peasantry; the Report to which we have referred complains that nothing was more common than to see in parishes of five or six hundred inhabitants only ten or twelve persons attend mass at the parish church, where it was celebrated by an intruding priest; the rest flocked to their lawful priest, though he officiated at a great distance, in some barn or room, poorly fitted up for the occasion.

The Legislative Assembly, irritated by an opposition which it could not comprehend, proceeded to issue a decree of persecution against all the priests who would not take the oath to the constitution. For some time the king courageously interposed his veto; but after the miserable 10th of August an open persecution commenced, and the refractory priests, as the revolution styled them, were compelled to seek places of concealment. They celebrated the holy mysteries in woods and forests; and the peasants flocked to them in crowds, armed and prepared to defend them to the last drop of their blood. Partial insurrections broke out; and in one place a peasant defended himself most vigorously against the gens-d'armes with a fork; they cried out to him—"Give yourself up;" but his only answer was—"Give me back my God;" at length he fell, after receiving twenty-two sabre cuts in his body. The immediate cause, therefore, of the wars in the west of France, was the attempt to force an unlawful oath upon the priests; it is curiously illustrative of the unbending temper of the people, that an attempt of a similar kind caused the out-

break in Brittany, in which the students of Vannes took part, and which so many years after closed the contest of which the Vendéen war was the commencement. The revolutionary report which we have noticed above acquits the priests of all attempts to raise an insurrection; the peasants themselves took up arms simply to protect the ministers of their religion, without any concerted plan. The nobles of the country who had not emigrated, at their request put themselves at their head, and thus almost undesignedly was formed the Catholic army, which was so long the terror of the republicans at Paris.

The whole of the proceedings of these brave men was marked with the simplicity which characterized the outset of the war. Noble and peasant fought side by side, without distinction of ranks, and the first general-in-chief of the army was the famous Cathelineau, a poor peasant, who for his piety was called the Saint of Anjou. The heroic courage with which they fought had not destroyed that simple good nature, which seems to have been their characteristic national feature. Improved, as it was, by Christianity, this quality appears during the war under the form of a wonderful gentleness, which never forsook them in the fiercest contest. Even in that most trying situation for a soldier, the capture of a town by assault, the houses were not plundered, nor the inhabitants ill treated; on one occasion, the taking of Thouars, we find them rushing at once to the churches to ring the bells and to pray. The name of Catholic, which they assumed, was no empty title; on one occasion two soldiers quarrelled, and drew their swords on each other; one of the officers perceiving it, rushed up and exclaimed, "Jesus Christ forgave his murderers—and a soldier of the Catholic army would kill his comrade!" the two men dropped their swords, and rushed into each other's arms. The religious character of the army was not, however, confined to the peasantry; their most famous commander, the Marquis de Lescure, was a man of austere piety, and was called the Saint of Poitou. His courage, when most daring, was never impetuous, and he moved amidst the

thickest of the battle as a man who looks death in the face, and is prepared to meet it. His humanity had something angelic about it; once, and once only, his evenness of temper forsook him when the peasants killed a prisoner whom he had ordered them to spare. The man had discharged a fire-lock at him close to his body; he coolly beat it aside, and merely said, "Take away that prisoner." His soldiers however, indignant at the man's treachery, killed him behind their general's back. One of the many heroic deeds in the history of the war is too characteristic of both general and soldiers to be omitted. Before the attack on Fontenay, May 24, 1793, the men, at the desire of their chiefs, confessed and received absolution before the action, which was likely to prove dangerous, as they had hardly any ammunition, and were literally obliged to charge the artillerymen and knock them down at the mouth of their guns. They were exceedingly anxious to retake one of their cannons for which the peasants had a peculiar fondness; they had called it Marie Jeanne, and used to throw their arms about it and encircle it with ribands and wreaths of flowers. At the commencement of the action the soldiers wavered, and M. de Lescure advanced singly before them, crying, "Vive le Roi!" to animate them. At that moment a battery of six pieces was pointed to the spot on which he was standing; his clothes were pierced in many places, but by a miracle he was unwounded. "You see," he said, coolly turning to his men, "they don't know how to fire." The peasants were rushing forward with impetuosity, when a large cross, erected in former times by a missionary, caught their eyes; they immediately threw themselves on their knees under the very fire of the cannon. One of their officers would have hurried them on; M. de Lescure said quietly to him, "Let them pray to God." They started up from their knees and rushed forward again; we need not ask if Marie Jeanne was retaken. This great man was afterwards killed in the cause which he had so nobly defended; he lingered long after receiving his mortal wound; and some of his last words are recorded by

his wife, afterwards Madame de Laroche-jacquelin. He said to her: "I have fought for God, and I die for him; I hope in his mercy. I have often looked death in the face, and I do not fear it; I go to heaven in full trust. All I regret is leaving you; I had hoped to be your happiness; if I have ever given you reason to complain of me, forgive me." Soon after his death the royalist army was defeated and dispersed at Savenay; La Vendée was not, however, yet pacified; both there and in Brittany a desultory war was kept up, which lost to a great extent its religious character, and became a cruel and exterminating warfare. Still, in spite of this unhappy termination of the campaign, these brave men had not shed their blood in vain; in 1799 a treaty was framed, by which the churches were restored to the Catholics in Brittany and La Vendée; and the priests were freed from the obnoxious oath which was the original cause of the insurrection. They obtained, as M. Rio tells us, what had been their ultimate object each time that they took up arms—the restoration of the altars and the ministers of Christ.

After this treaty, it appears that these unhappy countries returned for a time to their former peaceful state; the concordat of 1802 tended still more to tranquillize them. It was the interest of Napoleon to appear friendly to the Church, and seminaries were established with the concurrence of the government to supply with new recruits the ranks of the priesthood, which had been so miserably thinned during the revolution. The college of Vannes, which figures so prominently in the annals of "La Petite Chouannerie," was one of these places of education. It appears that Brittany was very little affected by Napoleon's accession to the empire, and all might have remained tranquil, had the emperor but left the Church independent. It however soon became evident that he intended to make her his instrument in enslaving France, and to draw her ministers into the vortex of imperial centralization. We shall at present merely notice those portions of his ecclesiastical policy which roused the indignation of the Bretons, and reserve the general considera-

tion of his measures to the conclusion of our article.

In 1809, it became known in Brittany that Napoleon had confiscated the patrimony of St. Peter, and had been excommunicated by the Pope; from that moment the Bretons showed a disposition to resist him. They refused to serve in the armies of a man, whom the Church had put under her ban; "Who," they said, "could guarantee a Christian conscript that he should not be ordered to bear part in an expedition shameful as that of the ditch of Vincennes, or the Quirinal hill," from which the holy Father had been brutally dragged by the imperial soldiers? The villages were deserted, and men quitted their homes and fled for refuge to the darkest recesses of the wild forests of the country, rather than serve in the imperial armies. There does not seem, however, to have been any general outbreak, till Bonaparte had been once expelled and returned from Elba, for the famous hundred days. One of his last acts in the midst of his disasters had been to endeavor to force the chapters of Troyes, Tournay, and Gand, to receive bishops of his nomination, though the sees were not vacant; their legitimate pastors he had imprisoned and driven into exile, and he now inflicted the same vengeance on those who remained faithful to them. The very youths of the seminary of Gand he forced into his armies or shut up in prisons, where forty-eight of them perished by disease. His first acts on his return corresponded with his exit; by a decree issued April 8th, 1815, he ordered all the public functionaries, not excepting the clergy, to transfer to him the oaths which they had first sworn to Louis XVIII; on their refusal he commenced a persecution. This filled up the cup of his infidelity in the eyes of the Bretons; on his attempt to force the conscription upon them, they refused to fight for the enemy of the Church. The cause then which drove the province into resistance was one which reminds us of the times of Innocent III; in M. Rio's words, the question was, whether the emperor was to be above the priesthood, and the authority of the préfet above that of the Church.

It was in this insurrection that the students of Vannes took part, and it is around them that the poetry of the expedition concentrates. There is a depth of devout feeling in these poor youths who quitted their home to fight for their religion and their king, which is irresistibly charming. With all their heroism they are still mere boys; they wept bitterly on leaving their mothers and sisters, and one of them cries like a child when wounded in battle, though he had distinguished himself by his determined bravery. At the same time they display in their relations to their masters at college all the petulance of their age; this M. Rio does not attempt to disguise, and he has done well, for it gives a reality to exploits which would otherwise appear disproportioned and untrue. Scraps of school-boy Latin, and quotations from Tacitus and Livy mixed up with the Maccabees, and the magnificent Latin of the Breviary, occur every now and then to complete the motley impression produced by the whole. The narrative would sometimes appear comic, if the religious courage of the young heroes did not give it a coloring of romance, which carries the reader back to the crusades. The college seems to have been a place where all the traditions of the wars of La Vendée and Brittany concentrated; it numbered amongst its inmates, old candidates for the priesthood, who had formerly quitted the all but monastic stillness of the seminary to serve in these wars, and now, after ten years spent in toil and bloodshed, humbly took their places on the benches of the college beside boys of half their age, in order to resume the studies which had been so strangely interrupted. The purity of their lives, and the zeal with which they afterwards discharged their holy functions, left their young companions no doubt of the sincerity with which they had embarked in this just quarrel. All therefore combined to kindle the enthusiasm of these young heroes in favor of what they considered to be a sacred war. The state in which they found the villages on going home in 1815 for their vacation, was well calculated to add fuel to the flame.

Just before Easter an order came to pull

down their beloved white banner from the church steeples, where it had always floated beneath the cross, and to substitute the hateful tricolor. This was a prelude to the conscription, so that that year the hallelujah of Easter was sung almost in the tone of a funeral chant. The students fully participated in these feelings which animated the province in its resistance, but the immediate causes which led to their final outbreak have a mixture of boyhood, as well as of religion about them, which is eminently characteristic. Before the revolution the head boy in each class wore as the badge of his dignity a small dove, the symbol of the Blessed Spirit, to remind him perpetually of the example of purity which he was bound to hold out to his school-fellows. The imperial university had profanely substituted an eagle for the dove; this again had at the first restoration given place to a silver cross, encased with fleur-de-lys. On Bonaparte's return from Elba, an order came to reinstate the eagle in its honors; this was too much for the boys; their devotion for the Holy Ghost was ever kept alive by the chanting of the hymn "*Veni Sancte Spiritus*," at the opening of their daily studies. Some of them had heretofore preferred this sacred badge even to the cross and the fleur-de-lys; and now that the hateful eagle was to be substituted for the old lily of France, their indignation knew no bounds, and they flatly refused to stain their bosoms, as they termed it, with this new decoration, which they looked upon as an emblem of apostacy. Another grievance of a similar nature had annually recurred to fan the flame of their discontent; Napoleon had taken a fancy to compare himself to Charlemagne, and amongst other acts of ecclesiastical supremacy he had ordered the church of Aix-la-Chapelle to keep the feast of Charlemagne. He also sent an order to the colleges connected with the university to observe the day of this novel saint as a holiday. The boys of Vannes, who strongly suspected the quarter from which this order emanated, could not discover the name of Saint Charlemagne in the litanies of the saints, and at once put him down for some usurper, whom the emperor had canonized of his own au-

thority. What aggravated the insult was that not only was this new festival introduced, but the feasts of Saint Nicholas and Saint Catherine, which had been kept ever since there was a university in France, were at the same time abolished. Saint Nicholas, from the well-known legend of his raising two school-boys to life, had been from time immemorial the protector of children; Saint Catherine was the special patron of all students in philosophy; she is said to have been a virgin of Alexandria, who so ably confuted the most celebrated heathen philosophers in a dispute held before the emperor Maximin, that they all joyfully confessed Christ and were immediately hurried to the stake. Whoever she was (for her acts are uncertain) she sunk deep into the devotion of Christians; on many painted windows she appears with her joyful palm and her well-known wheel, and angels are said to have conveyed her body to Mount Sinai with songs of triumph. In commemoration of her victory over the wisdom of this world, she has always been invoked by students in heathen philosophy; so that notwithstanding the imperial prohibition, St. Catherine's day was still kept by the upper class at Vannes, and St. Charlemagne's proportionably neglected.

A more serious grievance was soon added to these somewhat school-boy affronts; three of the boys one day returned from a ramble in the fields, with chaplets of white flowers in their hats; it appears that from time immemorial those most faithful guardians of tradition, the boys of Brittany, had thus decked themselves out in the early spring. Some of the revolutionary mob of Vannes however took offence at the hawthorn flowers, white having been ever the color of the French flag before the revolution; they fiercely attacked the three boys, one of whom defended himself manfully, and was at length carried off by a party of gens-d'armes as a disturber of the public peace. Without a vestige of a trial he was brutally kicked and beaten by the soldiers, till the blood gushed from his mouth; soon after he was expelled from the college, and sent to his native village. Here at least he hoped to be at peace; his heart leaped for joy on seeing

the belfry of the village church, and he hastened to greet his friends. An edict of the préfet had however preceded him, and all turned their backs upon him. The priest of the place who had taken the constitutional oath in the revolution, preached at him from the pulpit, and a few days after a party of *gens-d'armes* made their appearance at his father's door to carry him off as a *conscript*; he only escaped by rushing into the neighboring forest. This was too much for his school-fellows, and when shortly afterwards news was brought to them that the chief amongst them were to be forced into the ranks of the imperial army by a decree of the préfet of the department, they at once resolved on joining the Bretons, who were everywhere on the point of rising against Napoleon's government. One thing, however, was necessary before they rushed on this perilous expedition, and that was the permission of the Church, for whose cause they took up arms. This portion of the narrative we give in M. Rio's own words.

"If our enemies had been in the habit of going to church they would have seen enough to make them suspect that it could be no common matter which was thus stirring up these youthful consciences. The confessionals were thronged as at the approach of a first communion; but the features of the boys did not wear that angelic serenity, that look of transfiguration which on that day sheds a kind of beauty over the plainest visages. On this occasion, the penitents had a dogged and anxious air, which betrayed distracting thoughts foreign to the object which brought them there. The most scrupulous among them thought themselves obliged to impart to their confessors the plot which was hatching, and the active part which they meant to take in its development. The clergy, to our great surprise, I had almost said our great scandal, were nearly unanimous in condemning it. Without adopting the words of the imperial catechism, which threatened eternal damnation to all who refused obedience to his majesty the emperor, and without interpreting the epistle of St. Paul to the Romans in the sense of a purely passive submission, they bade us render to Cæsar the things which are

Cæsar's, as long as Cæsar did not prevent our rendering to God the things which are God's. They then feelingly reminded us that we had not recognized the authority of our parents in the matter, that all the consequences of our insurrection must be disastrous for ourselves, who might be cut off to a man; for our families, who should be persecuted; and, above all, for the diocese, which should be left without resources from which it could draw recruits to succeed that generation of martyr-priests which was fast failing. In reality, this last was the consideration which had most weight with our spiritual fathers. They feared above all lest the vineyard of the Saviour, which had long lain fallow, and then had been cultivated by a small number of weakly workmen, should now also lose the fruit of their labor; to avert this evil for which no victory bought by our blood could in their eyes compensate, they made use of all the arguments which their reason or their feelings could suggest. Several heart-rending scenes occurred between the chaplain of the little convent and his penitents. He was the confessor of more than half the scholars of the college, and for each, but above all for the poor, he was a counsellor, a protector, and a father. It was he who had excited our heads and set our hearts on fire by enthusiastic tales about Spain and the Spaniards. Against a power at open war with religion he would have preached, nay marched with a crucifix in his hand; but so long as the Ark of God was respected, his wish was to remain at peace even with the Philistines. Not that he placed an insurrection against any power whatever under the category of mortal sins; on the contrary, he left us free to go or to stay, and when he had spent all his paternal remonstrances, the only means which he employed to withhold us, were the tears which accompanied his parting benediction."

The good priest, from the determined tone in which the secret had been confided to him, probably dreaded lest the matter had gone too far to allow even his authoritative interposition to be availing. The consciences of the youthful casuists were however set at rest, and they now seriously set forward

on their dangerous course. We must confess, that, like the old priest, we cannot find it in our hearts to blame these brave boys, many of whom perished in their career of self-devotion. At all events we cannot but think that the sufferings they endured and the dangers which they braved from the most unselfish motives, must be taken into the account before we altogether condemn them. The severest charge that can be brought against them is, that many of them as we have seen, were candidates for the

priesthood; then, if at any time, they should have husbanded their blood, for it was precious, as the future seed of the Church. The generations before them had however set them the example of resistance, and men whom they had been accustomed to revere as holy priests had in their youth quitted the seminary to join the Bretons in arms against the republic. We must not, therefore, blame them too harshly for a fault which some of them expiated so severely on the field of battle.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Selected.

HUMILITY.

HAST thou seen a lovely and fragrant flower,
That shuns the glare of the noonday hour;
That blooms not in genial days of spring,
Nor unfolds its leaf with the gaudy thing?
Its value is great and its growth is rare,
And happy is he who its worth may share.
It loves to bloom in the silent hour,
When the cup is closed of the richer flower;
It will live when the tempest howls around,
And in winter snow it is often found;
And its sweets are cast in the midnight air,
When no other fragrance is wafted there.
It will rarely grow on the cultured soil,
Which is kept with care and ostensive toil;
But will often spring on neglected land,
And will flourish fair on a desert sand.
By the pompous palace thou'lt find it not,
It will rather bloom near the peasant's cot;
Nor mounts it high,—'tis a lowly thing
That scarce from the surface of earth will spring.
Would'st thou learn its hue? 'Tis a lovely green,
But in nature's verdure 'tis scarcely seen;
Thou must gently tread, and must bend thee low,
To gather this flower where it loves to grow;
Thou longest perchance its name to see,—
This flower is called HUMILITY.

THE PRIESTHOOD IN THE CHURCH.

NO. I.

The Priesthood in the Church, set forth in two discourses, &c. By William Rollinson Whittingham, bishop of Maryland. Baltimore: Knight & Colburn.

The Protestant Episcopal Pastor teaching the people committed to his charge to keep and observe the doctrines, and sacraments, and discipline of Christ, &c. By Rev. Henry V. D. Johns. Baltimore: N. Hickman.

A letter to the Rev. Henry V. D. Johns, occasioned by the publication of his sermon, entitled "The Protestant Episcopal Pastor." By a Layman. Baltimore: Knight & Colburn.

Emmanuel in the Eucharist; a sermon by William Rollinson Whittingham, bishop of Maryland. Baltimore: Knight & Colburn.

WERE we to consider only the substance of the pamphlets which we have here mentioned, they would scarcely furnish a sufficient pretext for the critical examination of their contents. The reader who peruses them will perceive that they contain nothing more than a statement, by individuals who profess the same creed, of conflicting opinions in reference to certain doctrines of the Christian religion, particularly the eucharistic institution; and if he is acquainted with the fact that every true Protestant is his own supreme judge in matters of faith, he will not wonder at the discovery, in the above cited publications, of the dissonant views which their authors have expressed. These erroneous opinions, moreover, have been repeatedly refuted by Catholic controvertists, and were there no peculiar circumstances connected with the recent avowal of them, we should forbear the present investigation of the subject, permitting the evil to work its own cure, or to find a remedy in the many excellent vindications of Catholic truth which are in circulation. But the discussion that has given birth to the publications mentioned at the

head of this article, exhibits an extraordinary aspect in our latitude, and owes its origin to a still more extraordinary occurrence. One of the discourses of Bishop Whittingham on the "Priesthood in the Church," was delivered by him at the installation of the Rev. Henry V. D. Johns, as rector of Christ church in the city of Baltimore. The tone of the sermon was far from being acceptable to Mr. Johns, and in the evening of the very day on which he was invested with the parochial charge, he preached in substance the discourse entitled, "The Protestant Episcopal Pastor," containing views in reference to the Church, and more especially in relation to the eucharist, very different from those which his bishop had expressed. Such a collision between the two gentlemen is not very remarkable when we consider the natural and inevitable tendency of Protestantism, whose grand characteristic feature and peculiar distinction has ever been the power of producing division and separation, the necessary consequence of the fatal liberty which it grants to every individual of asserting the supremacy of his own judgment in matters of faith. Unity of belief cannot possibly exist where there is a setting up, as *A Layman* expresses it, of "a private judgment, under the guidance of individual reason, as an antagonist to the teaching of the Church."* The discordant opinions, therefore, of the bishop and the minister are not a subject of wonderment so much as the novelty of the circumstances under which they were manifested. The occasion, also, derives a considerable degree of interest from the important inquiries which it suggests, and from the alarm which has been sounded at the innovations which a transatlantic movement is attempting to introduce into the creed and language of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

* Letter to Rev. Mr. Johns, p. 73.

It is universally known that since the period of the Reformation, the words *altar*, *sacrifice*, *priest*, have had a very limited application, except among the members of the Roman Catholic Church. This Church having existed without change and without interruption since the apostolic age, it is but natural that her language should be that of primitive Christianity. Her faith, her government, her institutions are not of yesterday. We behold them now such as they have descended to us from the golden days of religion. Having never ceased to present on her altars that "clean oblation," which, as the prophet Malachy foretold, was to be offered under the new dispensation "from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof;" the expressions to which we have alluded, have always been in general use among her children, and are well understood in their proper and literal signification. When we advert to the *sacrifice* which the priests of the new law offer to the honor of the Almighty, this language is perfectly intelligible, because we are understood to speak of that holy and sublime offering, in which, according to the faith of the Catholic Church, Jesus Christ himself is the high-priest and victim. When we call the table at which the minister of God performs this solemn act of worship, an *altar*, we do not depart from the strictest propriety of diction; because we believe that on that table a true and real sacrifice, in the proper sense of the word, is offered to the Divine Majesty. When we designate the clergyman who exercises this high power as an instrument in the hands of God, by the name of *priest*, we are not more obnoxious to criticism; because we apply the term precisely in the signification that has always been assigned to it. But the case is very different with the Protestant sects. When the doctrine of Christ's real and corporal presence in the holy eucharist was repudiated in England, under the reigns of Edward and Elizabeth, the sacrifice which was an essential appendage of this belief was also abolished; the altars on which the immaculate Lamb had been offered, were set aside to make room for tables, and the title of priest was likewise relinquished, the minis-

ters of the Church by law established being designated by the name of parsons. Such was the terminology introduced by the Reformation: the *real sacrifice*, the *real altar*, the *real priest* having been discarded, the *Lord's supper*, the *Lord's table*, and the *minister* were substituted, as appropriate expressions to convey the new ideas or opinions that had taken the place of the ancient faith. It will be readily perceived that this was only following the dictate of common sense; for, to adhere to the old phraseology for the expression of sentiments infinitely removed from those which it had formerly conveyed, might have given rise to an intolerable confusion, and would, moreover, have been altogether unnatural. When, therefore, the belief of the real presence was abolished, its phraseology was likewise abolished among Protestants, and it requires no very extensive acquaintance with history to acknowledge that at one time the epithet of *priest*, far from being considered as an honorable title, was almost universally used in England among the reformed sects, in a scoffing and reproachful sense.*

With the aid of these prefatory observations, the reader will not find it difficult to understand the merits of the discussion between Bishop Whittingham and Rev. Mr. Johns. The object of the bishop's two discourses on "the Priesthood in the Church," is to show that the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church have a *priestly character*, and his effort to establish the proposition is evidently a very laborious one. The reasoning is very obscure and bears upon the face of it an attempt to prove something apparently much at variance with the admitted notions even of his own churchmen. As far as we have been able to judge, his argument may be reduced to the following heads. 1. The Jews had their priesthood, the office of which was to prefigure by typical sacrifices the propitiatory offering of Calvary. "To that," he says,† "the Christian sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, in its memorial symbols, looks back; to that the priesthood of the law, in its ministrations of types and shadows looked forward

* See Bishop White's 6th lecture, towards the end.

† *Priesthood in the Church*, p. 7.

as yet to be revealed; and therein bore no character, held no function which a corresponding priesthood of the gospel, turning type into commemoration, shadow into symbol, might not hold." 2. "Ministerial intervention that sins may be forgiven is the essence of priesthood;" now "Christ's ministers have been sent to preach that men may believe,—sent, when they do believe, to remit their sins in baptism, and in the communion of the flesh and blood, which 'he who eateth' and 'drinketh' 'hath eternal life.'" Therefore they have the character of priests, forming as they do "a priesthood in which sacraments take the place of sacrifice, and the open preaching of Christ crucified, that of the dim foreshadowing of the fact in legal types and symbols."* 3. The ministers of the gospel are, to some extent, representatives of Christ, who says, "as my Father hath sent me, so I send you." But Christ's mission from the Father was to be our prophet, priest and king; therefore, as he is represented in his Church as prophet and king, he must be represented also as priest. Therefore the "priesthood of the Christian ministry is an essential part of its subordinate representative character."† From this brief exposition of the reasoning which the bishop has so ingeniously constructed, it is plain that he has treated the question pretty much as a thesis in philosophy. The form of the whole argument is this, "the people do not call me a priest; but I think they ought to give me this title." We shall now examine with what plausibility he claims the distinction.

Laying aside for a moment the examination of the theological errors which he has committed, we shall consider the question merely in a philological point of view; and we contend that it can be settled only by the practice of the Christian Church. Whether the Protestant clergy can be termed a *priesthood*, in the proper sense of the word depends upon the meaning which custom has assigned to the substantives, *priest*, *sacrifice*, &c. Words are mere sounds, the signification of which is not determined by indi-

vidual fancy or speculation, but by the general usage of mankind.

"Si volet usus

Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi."

Anteriorly to the establishment of Christianity, the Latin word *humilitas*, which now signifies humility, expressed a passive condition, a degraded state of the individual to whom it was applied. But when the example of our Saviour had ennobled and sanctified the spirit of self-denial, and made voluntary abjection a virtue, the word *humilitas* acquired a new signification, utterly unknown before that period, and perfectly unintelligible to the sensual views of paganism. It then was adopted to imply an active quality of the soul, a spirit of willing self-abasement that conforms our sentiments to those of Christ. The same may be said of the Greek word *συναγωγὴ*. Before the introduction of the Christian religion, it was used to signify an assembly of any description; subsequently its meaning became more restricted, and it was employed only to denote the Church or a temple for divine worship. Many other illustrations might be adduced to show, what reason itself proclaims, that words in common use must be understood according to their general acceptance. But what has always been understood by the word *priest*? The reader will take notice that the English language was not a product of the Reformation, and that the word to which we have alluded was introduced into its vocabulary, many hundred years before the lust of Henry VIII conceived any change of religion. This word was in universal use long before that eventful period; at a time when all who spoke or wrote the English language throughout the world, were members of the Roman Catholic Church. In those days the word *priest* signified a man who had been separated from the people by the ceremony of valid ordination, and had received the sacerdotal character as well as the powers which it implies, such as this character and these powers were then believed to have been transmitted from the apostles, and to be still extant in the Catholic priesthood. But it was then universally admitted that the individual who

* *Priesthood in the Church*, pp. 9, 12, 13.

† *Ibid.* pp. 25, 26, &c.

was invested with the sacerdotal character, received the power of offering sacrifice, and that the sacrifice which he was to offer in the eyes of the Church, was by excellence the eucharistic oblation, such as it has always been, and is still understood and offered by the vast majority of the Christian world, and is founded upon the acknowledged dogma that Christ is really, substantially, and corporally present on the altar after the ceremony of consecration.* Such was the notion implied by the word *priest*, and it has never ceased to retain this as its proper signification. As a proof of this assertion it will be quite sufficient to remark that no sooner was the Anglican schism effected by a rupture with the see of Rome and the substitution of new doctrines in the place of those which had been venerated for ages, than this title was withheld from the Protestant clergy in common parlance; because the word was not supposed to denote, in its proper sense, a minister of the reformed creeds. It is true, the expression has been retained in some passages of the *Book of Common Prayer*, but only in a wide and secondary sense;† not in its proper and

common acceptation; and notwithstanding the efforts which some Episcopal clergymen are using to *reform* the reformed language, it is a palpable fact which requires no argument to substantiate it, that at this day, in these very times, the term *priest* is not employed to designate a Protestant clergyman. Consult the forms of expression which are authorized in those countries where the English language is the medium of communication between man and man; examine the usages of England, Ireland, Scotland, and the United States. What do they understand by the term in question? Nothing more or less than a clergyman of the Catholic Church. St. Augustin refuted the sectaries of his age by referring them to the simple fact, that if any person inquired the way to a Catholic Church, no one would dream of directing him to a temple erected by an anti-catholic sect. Such also would be the case at the present day, and in reference to the question before us. If an individual wished to consult a Catholic priest, and not knowing the place of his residence, were to ask the first person whom he chanced to meet, *where does the priest live*, we know what answer he would receive. Who would think of pointing the inquirer to the parsonage of an Episcopalian clergyman? The residence of the Catholic priest would most undoubtedly be indicated, for the simple reason that he belongs to an order of men whom the English language denominates *priests*; the Protestant minister not being known to the community under that name.

From the view we have taken of the subject, it may be logically inferred, that the Protestant Episcopal clergy have no right to the appellation of *priests*, in the proper sense of the term, or in other words, that there is *not a priesthood* in their Church. "On the subject of the priesthood," says *A Layman*, "it is obvious that but little should at present be said;"* and we much mistake the public mind, if this is not a very general opinion in reference to the priesthood which he would more particularly uphold. It is to be regretted that Bishop Whittingham had

* The Council of Trent (Sess. 22) thus explains the sacrifice of the new law: "Our Lord and God, although he was about to offer himself once, on the altar of the cross, to his Father, that on it he might operate our eternal redemption; yet, because by death his priesthood was not to cease, he, at his last supper, the same night in which he was betrayed (1 Cor. xi), that he might leave to his Church a visible sacrifice, such as the nature of man requires, by which the bloody sacrifice, once to be completed on the cross, might be represented; and its memory might continue to the end of time; and its salutary virtue be applied to the remission of those sins which we daily commit—declaring himself to be the appointed priest forever according to the order of Melchisedec; he offered to his Father his body and blood under the appearances of bread and wine; and, under those appearances, delivered the same to his apostles, whom, at the time, he appointed the priests of the new testament. To them and to their successors in the priesthood, he gave command to offer the same, saying: *Do this for a commemoration of me* (Luke xxii). So the Catholic Church has always understood and taught."

† The sense in which the word *priest* is used in the formularies of the Church of England, may be ascertained from the Latin Book of Common Prayer, which makes use of the Latin word answering to a Christian minister, not that answering to an offerer of sacrifice. This shows that the word, when applied to Protestant clergymen, was applied in a sense differing from that which had been usual before the Reformation. Hence it never passed into common use. See *Protestant Episcopal Pastor*, pp. 24, 27.

* Letter to the Rev. Mr. Johns, p. 14.

not the advantage of this prudent and wary counsellor, before he ventured upon his elaborate and reiterated disquisition, at the evident risk of awakening universal attention to the futility of his claim. We have showed that his pretensions are incompatible with propriety of language, and we shall moreover prove that, even independently of this consideration, they are utterly inconsistent with the radical error of his belief on the subject of the Christian sacrifice. But before we enter upon this discussion, we will place before our readers the testimony of some Protestant writers, by way of confirming the arguments in favor of our first proposition.

To begin with the sentiments of the Rev. Henry V. D. Johns, whom Bishop Whittingham introduced to the people as "the representative of Christ,"* he uses the following language in alluding to the words *altar*, *sacrifice*, and *priest*. "To use these terms without such qualification (of a figurative sense) very distinctly expressed, leads to error and is at variance with the word of God and the institutions and principles of our Church." "The English word priest is used, in consequence of the meagreness of our language, as the translation of the two Greek words *ιερεις* and *προεβυρας*, the former of which denotes an offerer of Jewish sacrifices, and the latter a Christian minister. I am no more a priest in the sense of the word objected to (*ιερεις*) than you are, my brethren, who are laymen, nor can I in the same sense offer sacrifice any more than you can. In the accommodated use of this language, you may offer sacrifices, as we gather from the words of the Apostles." "In like manner our Church uses the term 'altar,' when applied to the communion table, in the figurative or accommodated sense." . . . "In the 'order for the administration' of the ordinance, the church calls it, not 'the sacrifice of the eucharist,' but 'the Lord's Supper, or holy communion.'"[†] In treating the same question, the late Bishop White remarks: "I conceive so unfavorably of whatever may lead even by remote consequences, to creature worship,

as to give a caution against a notion which sometimes appears in writers, who were sincere, but *inconsistent* Protestants. The notion is that there is in the eucharist, a real sacrifice; that it is offered on an altar, and that the officiating minister is a priest, in the sense of an offerer of sacrifice. Under the economy of the gospel, *there is nothing coming under the names referred to, except the fulfilment of them in the person of the High Priest of our profession*. As to our Church, although she commemorates a great sacrifice in the eucharist, yet she knows of no offering of this description except in the figurative sense in which prayers and alms are sacrifices. She calls the place on which her oblation is made, not 'an altar,' but 'a table.'"
 . . . "And as to the minister in the ordinance, although she retains the word 'priest,' yet she considers it as synonymous with 'presbyter,' which appears from the Latin standard of the Book of Common Prayer."^{*} In the lecture from which these words are quoted, Bishop White sustains his views by the following passage from Hooker: "Seeing that sacrifice is now no part of the Church ministry; how should the name of priesthood be thereunto rightly applied?"[†] This he states in the form of an objection on the part of his opponent. Hooker's answer is—"Surely, even as St. Paul applieth the name of flesh unto that very substance of fishes, which hath a proportionable correspondence to flesh, although it be in nature another thing: whereupon, when philosophers will speak warily, they make a difference between flesh in one sort of living creatures, and that other substance in the rest, which hath but a kind of analogy to flesh: the apostle contrarywise, having matter of greater importance whereof to speak, nameth indifferently both flesh. The fathers of the Church, with like security of speech, call usually the ministry of the gospel a priesthood, in regard of that which the gospel hath proportionable to ancient sacrifices; namely, the communion of the blessed body and blood of Christ, although it hath properly now no sacrifice. As for the people, when they hear the name, it draweth no

* *Priesthood in the Church*, p. 28.

† *The Prot. Episc. Pastor*, pp. 14, 16, &c.

* *Ibid.* p. 15.

† *Ibid.* p. 25.

more their minds to any cogitation of sacrifice, than the name of a senator or an alderman causeth them to think upon old age; or to imagine, that every one so termed, must needs be ancient, because years were respected in the first nomination of both. Wherefore, to pass by name, let them use what dialect they will; whether we call it a priesthood, a presbytership, or a ministry, it availeth not: although in truth, the word presbyter doth seem most fit, and in propriety of speech more agreeable than priest, with the drift of the whole gospel of Jesus Christ."

From the authorities just cited, and which are certainly entitled to the respect of Episcopalians, it is manifest that the title affected by Bishop Whittingham is not justified either by the language or the doctrine of his own religious formularies, and his triple argument to prove the "priesthood in his church," dwindles into fruitless sophistry. In the first place, he endeavors to establish this proposition by comparing the Christian ministry with the Jewish priesthood. But the Jews had a real sacrifice, and consequently it does not follow that, because they had a concomitant priesthood, there is one in the Protestant Episcopal church. 2. "Ministerial intervention for the forgiveness of sins is the essence of priesthood," if, as we have seen, it includes the offering of sacrifice; but there is no such offering among the Episcopal clergy; therefore they form no priesthood. 3. If Christ's ministers are sent by him, as he was sent by the Father, this is to be understood either literally or figuratively; if figuratively, then it is plain that, even in the hypothesis that the Protestant clergy have any mission at all, they are not a priesthood in the proper sense of the word; if literally, it follows that, there being no sacrifice among them, they are not priests, and have no mission from Christ. In a future article we shall establish this point by another process of reasoning, which will show that the Church of Christ, from its very origin, has always recognized in the Eucharistic institution a true and real sacrifice of the body and blood of Christ, and that the true ministry of the Church is entitled to the honorable appellation of priest-

hood, because it possesses the reality which this title implies. This view of the subject will enable us to confute *in globo* the erroneous opinions on the subject of the Eucharistic sacrifice generally held by Protestants, and put forth in the four pamphlets which we have noticed. But before we bring these observations to a close, we feel bound to address a passing word to bishop Whittingham and the flock that acknowledges his jurisdiction.

This gentleman undertakes to stigmatize in opprobrious terms the doctrine of the Catholic Church on the subject of the Eucharist, and ventures even to charge her with a practice which she disavows.* We shall not retaliate by the use of similar expedients: for we are proud to say that Catholicity has no need of such weapons to achieve her triumphs, and our object in these remarks is merely to rectify the errors which the bishop has committed. But we advise him to urge his claims hereafter in more measured language, and to remember that any unfair dealing in a man of his station in the world, cannot but detract from his respectability as a Christian and from his honor as a gentleman. His contemptuous allusions to the Catholic priesthood will necessarily appear in the public eye as falling with excessively bad grace from an individual, who is so easily convicted of having attempted to pilfer from that very priesthood its distinguishing and most glorious title. Such arguments as these moreover are less than nothing in the scale, when they are interwoven with a series of inconsistent and contradictory assertions. A few of these contradictions we shall briefly expose, while we challenge a satisfactory explanation of them. The bishop, speaking of the Catholic priesthood, says:† "Such a priesthood the reformers found, claiming privileges, which it refused to test by the written record of its commission, and exercising those pri-

* Priesthood in the Church, pp. 20. 21. In the liturgy of the Cath. Church, (Canon of the Mass,) are these words: "and of all here present, whose faith and devotion are known unto thee, for whom we offer, or who offer up to thee this sacrifice of praise," &c: how then can bishop Whittingham call the mass "a worship offered not *with*, but *for* the people?"

† *Ibid.* p. 21.

vilages, even on its own showing of their extent, in abuses the most fearful and soul-destroying. Is it wonderful that some who set themselves to gainsay its usurpations, failed, in the corruption which they saw, to find the simple, scriptural original? and under the exclusive worship, mumbled in an unknown tongue, of a mass—and pardon-mongering ministry, lost sight of the Christian priesthood and its spiritual sacrifices? *Some*, not all; for God be thanked, our branch of the Catholic Church of Christ, while it purged away the accumulated errors that had soiled its discipline and worship, retained alike the form of sound words in doctrine, and the golden casket of ritual observances, that it found transmitted, unbroken and unchanged from primitive days and apostolic men.” Where was the Church, we ask, before these errors were purged away? Was it the body known as the Catholic Church? It must have been; since that was the only channel in existence through which “the form of sound words” could be transmitted; and if this is the case, how can it be said that this Church of Christ was characterized by a *half discarded paganism, an almost blasphemous* use of the Eucharistic institution? Are such imputations consistent with the promises of our Saviour to his Church, by which he pledged his word to remain with her “all days to the consummation of the world?”* From what source, we again ask, did the Anglican church receive the “golden casket of ritual observances” and the ministerial succession to which she lays claim? Could it have been from any other source than the Church which existed at the time of the Reformation, that is, the Catholic Church? And if such is the supposition, if she acknowledged the Catholic Church to be a faithful guardian of the ritual observances and ministerial succession, why did she not also adhere to that same Church as a creditable witness of religious truth? Bishop Whittingham informs us that the ministers of the gospel “bear the warrant of Christ to teach, premonish, exhort and rebuke with all authority, a people charged to obey them,

as having rule over them;”† and in installing the Rev. Mr. Johns, he tells the people‡ “Receive him who is now set over you as your pastor, as the representative of Christ.” We should infer from this language that he considers the Protestant pastor as having a real authority to instruct his flock in the Christian religion. But if this is his meaning, what signify the remarks that follow? “So far as his teaching is conformable to that rule, (the Bible), hear him, as you would hear his master; for by him his master speaks.” The people then are the judges after all; yet *the pastor is the representative of Christ!!* These contradictions in the bishop’s pamphlet, we contend, are totally irreconcilable and inexplicable: and with that spirit of charity which prompts an interest in the welfare of others, we call upon our dissenting brethren seriously to examine these and other difficulties, which are the necessary consequences of their religious system. The bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church in Maryland uses this language: “‘Is any sick among you,’ say the scriptures of the New Testament, ‘let him call for the elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him!’ Is less power here attributed to the elder in the Church of Christ, than the part of the Mosaic priest in the sin-offering implied?”‡ He therefore supposes that the power alluded to in this passage of St. James’ epistle, belongs to the elders of the Church; why then do they not exercise it? If Christ conferred this power for the benefit of his people, why do their ministers withhold the blessings which may flow from it? Again: the bishop declares that sins are remitted in the communion,§ while Mr. Johns contends that it has no efficacy to procure this remission.|| Now if the pastor is to be obeyed as the representative of Christ, a serious difficulty will here present itself; which of the two pastors in this instance is orthodox in his faith? In

* Priesthood in the Church, p. 26.

† *Ibid.* p. 28. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 9. § *Ibid.* p. 12.

|| *Prot. Episc. Pastor*, p. 17.

* Matth. xxviii.

reference to the Eucharistic institution what doctrine is to be held by the Protestant Episcopalian? Is it that of Mr. Johns who describes the sacrament as a mere memorial, or that of a *Layman*, who presents himself in defence of the bishop, and pronounces it more than a memorial, and even a mystery? How will these questions be decided? By reference to the church? But we are assured by a *Layman*, that the church herself does not pretend to say what is to be believed.*† Moreover *where* is the church, or *what* is it? What tribunal does the church recognize; whose authority may not suffer an appeal? The whole question therefore is wrapped in uncertainty for the Episcopalian. In vain is he referred to the teaching of his church;

* *A Letter*, &c., p. 6.

† *A Letter*, &c., p. 12. "It seems to the writer that the Church teaches, that in a high, mysterious, and if you will, unintelligible sense, the body and blood of our blessed Lord are communicated to us when we faithfully receive the bread and wine. . . . What the sense of the church is, perhaps nobody can exactly say, &c." This is truly a most extraordinary avowal. Christ's body and blood are communicated to the worthy receiver, although the author declares that they are not present in the sacrament either by consubstantiation or transubstantiation. Then they must be absent. But how can they be received, if they are absent? How can they be present and absent at the same moment? If the Catholic doctrine is a mystery, it is at least no contradiction, as the poet has well observed:

The literal sense is hard to flesh and blood,
But nonsense never can be understood.

this church, as we have seen, refers him back to his own interpretation of the Bible: it professes indeed to have the right of defining the true faith, and by a most glaring inconsistency it allows the Christian to adopt only that portion of its teaching, which he believes to be conformable to the Scriptures. Will his doubts be settled by the Thirty-nine articles? But the sense of the Thirty-nine articles has never yet been determined; and to this day it is a disputed point in what sense the clergy of the English establishment are required to subscribe assent to these articles at their ordination.* From the preceding observations the reader will judge that the meaning of the articles is not better ascertained in this country. Questions of this grave import, however, relating to the integrity and purity of the Christian faith, are certainly deserving of attentive consideration, and we leave our dissenting friends to decide, whether they can safely repose in the bosom of a church which claims so high an authority, while its practical operation is evidently nugatory, and realizes no one of those distinctive characters which the Son of God so visibly impressed upon the Church that he established.

W.

* See *Westminster Review*, No. 130, American Edition.

PRINCIPLE.

A TALE.

"Alas! for those who love, yet may not blend in prayer."—MRS. HEMANS.

"AND I *may* hope, dear Ellen," said Arthur Seabrook to a fair girl who was hanging upon his arm, one balmy day in June, as they wandered amid the rich woods, and descended the lofty cliffs which overhang one of the fairest scenes in the west; "I *may*—I *must* believe those eloquent looks, even though your words deny their import." There was a short silence; for they were just mid-way up the cliff, from whose bosom gushes forth that miniature cataract in Illinois, known as the

"falling water" by the Americans, but by the old inhabitants called by its French and more euphonious title of "*L'eau qui tombe*." The scene was picturesque and beautiful to an eminent degree. A pic-nic party from St. Louis had crossed over to the neighboring state a few hours before, and after driving along the upper road, through the ancient and French-looking village of Cahokia, and resting a few moments at the rural abode of the village priest, had partaken of his hospitality, preparatory

to a late breakfast. They had succeeded in persuading their venerable host to join them in a day of recreation, and after continuing their excursion a few miles further, had halted at the stream formed by the little cascade just mentioned. The horses had been taken from the different vehicles, watered and hitched in various places. The cloth had been spread upon a shaded grass plot and the viands carried from the city for the day's refreshment had been partaken of, amid laughter, song, and recitation; the greatest liveliness prevailed among the gentlemen of the party, and the exhilarating ride, the fresh air, and touching loveliness of the novel scene had produced a similar effect upon the ladies. All were in the finest spirits—the laugh of childhood mingled with the wild melody of birds—and the varied notes uttered by the human voice to tempt an echo in reply, died away in strange vibrations of disappointment to the ear. The party had broken into separate groups of two and three, as accident or fancy prompted. Some had strayed away among the woods and vines growing thickly around, and others had, as they said, gone to seek the presiding deity of the scene amid its darker recesses. One or two gentlemen, more adventurous than the rest, had ascended to the highest pinnacle of the cliff and stood triumphantly above the gushing stream. Arthur Seabrook at this moment joined Ellen Hudson at the base of the rock, where she was standing wrapt in contemplation of the scene, and apparently unconscious of his approach. She had, however, felt his presence, and the awkwardness of her own position; and turning towards him she said: "Let us seek the Naiad of the fountain at its source; perhaps we may be more fortunate than Mary in her search for a wood nymph, or Mr. F. in his hail for an echo;" and they were ascending the cliff for this ostensibly poetic purpose, when our tale commences. Though Ellen's true object had been *action*, she did not wish to trust her heart alone amid that quiet scene, beneath its romantic and softening influences, with her elegant and highly gifted admirer. Besides, she had given him not four hours before, when he

had seemingly been in great and imminent danger from one of those accidents which but too frequently occur in steamboat navigation, an evidence of affection which she would gladly have avoided, had nature wrought less powerfully in her pure and deeply feeling bosom. His danger had been great but instantaneous—Ellen's quick eye alone had witnessed its extent, and when he joined her the next minute, it was to catch her sinking form in his arms, overcome as she was by an emotion of fainting. It was to this he alluded when he addressed to her the opening words of our narrative. They had paused to repose for a moment, and Ellen had turned to look upon the beauty of the scene below. She was a girl whom few would have termed beautiful, for the charm of symmetry was wanting in her features, and the Grecian artist might have turned away from her face in disappointment. But the higher charms of intellect, of thought, and of feeling, lent to her every look and gesture a fascination which none could fail to discern. It was this rare combination of heart and mind that had won for her the love of Arthur Seabrook. She was a distant relative of his mother, and had been invited to her house during Arthur's absence from the West the year before. She was an orphan, and about the same age as his sister Mary; and Mrs. Seabrook having been warmly attached to her parents, had offered her a home upon her leaving school, and as her mother had died since she was last in Baltimore, Ellen was glad not to return thither. Having been an only child and in independent circumstances, she was very grateful for the home of love and kindness thus afforded her, and soon became a delighted denizen in the house of her aunt. Arthur, Mary and "Little Sue," a bright-eyed child of five years old, were the only members of Mrs. Seabrook's family. Her kind protectress had not been long a widow, but her sorrows, though deeply felt by herself, were never obtruded upon others. She had invited Ellen Hudson to her house as much to insure her daughter's happiness, as to secure an asylum for the orphan, where her young years might glide on in the tran-

quail enjoyment of pleasures suitable to her age and station. Mrs. Seabrook, though a strict member of the Church of England, was no condemner of the innocent gaieties of life. She loved to see her children happy and did all in her power to promote their pleasures. Arthur was a noble creature, the pride of his mother and sisters, high-minded, enterprising, and accomplished. He had been recalled home from foreign travel, by the death of his father, and embarked as his successor in a large and lucrative mercantile establishment in St. Louis, to the business of which he had ever since devoted a mind of no ordinary capacity, and the energies of a character of no common order. Mary was a sweet, gentle fair-haired girl, whose clear complexion and full blue eyes were ever-betraying the overflowing sensibilities of her heart. Little Sue was the pet and play-thing of the whole family, blending many of the characteristics of each, yet still preserving enough of individuality to render her the darling of all. Ellen's brightened feelings harmonized well with the different members of this charming family, and she had learned to love as deeply as she was beloved by them. There were few topics upon which their sentiments or principles were at variance, and these, by a tacit good taste and good breeding were seldom discussed; and when introduced at all, the innate politeness of each, prevented remarks that could by possibility border upon rudeness. Such were the portion of the pic-nic party to which our story leads, and we return from our long digression to resume the conversation between Arthur and Ellen. Arthur stood leaning against a tree, the bark of which was cut with names and initials in endless variety and number. Ellen was on a rock but a few feet distant above him, and almost within the spray of the fountain. She stood as it were unsupported; her gentle eye was turned to her companion, and her whole figure and attitude were so statue-like that an observer from below might have mistaken her for the Naiad she had sought. She commenced in a clear, low tone, but neither her voice nor manner faltered as she spoke. "Arthur!" she said, "I had

hoped this painful subject would never have been broached between us again. But you will have it otherwise—and after the weakness you beheld in me this morning, I can no longer deny that I love you—nay, move not, but hear me. Deeply do I regret that it is so—for, as to myself, I have power to conquer the feeling. My admiration for your talents, and respect for your virtues, I am proud to acknowledge; but the woman's weakness which has permitted me to love where I should not, is as humbling to my pride, as it is painful for me to confess. Let me pray that you will forget it, for I never can be yours!"

"And why not mine, Ellen? what is there you object to in one so devoted? My mother and my sisters will glory in my choice—and my whole heart—"

"Nay, Arthur," said she, interrupting him, "urge me no more. Dear Arthur, it is very painful to hear you; but, you know I am a Catholic."

"And is that all?" said he, with a joyous laugh, whose notes of happiness rung above the sound of the falling waters. "Oh Ellen, was it for such a trifle as *this*, that you would have discarded me?" and he bent forward as if to take her hand. But there was no answering look of pleasure on her calm and thoughtful face; and her manner repressed his ardor.

"I will wed with none who holds a different faith," she said, in the same deep, earnest, heartfelt tone. The answer was so firm that it startled him; and, he could only gaze upon her for a moment, in wonder and uncertainty; but she moved neither limb nor feature, and seemed almost a part of the rock she stood upon. It is principle that sustains her, was his first conviction; admiration followed in its wake, and then came the rapid hope to win her from her purpose. After a pause of several minutes, he slowly moved towards her; his look subdued, his manner tender and deferential—"Let me hope," said he, "dear Ellen, and it shall be as you wish. I will concede every thing to you—I will respect your principles, and never interfere with your practice"—

"It cannot be," she replied, "Arthur, I have heard you wonder how any one *could*

be a Roman Catholic; you have jested with me on my blindness; in short, I cannot hope to see you a practical and believing Catholic, and none other can I marry." She was still firm, though a tear had risen to her eye, and her lip quivered, memory was busy at her heart. Arthur mistook her emotion for yielding, and pressed his suit more closely. "Listen to me, Arthur," said Ellen, as she now seated herself upon one of the fragments of rock which lay around them. "I will tell you a tale of my childhood:—My father was one of the most urbane, elegant, and intellectual men I ever knew; his general deportment was all amiability and affection. My mother was the most gentle and devoted wife, yielding to her husband on all subjects, but one, and anticipating his every wish and pleasure. He had been educated an Episcopalian, she a Roman Catholic. At the period of their union, they were both young. My father soon rose to eminence in his profession; and my mother having much leisure, devoted the hours of his absence to the investigation of religious truth; for she saw that my father had begun to wish, she could unite herself to the communion of that church of which he was a member. Faithfully did she fulfil her duty as a wife, in trying to divest her mind of all the prejudices of education and the predilections of her youth. There was no work which she could obtain, that she did not patiently peruse, and carefully compare, until three years had passed away in her labor of love. The result was to confirm her in the tenets of the Church in which she had been educated, and to enable her to instruct me in the faith she so firmly cherished. Impressed with the vast importance of her subject, my dear mother's reading had rendered her deeply pious. The world became altogether of secondary interest to her, eternal life her chief object in this; and child as I was, I well remember the care she took to impress the solemn truths of religion upon my infant mind. My father who had also become more attached to his church as he advanced in life, beheld these efforts at first with sorrow, but for a long time forbore to remonstrate. My mother was so gentle he could not bear to wound her by differences of opin-

ion. At first, a passing jest in my presence upon the subject, then a sarcasm, and then a positive command that I should not be taught the mummeries of popery, were the gradations which marked his increasing displeasure. My mother, who seldom opposed him, had let the joke pass unnoticed—the sarcasm she met with tears—but the command aroused her to a sense of the higher duty which she owed her Maker, and she expressed her determination to resist the command of her husband, and to instruct her child, the only one committed to her care, in the only true faith, as she professed the Catholic to be—I was at this time about ten years old. But though I distinctly recollect the scenes that took place—you must pardon me, Arthur, if I forbear to repeat them. Our house, from having been the literal abode of peace and happiness, had as literally become that of discord and anarchy; differences in religion led to differences on other subjects; harsh words, and bitter feelings sprung up between those who had vowed to love, to honor, and to cherish; forbearing the foibles of each other, and clinging together until death. Oh, Arthur, what would have been *my* fate, had not my father at this time, in a moment of irritation at my mother's perseverance, placed me at a Presbyterian boarding-school? Already religion had become to me the most fearful of words; its mention by either of my parents gave rise to such dreadful scenes—such angry words and unkind looks—I began to *doubt*, to *dislike*, and to *dread* having any part in that which made those who possessed it so disagreeable, and so different to what they had formerly been; and I was happy to get into a school where I could escape it altogether, by fixing my mind upon my lessons, or other subjects, during the long extemporaneous prayers daily offered by our well meaning teacher. Three years passed in this manner, and I was summoned to my father's funeral. An accident had snapped the cord that bound him to existence. My mother had closed his eyes; but there had been no words of forgiveness between them; for he was speechless when she reached him. The agony of my mother's mind was only increased by the large for-

tune left wholly at her disposal in my father's will, wherein it was found he had most tenderly and affectionately considered her, loving her to the last, with the truest affection, and leaving me to her sole care. My poor mother's grief was unbounded. She, too, had ever idolized my father. She had mourned over his religious errors, and endeavored to correct them, with a warmth and pertinacity seldom equalled; while he, firm in his own adherence to opinions once formed, opposed her with a harshness he never intended, until the circumstances of the controversy would call it forth. My mother, in her hour of bitter trial, turned to that religion for whose sake she felt she had grieved him; and found in the performance of its duties her only consolation. My presence, which would have afforded her so much enjoyment, after being debarred from it for three years, she resolved to relinquish as a penance for her faults, and never to see me until I should complete my seventeenth year. For this purpose, I was placed in the academy at Emmitsburg, and there I remained until your dear mother summoned me to her delightful home. My unhappy mother, whose health soon began to decline under her extreme distress of mind, and life of painful discipline, died about three years ago, perfectly reconciled to herself, and leaving me her blessing and her creed. At St. Joseph's, the beauty and harmony of the lives of the excellent sisters, awakened in me the memory of my early days, and my beloved mother's happy hours of tranquillity and instruction. I requested books on the subject of the Catholic faith as believed by her children and taught by the Church. I satisfied my mind fully of their foundation in truth—thanked my Creator for having recalled me to the fold, and made a solemn vow never to unite my destiny with that of one who should not believe as I believe, dear Arthur, upon that *most* important subject."

She stopped, and a long pause ensued. At length, Arthur said: "*A Vow, Ellen!* I did not think you were so much of a fanatic!"

"You have known me long, and I do not think have ever found me unreasonable,"

she replied. "Now do not *jest* about either my faith or practice, but let us part in kindness." She rose as she spoke, and quietly descending the cliff, left Arthur to meditate upon her words. In a short time the company reassembled; dinner was spread upon the green sward, and enjoyed with unwonted relish; and the party, wearied by their unwonted exercise, reclined languidly upon the grass until it was time to return to the city. The drive home was delightful. The declining sun had curtained the heavens above with a gorgeous drapery of purple and crimson clouds, which shed their mellow glow upon the tree tops in the distance, and brightened with soft radiance the low foliage of the prairie through which they passed. The feelings of the Seabrook party, who had managed to occupy the same vehicle in returning, seemed to take their tone from the objects that surrounded them; each became thoughtful, and even pensive, as the twilight hues darkened upon the scene. Presently, little Sue, who was leaning upon her mother's bosom, pointed out to her the first star of evening, hanging like a silver lamp in the vault above, and Mrs. Seabrook in a clear, sweet voice, repeated to her those beautiful lines, by Willis, "*A Child's First Impression of a Star.*" "How impressive is the conclusion," said Mary, "God has made a star: it comprehends so much; were I a teacher now, I could make a whole sermon from those few words." "Pray postpone it, Mary," said her brother, "until I give Byron's *Address to Hesperus*, which though in a different strain, is quite as exquisite." When his well modulated voice had ceased to sound, his mother said gravely, "Byron has been truly compared to an 'Archangel ruined.' His great genius could not redeem his bad principles; but, it shines forth from the corruptions of his life, even as those beautiful lines from the pages of *Don Juan*, a beacon attracting observation to the worthlessness which surrounds it." There was a moment of silence; when Ellen, who had hitherto been an interested, but quiet listener, remarked, "I never see the evening star, without associating with it in my imagination, *The Vesper Hymns*, by which it was greeted in the olden time,

in Spain and Portugal, and sighing that those days of romance have departed.”—
 “Yes,” replied Arthur, “I remember, as quite apposite to your feelings, Bishop Heber’s remark to Mrs. Hemans, in one of his numerous letters addressed to that lady. He says, speaking of superstition, ‘Even now, the planet Venus is identified with the Virgin Mary, *as the star of the sea*; and receives an undue share of homage from the mariners of Spain, Portugal, and Sicily.’” “The remark is new to me,” said Ellen; “but I will not question its truth; for there is so much of devotional and poetic feeling in the idea, as to render the superstition, if it exist, at least as excusable as it is harmless.”
 “Upon my word, Ellen, you are such a faithful defender of Catholicism, even in its follies, that I should not wonder if you were to write a poem on the subject yourself,” said Arthur, bitterly. She smiled calmly at his warmth, and said: “Lend me your sketch book and pencil, and I will try.” Sue had dropped off into slumber, and the rest of the party remained quiet, while the earnest girl rapidly traced the following

EVENING HYMN.

“Ave Maris Stella.”

Ave Maria! Star of Hope!

Whose rays illumine our troubled way,
 And through the gloom soft vistas ope,
 Of the bright realms of endless day:
 Receive our vows, and nightly shed
 Thy guardian beams around each head!

Ave Maria! Star of Peace!

Whose lustre cheers the troubled soul,
 Bidding those stormy passions cease,
 Which through the worldly bosom roll:
 Receive our vows, and nightly o’er
 Each anxious breast thine influence pour!

Ave Maria! Star of Love!

Whose light to all on earth is given,
 Whose influence, owned by Saints above,
 Is honor’d in the courts of Heaven:
 Receive our vows, and nightly throw
 Thy halo o’er this world of wo!

Ave Maria! Star of Faith!

Whose light each weary wretch may find,
 To quell the fears that throng his path,
 And calm the troubles of his mind:
 Receive our vows, and still impart
 Hope, Peace, and Love, to every heart!

They had reached the Ferry landing, when Ellen returned the book and pencil to its owner. The little boat soon commenced her noisy passage across the river, and the tired party shortly dispersed to their accustomed haunts.

From this day Arthur Seabrook felt that there was indeed no hope of his winning Ellen Hudson from principles so firmly fixed. He desisted from useless efforts to change her sentiments, he devoted himself with renewed vigor to the business in which he was embarked. Months rolled on. The gentle Mary was moved and won to grace another home; and Ellen devoted her time more exclusively to the excellent Mrs. Seabrook and the lively Sue. But dark clouds began to gather over the business prospects of Arthur. Creditors at a distance failed to meet their engagements, and the increasing difficulties in mercantile life throughout the eastern and southern states, began to exert a baneful influence even in the far west. Men grew cold and cautious. The angel of death at this time passed over St. Louis; and its shadow fell upon two of Arthur’s most attached and efficient friends. The houses which had assisted him in all his difficulties before, being now closed, he felt that he was upon the verge of failure, and resolved upon one strenuous effort more to sustain his sinking credit. With this view he started on a collecting tour into the interior of the state, and passing along in a westerly direction, had written from the different points of his journey towards the Osage country, and his last letter to his mother breathed the spirit of hope, founded on the success which had hitherto crowned his efforts. His letter concluded with these words: “I will go up to Fort Gibson, the highest point of steamboat navigation, and as I have seen and will see a great variety of Indian tribes, I expect on my return to fill little Sue with wonders by my descriptions. I will see the noble and stately Osage, the largest race of men now extant, save the Patagonians; the surly Pawnees, the Creeks, the Cherokees, and Chactaws will all have passed under my observation ere I revisit you; for I could not resist the temptation to combine the pleasure of see-

ing this interesting portion of our country, with my more useful purpose in undertaking such a long journey, and if I can possibly abstract the time necessary, I mean to penetrate into the forest haunts of some of the native tribes. You may expect some fine specimens of the tasty work of the daughters of the wilderness, and dearest mother, let not your heart throb with inquietude at the protracted absence of your son." But who can bid a mother's heart *not* be anxious? Mrs. Seabrook felt that the very caution implied the possibility of a cause for disquiet, and deeply did she regret the success which had enabled her son, by remitting the sums he had obtained to St. Louis, to pursue a scheme so full of adventure, if not of danger, and greatly, very greatly were her fears increased, when weeks and months passed by and there came no farther tidings of her son. Month followed month, and no one had heard further of Arthur Seabrook, the house in which he had been a partner ceased to struggle, and was pronounced bankrupt. Mrs. Seabrook found herself in poverty, at the very moment that the best energies of her character were paralyzed by the wretchedness which had overwhelmed her at the loss of her son. Mary and her husband were far distant from St. Louis, and she had none but Ellen to console her; for Sue was yet too young to do more than aggravate her sorrow at the thought of one other helpless one to be involved in suffering. At this moment of trial and difficulty, the character of Ellen Hudson shone forth in all its strength and loveliness. Conquering the weakness of her woman's nature she nerved herself to the task before her, and soothed the grief she could not censure. She recalled the mother to a sense of her duties by speaking of the high principles and nice sense of honor in him she lamented; urging her to entrust the whole of her affairs to the hands of an eminent lawyer, and to retire with little Sue and herself to a smaller abode, which she took and furnished for their future residence. "I do but return a debt," said Ellen as Mrs. Seabrook made a feeble effort to talk of the obligation. "I do but fulfil a duty, dear aunt;

nor can it ever be thoroughly performed, until the orphan girl who has so long dwelt beneath the shelter of your roof, feels that you deem her worthy of the dear privilege of having you an inmate within her humbler home." Mrs. Seabrook could resist no longer, and they soon moved to their new abode. Ellen felt no wish to mix again in society, and sedulously avoided the smallest unnecessary expense in her style of living. Her own bereavement in the loss of Arthur was a pang unknown save to her own heart, that told her that its widowed and broken feelings could never cling in earthly love again to another object. However, she subdued every evidence of affliction, and gave her whole time and thoughts to the mother and sister of him she had so deeply loved.

More than twelve months had elapsed since Arthur was last heard of, and Mrs. Seabrook's unceasing anguish had reduced her to despondency, to illness, and to death. When Ellen followed this dear relative and true friend to the grave, she felt that the last tie was broken that had bound her to existence, except the little sister so entirely committed by circumstances to her care. "We will live for each other, my precious Sue," said she, as they clung together in a tearful embrace after Mrs. Seabrook's funeral, and from that hour she devoted all her energies and brilliant talents to the education of the docile girl.

Years passed on. Tranquillity had returned to their home, and happiness to the heart of Sue. It was a clear, cold night on the 24th of December; the candles had been lighted earlier than usual, and Ellen had just asked her young companion, if she had finished her arrangements for a visit from Saint Nicholas, when the street door bell announced a visitor. "Provoking!" exclaimed Sue, "I had hoped to have such a pleasant evening alone with you, Ellen, and hear the conclusion of 'The Winter's Tale,' but now even Shakspeare, I suppose, must wait till our visitor departs,"—and her look of annoyance was scarcely banished by the appearance of a tall, dark-looking man, in a blanket capote and otter-skin cap, who at this moment entered their

quiet parlor. The stranger looked around in silence until Ellen spoke: "It is cold," she said, "draw near the fire, sir, and let me know whom you wish to see." "And am I indeed so changed, Ellen," was all that he could utter, ere Ellen sprang towards him and exclaimed as she met his gaze, "Arthur Seabrook!" Explanations are always tiresome; suffice it to say, that it was indeed the long-lost Arthur, who had returned to find as many changes in the domestic circle he had quitted five years before, as the two who remained to welcome him, beheld in his own appearance.

Seated by the cheering fire, he soon demanded from Ellen a recital of the painful events which had transpired during his absence, promising to relate his own adventures when she had ended. She was yet speaking, and Sue was standing near her brother, whose arm encircled her waist, pressing her closer to his heart, as Ellen, unconscious of the flight of time, dwelt on the last hours of his mother's life, when the clock struck twelve, and the cathedral bell sent forth its joyful peal, announcing to the hearers the birth of the Redeemer. Ellen stopped abruptly: memory retraced the period of Arthur's absence, and reverted to the time when she had so decidedly and painfully rejected his addresses. Thought, quicker than words, had told her, that although returned, it was not for her that Arthur Seabrook had come back; the same obstacle that had prevented their union years before, still existed in all its force. She *felt* that it was so, and the bell which had startled them by its joyful peal, now struck coldly upon her heart. True to her principles, the maiden firmly nerved her heart anew, and bent her eyes in sadness on the floor as she made the sign of the cross upon her breast, and meekly resolved to travel with submission in the path she had chosen, even to the end. These feelings and resolves were the work of an instant. When she again raised her eyes, Arthur was on his knees apparently in deep devotion. In another moment she was by

his side. She listened to his deep toned voice as it breathed a holy and fervent thanksgiving to God for having made him, too, a Catholic; and ere the bell had ceased to vibrate on the breeze of night, Arthur and Ellen understood that there was *now* no obstacle to divide two hearts formerly united in all that was pure and noble, and now possessing the strongest of all the ties that can bind heart to heart, in this world of vexation and disappointment—*The same Faith!*

Arthur afterwards told them how he had been taken captive by a treacherous Indian; who, after having shot his horse, had carried him far back from the white settlements, where he had been kept a close prisoner, till within the last two months, when himself and another captive had made their escape together. Without food, and with scarcely the necessary clothing for the journey, they had worked their way, through difficulties and dangers, to the part of the country where their wily captors dared not show hostility to the white man; and now, he added, with a sigh, "I am returned to St. Louis, to find my household scattered and myself a beggar."

"No, no, dearest Arthur," said the happy Ellen; "I am yet wealthy; little has been necessary for the expenses of our humble establishment, and my old capital is still waiting for its owner's orders to be withdrawn from my agent in Baltimore. But of this enough; only do tell me how you became a Catholic, Arthur? *that* is all I want to know at present." "My fellow captive, Ellen, was a priest; and his patience, good temper, and noble perseverance, awakened in my mind a *desire* of knowing the principles and grounds of his belief. I discarded my prejudices; I enquired; was convinced; and, became a Catholic."

It scarcely need be added, that the only barrier being thus removed, Ellen bestowed her hand and fortune where she had long before given her affections; and that when I last saw her, she was as happy a wife as ever blessed a fireside in Missouri.

MOINA.

THE PAST AND THE NEW YEAR.

BY N. J. KEEFE.

ANOTHER year, with all its smiles and tears,
 Its joys and sorrows, has been swept away ;
 It too has follow'd all those buried years,
 Which came, and went, and mark'd this world's decay.
 Another year is added to our life,
 Which brings us nearer to that destin'd goal,
 Where end life's fev'rish dreams, its noise and strife,
 And where is hush'd the passions' rude control.

Have we improv'd in virtue, wisdom, grace,
 Since dawn'd the last new year the world upon ?
 Have we been constant in the goodly race,
 Which gains the prize by perseverance won ?
 Have we arisen in the Christian's might,
 And nobly dar'd to trample in the dust,
 The pow'r that would our dear-bought treasure blight,
 And from us wrest our heav'n depending trust ?

Have we been grateful for each mercy given,
 Each boon descending from the throne above ?
 Have we sincerely sought to be forgiv'n,
 Through channels left by all-redeeming love ?
 If not, O let us now with heart sincere,
 And minds resolved the holy work commence,
 Lest we, perhaps, ere dawns the next new year,
 From earth, and all its pomps, be summon'd hence.

In one short year what changes do abound,
 Upon this tearful, busy, fleeting sphere !
 How many sleep the dreamless sleep profound,
 Who hail'd, with happy hearts, the last New Year !
 Their seats are vacant 'round the cheerful hearth,
 Where oft their voice was heard in joyous sound ;
 They're now reposing in the lap of earth,
 And lank decay his work is spreading round.

Let us, who live, give grateful praises due,
 To Him whose goodness does our span extend ;
 Let thanks arise, the vast creation through,
 And loud hosannas from all lips ascend.
 Such thanks are due, then, why should we refuse
 The tribute of our praise, for mercies giv'n ;
 Shall we, vile ingrates, all those gifts abuse,
 And steel our hearts against the boon of heav'n ?

Within a breast, where reason holds control,
 Such rebel thoughts, we trust, may ne'er arise,
 Oh ! may such thoughts, ne'er lure a trusting soul,
 To lose its destin'd bliss beyond the skies,
 But may we all evince allegiance true,
 And faithful serve our God while tarrying here ;
 And may we all, our praise and thanks renew,
 Who live to see the birth of each NEW YEAR.

Selected.

ST. AMBROSE AND JUSTINA.

AUXENTIUS, the Arian bishop of the see of Milan, died A. D., 374, upon which the bishops of the province wrote to the then emperor, Valentinian the first, who was in Gaul, requesting him to name the person who was to succeed him. This was a prudent step on their part, Arianism having introduced such matter for discord and faction among the Milanese, that it was dangerous to submit the election to the people at large, though the majority of them were orthodox. Valentinian, however, declined to avail himself of the permission thus given him; the choice was thrown upon the voices of the people; and the cathedral, which was the place of assembling, was soon a scene of disgraceful uproar; as the bishops had anticipated. Ambrose was at that time civil governor of the province of which Milan was the capital: and, the tumult increasing, he was obliged to interfere in person, with a view of preventing its ending in open sedition. He was a man of grave character; and had been in youth brought up with a sister who had devoted herself to the service of God in a single life; but as yet he was only a catechumen, though above thirty years of age. Arrived at the scene of tumult, he addressed the assembled crowds, exhorting them to peace and order. While he was speaking, a child's voice, as is reported, was heard in the midst of the crowd to say, "Ambrose is bishop;" the populace took up the cry, and both parties in the church, Catholic and Arian, whether influenced by a sudden enthusiasm, or willing to take a man who was unconnected with party, voted unanimously for the election of Ambrose. It is not wonderful that the subject of this sudden decision should have been unwilling to quit his civil office for a station of such high responsibility; for many days he fought against the popular voice, and that by the most extravagant expeditors. He absconded, and was not re-

covered till the emperor, confirming the act of the people of Milan, published an edict against all who should conceal him. Under these strange circumstances, Ambrose was at length consecrated bishop. His ordination was canonical only on the supposition that it came under those rare exceptions, for which the rules of the Church allow when they speak of election "by divine grace," by the immediate suggestion of God; and if ever a bishop's character and works might be appealed to as evidence of the divine purpose, surely Ambrose was the subject of that singular and extraordinary favor. From the time of his call, he devoted his life and abilities to the service of Christ. He bestowed his personal property on the poor: his lands on the Church; making his sister tenant for life. Next he gave himself up to the peculiar studies necessary for the due execution of his high duties, till he gained that deep insight into Catholic truth, which is evidenced in his works; and in no common measure in relation to Arianism, which had been the dominant creed in Milan for twenty years preceding his elevation.

Basil of Cæsarea was at this time the main pillar of Catholic truth in the east, having succeeded Athanasius of Alexandria, who died about the time that both Basil and Ambrose were advanced to their respective sees. He addresses the new bishop in these words, in an extant epistle:

"Proceed in thy work, thou man of God; and since thou hast not received the gospel of Christ of men, neither wast taught it, but the Lord himself translated thee from among the world's judges to the chair of the apostles, fight the good fight, set right the infirmities of the people, wherever the Arian madness has affected them; renew the old foot-prints of the fathers, and by frequent correspondence build up thy love towards us, of which thou hast already laid the foundation."—*Ep.* 197.

Ambrose had presided in his see about eleven years, at the time when the events took place which are here to be related. Valentinian was dead, as well as his eldest son Gratian. His second son, who bore his own name, was emperor of the west, under the tutelage of Justina, who had been his second wife.

Justina was an Arian; and brought up her son in her own heretical views. This was about the time when heresy was finally subdued in the eastern Churches; the council of Constantinople had lately been held, many Arian bishops had conformed, and laws had been passed by Theodosius against those who held out. It was natural under such circumstances that a number of the latter should flock to the court of Milan for protection and patronage. The Gothic officers of the palace were Arians also, as might be supposed, after the creed of their nation. At length they obtained a bishop of their persuasion from the east; and having now the form of an ecclesiastical body, they used the influence of Valentinian, or rather his mother, to extort from Ambrose one of the churches of Milan for worship.

The bishop was summoned to the palace before the assembled court, and was formally asked to relinquish St. Victor's church, then called the Portian Basilica, which was without the walls, for the Arian worship. His duty was plain; the churches were the property of Christ; he was the representative of Christ, and was therefore bound not to cede what was committed to him in trust. This is the account of the matter given by himself:

"Do not," he says, "O emperor, embarrass yourself with the thought that you have an emperor's right over sacred things. Exalt not yourself, but, as you would enjoy a continuance of power, be God's subject. It is written, God's to God, and Cæsar's to Cæsar. The palace is the emperor's, the churches are the bishop's."—*Ep.* 20.

This argument which is true at all times, was much more convincing in an age like the primitive, before men had begun to deny that Christ had left a visible representative of himself in his Church. If there was a body to whom the concerns of religion were

intrusted, there could be no doubt it was that over which Ambrose presided. It had been there planted ever since Milan became Christian, its ministers were descended from the apostles, and it was the legitimate trustee of the sacred property. Ambrose rested his resistance on grounds which the people understood at once, and recognized as irrefragable. They felt that he was only refusing to surrender a trust. They rose in a body, and thronged the palace gates. A company of soldiers was sent to disperse them; and a riot was on the point of ensuing, when the ministers of the court became alarmed, and despatched Ambrose to appease the tumult, with the pledge that no further attempt should be made on the possessions of the Church.

Justina failing to intimidate, made various underhand attempts to remove the champion of orthodoxy. She endeavored to raise the people against him. Failing in this object, next, by the promise of offices and places of dignity, she set on foot various projects to seize him in church, and carry him off into banishment. One man went so far as to take lodgings near the church, and had a carriage in readiness, in order to avail himself of any opportunity which offered to convey him away. But none of these attempts succeeded.

This was the month of March; as Easter drew on, more vigorous steps were taken by the court. On April 4th, the Friday before Palm Sunday, the demand for a church for the Arians was renewed; the pledges which the government had given, that no further steps should be taken in the matter, being perhaps evaded by changing the church which was demanded. Ambrose was now asked for the New or Roman Basilica, which was within the walls and larger than the Portian. It was dedicated to the apostles, and (I may add, for the sake of the antiquarian,) was built in the form of a cross. When the bishop refused in the same language as before, the imperial minister returned to the demand of the Portian church; but, the people interfering, and being clamorous against the proposal, he was obliged to retire to the palace to report how matters stood.

On Palm Sunday, after the lessons and sermon had been read in the Basilica, in which he officiated, Ambrose was engaged in teaching the creed to the candidates for baptism, who, as was customary, had been catechised during Lent; and were to be admitted into the church on the night before Easter day. News was brought him that the officers of the court had taken possession of the Portian church, and were arranging the imperial hangings in token of its being confiscated to the emperor; on the other hand that the people were flocking thither. Ambrose continued the service of the day; but when he was in the midst of the celebration of the eucharistical rite, a second message came that one of the Arian priests was in the hands of the populace.

"On this news, (he says, writing to his sister,) I could not keep from shedding many bitter tears, and while I made oblation, I prayed God's protection that no blood might be shed in the Church's quarrel: or if so, that it might be mine; and that, not for my people only, but for the ungodly."—*Ep.* 20. At the same time he despatched a number of his clergy to the spot, who had influence enough to rescue the unfortunate man from the mob.

Though Ambrose so far seems to have been supported by popular movement, yet the proceedings of the following week showed that he had the great mass of respectable citizens on his side. The imprudent measures of the court, in punishing those whom it considered its enemies, disclosed to the world their number and importance. The tradesmen were fined two hundred pounds of gold, and many were thrown into prison. All the officers, moreover, and dependants of the courts of justice, were ordered to keep in doors during the continuance of the disorders; and men of higher rank were menaced with severe consequences, unless the Basilica were surrendered.

Such were the acts by which the imperial court solemnized Passion week. At length a fresh interview was sought with Ambrose, which shall be described in a few words:

"I had a meeting with the counts and tribunes, who urged me to give up the Basilica without delay, on the grounds that the

emperor was but acting on his undoubted rights, as possessing sovereign power over all things. I made answer, that if he asked me for what was my own—for instance, my estates, my money, or the like—I would make no opposition: though, to tell the truth, all that was mine was the property of the poor; my person, here I am. Would you take to prison or to death? I go with pleasure. Far be it from me to entrench myself within the circle of a multitude, or to clasp the altar in supplication for my life; rather I will be a sacrifice for altar's sake.

"In good truth, when I heard that soldiers were sent to take possession of Basilica, I was horrified at the prospect of bloodshed, which might issue in ruin to the whole city, I prayed God that I might not survive the ruin which might ensue of such a place, nay, of Italy itself. I shrunk from the odium of having occasioned slaughter, and would sooner have given my own throat to the knife. . . . Presently they bade me calm the people. I replied, that all I could do was not to inflame them; but God alone could appease them. For myself, if I appeared to have instigated them, it was the duty of the government to proceed against me, or banish me. Upon this they left me."

Ambrose spent the rest of Palm Sunday in the same Basilica in which he had been officiating in the morning: at night he went to his own house, that the civil power might have an opportunity of arresting him if it was thought advisable.

The attempt to gain the Portian seems now to have been dropped; but on Wednesday troops were marched before day-break to take possession of the new church, which was within the walls. Ambrose, upon the news of this fresh movement, used the weapons of an apostle. He did not seek to disturb them in their possession; but, attending service at his own church, he was content to threaten the soldiers with a sentence of excommunication. Meanwhile, the new church, where the soldiers were posted, began to fill with a larger congregation than it ever contained before the persecution. Ambrose was requested to go thither; but, desirous of drawing the people away from the scene of imperial tyranny, lest a riot

should ensue, he remained in the Portian, and began to comment on the lesson of the day, which was from the book of Job. First he commended for Christian patience and resignation with which they had hitherto borne their trial, which indeed was, on the whole, surprising, considering the usual inflammable nature of a multitude. "We petition your majesty," they said to the emperor; "we use no force, we feel no fear, but we petition." It is common in the leader of a multitude to profess peaceableness, but very unusual for the multitude to persevere in doing so. Ambrose went on to observe, that both they and he had in their way been tempted, as Job was, by the powers of evil. For himself, his peculiar trial had lain in the reflection that the extraordinary measures of the government, the movements of the Gothic guards, the fines of the tradesmen, the various sufferings of the saints, all arose from what might be considered his obstinacy in not yielding to what seemed an overwhelming necessity, and giving the Basilica to the Arians. Yet, he felt that to do so would be to peril his soul; so that the request was but the voice of the tempter as he spoke in Job's wife, to make him "say a word against God, and die," to betray his trust, and incur the sentence of spiritual death.

Before this time the soldiers who had been sent to the new church, from dread of the threat of excommunication, had declared against the sacrilege, and joined his congregation at the Portian; and now the news came that the royal hangings had

been taken down. Soon after, as he was continuing his address to the people, a fresh message came to him from the court, to ask him, whether he had intention of domineering over his sovereign? Ambrose, in answer, showed the pains he had taken to observe a passive obedience to the emperor's will, and to hinder disturbance: then he added—

"Priests have by old right bestowed sovereignty, never assumed it, and it is a common saying, that sovereigns have coveted the priesthood more than priests the sovereignty. Christ hid himself, lest he should be made a king. Yes! we have a dominion of our own. The dominion of the priest lies in his helplessness, as it is said, 'when I am weak, then am I strong.'"

And so ended the dispute for a time. On Good Friday the court gave way; the guards were ordered from the Basilica, and the fines were remitted. I end for the present with the view which Ambrose took of the prospect before him.

"Thus the matter rests; I wish I could say, has ended: but the emperor's words are of that angry sort which shows that a more severe contest is in store. He calls me a tyrant, or what is still worse. He implied this when his ministry were entreating him, on the petition of the soldiery to attend church. 'Should Ambrose bid you,' he made answer, 'doubtless you would give me to him in chains.' I leave you to judge what these words promise. Persons present were all shocked at hearing them; but there are parties who exasperate him."

From the London Catholic.

PUBLIC CHARITY AND PRIMARY INSTRUCTION AT ROME.

HOW little do those tourists who differ from us in religion ever see or know of the real character of Rome! How little conscious are they, when residing in the hotels of the Piazza di Spagna, or rolling about in their carriages, or exploring the curiosities of that capital, with their guide-

books in their hands, and their Ciceronis at their sides, of what is hourly going on in the interior of the ecclesiastical, social, charitable, and scholastic systems of the metropolis of Christendom! Having put down in their tablets such notes as their time may permit, or their memories may suggest,

they fancy that when they have gone through the churches, museums, palaces, public galleries, and antiquities of the place, they have gleaned all the information they can desire to possess. They attend at some of the solemn functions of the church, their conduct at which shows, and their publications (when they do publish) abundantly prove, that they believe our holy religion to be a mere exhibition of pageantry and idolatry, got up to captivate the senses of the ignorant, and to keep them benighted in the lowest abysses of superstition and credulity. They behold in the streets, at all hours of the day, great numbers of the clergy moving about in all directions; they know not that these men are either returning from, or proceeding to, churches, hospitals, colleges, schools, where they have all their appointed duties to perform, or that they have just been beside the bed of disease, administering spiritual consolation to the suffering patient, or soothing his dying agonies with the last rites of the Church. Ignorant of all this, our hasty travellers set down these crowds of our clergy as so many drones and idlers, a mere mass of hypocrites, sunk in the depths of every species of corruption.

What can be said of Lady Morgan and other still more ignorant and superficial travellers, when even Sir John Hobhouse, a writer of no ordinary research and genius, deliberately accused of idolatry a number of devout men and women whom he found assembled in the Pantheon at Rome, reciting the rosary before an image of the Madonna? One of the latest libellers of our religion, as she saw it practised in Rome, Mrs. Jameson, could scarcely think of any thing while she was in the Sistine chapel at high mass, than the unfolding of the trains of the cardinals as they came in, a description of which Lady Morgan has wrought into a gross caricature? It is thus that the same authoress (Mrs. Jameson) speaks of the celebration of one of the most splendid ceremonies of our Church, on the anniversary of St. Peter's entrance into Rome, and of his taking possession of the papal chair: "To see the high priest of an ancient and wide-spread superstition publicly officiate in

his sacred character, in the grandest temple in the universe, and surrounded by all the trappings of his spiritual and temporal authority, was an exhibition to make *sad a reflecting mind!*"

How often have we heard from such authorities as these of the state of imbecility, vice, and degradation into which the Roman nobility have fallen—how little they do for their country—how depressed they are in the scale of aristocracy—how selfish they are—how irreligious—how mean and contemptible in every respect! The very writers who have defiled their pages with these calumnies forget that in the palaces of those princes to which they have been most hospitably admitted, they have found materials for many a page of their publications, in the countless and often incomparable works of art which they have seen in the galleries of those "selfish," "mean," and "contemptible" men! How deplorably ignorant they must be of the real characters and habits of those noblemen! Why, there is not—we believe we may speak literally—not *one* of those noblemen—nay, not even a man of any respectability in the city of Rome—who is not enrolled in some confraternity, for the purpose of performing practical works of piety and charity. There is scarcely an hour in the day in which members of these admirable associations may not be seen moving in companies through the streets of Rome, their faces closely masqued, and their persons enveloped in a coarse garment, which saves them from being known. They are either going to bury the dead, or to attend the sick in the hospitals, or returning from those deeds of corporeal mercy! Most, if not all the members of the highest orders in Rome, male and female, belong to associations for the perpetual adoration of the most holy sacrament. We might name a number of wealthy princesses, and of the ladies of foreign ministers in Rome, who hold weekly meetings for the purpose of arranging secret visits to the houses or apartments of the poor, who, though suffering extreme privations of every kind, are "ashamed to beg." Relief, in money, in personal apparel, in comfortable clothing for their beds, in sup-

plies of medicine, of wine, when necessary, and of all things calculated to mitigate their sufferings, reach them, they know not from whom. We could name some ladies of rank and fortune who almost daily inspect hospitals and poor schools, supported chiefly by their own bounty, or by collections which they obtained from their friends. We have seen them watching over the beds of sick orphans, administering to them medicine, standing as sponsors for them at confirmation, and arranging for the due supply of their little wardrobes. What did Lady Morgan, who has so grossly vituperated all Italian nobles—those of Rome most especially—know of the facts we have just mentioned?

Every body is aware of the infamous titles by which foreigners, differing from us in faith, are accustomed to designate Rome: the "scarlet lady," the "pit of corruption," the "residence of antichrist," and "the mother of shame and pollution of every description." Instances have been known, and we could mention some ourselves—of German Protestants being ordered by their medical men to repair to Naples for the improvement of their health, and of their putting themselves to the utmost inconvenience in the course of their journey, in order, if possible, to avoid passing through Rome on their way to their destination, so great was their horror of breathing even for a day, the same atmosphere with the "man of sin,"—that is, the holy Father! But a little, indeed, very little, well directed inquiry might have enabled them to satisfy their minds that there is not in the world a community of human beings, their numbers and general situation considered, so free from vice as are the Roman people. Exceptions to this representation no doubt occur from time to time, under the form of robberies and assassinations. But, on the other hand, if the corruption of the female sex extend to any considerable degree—which is believed not to be the case—at least it is hidden from the eye of the world, a homage to virtue which we certainly cannot boast of with reference to London, Edinburgh, or Dublin. One need only go into the churches on Sundays to see how

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well they are attended by both sexes, from an early hour in the morning to midday, and at vespers in the afternoon. During the week-days, also, mass is celebrated in almost all public churches of Rome every half hour, from sunrise until noon. During those hours hundreds of the faithful may be seen kneeling on the bare floor round the side chapels.

One of the most important hospitals in Rome is that of St. Sauveur, on the Celian Mount, originally founded by the Cardinal John Colonna. It is under the care of the order of the "Hospital Sisters." Seven clergymen reside regularly in the establishment, and they receive abundant assistance from others, both secular and regular, who voluntarily repair thither to know if their services might be required. This establishment is dedicated to the reception of female invalids, without any distinction of station, country, or religion, according to the general and generous plan upon which all Roman charities are conducted. The institution of the "Hospital Sisters" was founded in the year 1821, by the Princess Teresa Doria Pamphili. They make four simple vows, poverty, chastity, obedience, and hospitality. They wear a uniform of black serge, and live in community. Widows are admissible to the order as well as unmarried females. They divide themselves into batches of six members each, who take it in turn to attend the sick throughout the night and day. They are supplied with cells, food, and raiment, by the hospital. To their hospital labors they, of course, add the performance of religious duties adapted to their order, but so arranged as never to interfere with their attentions to the sick. The charity of these admirable women, who thus separate themselves from all the pleasures and seductions of the world, can only have been inspired by real and profound sentiments of religion. The establishment enjoys a revenue of thirty-two thousand crowns a year, of which nearly the half is supplied by the government.

The Hospital Sisters have also been introduced into several other similar establishments, the number of which we need not here specify, as they are to be found in

almost every quarter of Rome, adapted to diseases of every description, and generally richly endowed by the founders. In every case where sufficient funds do not exist, arising from these sources, the deficit is made good by the government, and sometimes by private benevolence.

During what are called the sacred years, that is, the years of jubilee (a jubilee is held every twenty-five years), the number of pilgrims who flock to Rome from all parts of the world is surprising. The number in the year 1825 (the last jubilee) was very near one hundred and eighty-two thousand men and ninety-one thousand three hundred and eighty-five women; in the whole upwards of two hundred and seventy-three thousand persons. The highest number recorded in the work before us is that set down opposite to the year 1625, when no fewer than five hundred and eighty-two thousand seven hundred and sixty pilgrims found their way to the holy city, of whom one hundred and twenty-two thousand four hundred and ninety-one were females! In ordinary years, during the festivals of Easter, of Corpus Christi, and other great solemnities, the number of pilgrims in Rome does not exceed four or five hundred. Several establishments for the reception of pilgrims had been founded by Christian kings and princes in the early ages, but these fell away, from various causes, so that when the number of these pious characters was excessive, many arrived overpowered by fasting and fatigue, without a roof beneath which they might lay down their weary heads. The care of all the pilgrims for whom no hospital had been provided was transferred to the society of the adoration of the holy sacrament, who obtained for their use, from a noble lady, Elena Orsini, a large mansion near the baths of Agrippina; besides this, they have another hospital, in which they can accommodate a considerable number of pilgrims, on the ground-floor of which there are two chambers, in which, in remembrance of the act of our Saviour, the washing of the feet is annually performed.

In order to entitle him to be received in any of the hospitals under the care of the

society, the pilgrims must have come from a distance of at least sixty miles from Rome, and be furnished with a certificate from his parish priest, attesting that his object in going to Rome is to visit the holy places. Members of the society are in attendance to receive and examine these certificates, with a view to guard against fraud. Poor travellers here, also, find an asylum. If they be Italian, they receive entertainment for one day; if they be ultra-montane, for two days. Should they be Bohemians, they are presented on their departure with a crown out of funds which have been bequeathed specially to the hospital for that purpose. Portuguese are entertained for five days, and on going away receive each a present of a Roman sequin. The repast consists of a pound of bread, a portion of wine, six ounces of meat, a potage, fruit, and cheese. While serving their guests, the members of the society are clothed from head to foot in a coarse red garb, and our author very justly remarks, that it is indeed a beautiful and edifying spectacle to behold seated at long tables rows of men of different features, languages, and manners, assembled together from all parts of the world, in order to gain the indulgences, and attended in the most humble manner by persons eminently distinguished by their birth and station. It often happens that noblemen and others of elevated rank put on the habit of the pilgrim, and, as an act of Christian humility, repair in that dress to Rome, seeking, like other pilgrims, the hospitality provided for them by the care of the society, who are called the Society of the Holy Trinity. Although in the jubilee years they have to sustain an expense of upwards of one hundred thousand crowns, still their establishments are in a prosperous condition. Their annual revenue amounts to eighteen thousand crowns, of which two thousand and four hundred are paid by the apostolic chamber. We learn that Mrs. Trollope has been lately *posting* through Italy, and that she actually spent a whole week at Rome! We venture to predict that in her account of what may be literally called her "flying journey," she will not say one word of the Society of the Holy Trinity, for this good

reason, that she will have come away without knowing that there ever was such a society in existence.

There is, under the immediate protection of the Pope's almoner, an establishment for supplying with medical assistance at their own houses invalids who would not, from various considerations, like to repair to the public hospitals. For this purpose the city is divided into a certain number of sections, which are placed under the care of eleven visitors, who are usually virtuous, charitable ecclesiastics, each of whom has his own doctor and surgeon. When an invalid requires the aid of this establishment he informs his *curé*, who sends a note to the dispensary belonging to this establishment, and every thing is then done for him which his case requires.

Allusion has already been made to the confraternity for the burial of the dead. Their church is in Via Giulia. When they receive intelligence of the death of a person who is in need of their services, they repair to their church, where they assume their black dresses; they proceed forthwith, at all

times and seasons, to the place where the body lies, even though it may be twenty or thirty miles from Rome. During an inundation of the Tiber which occurred in the pontificate of Clement VIII, the members took their stations along the river as far as Ostia, and made use of every possible measure for recovering the bodies which had been carried away by the flood.

Within the city they usually accompany the funeral of the departed, accompanied frequently by other societies also. Their secretary summons them by a note to meet at their church at a certain hour after dinner. Clothed in their habit which covers their head, and permits only their eyes to be seen, they proceed to the place where the body is, and bear it to the church, singing psalms and holding lighted torches in their hands. They subsequently take it to the grave. These duties they perform not only for departed members of their own fraternity, but for any person, Roman or foreign, for whom their services may be necessary. They have a cemetery near their church.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Translated from the French.

FEAST OF THE CIRCUMCISION.

SO great a solemnity as the Nativity of our Lord well deserved an octave. For many ages the eighth day after Christmas was called the octave of the Nativity of Jesus. It is believed that about the year 660 this festival received its present name, the Circumcision of our Lord.

An ancient volume, speaking of the celebration of this day, observes: "Jesus Christ wished to teach us by this mystery that although the divinity was united to his humanity, he had not come to claim for himself an exemption from the observance of the law." At the commencement of a new year, the Church offers to the meditation of the faithful, an example of obedience and submission to the established laws; addressing them, as it were, in such terms as

these: "During the time that may yet be allotted you, be obedient to those whom Providence has placed over you. Look upon him whose divine person was never sullied by the slightest stain of sin, and who, therefore, had no need of circumcision or baptism;—but, as he came to teach humility, he does not refuse to submit to the common yoke."

In the Mosaic law, no special place was assigned for the ceremony of circumcision. It is, therefore, probable that the Son of Mary was circumcised in Bethlehem, his native city, for there the Magi found him when they went to pay him the tribute of their adoration. The day on which the blood of the new-born infant first flowed, was selected for giving him the adorable

name which was to distinguish him among men. The Son of God might have assumed of right the most illustrious names, such as had been honored by the most celebrated kings and conquerors. But no; he preferred the name of *Jesus*, which signifies *Saviour*, to all other titles. Hence we read in the hymn for this festival: "To add to their glory, conquerors are distinguished by the names of the nations which they have subdued; but thou, O Jesus! thou who preferrest rather to liberate than to conquer, assumest a name which proclaims deliverance."

From the council of Tours, held in the year 566, we learn that on the first of January a decree was passed, which required that the chant of the sacred litanies should be substituted for the impious and superstitious songs of the pagans. This shows that the first day of the year was not so much a day of rejoicing and festivity as of penance and expiation; a day on which the joyful alleluia did not occur in the divine office. Towards the end of the seventh century the Church abrogated the three fasting days which preceding councils had prescribed for the end of the closing year and the beginning of the next. She strenuously exhorted the faithful to substitute the *poor* for their *friends*, and to convert their new year's presents into alms. This practice implies the perfection of Christian charity. Time in its onward course, may effect some changes in the ceremonies of the religious festivals, but the spirit of Catholicity remains unaltered, ever pure and elevated, full of tenderness and love, of mercy and justice. And when time shall have been swallowed up in eternity, that spirit will return to God who made it; like those angels who visited the holy patriarchs and prophets, and again winged their flight to heaven with their snowy feet unsullied by the dust of earth, and without having lost a feather from their wings!

If the custom of giving new year's presents and paying complimentary visits has become an established usage, religion has sanctified it by her wisdom and her councils. I shall never forget one new year's day; it was about nine in the morning. I was at Rouen. I entered the church of St. Maclan

which was thronged with the faithful, and the venerable and respected pastor was in the pulpit. It well became the poor inhabitants of this poor neighborhood, to assemble at the opening of the new year, in order to ask of God strength for the proper discharge of their various duties, and resignation in their sufferings; for in this parish but few wealthy persons resided, and resignation and fortitude were virtues of primary importance. The good pastor addressed his flock in that feeling tone of paternal solicitude which goes to the heart. I remained standing in the crowd, and so deep was the impression made upon me by the words of the good father, that I have not forgotten them. "Many among you," said the venerable curate, "many among you have come to wish me a happy new year. I thank you sincerely; but in order that the year which this day has ushered in, may be a happy one for me, it must also be so for you. In my turn, then, my dear children, I wish you all a happy year; a year free from poverty and distress, marked by no awful visitation from God, a year spent in the practice of virtue, and conducting you to the blissful years of eternity. To you who are now listening to my feeble accents, and who are unaccustomed to splendid and costly garments, and princely attire, I wish and recommend resignation and patience. . . . Continue, in the spirit of Christian submission and humility, to wear the poor clothing in which I now behold you clad; and when those *eternal years* which I have wished you shall arrive, God will change that humble apparel into robes of purple, more splendid than the garments of kings."

Being in the crowd, I witnessed the emotion which the good father's words created; one could not but observe that there existed between the flock and its pastor, between the children and their father, between Christians and their priest, a union of charity so intimate, that they seemed to possess but one heart and one soul. I have witnessed many a new-year's day, in times of prosperity as well as of adversity; I have repaired with the crowd to the houses of the great, to present my congratulations to the favored of this world; and under all the various cir-

cumstances of this festive period, much has passed under my observation; I have forgotten all. How is it that I still retain the recollection of that interchange of kind feelings between the venerable curate and his poor parishioners? . . . Ah! it is because Religion stamped upon the scene her sacred impress, which nothing has been able to efface.

There are many who pass from one year to another, without any peculiar sensation, and who sneer at you when you tell them that you cannot finish one year and begin another without experiencing some emotion. For my part, I acknowledge that I never count the strokes of the midnight clock on the 31st of December, without an involuntary shudder; when the last sound has been given, I listen to it as it dies away upon the ear, and the lingering vibration irresistibly leads me to reflection.

In this solemn moment of transition from the old to the new year, we should call to mind some religious thought; otherwise the soul would be a prey to sadness. How many of our dearest friends has not the year that has just been swallowed up in eternity, consigned to the gloomy silence of the tomb!

With hope for the future, and resignation for the past, I hail the new year with the following sentiments: Welcome, daughter of time; though thou approachest us as a stranger, I welcome thee; thou comest en-

veloped in a mist; we cannot tell whether thy countenance wears a stern or a smiling aspect; whether thy yet closed hands are the bearers of prosperity or misfortune, whether thou hast in the ample folds of thy mantle, the blessings of peace or the calamities of war; but although wrapped up in mystery for us, still thou art a messenger from God, and therefore do we bid you welcome. "Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord."

The day which commences the year, appears to me so solemn, that I could wish religion had a still greater share in its celebration. In some countries, when a fountain is to be opened in a city for the use of the inhabitants, a venerable pontiff appears to bless the salutary waters, which are about to flow. Would, too, that from the steps of the altar, a benediction were pronounced upon the days which are about to be added to the stream of life! Could we find in the whole system of nature, a greater resemblance between objects, than what is exhibited by a fountain of water and the fleeting current of time? The water mingles ultimately with the ocean; time is merged in eternity. But though the aged ocean says not to the returning waves, why are you thus turbid and agitated? God will nevertheless put to us the important question, "why have not your days been pure?" . . . Let us, therefore, endeavor to return them to their author, unspotted as they left him.

THE SHIPWRECK.

BY MISS OTT.

THE waves are now calm, for the silvery deep
Hath hushed its loud roar where the mariners sleep;
The lonely sea-bird that bedewed its white breast
In the storm-lifted billow, hath flown to its nest.
The dark clouds have fled that o'ershadowed the main,
And left not a gloom o'er the wide liquid plain.

Yet where is the bark that so proudly defied
The rush of the winds and the swell of the tide;
When inhaling each breeze and resisting each gale,
The seamen's hearts glowed as they viewed her full sail;

And thought of the scenes of their own happy land,
Where love had encircled their dear kindred band.

Ah! short was the joy which then beamed in each eye;
The voice of the tempest was heard from on high;
The thunder's loud peal, and the lightning's bright glare,
Made faces look ghastly with fear and despair;
In vain was the struggle with tempest and wave,
The ship and her crew found a deep wat'ry grave.

A mourning was heard on the far-off green shore,
For those whom the dark tide could speed back no more;
Whose whitened bones lay 'mid the ocean enshrined,
Where coral stems bent, and the sea-weed entwined.
But sorrow's sad strain could ne'er wake from their sleep
The spirits of those who now rest in the deep.

Still, still shall they slumber, they're rocked by the surge,
The sigh of the wind be their funeral dirge!
Though tempests may roar, and the white-crested wave
In anger may roll o'er their low-pillowed grave,
The deep sleep of death naught of terror will wake,
Till the archangel's trumpet its quiet doth break.

CEREMONIES OF HOLY WEEK AT ROME.

THE following extracts are from the learned and interesting work of Dr. Wiseman on the offices and ceremonies of Holy Week as performed in the papal chapels. The contents of the volume consist of four lectures, that were delivered in Rome during the Lent of 1837. In the first two the author considers these ceremonies in their external and internal relations with the arts; in the third he dwells on their historical value, and in the fourth he exhibits their religious influence. We shall place before our readers the principal portions of these able and entertaining essays, commencing with the third which views the ceremonies of Holy Week as monumental observances, which attest the continuance of the Church through every age, and many of them, traceable to the remotest antiquity, stamp upon her the impress of apostolic origin.

Ed.

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CONNECTION OF THESE CEREMONIES WITH HISTORY.

ON hearing that I am about to treat of the historical value of these offices and ceremonies, perhaps many will be inclined to prejudge that I am anxious to prove them all most ancient, and trace them back to the earliest times of Christianity. Whoever shall so imagine will be completely mistaken. If the Catholic Church, in all things essential of faith and worship, lays claim to apostolic antiquity, she no less holds a right to continuity of descent; and this, as well as the other, must be by monuments attested. When we cast our eyes over England, and see, in every part, remains of ancient grandeur belonging to a very early age—raised

lines of prætorian encampments and military roads, or sepulchral mounds with their lachrymals and brazen vessels; then in our search find nothing more, till, many centuries after, noble edifices for worship, first somewhat ruder, then ever growing in beauty, begin to cover the land; we conclude, indeed, that it has long been peopled, but that the break of monumental continuities proves the later race to have had nought in common with the earlier: but that a dreary waste of some sort must have widely spread and lasted long between them. Not so on the other hand is it with this city, in which an unfailling series of public monuments,

from the earliest times, shows that one people alone have ruled and been great within it, and guided its policy upon a constant plan. It is even thus with the Church which, in many and varied ways, has recorded its belief, its aspirations, and its feelings, upon monuments of every age,—in none more clearly than in her sacred offices. It would be unnatural to refer many of the rites now observed to the very earliest ages. What have joyful processions in common with the low and crooked labyrinths of the catacombs? How would the palm branch grade upon the feelings of men crushed under persecution, and praying in sackcloth and ashes for peace? These are the natural symbols of joy and triumph; they express the outburst of the heart when restored to light and liberty; they are forms of Christian lustration over scenes and places that have been defiled with previous abominations.

One striking difference between the old and new law seems to consist in this, that the latter was not content to form the spirit of the religious, but moulded its external appearance to an unalterable type. The Jewish nation might undergo any political modification, but the forms of its worship, its place and circumstances, its ceremonies and expressions, were ever to be the same. And yet, with this stiff unvarying character, its worship was essentially monumental. The paschal solemnity was a ceremonial rite, acting dramatically, and so commemorating the liberation of Egypt; the feast of Pentecost reminded every succeeding generation of the delivery of the law: that of Tabernacles celebrated the long sojourn in the desert. Later, new festivals were added, to record the dedication of the temple, under Solomon, and its purification, under the Macabees, and the salvation of the people from the cruel designs of Aman. Many of the Psalms, or canticles sung in the temple, were likewise historical, or composed by David on particular passages of his life.

But in all this we see no power of development; no expressive force which allowed the feelings and powers of each age to imprint themselves on the worship, and characterise it in later times by the monumental remains of discipline and customs variable

in every age. In the sense which I have spoken of the Jewish religion, the Christian worship is eminently monumental, as the very festivals of which we are treating do abundantly declare. And in addition to this, it has continued, from age to age, both to institute new festivities as memorials of its varied relations with outward things, and to mark its feelings at peculiar seasons, in every part of its offices and prayers. The discovery of the cross, under Constantine, the dedication of the Lateran and Vatican basilicas, and the recovery of the symbol of our salvation, under Heraclius, are thus commemorated. In later times, the foundation of institutes for redeeming captives, celebrated in a peculiar feast,* records the miserable subjection of great part of Christendom to barbarian tyranny; and festivals yet celebrate amongst us the victories by which that power was broken, and the west freed for ever from its fear.† When, in 1634, Pope Urban VIII discovered the relics of St. Martina and rebuilt her church, he himself wrote the hymns for her office; and there deposited the last feelings of anxiety and the last prayers of the Church for her liberation from the terrors of Mahomedan power. In like manner will posterity commemorate each succeeding year, in the hymn and lessons appointed for the 24th of May, the unexpected return of the venerable Pius VII to the throne of his predecessors, after his long captivity.‡ In the service of the Church of England three or four historical events have been, I believe, recorded; the murder of Charles I, the restoration of his family, the arrival of king William, and the Gunpowder Plot. Each of these commemorations is more connected with political events than conducive to religious feelings; the last, perhaps, may be considered as rather tending to keep alive a spirit very different from charity and brotherly kindness. When the contests for the crown of Naples used to bring into Italy periodical incursions of French armies, whose track was ever marked by rapine and desolation, they were viewed in the light of a public scourge, and

* S. Maria de Mercede.

† On the festival of the Rosary.

‡ A festival observed peculiarly in Rome.

their removal was deemed a fitting subject for prayer. Hence, in the Missals of Lombardy, at that period, we find a mass entitled, "Missa contra Gallos." But no sooner was the evil at an end than the prayer was, in good taste and charitable feeling, abolished. The day, perhaps, will come when similar motives may produce, in our country, similar effects.

But what forms a distinctive property of Christ's religion, is, that he left few or no regulations concerning external worship. He instituted sacraments that consist of outward rites; but left the abundance, or parsimony of external ceremony, to depend upon those circumstances or vicissitudes through which his Church should pass, and the feelings which they might inspire. It is this idea which my discourse of to-day is intended to develope, by representing to you the ceremonies of Holy Week, as monumental records of various times and ages, each of which has left its image stamped upon them as they passed over. And thus, methinks, they will possess an additional interest, as monumental proofs of the continuous feeling which has preserved, as it embellished them, from the very beginning.

The most important functions of Holy Week are referred to the common and daily liturgy of the Church, and are joined to it as to a base which they adorn for the time, with records of events by them commemorated. Palm Sunday has its blessings and procession only in preparation for the liturgy or mass; and its solemn passion is only the gospel adapted to the occasion. Thursday and Saturday present nothing peculiar, except additional ceremonies before or after the same celebration; and Friday's service is a modification thereof, peculiarly formed to express the mourning and the graces of that day. The substance, therefore, so to speak, or foundation, upon which every age has placed its contribution, must form the oldest and most venerable portion of the service, and should, in fact, be as old as Christianity itself. And so in truth it is. For the mass, whereunto all the other ceremonial is mainly referred, is nothing else than the performance of the eucharistic rite instituted by our blessed Sa-

viour. It may be considered as consisting of two distinct portions,—one essential and the other accidental. The first consists of such parts as are, and must be, common to all liturgies, and comprises the offertory or oblation, the consecration by the words of Christ, and the communion. These are all to be found substantially the same amongst all those Christians who believe the Eucharist to be a sacrifice, and to contain the real body and blood of Jesus Christ; for they occur in the liturgies of Latins and Greeks, Armenians and Copts, Maronites and Syrians; and, moreover, in those of Jacobites and Nestorians, who have been separated from us since the fifth century. But to this remotest period belong also many ceremonies which, though not essential for the integrity of the liturgy, are clearly traceable to the apostolic time. Such for instance, is the prayer for the departed faithful, which is wanting in no liturgy of the east or west; the commemoration of the apostles and saints; the mingling of water with the wine, the use of lights and incense, which have been severally acknowledged to be derived from the time of the apostles, by Bishops Beveridge and Kaye, by Palmer, and other Protestant writers. Most of the prayers which constitute the present liturgy, are to be found in the rituals of St. Gregory the Great, St. Celestine, Gelasius, and other early popes; and may be supposed, consequently, to be still more ancient.

For three centuries the Christians lived in persecution and concealment. This naturally led to the selection of night, as the fittest time for the celebration of their sacred rites; and caused the greater portion of the Church office to be allotted to that silent hour. We might likewise expect to find whatever ceremonies retain the remembrance of this state, partaking of the symbolical and mystical spirit which such awful assemblies must have inspired. Of this early period, monuments are not wanting in the offices of Holy Week. The very office of Tenebræ is, in truth, no more than the midnight prayer of that early age. It continued to be performed at midnight for many centuries, especially at this time, as appears from a very ancient manuscript of the Ro-

man *Ordo* published by Mabillon,* in which it is prescribed to rise for them at midnight. Many centuries ago, the anticipation of time, now observed, took place; but the name and other terms were kept to record its earlier method of observance. The service itself was called *Tenebræ* (darkness), and *Matins*, or morning office; and each of its three divisions is styled a *Nocturn*, or nightly prayer. Another monument of that early period may be found in the mass of Holy Saturday. Throughout it, the service speaks of the "night;" it is the night in which Israel escaped from Egypt, and which preceded the resurrection of Christ. For the entire service, as I observed in my first discourse, refers to this joyful event, and used to be celebrated at midnight.

The rites connected with these primitive and solemn offices are, as I have intimated, singularly mystical. There have been two classes of writers regarding ceremonies. Some, like Du Vert, have wished to trace them all to some natural cause; others have wished to give them exclusively a symbolical and mysterious signification. It is probable that here, as usually, truth lies between the two extremes; and that, while circumstances suggested the adoption of certain expedients, the faithful ever preferred so to modify them in application, as to make them partake of that deep mysticism which they so much loved. Thus, no doubt, necessity as well as choice compelled them to use lights during those nightly celebrations; but they arranged them so as to give them a striking figurative power. In fact, Amalarius Symphosius (whom Benedict XIV confounds with Amalarius Fortunatus, a writer early in the ninth century), tells us that in his time the church was lighted up with twenty-four candles, which were gradually extinguished, to show how the sun of justice had set; and this, he adds, we do thrice, that is on three succeeding evenings.† This shows the union, even at so late an epoch, between the obvious use of these lights and their mystical application. The present disposition of them on a triangular candlestick, is, however, much older than

his time; and has been preserved in a manuscript *Ordo* of the 7th century, published by Mabillon. The connexion between the rite and the hour in which these offices were originally celebrated, may warrant us in considering both of equal antiquity.

The midnight service of Easter-eve, now performed on Saturday morning, gives a similar coincidence, and stronger authority for this connexion. Before the mass, new fire is struck and blessed, and a large candle, known by the name of the paschal-candle, being blessed by a deacon, is therewith lighted. This blessing of fire or light is a very ancient ceremony, originally practised every Saturday, and apparently restricted to Holy Saturday in the eleventh century. In the Roman Church, however, according to Pope Zachary, in 751, this ceremony was practised on Thursday. These observations are but cursorily made. It is the benediction of the candle which is the principal feature of this ceremonial. The beautiful prayer in which the consecration, or blessing, takes place, has been attributed to several ancient fathers: by Martene, with some degree of probability, to the great St. Augustine,* who very likely only expressed better what the prayers before his time declared. It very beautifully joins the two-fold object of the institutions. For, while it prays that this candle may continue burning through the night, to dispel its darkness, it speaks of it as a symbol of the fiery pillar which led the Israelites from Egypt, and of Christ, ever true and never failing light. But the rite itself is much older than that age. Anastasius Bibliothecarius says of Pope Zozimus, in 417, that he allowed to parishes the power of blessing this candle. This, as Gretser remarks, supposes the blessing to have existed before, but to have been confined to basilicas. St. Paulinus speaks of the candle as painted according to the custom yet practised in Rome; and Prudentius mentions its being performed in allusion, as F. Aravalo plausibly conjectures, to the incense which then, as now, was inserted in it. What still more pleads for the antiquity of this rite, is the existence of it in distant Churches. For

* Mus. Ital. tom. ii. 19. † Bib. Pat. tom. xiv.
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* Bened. xiv. p. 292.

St. Gregory Nazianzen mentions it, as do other fathers, in magnificent terms.

This year, being the seventh of the pontificate of the present Pope, you will have the opportunity of witnessing another very ancient rite, only performed every seventh year of each reign. This is the blessing of the *Agnus Dei*, waxen cakes stamped with the figure of a lamb. It will take place in the Vatican Palace, on Thursday in Easter Week, and a distribution of them will be made in the Sixtine chapel, on the following Saturday. The origin of this rite seems to have been the very ancient custom of breaking up the paschal candle of the preceding year, and distributing the fragments among the faithful. Durandus, one of the eldest writers on church ceremonies, tells us, that on Saturday in Holy Week, the acolytes of the Roman Church made lambs of new blessed wax, or of that of the old paschal candle, mixed with chrism, which the Pope, on the following Saturday, distributes to the faithful.* He then enters upon their spiritual and mystical signification. Alcuin, our countryman, and disciple of venerable Bede, tells us, that "in the Roman Church, early in the morning of Saturday, the archdeacon comes into the church, and pours wax into a clean vessel, and mixes it with oil, then blesses the wax, moulds it into the form of lambs, puts it by in a clean place." These, he says, "are distributed on the octave of Easter;" and he adds, "the lambs which the Romans make, represent to us the spotless lamb made for us, for Christ should be brought to our memories frequently by all sorts of things."† In the ceremony, as you will witness it, the Pope himself will bless, and mingle with chrism, the figures of the *Agnus Dei* already prepared.

Another portion of the service, which bears us back to those earliest ages, deserves particular attention, from its being now, like the last, peculiar to Rome. It is well known to all that have ever slightly applied themselves to the study of Church history, that a system of public penance existed of old,

whereby such as had scandalously transgressed God's law, were, for a time, excluded from the communion of the faithful, and subjected to a course of rigorous expiation. This penitential system is acknowledged by all to have reached back into times of persecution; for, we have repeated mention of it in Tertullian, the oldest Latin ecclesiastical writer; and we possess entire treatises, or epistles, of the glorious martyr St. Cyprian, regarding it. The Catholic Church has everywhere preserved the ceremony whereby the public penance was enforced, to wit, on Ash-Wednesday: so called, from ashes having been, on that day, placed on the public penitents' heads, as now they are on those of all the faithful, with the very same words, "Remember that thou art dust, and to dust thou shalt return." The course of penance, thus enjoined, might last many years: but, unless shortened by an indulgence, or brought to a close upon danger of death, or of persecution, the reconciliation of the penitents always took place within Holy Week. St. Jerom tells us, that Maundy-Thursday was the day fixed for this solemn absolution,* and Pope Innocent I confirms this observation. St. Ambrose, however, observes, that the rite sometimes took place on Wednesday, Friday, or some other day in Holy Week.†

A remnant of this ancient custom has been scrupulously preserved here. For, on the afternoons of Wednesday and Thursday, the cardinal-penitentiary proceeds in state to the basilicas of Sta. Maria Maggiore and St. Peter: and, seated on a tribunal reserved for that purpose, receives the confession, or other application, of such as may wish to advise with him and obtain spiritual relief, in matters reserved to his jurisdiction.

Another, and a still more interesting usage, of those primitive times, is yet retained in the Roman Church, almost exclusively. In the early ages, baptism was solemnly administered only twice in the year, on the eves of Easter and Pentecost. The adult catechumens were carefully instructed in the Christian faith; although many important dogmas were withheld from their know-

* Rationale Divin. Offic. lib. vi, cap. 69, p. 349.

† De Divinis Offic. ep. Ferras. De Cathol. Ecclesie Divinis Offic. Varii vetustor. . . . Libri, Rom. 1591, p. 82. Vide also Ampliar. Fortun. ib. p. 110.

* Epist. ad Oceanum.

† Ad Marcell. Soror, Ep. 33.

ledge till after baptism. On Holy Saturday, or Easter eve, they proceeded to the church, under the guidance of the deacons who had prepared them. Twelve lessons from the Old Testament, descriptive of God's providential dealings with man, were then read in Greek and Latin; during which, they received their final instruction in the faith. After this, the baptismal font was blessed with many solemn ceremonies. Thus far the rite is universal, to the extent that circumstances will permit: the lessons are everywhere recited, or sung, and the font is blessed wherever the privilege of having one exists. But in Rome, the ancient usage is imitated to the end. For, solemn baptism is always administered to converts, who are reserved for that occasion, generally Jews, of whom a certain number yearly enter into the Catholic Church. This takes place in the baptistery of Constantine, adjoining the patriarchal basilica of St. John Lateran.

Such are the principal points in the ceremonial of Holy Week, which can be traced with sufficient probability to the oldest period of the Church, when she yet was in an humbled and persecuted state: and they clearly bear the impress of her condition and feelings. The midnight assemblies still commemorated, both in her sacred offices and in the eucharistic celebration, show the state of alarm in which she then existed; and the mystical signification given to institutions, in a manner dictated by necessity, exhibits the depth and nobleness of idea

which even then regulated her in her worship. The commemoration of that solemnity wherewith she received repentant sinners back to her peace, is a record of the purity which distinguished all her members, and the zeal for virtue which animated her pastors. In fine, the rare and cautious initiation of her catechumens through the sacrament of baptism, from danger of their betraying the secrets of religion, is commemorated in the lessons, and still more in the actual rite as performed here on Holy Saturday. And thus too, at Rome, there is a consistency in the entire office of Easter, not to be found elsewhere, inasmuch as the liturgy, during the following week, prays most especially for those who have been just born again of water and the Holy Ghost, that they may persevere in the faith; and the Sunday immediately following Easter is still called, everywhere, *Dominica in albis*, "Sunday of the white garments," as on it, the new baptized should lay aside the white robe, put on them, by most ancient usage, on their baptism. And this reminds me of another ceremonial, not quite so ancient, but still reaching to the fifth century. I allude to the custom of the neophytes, after baptism, going to visit the tomb of the holy apostles at the Vatican. Ennodius of Pavia mentions this as a custom in his time. "See," he observes, "how the watery chamber (the baptistery) sends forth its white-robed troops to the portable chair of the apostolical confession."

Translated from the French.

THE CALENDAR.

THE word *calendar* comes from *calends*, which, in its turn, is derived from the Latin word *calare*, taken by the Romans from a Greek word signifying, to call. This appellation, originally related to the transactions which took place at Rome on the days of calends. The people were called to the capital once every month, to hear proclaimed the first appearance of the new moon, and the date of the nones.

The first day of each month was that of the calends. They were the days appointed for the expiration of payments and the fulfilment of contracts. Hence the name of calendar to signify in general, the distribution which was made of times, seasons, fairs, and days of solemnity. The name has been handed down to us, although calendars are now almost entirely out of use.

The necessity of a calendar had been felt

by all nations ; but this was not sufficient to produce it ; centuries of observation and much calculation were requisite to succeed in arranging a calendar of any merit. Very few persons are capable of forming a correct estimate of the labor bestowed upon that which we are now using. These remarks are intended to give a slight idea of it.

Rome had its first calendar from Romulus and Numa ; but it was replete with inaccuracies. Julius Cæsar rendered it less defective ; but he could not improve it sufficiently to preclude the necessity of remodelling it anew. The error which he left standing in the fundamental elements of his calculations, proceeded from a mistake in the computation of the year made by Sosigen whom he had consulted. He had based his calculations on the principle that the sun traversed the ecliptic in three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours ; whereas the astronomers of the sixteenth century discovered that this revolution was effected in three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, and forty-nine minutes. Sosigen, therefore, made every year too long by eleven minutes, which produced an error of one day in every one hundred and thirty-four years. In consequence of this inaccuracy it happened that from the council of Nice in 325, to the reformation of the calendar, in 1582, ten days too many had crept into the calendar ; so that the equinox of spring which in 325 had been fixed on the twenty-first of March, fell on the eleventh in 1582, though the calendar always announced it on the twenty-first.

This difference growing every year more considerable, the seasons would, at length, have been so erroneously indicated by the calendar, that we should sometimes have imagined ourselves still in the spring, when the sun had already run through all the signs of the zodiac. Blondel, who in the last century published an excellent work on the calendar, observes in reference to this subject, " that the prayers which the Church has judiciously allotted to different seasons would have become altogether out of place and even ludicrous ; for it would have been a mockery to beg of God to temper the ardor of the scorching sun, at a time when

the earth might be covered with snow ; or to implore propitious rains for the crops, when the grain had been already gathered into the barns." The error resulting from the disregard of the eleven minutes in the computation of the year, was the principal reason that induced Pope Gregory XIII to reform the calendar. That error, however, was easily rectified by bringing back the equinox of spring to the twenty-first of March, as it had been in the year 325 ; this was to be done by counting as the twenty-first of the month, that day which the calendar indicated as the eleventh. This suppression of ten days might doubtless have been deferred till March, 1583 ; but the Pope preferred making it on the fifth of the preceding October ; because, between that day and the fifteenth of the month fewer festivals occur than at any other period of the year. But it was not enough to rectify the error once ; to prevent its recurrence in future was equally important. It was done in this way. As the precession of the equinoxes was caused by the accumulation of the eleven minutes to which we have alluded, it became annually more sensible, so that in every one hundred and thirty-four years an error of one day was the necessary result. Thus four hundred and two years sufficed to introduce an error of three days, and it was consequently decided that in every four hundred years three days should be suppressed. Of the remaining two years no account was taken, as they could introduce but an error of one day in the course of twenty-six thousand, eight hundred years. Strictly speaking this is a defect in the new calendar ; but besides its being a trivial one, nothing would be easier than to remedy it, should the long revolution of years just mentioned ever take place. The necessity of suppressing these three days in every period of four hundred years being acknowledged, we have only to examine when this elimination is to be made. When the calendar was reformed, it was agreed that in every four hundred years the first day of every century, except the fourth, should be cut off.

The year 1700 was the first that underwent this reduction, the year 1800 the second, and 1900 will share the same fate.

From 1582 to 1700 the old calendar was only ten days in arrear of the new; but the suppression of one day made in 1700, has produced in the two calendars, since the commencement of the eighteenth century, a difference of eleven days. This suppression of one day which is to take place in each of the three successive centuries out of four, is termed the *solar equation*. The ancient method of computation, is called *the old style*; that which Pope Gregory XIII introduced, is called *the new style*. Catholic countries adopted it almost immediately after its introduction at Rome; and by degrees it has come into general use among Protestants. Russia still adheres to *the old style*, so that there the year begins eleven days later than with us. But to make the Russian dates correspond with those of other nations, they are written in the following manner. For instance, the date of an event which took place in Russia on what we call the eleventh of March, would be designated thus, the 22 March, and to denote the 21st of December, 1774, we should write the

1st January, 1775.
21st December, 1774.

Shortly after the use of the ordinary figures had become general in Europe, they were used to mark the days of the month. Prior to this the Roman custom had been universally followed, which divided each month into three principal periods, those of the *calends*, the *nones*, and the *ides*. The *calends* signified the first day of the month, the *nones* fell on the fifth or the seventh, and the *ides* eight days after the *nones*, which brought them consequently to the thirteenth or the fifteenth. There were but four months in the year in which the *nones* fell upon the seventh, and the *ides* upon the fifteenth; these were March, May, July and October. The day of the *nones* was thus always the ninth before the *ides*, which appears to have been the reason of their being called *nones*. The term *ides* is thought to be derived from the Etruscan word *idare*, signifying to divide, on account of the *ides* dividing each month into two nearly equal parts. With these three periods, the Romans could designate by a specific name only three days. To specify the intervening days, they re-

ferred them to the nearest period following. For instance, the day after the *calends*, or the second of the month was called the sixth before the *nones*, if reference were made to any of the four months in which the *nones* fell upon the seventh; the same day was called the fourth before the *nones*, in the other eight months. In the first instance they wrote it *sexto ante nonas*, or by way of abbreviation, *VI nonas*; in the second, *IV nonas*. In the same way the third of the month was termed either the fifth or the third before the *nones*, and so on. The eve of the *nones* they designated as *pridie nonas*, and the day itself *nonas*. The days after the *nones* were determined by their relation with the *ides*, and were expressed thus: *VIII idus*, *VII idus*, &c. *pridie idus*. The thirteenth or the fifteenth was *idus*, the *ides*, and the day after the *ides* was the seventeenth before the *calends* of the following month, when the *ides* had fallen on the fifteenth; for instance, to designate the 16th of March, they wrote *XVII calendas Aprilis*; for the seventeenth, *XVI calendas* and so on to the last day of the month, which was *pridie calendas*. This ancient mode of marking the days is still preserved in the Roman *Dataria*. The same method of designating the days of the month, gave rise to the denomination of bissextile years. Sosigen having asserted that the sun required three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours to perform its revolution, Julius Cæsar determined that every three successive years should have three hundred and sixty-five days, and the fourth three hundred and sixty-six. This additional day was produced by the six hours which had been disregarded in the computation of preceding years. Hence every fourth year had three hundred and sixty-six days, and was called the *bissextile* year, from the intercalation of the three hundred and sixty-sixth day, which took place immediately after the 24th of February, the day called by the Romans *sexto calendas Martias*. The day which they interposed was considered as a duplicate of this and was called *bis sexto calendas Martias*; whence proceeded the custom of terming bissextile, every year in which this intercalation was made.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

From the London True Tablet.

PROSPECTS OF CATHOLICISM IN SPAIN.—In the *True Tablet* of the twenty-third of July, insertion was given to a letter from "A Spaniard," wherein mention was made of an important work on Catholicism, the production of a Spanish priest (the Rev. J. Balmes). A rather lengthy translation of the opening chapter was also inserted in the same number of our journal; the title of the work is "*El Protestantismo Comparado con el Catolicismo en sus Relaciones con la Civilizacion Europea*" (Barcelona, 1842); or, "Protestantism compared with Catholicism in their Relations with European Civilization." The twelfth chapter, which is principally devoted to an examination of the effects that Protestantism would produce in Spain, is here subjoined, in translation, in an abridged form.

The reverend author, after drawing a forcible picture of the general restlessness pervading society, and of the confused state of religious ideas, asks:

"What will be able to rule over such opposite, such potent elements? What can re-establish a calm in so stormy an ocean? What will be powerful enough to unite and consolidate the whole, so as to make it capable of resisting the action of time? Will it be Protestantism, which, naturally enough, continues diffusing and accrediting the dissolving principle of private judgment in religious matters, and realizing that idea by scattering on all sides, and amongst all classes of society, abundant copies of the Bible?"

The writer, after some further remarks, continues as follows:—

"It may be easily conceived that Protestantism, having in itself a tendency to despotism, can produce nothing for the happiness of mankind in a moral or religious sense; for felicity cannot exist when the understanding is in a perpetual state of war with respect to the loftiest and most important question which could be presented to the human mind.

"When, amidst this dark chaos, wherein are wandering so many different and powerful elements, all of which are opposing, pulverizing, and confounding each other, the observer seeks for a luminous point whence a ray may emanate to enlighten the world, and a potent idea to enchain so much anarchy and to hold sway over

men's understandings, he soon regards Catholicism as the only source of real good. When he sees with what brilliancy and vigor she still maintains herself in spite of the immense efforts made every day to annihilate her,—his heart becomes full of consolation and renescent hope, and he joyfully hails that divine religion, congratulating it on the new triumph which awaits it upon earth.

"Time was, when Europe, overrun by a host of barbarians, beheld all her monuments of former civilization and culture crumbling at once into dust—her legislatures, with their statutes, her rulers with their splendor and their might, her sages with their sciences, her arts with their illustrations—all submerged in one common ruin; and those immense regions wherein all that cultivation was flourishing, which the people had acquired during the lapse of ages, found themselves plunged at once into ignorance and barbarism. But the brilliant spark of light, which had been reflected on the world from Palestine, continued shining even in the midst of chaos. All in vain did the dense mists arise and threaten to extinguish it in utter darkness; nourished by the breath of the Eternal, it retained its resplendence; ages swept by, and still it continued extending its glorious orbits, until the nations who had at first merely regarded it as a guide amidst the stumbling blocks of obscurity, beheld it at last bursting forth to full view like a resplendent sun, scattering light and life over an enamored globe.

"And who knows whether, in the mystic designs of Providence, there is not reserved for it another triumph, one more difficult even, and not less salutary and glorious? By enlightening ignorance, civilizing barbarism, polishing rudeness, softening ferocity, it preserved society from being made the victim—perhaps for ever—of the most atrocious brutality, and the most degrading stupidity. But how much more glorious will be its career—if, rectifying ideas, centralizing and purifying sentiments, confirming the eternal principles of society, subduing passions, soothing animosities, confining excesses, and ruling over the understanding and the will—it erects itself into a universal regulator, stimulating every species of knowledge and advancement, and inspiring due moderation into society, which, agitated by so many furious ele-

ments, and deprived of its central point of attraction, is perpetually threatened with dissolution and death.

"Nevertheless there is one highly consoling fact—the wonderful progress of Catholicism in various countries. In France and Belgium it is recovering strength; in the north of Europe it is evidently feared—seeing the way in which it is combated; in England its progress during the last half century would be almost incredible, were it not attested by undoubted facts; and in its missions Catholicism displays so much energy and so many resources, that it recalls the time of its greatest ascendancy and power. But, when other nations are tending to unity, shall we be foolish enough to verge to schism? When the rest of the world is rejoiced to find in existence still a vital principle, which can restore that strength which incredulity took away, shall Spain admit into her bosom the seed of death, which will render her recovery impossible, and assuredly complete her ruin? Is it possible that in the moral regeneration aspired to by those nations which are yearning to be released from the narrow position wherein irreligion placed them,—is it possible that no attention shall be bestowed on the immense advantages which Spain possesses over other countries, by being the least tainted with the gangrene of impiety, and by having preserved that religious unity which was handed down to her as an invaluable inheritance for a long series of ages? Can it be that the advantages which that unity is capable of producing, if improved as they deserve to be, are to remain unappreciated,—that unity which is entwined with all our glories, which awakens so many beautiful reminiscences, and which can so admirably serve as an element of social regeneration. If I am asked for my opinion respecting the proximity of the danger, and the probable success of the efforts now made by Protestants, I shall give a qualified answer:—Protestantism is essentially feeble, as well in its own nature as by being old and decrepit; should it be introduced into Spain, it will have to struggle with an adversary full of life and vigor, and one too firmly rooted in the country; for those reasons, and under that point of view, its influence cannot be formidable; but who can prevent it from causing terrible results, once it is established in our soil, however limited may be its dominion?

"It will be evident that another apple of discord will be thrown amongst us, and that it will be difficult to anticipate all the collisions which will take place at each step. As Protestantism, on account of its intrinsic weakness,

will be forced to seek support from all who will lend a helping hand, it is quite clear that it will serve as a rallying point for all discontented individuals, and as a nucleus of new factions and plots. The immediate, the infallible results of the introduction of Protestantism amongst us will be scandal, rancor, demoralization, commotion, and perhaps catastrophes. I appeal to the good faith of every man who is even slightly acquainted with the Spanish nation, if I am not right in my assertion. But that is not all. The question enlarges itself, and acquires an incalculable importance, when considered in its relations with foreign policy. What a lever Protestantism will become for raising all kinds of disturbances in our unfortunate country! With what avidity will it be grasped, and how anxiously will a purchase be sought for it! There is in Europe a nation which is formidable by its immense power, distinguished by its great progress in the arts and sciences, and which, holding in its hand the means of carrying on its operations in every part of the globe, knows how to employ them with truly admirable sagacity. Having been the first among modern nations to pass through the different phases of a religious and political revolution, and having, in the midst of terrible commotions, contemplated the passions in all their nakedness and crime, and under all its forms, it surpasses to such an extent other countries in the knowledge of resources, that it keeps its sensibilities sufficiently under check to allow those movements to be quietly excited in its breast which are followed in other nations by blood and tears. Its inward peace is not disturbed amidst the excitement and effervescence of debate; and, although it cannot fail to perceive the difficult situations, more or less remote, which will excite trouble and affliction, it enjoys, in the meantime, that state of calmness which is secured to it by its constitution, its habits, its riches, and, above all, by the ocean which begirts it. Thus advantageously situated it watches the progress of other nations, in order to chain them with golden bonds to its chariot, if they are simple enough to listen to her beguiling words; at all events, it endeavors to check their progress whenever they have independence enough to seek to emancipate themselves from her influence. It is ever seeking aggrandizement by means of arts and commerce, and with an essentially mercantile policy, cloaks its material interests under every species of disguise. Although when treating with other people it is altogether indifferent to religion and political ideas, nevertheless it dexterously avails itself of such powerful arms to

procure friends, foil enemies, and entice them all alike into that commercial web which it keeps continually spread over the four corners of the world. It would be impossible for it not to perceive the progress it would make towards rendering Spain one of its colonies, if it could only succeed in making the people of that country fraternize with itself in religious ideas; not so much on account of the good will which such fraternization would promote between the two people, as of the assurance it gives that Spaniards would lose those peculiar and austere characteristics which distinguish them from other people; and that, forgetting the only national and regenerating ideas which had remained in force during so many frightful reverses, they would become susceptible of all kinds of strange impressions, and be influenced by all those opinions which the interested views of a deceitful protector might deem suitable and desirable.

"It was in the autumn of 1805, whilst Pitt was giving a dinner in the country to his friends that a despatch arrived announcing the surrender of Muck, in Ulm, with forty thousand men, and the march of Napoleon in Vienna. Pitt communicated the fatal news to his friends, who exclaimed, 'All is now lost; we can do nothing against Napoleon.' 'Yes we can,' replied Pitt, 'a national war against him must be raised in Europe, and that war must commence in Spain. Yes, gentlemen,' he added, 'Spain will be the first nation where that patriotic war will be enkindled which can alone deliver Europe.' Such was the importance which the above named profound statesman attributed to the power of a national war, and such was the extent of hope it afforded him.

"It is not impossible that, amidst the changes operating in their unfortunate country, the foolish attempt to introduce Protestantism will be made therein by some short-sighted individuals. We have been too much alarmed to rest quietly, and we have not forgotten certain events which clearly indicate the height to which the audacity of certain men would have attained, had it not been checked by the imposing dissent of the immense majority of the nation. It is not easy to imagine that the violences of the reign of Henry VIII will be repeated here; nevertheless, if—advantage being taken of a violent rupture with the holy see, of the obstinacy and ambition of a few ecclesiastics, and of the pretext of rendering a spirit of toleration indigenous to our soil—the attempt to introduce Protestant doctrines among us be made, those violences may be anticipated.

"And assuredly we need not that toleration be

imported here from any foreign nation; already does it exist, and so amply, that no one fears being persecuted, or even molested, on account of his religious opinions; but it is a new system of religion that is sought to be imported and planted here; a system which would take advantage of all means to obtain a predominance, as well as to weaken, and, if possible, annihilate Catholicism. I am much deceived if, in the blindness and malice of certain individuals who call themselves statesmen, the new system, once admitted amongst us, would not be protected by them. When it is first proposed to introduce the novelty, it will assume a modest guise, demanding only a habitation in the name of toleration and hospitality. It will, however, be soon seen increasing in audacity, claiming rights, extending its pretensions, and openly disputing the ground with Catholicism. Then will resound more vigorously than ever those rancorous and virulent denunciations which have wearied us for some time; those echoes of a raving, because expiring, school. The indifference with which the people will regard the pretended reformation will, in all probability, be deemed rebellious; the bishops' pastorals qualified as insidious suggestions; the fervent zeal of the Catholic priests, termed a seditious provocative; and the determination of the Catholics to preserve themselves from the infection, called a diabolical conspiracy hatched by intolerance and party spirit, and worked out by ignorance and fanaticism.

"In the midst of the efforts of some, and the resistance of others, bygone scenes will be more or less parodied; and although the spirit of moderation, which is one of the characteristics of the times, would prevent the repetition of those excesses which stain with blood the annals of other nations, it could not hinder the imitation thereof. For it is necessary to bear in mind that in religious matters in Spain, that coolness and indifference cannot be maintained, which, in case of a conflict, may be preserved in other countries at present, where religious sentiment has lost much of its force, whilst in Spain it is still both profound and energetic. The day on which the combat is to take place will be one of general as well as of melancholy commotion. Up to the present time, although lamentable scandals and even horrible catastrophes have been the results of intermeddling with religious matters, there are not wanting more or less transparent disguises to cover perverse intentions. At one time the attack has been directed against this or that person accused of political machinations; at another,

against certain classes of men charged with imaginary crimes; occasionally, revolutionary principles have overflowed all bounds, and then it has been said that it was impossible to restrain them, and that all the desecration and mockery of sacred objects which followed were the inevitable consequences of popular frenzy. So far, a veil has been always at hand to disguise matters. But when Catholicism is attacked premeditatedly in all its dogmas, despised in its principal points of discipline, ridiculed in its most august mysteries and in its most sacred ceremonies; when one temple will be erected against the other, and pulpit against pulpit—what will be the result? The minds of the people will be undoubtedly exasperated to the extreme, and even if no rightful explosion ensue after all, as is to be feared, the religious controversy at all events will be of so violent a character, that it will forcibly bring back to our memories the sixteenth century with all its enormities.

"The result of the want of harmony is, that in Spain the government exercises a very limited influence over the people—by influence, being understood that moral ascendancy which needs not the accompaniment of force. Much may be expected from the good sense of the Spanish nation, and from its proverbial gravity, increased by so many misfortunes; much also may be hoped from that circumspection which makes it distinguish so well the true road to its felicity, and which renders it deaf to the insidious measures adopted to mislead it. If, for many years past, through a fatal combination of circumstances and the want of harmony in the political and social order, no government has arisen which is the true interpretation of the instinct and tendencies of the Spanish people, and which is calculated to lead it into the right path of prosperity, let us nourish the hope that that day will yet arrive, and that the harmony which is now wanting, and the equilibrium which has been lost, will yet arise out of the bosom of that community which is so rich in vitality and promise. In the meantime it is highly important that all those who have Spanish hearts beating in their bosoms, and who are not content to see the very entrails of their country torn away, should unitedly endeavor to prevent the genius of evil from scattering in our soil the seed of eternal discord, thus adding another calamity to the calamities already inflicted on us, and thus stifling those precious germs from which our renascent civilization is to spring up more glorious and beautiful than ever, raising itself from that dejection and prostration wherein unfortunate circumstances have long detained it.

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How replete with heavy grief is the very thought that the day may yet come when that religious unity is to disappear from amongst us, which is identified with our habits, our usages, our customs, and our laws—that unity which watched over the cradle of our monarchy in the cavern of Cavadonga,* which was the motto of our standard during a struggle of eight centuries with the formidable power of the Crescent, which vigorously restored our civilization in the midst of commotions, which accompanied our terrible battalions when they imposed silence on all Europe, which conducted our mariners to the discovery of new worlds and to the first circumnavigation of the globe, and which, in more recent times, put the seal upon so many great exploits by overthrowing Napoleon Bonaparte.

"Do ye, who with such precipitate rashness condemn the work of ages, who with so much hardihood condemn the Spanish nation, and who blacken with barbarism and obcurantism the principle which presided over our civilization—do ye know whom ye are insulting? Do ye know whence flowed the genius of the great Gonzalo, of Hernan Cortes, of Pizarro, of the conqueror of Lepanto? Do the shades of Garcilaso, of Herrera, Ercilla, Luis de Leon, Cervantes, and Lope de Vega, excite no respect within you? Will ye dare then to burst the bond which unites us to them, and make us the unworthy descendants of such illustrious characters? Do ye seek to separate our belief from their belief, our customs from their customs, thus severing all our traditions, obliterating all our glorious records, and only leaving amongst us great and august monuments which the devotion of our ancestors transmitted to us, and which will stand as the severest and most eloquent censurers of your conduct? Are ye desirous that those rich sources should be dried up, whence we may derive the means of resuscitating literature, strengthening science, reorganizing legislation, re-establishing the spirit of nationality, restoring our glory, and of replacing this unfortunate nation in the high position which its virtues merit, giving to it that happiness and that prosperity for which it is so laboriously struggling, and which it already augurs in its heart?"

INDIA.—MADRAS.—*Statistics*.—St. Thomas' Mount.—*Catholic Mission*.—St. Patrick's church, at St. Thomas' Mount, was built in 1841, by the Right Rev. Dr. Carew, then Vicar Apostolic

* It was at Cavadonga that the partizans of Pelagio secretly assembled to adopt measures against the Moors.

of Madras and Meliapore. As this church was built principally for the use of the European military at that station, the Government contributed to its erection the sum of three thousand rupees; the whole expense of the building was eight thousand rupees. The ground upon which it stands had previously cost the mission twelve hundred rupees. The Catholic congregation belonging to this church numbers eleven hundred and twenty-eight souls, of whom seven hundred and seventy-seven are natives; the rest are East Indians and Europeans, of whom one hundred and nineteen belong to the efficient artillerymen. This congregation is confined to a very narrow district, scarcely exceeding five square miles; it extends two miles to the south, as far as the four bazars on the way to Palavaram; it extends also two miles to the east, as far as Little Mount; but on the north it only extends a quarter of a mile, and the same distance to the west. Within these narrow limits there is a population of sixty-four thousand seven hundred and eighteen souls, of whom forty-nine thousand three hundred and sixty are Pagans, thirteen thousand five hundred and eighteen Mahomedans, eleven hundred and twenty-eight Catholics, four hundred and ninety-four Protestants, and two hundred and eighteen Schismatics. The Schismatics are all natives, including but few of the Tamil community; the Protestants consist principally, of artillerymen with their wives and children; ninety-three are native pariahs, of whom twenty-two have already made so great a progress in Protestantism, that they profess the principles of the Unitarians. In the Chucklers' village, about a quarter of a mile to the north of St. Patrick's church, is the oratory of the Immaculate Conception, built by some native headmen in 1796. The native Christians of the village assemble here to join in prayer morning and evening; and they celebrate the feast of the Immaculate Conception for nine days on each recurring anniversary. In this same village there is another oratory dedicated to the B. V. Mary (Queen of Heaven) built by some native Catholic headmen about fifty years ago; it is at present in the hands of Schismatics. The church *Expectatio Partus*, on the top of the Mount, is also in possession of a Schismatic priest; it was built about two hundred years ago. The Protestant church at this station cost the Government forty-five thousand rupees. The Protestant chaplain is the Rev. W. T. Blenkinsop, who, between palanquin allowances, sacramental allowances, establishment and chaplaincy, is in the annual receipt of nine thousand six hundred and twenty-five Company's rupees. After eighteen years' service (including three

years' furlough) he may retire on the pay of lieutenant-colonel, three hundred and sixty-five pounds sterling per annum. The same regulation applies to all Protestant chaplains who received their appointments before 31st August, 1836. In case of bad health they may retire, after ten years' actual service, on the half-pay of lieutenant-colonel, or two hundred pounds fifteen shillings sterling per annum; and after seven years' actual service they may retire on one hundred and seventy-three pounds seven shillings and sixpence sterling, a year, or the half-pay of major. There are thirteen schools in the district, viz: four Catholic, one Schismatic, and eight Protestant. The Catholic soldiers, by their voluntary contributions, support a male and a female English free school, in which seventy-two children receive instruction, viz: forty-eight males and twenty-four females. In the female school there are but three native children; in the male school there are twenty, of whom eight are Pagans. The Vicar Apostolic supports two Tamil schools, one at Lascar village, the other at St. Patrick's church. In these forty-six native children are instructed, of whom nine are Pagans. The Schismatic school is supported by Don Antonio; the pupils are fifteen in number, five Pagans and ten Schismatics. The two regimental schools, male and female, are supported by government, and are conducted on proselytising principles. The male school has three European Protestant masters, and ninety-nine pupils, of whom forty-eight are Pagans; the rest are East Indians or European Protestants. The female regimental free school has sixty pupils under the care of one European schoolmistress. No natives attend. The Wesleyan Tamil free school has one native master and fifteen scholars, viz: nine Pagans and six Schismatics. No professed Wesleyan; but all are marched regularly on Sundays and Wednesdays to the Wesleyan church. The Unitarian Tamil free school has one native master and six pupils, viz: three professed Unitarians and three Pagans. Mrs. Cook's Tamil free school has sixteen scholars, viz: five Protestants and eleven Pagans, under one native master. Mrs. Gordon's two English schools are supported by contributions; sixty-six children are brought up to several trades; they are well fed and well clad; their labor of course contributes to defray the expenses of the establishment. This is the only school in which the females are as numerous as the males: fifty-nine out of sixty-six are Pagans, and are regularly marched to the Protestant church on Sundays and to the Wesleyan church on Wednesdays. There is another free school, said to

be supported by a Protestant clergyman, which has twenty-five scholars, under the care of an East Indian master. In this school there are six East Indians, viz: three Catholics and three Protestants; the rest are natives, seventeen Pagans and two Catholics. Thus in the Catholic schools one hundred and eighteen children receive instruction, viz: seventeen Pagans and one hundred and one Catholics, of whom fifty-two are natives. In the other nine schools, which are supported by Protestants and Schismatics, three hundred and two children are instructed, viz: one hundred and fifty-two Pagans, sixteen Schismatics, five nominal Catholics, and one hundred and twenty-nine Protestants, including three professed Unitarians. From the year 1837, when Dr. O'Connor first opened this little mission, up to the present time, one hundred and five converts have been gained to the Catholic faith, viz: thirty-seven Protestants and sixty-eight Pagans. The Rev. C. Murphy receives fifty rupees a month from Government for attending the Catholic soldiers at this station.—*Madras Catholic Expositor for June.*

ALGIERS.—The inauguration of the relics of St. Augustine, in a chapel built on the ruins of the ancient Hippo, took place on the 28th, 29th, and 30th of last October, in the presence of an immense crowd of persons.—*True Tablet.*

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—The 14th of last December was observed throughout the state of Maryland as a day of thanksgiving, and divine service was performed in the churches generally. In the Cathedral of Baltimore, the Rev. James Ryder, president of Georgetown College, delivered a brilliant and eloquent discourse in behalf of St. Mary's Female Orphan Asylum, and a collection was taken, amounting to upwards of three hundred dollars. The congregation of the Cathedral were favored with several other discourses from this talented gentleman during his stay in the city, and we learn that his lectures have produced the most salutary impression. We cannot but express the fond inquiry, *quando reverteris?*

DIOCESS OF BOSTON.—The statistics of this diocese having been received too late for insertion in the Metropolitan Catholic Almanac, we publish them for the satisfaction of all who desire to be correctly informed.

CHURCHES AND CLERGY.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston.—Cathedral of the Holy Cross,—Rt. Rev. Benedict Fenwick, D. D.; Very Rev. Wm. Ty-

ler; Rev. Richard Hardy; Rev. George Goodwin.—Chapel of the Holy Cross,—Rev. A. Williamson.—St. Mary's,—Rev. P. Flood and Rev. J. B. McMahon.—St. Patrick's,—Rev. Thomas Lynch.—St. Augustine's,—Rev. P. Fitzsimmons.—Holy Trinity,—Rev. Francis Roloff.

East Cambridge.—St. John's,—Rev. John Fitzpatrick.

Charlestown.—St. Mary's,—Rev. P. Byrne.

Salem.—St. Mary's,—Rev. Thos. J. O'Flaherty, who visits also *Lynn, Gloucester, and Ipswich.*

Quincy.—St. Mary's,—Rev. P. Fitzsimmons.

Waltham.—Church not dedicated,—Rev. P. Fitzsimmons, who also visits *Canton, Randolph, and Nantucket.*

New Bedford.—Church not dedicated,—Rev. James O'Reilly.

Taunton.—St. Mary's,—Rev. John O'Beirne.

Lowell.—St. Peter's,—Rev. James Conway.—St. Patrick's,—Rev. James McDermott.

Fall River.—St. John Baptist's,—Rev. Edward Murphy.

Worcester.—Christ Church,—Rev. Jas. Fitton.

Sandwich.—St. Peter's,—Rev. James Strain.

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence.—SS. Peter and Paul's,—Rev. John Corry.—St. Patrick's,—Rev. Wm. Wiley.

Pawtucket.—Church not dedicated,—Rev. Wm. Ivers, who also attends *Woonsocket.*

Newport.—St. Joseph's,—Rev. J. O'Reilly.

CONNECTICUT.

Hartford.—Trinity church,—Rev. Jno. D. Brady. **Cabbotsville.**—Church not dedicated,—Rev. John D. Brady.

Middletown.—Vacant, served from Hartford.

New Haven.—Christ church,—Rev. Jas. Smyth. **Bridgeport.**—St. James, Ap's,—Vacant, served from New Haven.

New London, Northampton, Norwich, and Saxonville, served from Worcester.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Claremont.—Church not dedicated.

Bellow's Falls.—Visited occasionally.

Dover.—St. Aloysius',—Rev. Patrick Canavan. **Portsmouth and Newburyport,** served from Dover.

VERMONT.

Burlington.—St. Peter's,—Rev. J. O'Callaghan. **St. Alban's and Montpelier,** served from Burlington.

Middleburg.—Church not dedicated,—Vacant.

Castleton.—Church not dedicated,—Vacant.

Pittsford, Bennington, Manchester, Berkshire, and Sheldon, served from Burlington.

MAINE.

Portland.—St. Dominick's,—Rev. P. O'Beirne. **Whitefield.**—St. Dennis',—Rev. D. Ryan.

Augusta.—Church not dedicated.

New Castle.—St. Patrick's,—Vacant.

Gardiner.—Served from Whitefield.

Bangor.—St. Michael's,—Rev. Thomas O'Sullivan.

Old Town.—St. Ann's,—Served from Bangor.

Eastport.—St. Joseph's,—Rev. John B. Daly.

Pleasant Point.—St. Ann's,—Rev. M. Desmiliers.

Benedicta.—Church not dedicated,—Rev. Manasses Dougherty.

Institutions.—There is *no convent* in the diocese. At Boston there is a female orphan asylum—and there are various schools in the different cities and towns.

DIOCESS OF NEW YORK.—*Death of Bishop Dubois.*—In the dispensations of Divine Providence, it has become this week our melancholy duty to announce the death of the Rt. Rev. John Dubois, third bishop of New York. He departed this life at nine o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the 20th of December, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

Bishop Dubois was born in Paris on the 24th of August, 1764. Even from the earliest years he was remarkable for those qualities which adorned his after career; perseverance, energy, firmness, and devotion. In September, 1787, being then in the twenty-third year of his age, he was ordained priest. He continued to officiate until the outbreak of the French revolution, when, like many others of his brethren in the priesthood, he was forced to seek abroad that safety for life, and that security to perform the duties of his vocation, denied to him at home by the violence of wicked men. But, unlike most of his brethren, instead of retiring to Great Britain and other adjacent countries, he emigrated to the United States, and arrived at Richmond, Virginia, in July, 1791. A stranger and an emigrant priest, he was received with the greatest kindness by the illustrious men of the time, the Washingtons, the Marshalls, the Henrys, the Randolphs, to whom he had come, recommended by letters from their friend and fellow soldier in the war of American independence, General Lafayette. During two years he continued among them, improving himself in English, and at the same time giving lessons in French in some of those distinguished families, whilst he administered the consolations of religion to the Catholics of the vicinity. In 1794, the venerable Archbishop Carroll appointed him pastor of a congregation in Frederick, Maryland. In 1808, he founded Mount St. Mary's College, now one of the most popular and prosperous literary institutions in the country. In the same year he was charged with the superintendence of a com-

munity of religious ladies, at St. Joseph's,* who had taken the resolution to consecrate themselves to the service of God, and of the poor for God's sake. They were but three or four, having the late amiable and saintly Mrs. Seton, of this city, for their mother superior. This mustard seed, Bishop Dubois was appointed to plant and protect, and like his college, he lived to see it become a tree extending its branches to every part of the country—for who has heard of orphans, and not heard of the "Sisters of Charity."

In 1826, Dr. Dubois was appointed bishop of New York, and consecrated on the 29th of October of that year—and died consequently in the sixteenth year of his episcopacy, and the fifty-fifth of his priesthood.

He was a faithful and laborious missionary—walking in devotion to his sacred ministry, and his God—and carrying with him as he passed from youth to old age, through a long and spotless life, the esteem and veneration of all who knew him. His death was like his life—a beautiful and profound lesson of edification to those who had the melancholy consolation of witnessing it.

After solemn funeral service in the Cathedral, on yesterday, his remains were interred in the vault in front of the church.—*N.Y. Freem. Jour.*

PROCESS OF PHILADELPHIA.—*Ordination.*—On Saturday last, tonsure and minor orders were conferred by the bishop on Hugh Lane, Michael Mitchell, Hugh Fitzsimmons, John R. Klenidam, John Flanagan, Wm. Jennings, and Hugh Brady; and subdiaconship on Isaac P. Howell, Philip Farrell, John Macken, and Dominic Forestill, all students of the theological seminary of St. Charles Borromeo.—*Catholic Herald.*

The Protestant Association.—**MR. EDITOR,**—By a sort of proclamation published in several of the city daily papers, it appears that a mighty effort is to be made to annihilate the Catholic religion—if possible—before the annihilation of the world, even if that were to be consummated according to the prophetic rodomontade of the *sot disant* Reverend Doctor Deist Farmer Miller.

An Association of *Ministers!* (whose vocation should be to preach peace and good will to men), whose avowed object is, to preach discord—to "denounce" and "decry" their neighbors for the exercise of their religion:—a combination of any or every denomination is projected, for the purpose of *uniting* in phalanx, to put forth its energies to *stay* the wonderful increase of "Popery."

The following extract is copied from the *Chronicle*:

* This was in 1809.

"One of the objects of the Association is, to denounce "Popery and Popish Churches"—to have Auxiliary Associations in every town, village and city in the United States—to issue tracts favoring the Protestant faith, and decrying the Roman Church," &c.

Another *object* of this Association—said to be proclaimed by some of these *Reverend* defamers—is, to use its influence to prevent the employment of Catholic servants, &c.

Who would believe that such sentiments could emanate from men who *profess* the Christian name—who pretend to preach and inculcate Christian charity!—religious freedom—rights of conscience—and who are ever talking of civil and religious liberty! Arrant hypocrites! Why do they hold prayer meetings, or monthly concerts of prayer, and levy contributions to send missionaries to distribute the Bible among Hindoos, Indians, &c. to teach *them* Christian charity and benevolence; whilst they themselves openly exhibit their cold-hearted uncharitableness, by laying a plan to subvert their fellow-beings at home, not only of the first principles of religious liberty, but of morality and common honesty! To deprive them of the opportunity of earning a livelihood, is not only to *lead* them, but to *force* them into temptation to be dishonest.

This is a free country, whose constitutional principles invite the oppressed of every country to participate in the enjoyment of that toleration to worship God according to the dictates of conscience, unmolested, which is denied him in his own. But so, say these *Reverend* conspirators, the American constitution must be compromised; it will not do to allow Catholics to have liberty of conscience—they must be overpowered in time, or else, if they continue to increase they will soon exceed all denominations of Protestants put together. Therefore we, the members of this Association, will agree to unite as *one man* to dissuade every Protestant from giving employment to any Catholic servant—that is to say, we will omit no effort to *starve them out of their religion*—thus they will be compelled to become Protestants, and this is the only method of diminishing this increasing evil.

Indeed!—As well might they include in their "*objects*," a resolution to control the elements. The progress of the Catholic religion is not likely to be impeded, but impelled, by "*denouncing*," "*decrying*" or *caricaturing* it.

Is it possible that these self-sent apostles have the smallest hope of gulling their hearers by such proceedings? Doubtless a *few* of them have—it is the most profitable business they can pursue; it enables them to raise excitements, to

procure purchasers for their humbug speculating publications, caricaturing Catholics and their religion; but that the majority of those whose names disgrace this conspiracy, can lend their aid to such an unworthy, nay, nefarious design, is too preposterous to credit. Several of them are engaged in the publication of vile fabrications, which are not unlikely to prove rather unprofitable, except something is done to arouse the sensibilities of their pie-bald brethren in every "town, village, and city in the United States." Hence the *importance* of the "National Protestant Association."—*Cath. Herald*.

DIOCESS OF RICHMOND.—We invite particular attention to the following letter and communication which we received from the Rt. Rev. Dr. Whelan, and which we were reluctantly compelled to omit in our last number.

RICHMOND, Nov. 27, 1842.

MR. EDITOR—You may, perhaps, advance the interests of our little institution, by noticing it in your next. We shall open on Thursday next. The only novelty in our plan is the proposed separation, &c., for such as may express a desire to prepare for the sacred ministry. I have already three of these. In this respect, it may find favor with, and meet encouragement from even our northern Catholics.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

† RICHARD VINCENT,

Bishop of Richmond.

St. Vincent's College, near Richmond.—This institution is pleasantly located about a mile from Richmond, in a situation well adapted to quiet study, and healthy exercise. It is intended to impart to the southern student, upon the most moderate terms, the advantages of a *complete* literary and moral education. Mathematics with other useful and practical sciences, together with ancient and modern languages, will enter into the course of instruction; but every endeavor shall be made to fit each pupil for his peculiar destination in life. All unnecessary severity will be avoided in the management of the students; but strict discipline will be enforced by the judicious punishment of the refractory. The recreations are always taken under the eyes of the professors, and within the college limits. Money is not permitted to remain in the custody of the students, and it is recommended that not more than twelve and a half cents be allowed weekly for pocket-money. Visits will not be made by the pupils, except to their nearest relatives, and then only at the discretion of the principal, and never to spend a night out of the house. Such as live beyond the immediate vicinity of the college are not permitted to visit home except

at the annual vacation, which will commence on the 1st of July, and terminate on the 15th of August.

All letters either written or received by students, excepting their correspondence with parents, will be subject to inspection; and all letters whether addressed to students or the directors of the institution, must be post-paid. While the Catholic religion alone is professed in the college, there is no violence offered to conscience. No exemption however is granted from attendance at all the public exercises; inasmuch as, apart from considerations of order and uniformity, it is desirable that the community should be able to appreciate from observation the principles and practices of Catholics, which at times seem to occupy an important place in public attention.

The amount requisite for the purchase of books, clothing, &c., must always be advanced when the child is entered, and at each presentation of the semi-annual account. The charges for tuition, boarding and lodging, washing and mending linen and stockings, and doctor's attendance in ordinary cases, during the scholastic year of ten and a half months, are but one hundred and fifty dollars. Of this amount half is always required to be paid in advance at entrance, and at the commencement of every second quarter thereafter, a regulation to which the very moderate charges will allow no exception to be made. They who pass the vacation at college, will be charged twenty dollars for board, &c., during that time.

There are no extra charges except for protracted illness, and for articles furnished the pupils. But it is to be observed that no one will be allowed to enter for less than half a session, and that no deduction will at any time be made for a quarter commenced.

The comfort and safety from all danger of contamination of such youths as may desire to prepare themselves for the ecclesiastical state has been particularly consulted, by providing for them separate grounds for recreation, and establishing special exercises of piety for their benefit.

Application to be made to

BISHOP WHELAN, OR
REV. T. O'BRIEN.

DIOCESS OF LOUISVILLE.—We gave intimation several weeks since, of the design entertained by our venerable bishop, of founding, in this city, a house of refuge for those unhappy females who might be disposed to rise from their condition of degradation and infamy, were the way open before them. In our last number we announced the arrival of five religious ladies

who have left France, at the invitation of the bishop, in order to devote themselves to this work of charity. The following will give our readers some idea of the institution:

An Asylum for Penitent Females, under the direction of the Sisters of Charity of the Good Shepherd.—The title of "*Good Shepherd*" has been assumed by this society of religious ladies, in order to designate the office of charity to which their lives are devoted, that of seeking the lost and unfortunate. The charitable orders, which are numerous, generally take a name expressive of the object for which they are instituted. To take care of the sick, to instruct the children of the poor, to rescue the penitent female from infamy and crime, have ever been regarded as among the most laudable and noble achievements of Christian charity.

The order of the Good Shepherd was established at Caen, in Normandy, in the year 1651. In common with the other institutions of religion, it suffered from the French revolution: its charitable associates were dispersed; its houses of refuge were destroyed; and the penitent females who had there sought to recover the virtue which they had lost, were once more turned out upon the world to be again exposed to the seductions of vice and immorality.

In the year 1829, this society, devoted as it is to the best interests of humanity, was restored, and it recommenced its sacred office of seeking (as its name of the Good Shepherd imports) the lost, the abandoned, but repentant females. Since that period it has increased and flourished. Ten houses have been established in France, of which the principal one is at Angers, and others have been formed in Bavaria, in Belgium, in Piedmont, in Italy, and in England. These are all conducted on the same plan, and under the same rule, being directed by the sisters of charity of the Good Shepherd, those generous and self-devoted friends of humanity, who consecrate their lives to soothe the sorrows, and repair the wrongs, which a selfish immorality had inflicted on the unprotected, the weak, or too confiding.

Wherever this society has established one of its institutions, the blessings of its successful charity have more than compensated for all the assistance and encouragement extended to it. The establishment at Angers maintains three hundred female penitents; that at Lisle one hundred and sixty; the other houses number in proportion to their locality and the period of their foundation; but all presenting a favorable evidence of the useful benevolence of their charitable conductors. Such being the case, it is not surprising

that the municipal authorities of the towns of France where they have been established, should afford them protection and assistance.—*Catholic Advocate*.

INDIAN MISSIONS.—We have heard since the return of Father de Smet from the Rocky Mountains, that about *nineteen hundred* Indians of the

Flat Head tribe had been converted. The worthy missionary gives a most edifying account of their extreme punctuality in the observance of all their religious duties, rivalling the accounts which we read of the primitive Christians. Many of them approach the holy communion every Sunday morning.—*Cath. Telegraph*.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Practical Discourses on the perfections and wonderful works of God, and on the divinity and wonderful works of Jesus Christ. By the Rev. Joseph Reeve. Baltimore: F. Lucas, Jr. 8vo. pp. 455.

The lips of Eternal Truth have declared:—"This is life everlasting, that they may know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." (John, xvii.) Upon the knowledge which the Christian has of the divine attributes, must depend, in a great degree, his submission to, and his zeal in, the observance of the law of God. "From that knowledge," says the author, "he must draw every efficacious motive of serving God with fidelity and truth to the end of life." For this reason the holy scriptures are replete with instruction on this subject, and the works of the best writers on Christian morality dwell at length on the divine perfections, as the most powerful considerations by which the negligent Christian may be roused from his lethargy, the hopes of the desponding awakened, and the virtuous animated in the fervent practice of duty. As an auxiliary in this excellent work, the volume before us is well entitled to public esteem. The truths which it proposes to explain, are developed in a forcible and interesting manner, while of their own nature they are calculated to produce the most salutary impressions. The typographical execution of the volume, which was sent to us by the publisher, is in his usual creditable style; the type large, and suited to readers in every period of life.

The Flowers of Heaven; or, the examples of the saints proposed to the imitation of Christians: Translated from the French of Abbé Orsini. Baltimore: F. Lucas, Jr., 12mo. pp. 386.

We are indebted to the publisher for a copy of this work, which is in every respect deserving of commendation. The mechanical department is beautiful, and corresponds with the contents of the book, which, for sound instruction, and

the agreeable style in which it is conveyed, is not excelled by any other publication of the kind. The object of it is to vindicate the doctrine and practice of the Catholic Church, relative to the invocation and veneration of the saints, and to exhibit for imitation some of the principal features in the example of those holy personages. By presenting the work to the public in an English dress, distinguished for its elegance, the translator has added another claim to the many he already possessed upon the gratitude of the Catholic body, and enriched their literature with a most instructive and delightful volume.

The First and Second Book of Reading Lessons, compiled by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Philadelphia. Eugene Cummiskey. 2 vols. pp. 48 and 144.

We have received from the publisher these books, which, although issued from the press many months since, are well worthy of being frequently recommended for the use of schools. The lessons are so arranged as to form a course, by which the learner is gradually conducted from the first elements of grammar, through every department which it embraces, while at the same time the excellent and varied instruction which forms the subject of these lessons, must store the youthful mind with knowledge and inspire the heart with a love of virtue. For these purposes, the books compiled by the Brothers of the Christian Schools are the best that could be used. They are for sale at the stores of Messrs. Lucas and Murphy in Baltimore.

The Universal Reading Book, compiled for the use of Schools. Philadelphia: E. Cummiskey. 12mo. pp. 128.

We have examined this work, and found it similar in its arrangements to those which we have just noticed. The instruction is gradual, and of such a character as to improve the heart while it enlightens the mind. It may be had in Baltimore of F. Lucas and J. Murphy.

Select Poems by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Fourth Edition, with illustrations. Philadelphia: Ed. C. Biddle. 12mo. pp. 324.

For this volume we are indebted to the politeness of the publisher, of whose well known taste and enterprize it is a beautiful specimen, being printed in handsome style, and enriched with five elegant engravings. As to the contents of the volume they are such as might be expected from a mind like that of Mrs. Sigourney, full of poetical inspiration, and, with some exceptions, felicitous in sentiment. The work is for sale in Baltimore at John Murphy's.

The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, &c. with numerous illustrations. Philadelphia: E. C. Biddle. Pp. 191.

This is one of the few tales that have not lost by age their primitive attraction. The story of Robinson Crusoe was written about one hundred and fifty years ago, and still retains that interest

which renders it a most popular work. The present edition has been particularly adapted for the use of young persons, and beautifully illustrated with plates and other ornaments, which recommend it as a most suitable present for children. It is sold in Baltimore by John Murphy.

Notices of several other publications have been omitted for want of space.

OBITUARY.

Died on the 7th November, at Rome, *Cardinal Rivarola*, prefect of the Congregation of Buon Governo.

Died on the 17th of December last, *Rev. Jas. Graham*, a native of the County Longford, Ireland, in the thirty-fifth year of his age. The deceased was pastor of Macon, in Georgia, and was distinguished for his virtues as a Christian priest and his acquirements as a scholar.

R. I. P.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

WE have received several communications for insertion in our Magazine, for which we return our thanks to the respective contributors. Among them we will mention particularly a translation entitled *Lorenzo, Letters of two Philosophers, St. Peter's Church and Calvert Hall, and Catholic Melodies*, Nos. I and II. These melodies are from the gifted pen of a lady, who writes over the signature of *MOINA*, and whose talents are of a high order. The reader will judge from the admirable and instructive *Tale* which she has furnished for the present number of our Magazine, that her qualifications as a prose writer are of no ordinary description, and we are pleased to state that her poetical effusions possess an equal merit. In our next, will appear No. I of the series which she has kindly consented to contribute.

Our readers will perceive that two articles in this number treat of subjects which relate wholly or peculiarly to the city of Rome. It is our design to call frequent attention to this centre of Catholic unity, to its learned and charitable institutions, and to the services which it has rendered to civilization and science, particularly through the instrumentality of its sovereign Pontiffs; because there is no topic, in reference to which our dissenting brethren are more studiously kept in the dark by ignorant or malevolent writers, than the past and present glory of Catholic Rome. The elucidation of her history must

necessarily counteract the influence of such attempts, while it strengthens the faith of the Catholic and exhibits to his admiration its power and vitality at the fountainhead of the Christian economy.

It will doubtless be gratifying to those who feel an interest in the diffusion of the arts, and especially in their connection with religion, to learn that a series of articles on the progress of ecclesiastical architecture in this country, are in preparation for our periodical, by *R. C. Long, Esq.*, whose intimate acquaintance with the science and refined taste are a sufficient earnest of the merit that will characterize his contributions.

We are deeply indebted to our highly respected friend of the *Catholic Herald*, for the solicitude which he has expressed in relation to one of our valued correspondents. It must be admitted that the feeling strain of the *Cypio Dissolvi*,* over the emptiness of human things, considered in connection with the place where it was poured forth, afforded some ground for apprehension. But we are happy to inform him that no explosion has occurred, and that the author of the poem, as may be gathered from his contribution in this number, is rather *concentrating* his talents for the production of such beautiful and touching effusions as our esteemed cotemporary very justly lauded a few weeks since.

* See *Religious Cabinet*, p. 531.

THE
UNITED STATES
CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1843.

FENELON.—ANECDOTES OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

BY W. J. WALTER.

Born in the castle of Fenelon, in Ferigord, August 8th, 1651.—Enters the seminary of St. Sulpice, 1666.—Ordained priest, 1676.—Goes on the mission to Rochelle, 1677.—Appointed preceptor to the Duke de Bouvilliers, 1689.—Raised to the Archbishopric of Cambray, 1695.—Contest with Bossuet on the subject of Quietism, 1696. Publishes his “*Maxims of the Saints*,” 1697.—It is condemned by Pope Innocent XII, and retracted by the author, 1699.—Dies at Cambray, January 7th, 1715.

THE characteristic epithet of “the good Fenelon,” is in every mouth. He is familiar to every schoolboy as the author of that charming book, “*The Adventures of Telemachus*,” and known to every devout reader by that simple but comprehensive summary of Christian duty, “*Reflections for every day in the week*.” He should be as familiarly known as the enlightened preceptor of the Duke de Bouvilliers, as the learned antagonist of the great Bossuet, as the philosophical correspondent of the Duke of Orleans, as the good shepherd of his flock in the diocese of Cambray; as one whom an error of the head, rather than of the heart, led astray, but who, in his ready submission to the voice of the Church, has left the world a memorable example of obedience and humility. A few anecdotes of such a man, ranged in chronological order, cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers.

The family of Fenelon was no less distinguished by its antiquity than for the figure it has made in history. One of his ancestors

was Bertrand de Salignac, marquis de Fenelon, known as the author of “*Negotiations in England*,” when he was ambassador at the court of Elizabeth, and correspondent of poor Mary of Scots. His reply to Charles IX, who wished him to represent to the queen of England the motives for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, will show the independence of his character: “Sire, were I to attempt to color over this terrible execution, I should consider myself an accomplice in its guilt. Your majesty had better confide the task to those who advised it.” We shall have occasion to see that *our* Fenelon inherited the spirit of his ancestor. Another distinguished relation of Fenelon, was his uncle, the marquis, of whom the great Condé used to say, “that he was equally qualified for the field, the cabinet, or the cloister.” The frankness of his character is shown in his remark to Cardinal de Harlay; “Monsignor, forget not the difference between the day when such a nomination procures you the compliments of all France, and the day of your death, when you will have to appear before God to render him an account of your stewardship.”

Till some thirty years ago, when M. de Baussett, the worthy bishop of Alais, in whose hands the MSS. of Fenelon were placed by his family, gave us the life of

Fenelon, full justice had not been done to the memory of this truly great and good man. He informs us that the early years of Fenelon were distinguished by many traits both of courage and moderation, surprising in a child, and which would be read with pleasure, even in the life of a person less eminent. But the author, from a fear, as it may be presumed, of offending against what is called the *dignity* of history, has not given us these little anecdotes. The friends of youth will not thank him for the omission. Every trait, indicating a future Fenelon, would have been precious. From the vigor of the embryo we anticipate the beauty of the flower.

At the age of twelve he was sent to Paris, under the care of his good uncle, the Marquis de Fenelon, and placed in the college of Plessis, under the care of M. Gobinet, the well known author of a work, deserving to be better known, "The Instructions of Youth." Here he distinguished himself so much in his studies, that, at the age of fifteen, he was suffered to preach a sermon, which drew general attention. A similar circumstance is recorded of Bossuet, who, at the same age, preached before a brilliant audience in Paris, with the greatest applause. It is curious to mark this coincidence in two men, who, while they formed the ornament and glory of the French church, from devoted friends became irreconcilable antagonists. The Marquis de Fenelon was rather alarmed than gratified at the encomiums bestowed upon his nephew. He knew the danger of early praise, and he removed him to the famous seminary of St. Sulpice, an institution remarkable for the admirable spirit in which it has been conducted for nearly three centuries, and for the host of talent which it has sent forth to the world. Here, under the care of the excellent director, the Abbe Tronson, he imbibed a relish for those truly sacerdotal virtues, which shed such a lustre round the elevated functions he was destined to fulfil.

At the age of twenty-five, he was ordained priest. The first aspirations of the young ecclesiastic were to brave the dangers and share the glory of the missions in the Levant. A proof of the enthusiasm of

his youthful zeal is left us in a letter to a friend, written at this period. He says: "I have a great voyage in contemplation. All Greece opens before me. Methinks I behold the Turk retreating, and the Church in Corinth breathing in freedom, and listening without restraint to the voice of her apostles. I feel myself transported to the classic soil of Greece, and roaming amidst the memorials of her fallen greatness. I hasten to the Areopagus, where St. Paul preached the "unknown God" to the wise of the world. After the sacred, the profane claims my attention; and I descend to the Piræus where Socrates traced the plan of his republic. I ascend the biforked summit of Parnassus, I pluck the laurels of Delphos, I revel in the charms of Tempe's haunted vale. When will the blood of the Turk be mingled with that of the Persian on the plains of Marathon, and leave Greece to religion, to philosophy, and to the fine arts, who regard her as their natal soil? Nor will I forget thee, island consecrated by the heavenly visions of the well-beloved disciple, happy Patmos! I will kneel upon thy earth, kiss the footsteps of the evangelist, and fancy I behold the heavens open. The future unfolds to me. Schism disappears; the east and west are reunited; and Asia, after a long night of darkness, sees the day-spring revisit her. The land, sanctified by the steps of the Redeemer, and consecrated by his cross, is delivered from the hand of the profaner, and arrayed in her ancient glories. Finally, the children of Abraham, scattered over the face of the globe, and numerous as the stars of heaven, are gathered from the four winds, and crowd forward to acknowledge him whose hands they pierced." This is a mere flight of enthusiasm, but it is indicative of the man.

On quitting St. Sulpice, Fenelon took up his residence with the marquis, where he formed an intimate acquaintance with two persons, whose names, like his own, are destined to immortality, Bossuet and the Abbe Fleury. To the former, who was greatly his superior in years, and was then in the zenith of his reputation, he particularly attached himself. Bossuet, who was accessible to but few, used to invite Fenelon

and Fleury to accompany him to his episcopal retreat at Germigny. What glorious hours must three such men have passed together; what stores of literary and ecclesiastical knowledge must have been opened up in their conversations. Nothing could exceed Bossuet's regard for Fenelon, or Fenelon's veneration for Bossuet. Who that had witnessed the communings of such hearts, could have dreamed that the day would come when they should be dissevered for ever?

Not being permitted to indulge his missionary zeal in the Levant, Fenelon sought and found an opportunity of employing his talents in a mission at home. In 1685, Louis the fourteenth revoked the edict of Nantes; and by a second edict wholly interdicted to the Hugonots the exercise of their religion, ordered their ministers to quit the kingdom, and employed priests to educate the children of the Hugonots, and to use every means for the conversion of their parents. The intendants of provinces and the governors of towns were commanded to see the edict enforced. Some of them exceeded the letter of their instructions, and under pretence of securing the priests from insult and compelling attendance at public instruction, distributed soldiers in the different places inhabited by Hugonots, and connived at the outrages committed by them. The soldiers were principally taken out of the dragoon companies, and hence the reproachful term *dragonade*. The consequence of these measures, unwise as they were cruel, was, that two hundred thousand families quitted France, and dispersing themselves in the Protestant states (part of them came to South Carolina,) enriched them with their arts and industry, and made them resound with execrations of their persecutor. To the honor of Fenelon and Bossuet be it said, that they not only blamed, but used their endeavors to avert, the employment of compulsory measures in effecting religious conversion.

When Louis the fourteenth heard that a young ecclesiastic, a member of the Fenelon family, was appointed to the mission at Rochelle, he expressed a wish to see him. At the interview, the only request he made

of the king was, that, as he was sent to exercise a ministry of charity and peace, all the dragoons, and every appearance of coercion, might be removed. Louis was charmed with the manners of the young missionary, and did not hesitate to grant his request. The news of this interview had preceded Fenelon to Rochelle; the bishop of the place received him with open arms, and the people, charmed with the noble confidence which had disdained that most unevangelical of arguments—brute force—looked upon him, as an angel sent from heaven. Listen to his language to those who spoke of rigorous measures: "My good friends, beware what you do; that is not the true spirit of the gospel of Christ. The work of God is effected in the heart, not by violence on the person." Fenelon's first endeavor was to undeceive these deluded people, in regard to the ridiculous prejudices which their clergy had instilled into their minds respecting the practices and ceremonial rites of the Church. He took the greatest pains in cautioning them not to confound essentials with non-essentials, an important distinction, to which teachers have not always paid the attention the subject demands. He observed with sorrow, that distrust and other merely *human* considerations, were oftentimes the motives to insincere abjuration. Violent measures had produced the worst results. In a letter to Bossuet on this subject, he says: "If it were wished to make these people abjure Christianity and embrace the Koran, these troops of dragoons would be sufficient to make them do so." He reckoned as true conversions, those only which were marked by an affection and durable change in opinion and conduct. He felt convinced that the words of truth and charity promulgated in these unhappy provinces, where error had triumphed so long, would not be "bread cast upon the waters," but "would be found after many days." It would seem that Providence has justified, in a peculiar manner, the hopes and expectations of Fenelon; for, it is remarkable, that these very provinces, which, at that time, abounded with Hugonots, and which had displayed so bigoted an attachment to their opinions, were precisely those, which, on occasion of the well

known struggle, (the Vendean war,) manifested the greatest zeal for the Catholic religion, when an attempt was made to overthrow the altars which Fenelon had raised. Guided by such principles, and carrying them faithfully into practice, it will not be difficult to divine the result of Fenelon's mission to Rochelle. As all hearts were won to love him, he found little difficulty in submitting such hearts to the obedience of Christ.

The impression which Fenelon had made upon Louis XIV, at the interview of which we have spoken, was not obliterated. The time had come when the education of his grandson, the Duke of Burgundy, would require the cares of a tutor. With all his faults, to the praise of Louis be it said, that he had always made choice of the best and wisest men of his kingdom for the education of his family. His choice now fell upon Fenelon, who was nominated on the 17th August, 1689. Even before he knew of his elevation, Bossuet, in the first warmth of his joy, wrote thus to Madame de Maintenon: "Yesterday I was wholly occupied with the welfare of the Church and state; to-day, I have had more leisure to reflect upon the cause of your joy, and I am myself rejoiced. I picture to myself how you will feel on this occasion; at witnessing the illustrious dawn of that merit, which has been hidden with so much care. In short, madame, we shall not lose Fenelon. You will have him near you; and I, though obliged to rusticate here, shall find leisure, now and then, to come and visit him."

But in the midst of the flattering applause of courtiers, and the sincere congratulations of friends, at this splendid triumph of humble virtue, one solemn, one austere voice was heard—a voice which the heart of Fenelon had, for many years, been accustomed to interrogate with docility. It came to guard him against the dangerous intoxication of success, and solemnly to warn him against the snares and dangers of his new position. It was from the good Abbe Tronson, the Superior of St. Sulpice. We wish that our limits would allow us to read his beautiful and paternal letter. We cannot refuse one extract: "You will, perhaps, be

surprised, sir, at not finding *me* among the crowd of those who have felicitated you upon the recent mark of royal favor conferred upon you. But do not condemn my delay. The education which his majesty has thought proper to confide to your care, has such an important connection with the welfare of the state, and the good of the Church, that every sincere lover of his country must unfeignedly rejoice in seeing it committed to such hands. But I candidly confess that *my* joy is mingled with much uneasiness. The path upon which you are entering is beset with perils. Elevation to honors renders our salvation more difficult. It opens the door to the dignities of the earth; but we should tremble lest it should close to us the portal of heaven. You may perform much good in your present situation; but it may lead you to much evil. You are there where the gospel of Christ is little known; and where they who know it, use it more as a means of recommendation among men, than as a guide to salvation. You are to live among those whose language is pagan, and whose example is perilous. You will behold yourself surrounded by objects which flatter the senses, and are calculated to awaken dormant passions. A more than ordinary degree of grace will be necessary to enable you to resist the temptations that will beset you. The mists which cloud the moral atmosphere of a court, are capable of obscuring the plainest and most evident truths. It is not necessary to remain there long, to consider as irksome and unnecessarily severe, truths which were obvious and easy of practice, when meditated upon at the foot of the cross. A thousand occasions will present themselves, in which you will begin to look upon yourself as bound, not only by prudence but even by benevolence, to concede something to the world; and yet, my friend, how strange for a Christian, and still more for a priest, to see himself obliged to enter into a compromise with the enemy of his salvation. Truly, sir, your post is a dangerous one. If ever the study and meditation of the gospel was needful for you, it is so now. Hitherto, you have needed only to cultivate virtuous thoughts, and to cherish the love

of truth ; now, you have to shield yourself against evil impressions, and to steel your spirit against falsehood and deceit." That Fenelon responded to this paternal advice, will appear from the following among other of his memoranda : " It shall be my solemn care when at court, to watch over myself, and not to be influenced by the example and false opinions of those around me. I will strive to act as one having root within himself."

Fenelon was fully impressed with the magnitude and importance of the task upon which he was entering. The child confided to his care was destined to reign over thirty millions of men ; and in that child Fenelon saw the whole of France awaiting, more or less, its misery or its happiness, from the success or failure of his endeavors. His own age, that of the king, and that of the young prince, might well impress him with the idea, that he was, perhaps, destined to receive the gratitude or the reproaches of many generations.

The Duke of Burgundy was in his ninth year, and is thus described by the Duke de St. Simon, one of the acutest observers in the court : " The Duke was, by nature, formidable, and in his earliest youth, gave cause for terror. He was unfeeling and irritable, to the last excess, even against inanimate objects. He was furiously impetuous, and incapable of enduring the least opposition, even of time and the elements, without bursting forth into such intemperate rage, that it was sometimes to be feared the very veins in his body would burst. I have frequently witnessed these excesses. His obstinacy was beyond all bounds, and when denied excess in the luxuries of the table, he would sit and sulk for hours together. He was passionately fond of play, but could not endure to be rivalled or surpassed in any game ; they who played with him in earnest, ran great risk of their ears or their eyes. In short, he was the prey of ungovernable passion, and as such animals always are, was naturally ferocious and inclined to cruelty. In his raillery he was unfeeling, for the urchin had wit, and he employed the force of ridicule in a way to overwhelm the object of it.

Inordinately proud, he looked upon men only as atoms, to whom he bore no similarity or relation whatever. Even the princes, his brothers, scarcely seemed, in his estimation, to form an intermediate link between himself and the rest of mankind." What a hopeful task for poor Fenelon to undertake! And how did he go about it? In the first place, the fiery spirit which it was his to tame, had latent qualities of good, which only required calling forth. The brilliancy and penetration of his mind were evident even in his moments of violence ; his replies excited the astonishment of all who heard him, and his memory was prodigious. In regulating such a mind, Fenelon prescribed to himself no precise rule of action ; he carefully watched the dispositions of his pupil, and following with calm and patient attention all the variations of so intemperate a nature, extracted the lesson from the fault itself. With this object, Fenelon composed his well known " Fables" and " Dialogues." Instruction conveyed through such forms was suited to such a mind. They almost always had an allusion to some fault committed by the pupil, to some circumstance of the moment, the impression of which being fresh upon the mind, could not miss of being applied. They formed a mirror in which the young urchin could not help beholding himself, and in which he sometimes appeared in a manner but little gratifying to his self-love.

We will cite an instance of Fenelon's address in reclaiming this unruly Bourbon in embryo. In his general demeanor towards him, though the preceptor was full of condescension and affection, he took care to place himself at an immeasurable height above him. On one occasion, Fenelon had found it necessary to express himself to the duke in a tone of great authority. The royal pupil's pride was hurt : " Not so, sir," said he to Fenelon, " I know who you are, and I know who I am." Fenelon made no reply, it was not the moment to do so with profit ; he contented himself with putting on the air of one deeply hurt, gave his pupil a serious and sorrowful look, and spoke to him no more that day. The

following morning he entered the duke's bedchamber, drew the curtains, and awakening him, said in a cold tone, very different from his usual manner: "Sir, you recollect what you said to me yesterday, that 'you knew who you were, and who I am.' It is my duty to inform you that you know neither the one nor the other. You fancy yourself, sir, a greater man than I am; perhaps some one of your valets has told you so; but let *me* tell you, that *I* am greater than *you*. Birth, here, is out of the question. You would call the man a madman, who should prefer himself to his neighbor, because the dews of heaven had fertilized his field, and not fallen on his neighbor's. You are not wiser than such a man if you think to make a merit of your birth; that can add nothing to your personal merit. You know that I am your superior in knowledge; I have taught you every thing you know, and what you know is nothing compared to what *I would* have taught you. As to authority, sir, you have none over me; but *I* have full and absolute authority over you. This you have been often told by the king. You think, perhaps, that I am honored by being your preceptor. Undeceive yourself. I undertook the office at the king's request; it has been no agreeable employment, and I desire it no longer. That you may have no doubt on this head, I order you to rise instantly, that I may conduct you to his majesty, to beg of him to appoint you another tutor, whose endeavors I hope will be more successful than mine."

The young duke was thunderstruck at this declaration; he had passed the night in painful reflections and self-reproach; and now shame prevented him from speaking. At length he exclaimed, "Oh sir, I am truly and sincerely sorry for what I said yesterday; if you speak to the king I am ruined for ever—if you abandon me, what will be thought of me. I promise you, yes, I solemnly promise you that you shall be satisfied with me for the future—oh! do promise me!" Fenelon would make no promise; he left him the whole day in agony and uncertainty; in the evening Madame de Maintenon made her appear-

ance; she came to intercede with the master for his pupil, and after some demur the delinquent was again received into favor. It was by firmness like this that Fenelon accomplished his object. The growing reason of the duke, and his increasing affection and esteem for such a master, at length taught him to subdue himself. The task was a hard one, but he accomplished it, and in achieving one of these victories over himself, he came up to Fenelon and pressing his hand to his heart, exclaimed, "I have left the Duke of Burgundy behind the door yonder; and now I am only little Louis with you!" Glorious triumph! before which the victor's palm shrinks into insignificance. Again let us listen to Monsieur St. Simon: "Thus was a miracle performed; the cares of the preceptor, perfected by the grace of God, converted the duke into a new man, and changed the terrible qualities of the youth into the opposite virtues of the man. From the abyss which I have described, there arose a prince, affable, gentle, moderate, patient, modest, humble, austere only to himself, attentive to his duties, and sensible of their great extent." In the mysterious dispensations of Providence, this promising prince was cut off in the flower of his years, leaving the throne to one who prepared the way for a long series of calamities to France, of which, perhaps, we have not yet seen the end.

In 1695, Fenelon was raised to the archbishopric of Cambray. The ceremony was performed in the presence of Louis XIV and his grandsons, who had the pleasure of seeing their preceptor elevated to a dignity which was the just and merited reward of the services bestowed on their education, and what is a more honorable title, was the recompense of his virtues. On such an occasion, who would have foreseen that this day of glory, the external pomp of which announced the splendor of royal favor, would soon be overclouded by displeasure, and followed by a long series of severe calamities. These reverses of fortune in Fenelon's history are connected with the famous Madame de Guyon, a woman of some talent and more piety, but whose talent

took an unfortunate direction, and whose piety degenerated into excess. After various adventures as a kind of itinerant preacher of the doctrines of mysticism, and after the publication of several works, which led to serious disputings, she was arrested and thrown into prison. Fenelon had become acquainted with her at the time he was preceptor to the Duke of Burgundy. He was struck by the unction and sincerity of her manner; and when she descanted before him on the love, the pure disinterested love of God, she touched a nerve of exquisite sensibility, which vibrated to his very heart. When he heard of her imprisonment, the same liberal spirit which we have admired in the mission at Rochelle, led him to reprehend such a measure in regard to a mere error of opinion, and that opinion entertained by a helpless and unprotected woman.

In the meantime, Bossuet had composed a book, condemning certain propositions extracted from the writings of Madame de Guyon. Many persons thought the proceeding injudicious and uncalled for; it was giving importance to opinions that deserved it not; it was giving to error, if error it was, a degree of publicity it could not otherwise have obtained. They were of opinion that the wisest plan was to let the error, like the mormonism and millerism of our day, die away of itself. In the number of those who so reasoned was Fenelon. When called upon by Bossuet to concur in the approbation to his book, upon these motives he declined it. His refusal was construed into an approval of the errors of Madame de Guyon, whose cause, as a persecuted woman, he had already espoused. Not content with enlisting the other bishops of France in his cause, and sending angry letters to Fenelon, Bossuet took a more decided step. He hastened to the presence of Louis the fourteenth, and throwing himself at his feet, exclaimed: "Sire, I ask pardon for not having sooner revealed the fanaticism of my brother prelate." Fenelon finding his opinions misrepresented, sought to explain his views in his book entitled—"The Maxims of the Saints," a work which proved, in his regard, at once a source of

much present uneasiness, though in the end of still greater triumph. This publication served only to make matters worse. The powerful pen of Bossuet was wielded against it, and he declared that nothing short of a formal retraction of the work would satisfy him.

The storm continually increasing, Fenelon determined to carry his cause to Rome. He requested the king's permission, and it was immediately granted; but Louis was determined to be beforehand in his appeal to the holy see. A letter to the Pope was drawn up by Bossuet, and written in the monarch's own hand. It denounced to the Pope the "Maxims of the Saints" as a very dangerous book; condemned by bishops, by doctors and a multitude of learned religious men; that the writer had offered explanations, but that they could not be supported. Louis concluded by assuring his holiness, that he would use all his authority to cause the decision of the holy see to be carried into execution." When Fenelon's friends learned the tenor of this letter, they advised him to go in person to Rome. He accordingly applied to the king for permission, under any restrictions his majesty should think proper to impose. The only answer was an order for Fenelon to proceed immediately to his diocese of Cambray, to remain there till farther orders, and to stop in Paris no longer than his affairs rendered absolutely necessary. He submitted to the king's commands without a murmur, remaining but twenty-four hours in Paris. As he departed from the capital to his place of exile, he cast a tender look towards the seminary of St. Sulpice, which he was never more to behold. He could not but contrast the placid hours he had passed in that peaceful retreat, with the stormy scene in which he was now tossed. A motive of delicacy forbade him to visit it now; he feared that he might involve in his own disgrace, its worthy superior, whom he so affectionately loved. He wrote him a hasty letter, of which the following is a part: "Sir, I abstain from bidding you farewell, anxious to avoid the risk of involving you in any thing unpleasant. I love and revere you too much, not to be more careful of your interests and that of

your community, than of my own. They are not contented with attacking my book; they have used all their endeavors to calumniate me personally. But be under no anxiety regarding me: God will preserve me. Pray to Him for me; for I have much need of it in my sufferings; and continue to love a man, whose heart is full of kindness, confidence, gratitude and veneration towards you. I commend you to God, and farewell."

On reaching Cambrai, Fenelon published a pastoral letter, explanatory of his opinions on the controverted topics. This drew forth a letter from Bossuet, full of acrimony and personality. This was the first act of hostility. The trumpet of defiance was sounded,—the war was begun. Then were seen to advance into the arena two combatants, equal in prowess, but different in character. One of them was armed at full proof in the panoply of the schools, and covered with laurels gained in former combats in the cause of the Church; his age and repeated victories might have dispensed him from further service, but his mind, still vigorous and superior to the weight of years, preserved in a green old age, all the fire of his early years. The other was in the full vigor of youth, enjoying a high reputation for his eloquence and the loftiness of his genius, and was a consummate master of language and dialectics. Nothing was above his comprehension, nothing on which he could not throw the radiance of intellect, and whatever he touched became not only elegant but plausible. Before these champions became rivals they had been friends; both were estimable for the high purity of their morals, both ornaments of the Church, of the court and of human nature. One was regarded as the sun setting in full majesty; the other as the sun who promised to fill the earth with his glory could he but disengage himself from the eclipse in which he was unhappily involved. Our limits will not admit even of a general view of this war of the press which was carried on with astonishing rapidity; and with sorrow be it said, with a sacrifice of charitable feeling, painful to all the friends of religion. In justice to Fenelon we must cite the

avowal made by him at the opening of the contest. "I must decline making a direct answer to several accusations, unwilling as I am to exhibit a scene, the unbecomingness of which is already too obvious. I will send my regular reply to his holiness, as I feel as anxious to spare my brother as he has been zealous to calumniate me." He thus addresses Bossuet: "I beg you to believe, sir, that there needs nothing to make me respect you with an inviolable attachment. Faith holds us together in matters of doctrine; as to the heart, mine feels nothing but respect, zeal, and tenderness towards you. Heaven is my witness that I speak truly." Again: "You may perceive, sir, that I am alike incapable of duplicity, or of a timid policy. Though I dread more than death whatever partakes of pride and arrogance, yet I trust that God will not desert me, and that, by uniting patience and humility with due firmness, I shall do nothing either weak or base. From this you may judge of my sincerity in the assurances I have given you. It remains for you to say how we shall live together hereafter. The manner which would be most conformable to my desires and inclinations, would be that which will afford me the means of seeing, of hearing, of consulting, and of respecting you as much as ever." "I wish to heaven," he continues, "that you had not constrained me to break the silence which I preserved till the last extremity. He who sees the secrets of all hearts knows with what docility I wished to await the decision of the holy Father, and how cheerfully I would have condemned my book had he pronounced it worthy of condemnation. You may imagine, sir, if you please, that you have the right to defend the Church against me, as an Augustine did against the heretics of his time. But a bishop who submits his book to the holy see, and who remains silent after he has submitted it, should not be compared either to a Pelagius or a Julian. You might have sent your objections to Rome, secretly and in concert with me. I would have given no apology, no book, no manuscript to the public. The judge only should have examined my defence; the whole Church would have await-

ed in peace the judgment of Rome; and that judgment, whatever it might have been, would have put an end to the business. The condemnation of my book, if bad, being followed by my entire and unreserved

submission, there would have been no danger of any ill ensuing; we should not, in any respect, have failed in our duty to truth; love, peace, and the decorum of the episcopal order would have been preserved."

TO BE CONTINUED.

From the British Critic.

A BRETON COLLEGE UNDER NAPOLEON.

Concluded from page 19.

WE are not going to follow our young heroes throughout the whole of their career; their exploits are far too warlike to appear in our peaceful pages; we shall, however, endeavor by a general outline to bring out the religious character which appears through the whole of their conduct. We suspect that a few of the circumstances which M. Rio relates will be pronounced by some to belong to the class which we English comprise under the very laconic formula of French. It, however, seems somewhat hard that Frenchmen should be blamed for being French, especially as Englishmen are celebrated for exercising the privilege of being English in whatever quarter of the globe they may chance to be. At the same time it must be allowed that there is a certain mawkish sentimentality which is undoubtedly French, and which has become so more than ever since the Revolution. M. Rio's book is not, however, tainted with this species of Gallicanism; sentimentality is all very well on certain occasions, but it does not love the sulphurous atmosphere of a field of battle, nor the vicinity of cannon balls. Reserve is a portion of our national character, but we should not for all that pronounce contemptuously upon the strong expressions and outbursts of feeling which characterize a Frenchman, as long as they are natural; and the part which our author bore in the scenes which he describes is a sufficient guarantee for his expressions coming from the heart. But to proceed with our narrative: the students

were not alone in their warlike intentions, the whole of Brittany was on the eve of insurrection. During the day time all was apparently peaceful, but scarce had the Angelus sounded when the peasants might be seen rubbing up the rusty firelocks which had served in the old Chouan wars, and organizing companies under various leaders. The women too had their appointed tasks; every morning at sunrise processions were to be seen moving along the plain or crossing each other in some narrow gorge; these were the females of different villages on their way to some chapel specially consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, or to the patron saint of the village church. On learning these preparations the students at once applied to the Chevalier de Margadel, a gentleman who lived in a neighboring chateau and constituted him their leader. They then determined to consecrate themselves to the cause on which they had embarked, by a special ceremony, the details of which we shall give in the author's own words.

"We should have liked nothing better than to have done the deed in a church, in the face of open day, or else at the fall of evening in an old chapel by the sea side, which had now fallen into ruin. This notion was however overruled by the wiser portion of us, as being by far too imprudent a challenge to the vigilance of the local authorities, and it was decided that, instead of assembling by night in a building specially consecrated to prayer, we should meet at

mid-day in the upper story of an insignificant looking house, in the Rue de la Préfecture, nearly fronting the public offices, where we all fully believed that the pacha of our department was drawing up his lists of proscription. A sort of altar was got up in a wretched room unilluminated by a single ray of the sun; a crucifix, borrowed under a most specious pretext, was there placed between four wax tapers which had been smuggled in the night before. It was like going over again one of those ceremonies, at which many of us could remember to have been present in our childhood, which, though begun in devotion, often terminated with the mournfulness of a funeral, when the priest stepped down from the altar to mount the scaffold; the resemblance could not fail to strike every one, and to impress us with a deep seriousness. Accordingly most of us felt an involuntary shuddering either on entering this den, or as he stretched out his hand to touch the gospels. We felt as much awe as if we were in a church, and some of us were so completely in the power of this illusion that they first put out their hand as if to take holy water, and then mechanically made the sign of the cross. The prime mover in the ceremony was Bainvel, a student in theology, and our future lieutenant; his tonsure and half ecclesiastical habit gave a sort of religious tone to the whole scene. It was he who held in his hand the form of the oath which we had drawn up beforehand; he presented it to each of those who were to take it, as they came one by one to kneel down before the altar."

They swore never to close with usurpation, and to die, if it were necessary, rather than abandon their comrades; the first words were meant for a school-boy imitation of Hannibal's famous oath; "the second clause was nothing but the sacramental expression of the deep and earnest feeling which, at the approach of a common danger, had taken the place of mere school companionship, and which, at the bivouac and on the field of battle, was soon touchingly to develop into a brotherhood at once of Christians and of soldiers." If it were not for the unfortunate allusion to Hannibal, we

might fancy ourselves transported to the time of the crusades; and everywhere throughout the narrative, the same grotesque mixture of the school-boy and the knight Templar meets us. Soon after this scene, they set out on their expedition. On the morning of their departure their behavior must have astounded the good people of Vannes; at break of day all were stirring, and might be seen bending their way to church to be present at the early mass. Even a casual observer would have noticed their features radiant with joy, and their postures of deep devotion, as they lifted up their hearts and made an offering of their lives and bodies to their sacred cause. During the day their exultation found a vent in verses of the Psalms, which they repeated to the wonder and edification of the republican soldiers and inhabitants of the place. One chanted loudly, "*Lætatus sum in his quæ dicta sunt mihi*;" another voice recited, "*Benedictus Dominus Deus meus, qui docet manus meas ad prælium, et digitos meos ad bellum*." One of them still more puzzled their adversaries by singing merrily a stave of the famous republican song, the *Marseillaise*:

"Allons enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé."

As soon as the clock struck four, all the students capable of bearing arms, three hundred and fifty in number, by various detachments, quitted the town and repaired to their appointed rendezvous, the chateau of their chosen leader, the chevalier. They found all ready for them; his eldest daughter, a beautiful girl of fifteen, distributed amongst them the white cockades which she and her sister had been employed in working the whole of the previous night; she then tied the cross of St. Louis on her father's breast, and they all set gaily forward, with the setting sun shining brightly about them, and promising them a succession of days as beautiful as that which was now closing. The scene which occurred when they first came up with the Chouan army could hardly, we think, have occurred anywhere but in Brittany; the behavior of the sailors certainly gives a brigand look to

the whole, which reminds one of the wildness of Salvator Rosa, but with this exception, those who know the habitual devotion of the Breton peasant will at once recognize the truth of the following picture.

"Suddenly we perceived from a rising ground a number of columns of smoke, which arose from a little valley over the hamlet of Brech, and soon after we were able to make out groups of peasants and of sailors, who were heaping wood on the fire under their kettles. Our cry of joy did not require the aid of the echo in order to reach them, and we had no need to answer the *qui vive* of the sentinels to make ourselves known. The whole of this band of countrymen, who had thus on a sudden become our brothers in arms, vied with each other in demonstrations of fraternal kindness; all pressed forward to make us sit down and partake of the dinner, which was boiling in a long file of cauldrons, slung on stakes, which crossed each other at the upper extremity. Never had nuptial feast seemed to us half so good. The sight of those famous Chouans of whom we had heard so much—the songs and the disputes of the sailors, some of whom it was too evident had broken their fast that day—the noisy voices of the card players—the anxious air of the older peasants who were mending their rusty firelocks, and smoking their pipes all the time—the busy labors of the younger men, who were bringing from the village enormous cakes of rye-bread hot from the oven, pitchers of cider, dry fagots to boil the soup, and the wooden bowls out of which they were to eat—all this together made up a scene equally new and striking to us, while at the same time, the confused hum of these various sounds was in itself enough to raise our spirits. All on a sudden the Angelus rung from the steeple of the neighboring parish church; in a moment the most animated conversations ceased as by enchantment; every face at once grew serious, every head was bared under the burning sun. Though their postures were varied, there was a oneness of expression on their features as each repeated in a low tone the angel's salutation. All this sudden transformation of a camp into a place

of prayer, at once hallowed our enthusiasm, and made us more hopeful than ever of the success of our arms."

It was not long before these young warriors found numerous opportunities of trying their valor; in a desultory combat which took place soon after near Auray, they chased their opponents to the gates of Vannes. After the battle they were as much distinguished for their humanity in saving the prisoners, as they had been for their courage in the field. They had miscalculated their own powers of hating, when they took Hannibal for their model; nor was this humanity a mere school-boy humanity, for if they had chosen to wreak their vengeance on their enemies, the world would not have blamed them. The greater part of them had lost fathers or grandfathers in the revolution, not in the open field, but in some wholesale massacre or on the scaffold; many of them had seen their mothers perish before their eyes, for the horrid contest spared neither sex nor age; and the names of the noble families in the district who had been swept away, and whose inheritance was now occupied by strangers, were fresh in the memory of all. With these domestic wounds still bleeding about them, it required a deeper feeling than common humanity in them to dismiss the prisoners unharmed. The recollections which had inspired them with the power of performing this act of Christian charity, and which had haunted them in the midst of the battle, were drawn from a source which never forsook the Breton peasant. The field on which they had fought was within sight of the church of St. Anne d'Auray, a place consecrated to the Breton by the recollection of numerous pilgrimages, on which he had accompanied his parents from his earliest childhood. The very morning of the battle many of the Chouans were on their knees in the church, when the cry of alarm interrupted their devotions, and made them rush out hastily, signing themselves with the cross; and after the battle, the shrine of St. Anne was covered with the wax tapers which the peasants brought to burn before the altar, in the chapel specially dedicated to

this patron saint of Brittany. Hatred and revenge could find no place in the hearts of men, whose military ardor was purified by occupations such as these. The feelings which drew the Bretons towards this spot are thus described in the work before us.

"A large share in the events of this day, in a two-fold way glorious to the victors, should be attributed to a class of feelings, which the revolution had but very little weakened in this part of Brittany—I mean religious feelings connected with certain local devotions. In choosing, or rather in accepting, the village of St. Anne for our field of battle, we had more than doubled our chances of success. The Moors might just as well have attacked the Spaniards at St. James of Compostella, as the revolutionary army attack us at this national sanctuary of the province. On such a spot, we should have thought it sacrilege to doubt that an unseen arm was fighting for us. And what could the revolutionary league, though its guns were manned by practised sailors, do against such a religious faith as this, when the faithful had arms in their hands, and the good will to use them? The humble chapel, where many of us had knelt in prayer that very morning, had become for two centuries a favorite place of devotion for the whole province; its fame had even reached the court of Louis XIII, by means of a number of miracles, attributed to the intercession of St. Anne, who henceforth had been the patron saint of the Bretons. At the time when this devotion was at its height, whole towns—as, for instance, that of Pont l'Abbé—had remained quite empty for a whole week, during which its inhabitants were absent on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne, whither they had gone in procession, to give thanks to the saint for the cessation of some public calamity. The older inhabitants of the place could still remember the happy time when, on the eve of the festival of the patron saint, more than fifty thousand pilgrims might be reckoned up, encamped on the level ground about the place, where they passed the night telling their beads or singing hymns. But besides the high festivals, on the ap-

proach of which all our highways were covered with troops of travellers in their holiday clothes, looking like some extensive and joyous emigration, there were also, and, thanks to the deeply-rooted faith of Brittany, there are still set days on which different parishes, men, women and children, come in procession, with cross and banner, under the burning sky of July and August, to renew their homage to that holy protectress, whom their ancestors had chosen out for themselves in heaven. The maritime parts of Brittany, though far below the others in practice, if not in faith, rouse on this occasion their religion, always rather numbed than actually dead; vessels, gay with flags and streamers, are then described in the early twilight, their decks covered with a motionless crowd of bare-headed men, and of females in white caps, bearing down in full sail upon Morbihan, and then ascending altogether the river Auray. The chanting of litanies and of the 'Ave maris stella,' which is the favorite form of invocation amongst the Breton sailors, is heard from a long distance; the sailors seem, by some tacit understanding, bent on doing their work as noiselessly as possible during the voyage; when arrived at their destination, their exercises of devotion continue uninterrupted; and the scene becomes more than ever edifying to the spectator as they cross in procession the barren flat of Plunéret, and, catching the first glimpse of the holy chapel, fall down in lowliness upon the blessed soil."

Those who have been in any part of Brittany on the feast of St. Anne, will at once recognize the truth of this picture. Their devotion does not in any way depend on the vastness or splendor of the churches in which they kneel. The flame of Breton devotion requires neither music nor painting, sculpture nor architecture to keep it alive. Near Dinan, in Upper Brittany, there is a rude and insignificant chapel dedicated to St. Anne, on the broken and irregular pavement of which thousands of peasants annually kneel on her principal festival. The road thither is thronged with men and women, who travel all night to be present at the early mass, said at four

o'clock in the morning. Many a Breton mother brings her sick child to this chapel of St. Anne, and goes away happy, because the priest, who sits all that day beside the altar, has placed his stole upon the head of the little sufferer, and pronounced a blessing over it. No wonder the students fought bravely in the vicinity of Auray; brought up, as they were, from their infancy, in such feelings as these. They were not only feelings founded on picturesque associations, but on a firm belief that devotions paid in particular places had a special efficacy about them. So natural is this feeling, that it is really wonderful how it has been possible so thoroughly to root it out of the English mind. Cruel and hardhearted, indeed, were those who made the baneful attempt, and have gained such a mournful victory. They have robbed the English peasant of a source of consolation, which he needs more than ever, now that evils so unheard of, are pressing him down to the earth. Processions and pilgrimages are useful, if only because they are visible links to bind the soul to the unseen world, because they are actions of religion formalizing and embodying acts of the soul, and thus creating habits within us. Even mere politicians have seen that they have a charm to allay discontent, and to soothe irritated men, who would otherwise fly out in the face of their masters. They have seen that the few moments of recreation, doled out to the laborer by the scanty mercy of his taskmaster, might as well be employed in what was an act of religion as well as a relaxation. It is a mere fact that, amidst sickness and starvation, the peasant does find consolation in praying at places hallowed by the devotions of former generations. Let them at least enjoy the delusion, say benevolent persons; the prayers of the saint may have no power to save her child, but still the mother may as well fancy that they have. Such are the discoveries of modern politicians, and ancient politicians were just as wise; truly they were wise in their generation, who desecrated the tombs of the saints, and scattered their ashes to the four winds. Who knows what might have happened had St. Thomas' bones remained undisturbed at

Canterbury? Who knows that the dead faith of some slumbering churchman might not have been warmed by their vicinity just as the dead man was raised to life by contact with the bones of Elisha? Henry's rage was not impotent; he had succeeded in cutting off a real power from the Church. It was not, however, by way of exciting the imagination, as men gaze upon a picture, or on any Utilitarian view whatever, that the brave Bretons prayed in St. Anne's Church at Auray, before the battle. Their faith was too simple for any such refinement; and they believed that their prayers were more efficacious there than anywhere else. We believe that their notions on the subject will be found to be most Christian as well as most natural. Just as Christianity, in ennobling the soul has also ennobled the body, above all that the boldest fancy could have conceived, so in opening eternity upon us, it has also given us deeper views of space and time; it has made them sacramental. Days and places, specially dedicated to the saints, are means to us of communion with them; they not only remind us of them, and lead us to contemplate their lives, but they give us a special interest in the prayers which those blessed spirits offer up day and night before the throne; they are means by which we call around us the chariots of God, even thousands of angels; the spirits of just men made perfect, and all the hosts of the heavenly Jerusalem, to which even now, upon earth, we are come. It is undeniable that we, in England, do not realize the communion of saints; nor shall we, until we revive the old Catholic practices, by which the Church on earth connected her devotions with the intercessions of the Church triumphant in heaven.

The campaign, which thus called the students of Vannes from their college, was fortunately for them very short; it began in the spring of 1815, and continued with various success, though generally in favor of the Chouans, till the July of that same year, when Waterloo and the return of the Bourbons put an end to all hostilities. It probably was fortunate for them that it was so; for there is no saying how long their religion would have held out against the unavoid-

able licensee of a camp, especially as their leaders in this war were by no means so attentive to the spiritual wants of the army as had been the heroes of the old wars in La Vendée. They assigned to the students an old sergeant as a commander, who, however eligible as a soldier, was certainly not the best fitted to edify so young and inexperienced a troop. He garnished his words of command with a set of oaths which astonished ears accustomed to the quiet of a seminary. The consequence was that they never allowed him to assume the command of them; this post of honor was assigned to two of the oldest amongst them, who, from having received the tonsure, though not yet in orders, "were looked upon by them as the anointed of the Lord." Notwithstanding the jeers of the veteran, they persisted in signing themselves with the cross in the midst of the battle; and never intermitted the short prayer, which they offered up, before lying down to sleep, pell-mell, in some barn or other comfortless dormitory, though their profane instructor exclaimed against their unmilitary proceeding. One of them was even known more than once to awake a young *protégé* of his from his first sleep, to make him say his prayers, which he had omitted; he reminded him that, in the desperate game that they were playing, a Christian should always lie down to sleep as though the morrow was to be the day of his death. Throughout the whole of this campaign, in which many of them perished, the students kept up the same devoted character; and after all was over, returned to their college, and became schoolboys again; many of them afterwards, as appears in the course of the history, became priests.

We have hitherto principally dwelt on the pleasing picture, which M. Rio's book presents, of a believing people. In few parts of the world has Christianity sunk so deep into the hearts of the people as in Brittany; whilst the Church in most other places seems to be a struggling minority, there the marks of faith meet one on all sides. To us Englishmen, especially, it is an edifying sight to see the churches filled from one end to the other with crowds of men and women

kneeling on the hard pavement; even the steps and the space around the porch are often covered with peasants on their knees in the open air, intently watching for the time of the elevation. Such descriptions as those with which M. Rio has furnished us are a lesson to us which might draw us from the intrenchments in which our insular pride and fancied purity have placed us, and bid us open our hearts to our continental brethren. The narrative of which we have given a sketch, may, however, as we have before hinted, be a warning to our neighbors across the channel as well as to ourselves. It may serve to remind the French Church of a time which it seems but too much in danger of forgetting, the time when the clergy so nobly came forth from the horrors of the revolution, bearing upon them the glorious marks of their Lord. Gallicanism is now at an end; the French Church is no longer in danger of becoming the feudal vassal of a monarch; it now declares that it has no politics. In a country, however, of revolutions such as France, this may be only equivalent to being of all politics in turn: it may mean that the Church goes with the stream, and adopts whatever idols the populace may choose to set up. The Church should not be of, but it should be above the politics of the world; she should direct and guide them. Her children in times of difficulty look up to her and call upon her to speak before they take their sides. Those who have lately watched the relations of the Church in France with the state, cannot but be anxious lest she should become the mere echo of the government which is now courting her. It is quite true that the clergy under the powerful protection of Louis Philippe, are lifting up their heads; the archbishop's mitre, and the golden tissue of the copes and dalmatics of the clergy seem to be as necessary to state ceremonials as the presence of the king himself. At the same time the part lately taken by the Church in the processions which accompanied Napoleon's bones to the grave make us fear lest her ministrations should become a mere portion of a state pageant, and her words, each of which is a sacrament, be repeated to the dictation of a court official.

A picture in which Napoleon is the chief figure is the altar-piece of the Madeleine; and the memorable occasion on which Lacordaire preached in that cathedral in the habit of the order which he has so nobly entered was stained by a panegyric on the same personage. It seems to be the fashion to consider him as a patron of the Church, and to compare him to Charlemagne. It is not in a spirit of contempt that these observations are made; alas! the church of England is not in a condition to rebuke other churches for subserviency to the state; we would rather bid them take warning by our miseries, and beware how they bind around themselves the chains under which we are groaning.

The insurrection of which M. Rio's book contains an account, was provoked by the oppressions which this novel Charlemagne exercised against the Church, and the details which the author gives of his proceedings, few as they are, may serve to remind the French clergy of what they really owe to Napoleon. The account given by him of the Emperor's proceedings is mixed up with allusions to the times of the French revolution, and with sundry terms, such as *prêtre concordataire*, *petite église*, &c., which are unintelligible to most English readers; we shall, therefore, before we conclude, briefly fill up the sketch which he has drawn. We have noticed above the first steps taken by the National Assembly with respect to the clergy. Their decree did not touch the doctrine of the Church; but, without the pretence of consulting her ministers, it violated every ecclesiastical law; it made the bishops mere civil officers, dependent for their election on men who might be Jews or infidels, and deriving their mission and jurisdiction from the people's representatives. In a word, it wished to cut off the French Church from unity with Rome and the Catholic world, and to wrap it up closely in the embraces of the national assembly. The Church behaved most nobly; of one hundred and thirty-five bishops all but four*

* The four bishops who took the oath were Cardinal de Brienne, Archbishop of Sens, and the Bishops of Orleans, Viviers and Autun. It has been often said that the Archbishop of Paris also apostatized; this mistake, however, arises from confound-

ing the real archbishop with the schismatical Gobel, bishop of Lydda, who became constitutional archbishop of Paris; M. de Juigné, who then held the see, had been driven into exile two years before. The reader will remember that the author of this article is a member of the church of England.—Ed.

refused to accede to this new constitution. They were immediately expelled from their sees, and others consecrated by Talleyrand, bishop of Autun, and by two schismatical suffragans, were substituted in their stead. At first the persecution stopped here; the assembly was too wise to proceed further, and one of its members was even heard to say, "These wretches of priests are very anxious to have the honors of martyrdom; but we are not such fools as to make saints of them." The constitutional bishops, however, soon discovered that their functions were very much embarrassed by the presence of the legitimate pastors, into whose seat they had intruded themselves. This had been foreseen in the debates on the property of the Church in the assembly. One of the deputies had said of the bishops, "Take from them their cross of gold, they will carry about a cross of wood. It was a wooden cross which saved the world."

Accordingly, so large a portion of the priests and people of the dioceses adhered to the Church, poor as it was, and stripped of all external dignity, that it became absolutely necessary to drive the bishops out of France; they were insulted, imprisoned, and dragged before the revolutionary tribunals. The greater part of them went into exile in the year 1792; those who remained had to sustain the full storm of revolutionary fury. Whatever may have been the corruptions of the French Church,* they were not such as to prevent every rank of the clergy from furnishing new members to the glorious army of martyrs and confessors, and thus proving to the world that the principle of life remained within her as vigorous as ever. In most of the principal towns of France, Meaux, Chalons, Rennes, Lyons, the clergy were hunted down and massacred in crowds. One scene, which took place at Paris, may serve as a specimen of the fury of the mob and the heroic patience of the martyrs. During the reign of terror the thirst of the people for blood rose to mad-

ing the real archbishop with the schismatical Gobel, bishop of Lydda, who became constitutional archbishop of Paris; M. de Juigné, who then held the see, had been driven into exile two years before.

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ness; cruelty ceased to be the result of a sudden paroxysm of rage, it became the one passion of their soul, and was carried on with a systematic coolness perfectly astonishing. In the first beginning of their fury, however, the case was different; it was necessary that they should taste blood before they could get to relish it, and it was by the massacre of the priests that they gained this new appetite. On the memorable 26th of August all the priests who refused the oath had been ordered into banishment; this was, however, soon found to be far too lenient a measure to suit the taste of the new preachers of liberty and equality; the convents of Paris were converted into prisons, and were soon filled to overflowing with objects of the hatred or fanatical suspicion of the mob. The Carmelite convent, especially, was filled with ecclesiastics of all ranks to the number of one hundred and eighty; amongst them were the archbishop of Arles, and two brothers of the name of La Rochefoucault, one bishop of Beauvais, the other of Saintes. On the morning of the 2d of September, word was brought to the convent that an armed mob had been whetting its thirst for destruction on the prisoners confined in the abbey of St. Germain, and had already put itself in motion, with horrid shrieks of "Aux Carmes," which left no doubt of its destination. The priests knew well what these demonstrations meant, and prepared for death; they repaired to the church, where they first confessed and received absolution from each other; at each of the altars of the church a priest then celebrated mass, and his brethren knelt around him to receive the viaticum at his hands. They were singing the benediction of the holy sacrament, when the howlings of the mob were heard without, and the dreadful procession, armed with sabres, guns, and pikes, soon streamed into the church. Their first act was to drive out the priests into the garden of the convent, whither the illustrious victims repaired, chanting the prayers for departing souls, amidst the cries and imprecations of their murderers. There was a small chapel at the bottom of the garden, at the altar of which stood the archbishop, surrounded by several priests who wished to die near him.

One of the mob cried out, "Where is the archbishop of Arles?" on which a priest, the Abbé de Panonie, stepped forward, wishing to save him; "Are you the archbishop?" repeated the ruffian. The abbé, unwilling to tell a falsehood, merely bent his eyes on the ground, on which the archbishop, perceiving his friend's intention, advanced and met his murderer with a countenance radiant with joy. He was at once cut down with a sabre, and fell, bathed in his blood, at the foot of the cross, and died, saying, "I pardon you, God have pity on you." After this blessed soul had thus offered up himself as the first fruits of the noble band, an indiscriminate slaughter took place. Sometimes the strength of the ruffians was worn out with their exertions in pursuing and striking down the priests amongst the trees of the garden; they then stopped, and proposed to their victims to take the oath to the constitution; the only answer which they received was, "We had rather die." Again the dreadful work recommenced, so that only forty priests out of the whole number escaped. These massacres were general throughout the prisons of Paris; on the 2d and 3d of September two hundred and fifty ecclesiastics are said to have perished. This is but one amongst the many scenes which the revolution exhibited. The three we have mentioned are not the only bishops martyred at this time: others languished in putrid dungeons, and all but the four mentioned above were at least exiled. The priests followed the example of their pastors; seven hundred of them worked in chains on board the hulks at Rochefort, where many of them died from the effects of the suffocating atmosphere which they breathed.

The condition of the faithful under such a state of things may well be guessed. We have seen what it was in La Vendée, M. Rio has thus described their state in Brittany: "From the moment that the persecution broke out against the priests, the child could not learn his catechism, nor receive his first communion, without being a partaker of their dangers. As the reign of terror went on, each new sacrament brought with it a new exposure to death; mothers, as each

time came round, braved the danger with their children, and when the towns were emptied of their priests, they used to send their families into the country to serve this apprenticeship in Christianity." A great many priests remained in France disguised, and such was the respect which they inspired, that even the *gens-d'armes* were known, in spite of their employers, to beg of them to exercise their holy functions. The exiled bishops in very many cases, governed their dioceses, through vicars general, in the very teeth of the constitutional intruders; the faithful, then, were not deprived of the sacraments, though they had to obtain them at the risk of their lives. Glorious, indeed, was the state of the Church when the very children were confessors from their infancy, and when being a Catholic was equivalent to being a candidate for martyrdom. Many specious arguments might have been urged for the constitution; it was said that no essentials were touched, that only the external machinery of the Church was changed. The French bishops, however, were well aware that the real question at issue was, whether the French Church should be materialized, and as it were absorbed into the world; they suffered for their adherence to the holy see, the proper medium of communion with the Catholic Church. It was not, however, in France alone that the great antichristian power of the French republic aimed at extirpating Christianity; the Church suffered also in the person of its head, Pius VI. The directory, amongst the conditions of a treaty, required of him to withdraw his condemnation of the constitutional clergy. As was expected, he refused, and the French general in Italy, on some assumed grievance, received orders "to make the tiara shake on the head of the pretended chief of the Universal Church." The Pope was made prisoner and dragged from place to place till he died at Valence, August 29, 1799.

The French directory now flattered themselves that the Church was dead with the earthly representative of her divine head; short-sighted men! they set their signet on the tomb and placed a watch around it—could they have looked forward but two

short years, they would have seen their own idol, whom they had set up, lending his hand to restore the Church to the earthly honors of which they had robbed her, only to make her heavenly glories the more radiant. Little did the imperial despot know with what powers he was meddling when he re-established the Church; he fancied that he was only adding a lustre to his own triumph, but he was all the while but a blind instrument in the hands of God. Our limited space will not allow us to go fully into the details connected with the concordat of 1802; we shall confine ourselves to such circumstances as are proper to bring out the nature of Napoleon's relations with the holy see. It is strange that he should have recourse to Rome at all in the matter, especially as many persons about him are known to have urged him to set up a Gallican church, without communion with the rest of Christendom. With that strange instinct, however, which extraordinary men possess, he rejected the idea; he would have his church Catholic, since such was the will of the majority of the nation, and the notion of a Catholic Church out of communion with Rome does not seem to have struck him. "Many persons," said he to Bourienne, "would have me found a Gallican church, and make myself its head; but those men do not know France; if they had known it they should have known that the majority are very far from this rupture with Rome. The Pope must push me to extremities before I make up my mind to it; but I do not think it will be so." The same conversation records his reasons for restoring religion. "In all countries religion is useful to the government; it must be used as an instrument for acting upon men. As a matter of police the religion of a state should be absolutely in the hands of him who governs it." From Rome alone could the despot obtain possession of the heavenly powers of which he wished to make use as a stepping-stone to his exaltation; to Rome, therefore, he applied. His anxiety for the success of the negotiation may be inferred from his instructions to his ambassador; "Treat the Pope," he said, "as if he were master of two hundred thousand men." On this most

military estimate of the greatness of his holiness the ambassador acted, and the concordat was concluded. We are not going to enter into its details; suffice it that it corrected the crying evil of the constitution, by prescribing that canonical institution was to come from Rome, on the same footing as before the revolution. One of its provisions we must notice, because it was the origin of that lamentable schism of the French church noticed by M. Rio under the name of "*la petite église*." In order to facilitate the arrangements of the concordat, all the bishops of the old dioceses of France who had survived the revolution were required to send in their resignations to the Pope. Of the one hundred and thirty-five bishops, fifty-one were dead, forty-five obeyed the command, thirty-six refused;* no attention, however, was paid to their remonstrances, and the sees of France were remodelled without their concurrence. We are not, of course, in a situation to judge how far the exigencies of the case called for this harsh measure, but we can at all events see that none but the sternest necessity could justify a deed which at one blow cut off from their flocks the pastors who had borne the brunt of the revolution, and that at the very moment that they expected to be united to them. *La petite église* was, and we believe is still composed of the few priests who refused to accede to the concordat, principally on account of this measure; the bishops, who at first refused to send in their resignation, have deprived them of all pretext for their schism by abstaining from the exercise of their jurisdiction, and by placing their resignation in the hands of Louis XVIII, preparatory to the concordat of 1817.

Such was the measure by which the Church was recognized by the state in France; we shall see how Bonaparte dealt with the heavenly powers with which he had come in contact. His first act was to publish a set of articles called organic, which made the bishops dependent on himself for the exercise of their functions; they could not even confer orders without his consent.

It is probable that these articles were never perfectly obeyed; some of the bishops, it is true, were guilty of even profane adulation to the emperor, but they do not seem to have gone so far as to submit their powers of ordination to the civil power; in every diocese but one, in spite of his known will, orders were conferred before the age of twenty-five, and dispensations even procured from Rome for the ordination of deacons under age,* in order to fill up the breaches which the revolution had caused in the ranks of the clergy. Napoleon not only published these articles without the knowledge of the Pope, but even published them in such a way as to make it appear that they were a part and parcel of the concordat, which the holy see had sanctioned. Another piece of treachery on the part of the emperor was the appointment of twelve of the constitutional bishops to the new sees. The Pope has been blamed for his want of firmness in quietly allowing these men to become rulers of the church of France. He was, however, deceived by one of the emissaries of Napoleon, who assured him that they had renounced the constitution.† However yielding Pius VII was in other respects, on this one point he was firm, and made a vigorous stand against the imperial will. Every thing else the Pope was willing to give up; Cardinal Gonsalvi in his name declared that "his holiness is ready to pass over all canonical rules, all but doctrine;" he acknowledged that one concession which he made "had no example in the eighteen centuries of the Church," but he would not accept the constitutional bishops without a retraction of their errors. "Such a measure," he says, "would wound the substance of the deposit of the faith; besides which the conscience of the holy father and the obligations of his apostolic office oppose insurmountable obstacles to it." By the year 1804, when the Pope was at Paris, all but two had submitted themselves to the holy see. Napoleon did his best to entrap the Pope into receiving these, in spite of their refusing to do what was required of them.

* The bishops of Autun, Viviers and Orleans, make up the number.

* Lécaneu. Histoire des Evêques de Coutances, p. 510.

† Mem. pour servir à l'Hist. Eccl. vol. 3, p. 421.

The formula which they were ordered to sign contained a declaration that they "adhered and submitted themselves to the decisions which had emanated from the holy see, on the ecclesiastical affairs of France." It appears that the refractory bishops were by express agreement to be excluded from the ceremony of the coronation;* on the evening, however, before the emperor was crowned, he read over to the Pope in a hurried manner a paper purporting to be the retraction of one of the refractory bishops. His holiness took home the paper, and on reading it discovered that the word "canonical" had been substituted for "ecclesiastical." He immediately wrote to Napoleon to signify that he could not accept it, and to beg him to take measures that nothing should "trouble or stain the august ceremony which was to take place the next day." Napoleon felt that he was foiled, and fretted exceedingly at the power which the quiet dignity of the Pontiff exercised over him; the result was that before Pius VII had left Paris, all the bishops had, at least externally, submitted to him.

Such was Napoleon's conduct before he broke with the holy see: he flattered himself that the benefit which he had conferred upon God's Church, by raising it from a state of persecution, was to be repaid by its abject submission. The Church was to be one of the steps under his imperial throne, and to be satisfied with being covered with cloth of gold and velvet, as the price of being trodden under his feet. He little knew athwart what powers he had come; the poor passive Church became an earthquake, which opened under him and swallowed his ill-gotten throne. After his coronation, he delighted to compare himself to Charlemagne; and in the whole of his relations with Rome there is a grotesque attempt to play the part of the holy protector of the Church, an affectation of pious language which betrayed how unfitted he was for the post which he had assumed. Napoleon was a man fitted to rule by his strange and almost supernatural acuteness, by his stern

and unbending resolution in pursuing his objects; he was most dangerous from his wily and unscrupulous policy, and the fascination of his smile, which was celebrated for its sweetness, was only a type of the smooth treachery of his conduct; but with all these qualities of the successful usurper, there is nothing princely about him; the insignia of Charlemagne, from which he copied his coronation robes, hung awkwardly on the shoulders of the bold soldier of fortune. All this only serves to show how misplaced seemed in him the language and bearing of the feudal head of "the holy Roman empire," of the first Christian prince, which he endeavored to assume in his relations to the holy see. The first occasion on which the Pope and he came into direct collision seems to have been the marriage of one of his brothers, who had, during a journey to America, privately married an American lady and a protestant; Napoleon, for reasons of state, wished the Pope to pronounce a divorce. In his exceeding zeal for Catholicism he urged his request on the plea of the disparity of religion. "It is important," he writes, "that no protestant girl should be in such close relation to me." The Pope, however, refused his request; the sanctity of marriage amongst Christian princes is the point of all others which the holy see has most scrupulously guarded. It will be found that half the quarrels of the Popes with kings in the middle ages resulted from the inflexible justice with which they defended the cause of queens whom their husbands wished to repudiate; Innocent III and Ingeburga will at once suggest themselves to every one. In a long and dignified letter, Pius VII endeavored to make Napoleon understand the unreasonableness of his request. The Church, he argued, however it condemned mixed marriages, did not divorce those who had contracted them. "That difference of religion, which is considered by the Church to be an impediment involving separation, has no place in the case of baptized persons, even though one of them be not in the Catholic communion."

Napoleon chafed and fretted at distinctions which were too subtle for his military understanding, but in vain; the Pope was immov-

* Artand, *Vie de Pie VII*, from which the greater part of this account is taken.

able. It was not long, however, before the emperor's aggressions entirely altered even the outward show of friendly relations between the two powers. Only six months after Pius had left France, the imperial troops took possession of Ancona; in violation of a concordat which had been passed for the Italian republic in 1803, he seized on the property of the Church, suppressed monasteries, and decided every thing according to his sovereign will even in churches immediately dependant on the holy see; the Pope only answered by refusing to grant bulls to the Italian bishops of his nomination. It was not long before he took steps to swallow up the papal states in the empire which he was forming on the continent; he proposed to the Pope to join the Rhenish confederacy, and demanded that the ports of Ancona and of Civita Vecchia should be shut against the English; in other words, he ordered the Pope to quit the neutrality which became the head of the Church, and to become a partisan in his wholesale system of oppression. The answer of his holiness was as firm as it was dignified. In a letter to the emperor he says, "We cannot yield to anything which interferes with the guardianship of the deposit of the patrimony of the Roman Church, which has been transmitted to us through so long a series of ages by our predecessors, and which, in the presence of Almighty God, at the foot of the altar, and with the most sacred oaths, we have promised to transmit inviolate to our successors." To Napoleon's demand that the English should be expelled from the ports, he answered in a strain of holy indignation: "We, Vicar of the Everlasting Word, who is not the God of quarrel, but the God of concord, who is come into the world to expel enmities, and to preach the gospel of peace 'both to those who are near and to those who are far off,' (such are the words of the apostle) how can we in any way deviate from the instruction of our divine Founder? How can we belie the mission to which we have been appointed?" He declares that he is prepared to retire to a convent, or into the catacombs, after the example of the first successors of St. Peter, rather than give up the trust which had

been put into his hands. Napoleon's anger at this unwonted opposition to his will may well be conceived; at one moment he was even discontented at the narrow bounds assigned to him in the division of power into spiritual and temporal, and thus protested against the usurpation: "Think of the insolence of these priests, who in their partition of authority with the temporal power, as they call it, keep for themselves the power of acting on the intellect, on the noble portion of man, and pretend to confine my sphere of action to the body; they take the soul to themselves, and then throw me the carcass." Such a man was not likely to have much respect for the chair of St. Peter. He takes the tone of an injured person, as thus, with a curious mixture of cant, he details his grievances:—"I will always preserve towards your holiness, the head of our religion, that filial deference which I have shown to you in all circumstances; but I am accountable before God, who has, in his goodness, willed to make use of my arm in re-establishing religion; how can I then without groaning see religion endangered by the delays of the court of Rome, where affairs are protracted without end; where for the sake of worldly interests, of vain prerogatives of the tiara, souls, the true foundation of religion, are left to perish? They shall answer for it before God, who leave Germany in anarchy; they shall answer before God whose zeal for the protection of protestant marriages is so great, that they would oblige me to bind my family to protestant princes; they shall answer before God who delay the despatch of bulls for *my* bishops, and give up *my* diocesses to anarchy."

From the tone of this letter Napoleon would have us believe that it was a holy zeal for Catholicism which induced him on the 2d of February, 1808, to send his troops to take possession of Rome, and the next year by a formal decree to unite the patrimony of St. Peter to the French empire. This last deed exhausted the patience of the holy father, and he excommunicated the emperor. Amidst the astounding events which follow one another with lightning speed in the history of Napoleon, this little

act of the Pope's is almost imperceptible, but who knows what unseen powers fought with England against him whom the Church had condemned? With all his indifference Napoleon showed great uneasiness when he heard the news;* he, however, assumed a lofty tone, and wrote to Eugene Beauharnais in the same hypocritical strain which had characterized his letters to the Pope; "Does the Pope think," says he, "that the arms will fall from the hands of my soldiers?" Could he have looked forward a few years, he would have seen that this was precisely what did happen to him; the numbed fingers of his soldiers refused to bear their arms in the memorable Russian campaign.

The events which followed this excommunication show more than ever the real object of Napoleon in restoring the Church in France; since he could not make the Pope his liege vassal, he determined to destroy the line of St. Peter. On the 6th of July the Pope was dragged from Rome and conveyed to Savona. In the case of Pius VI the Directory had allowed the cardinals to disperse themselves, and thus to get beyond their power; on the death of that Pope a sudden fortune of war had driven the French from Italy and enabled the cardinals to assemble for the election of Pius VII; scarcely had he taken possession of Rome, when the battle of Marengo put the north of Italy again into the hands of the French; it seemed as if Providence had swept them away on purpose to clear the way for the election of a new Pontiff. Napoleon determined that this should not happen again; all the cardinals except those whose age rendered the journey impossible, were conveyed to Paris; the annulus Piscatoris was also taken thither and shown in triumph. If ever Rome seemed on the eve of perishing, it was then. Napoleon's whole efforts were now bent on effecting a separation between the French Church and the holy see; for this purpose he turned theologian; he raked up all the old maxims of the Gallican Church, and the famous four articles of 1682, which may be called the

symbol of Gallicanism, were ever in his mouth. The Pope, however, was by no means impotent; though all communication between the Church and her head was strictly cut off, though the cardinals and even his confessor were removed from him, though he was obliged to write by stealth, and pens, ink, and paper were removed from him, still he had only to suffer and remain passive; he alone had powers which were necessary to his enemies, and his mere inaction was sufficient to vanquish the emperor. He refused canonical institution to the bishops appointed by Napoleon, and issued mandates annulling the jurisdiction of Cardinal Maury who had taken upon him the archbishopric of Paris. What Napoleon had now to do was to make it appear that the chapters might give jurisdiction without the Pope; to this end he imprisoned cardinals, bishops, and theologians who held a contrary opinion; he drew his sword on the vicar-general of the diocese of Paris (that Abbé d'Astros mentioned by M. Rio), who obeyed the Pope in rejecting Cardinal Maury. This new reformer must needs uphold the primitive discipline and the privileges of chapters, and declaim about the Gallican liberties at the very time when he was imprisoning French bishops and forcing them to send in their resignations.

In order to further his views, he at length conceived the plan of a national council, that is, a council of the bishops of France and Italy. Ninety-five bishops accordingly assembled at Notre Dame, on the 17th of June, 1811; they were not, however, so tractable as Napoleon expected; it is true that a party of bishops was found disposed to pay a servile obedience to the civil power, and the remonstrances addressed to the emperor on the subject of the imprisonment of the Pope were but feeble; still the principles of the Roman see were upheld in a manner which entirely foiled the despot's purpose. He endeavored to overawe them by the unexpected presence of his *Ministre des Cultes*, who even claimed a voice in the council; the bishops, however, silenced him. Napoleon next manœuvred to obtain the assent of the council to an address to himself, favoring his views; it was,

* Bourienne, vol. viii, c. 14.

however, indignantly rejected. The very outset of the proceedings displeased him, for Cardinal Fesch, the president of the council, on his knees took the oath of Pius IV, and administered it to every member in turn. At length, when a commission appointed by the fathers had reported its decision that a council was incompetent, without previously consulting the Pope, to enter on the question of the canonical institution of bishops, even in case of necessity, Napoleon by a decree dissolved the refractory assembly. His next steps were such as to remind us very much more of the Arian Constantius than of Charlemagne: he arrested the bishops of Gand, of Tournay, and of Troyes, who had been foremost in resisting his will, and shut them up in the dungeons of Vincennes; we have already noticed the subsequent persecution which they and their faithful chapters endured at his hands up to the very last moment that he remained in France. After this act of tyranny, he summoned all the bishops of the council who had not left Paris, to the presence of his faithful *Ministre des Cultes*, who was instructed to school them one by one in their duty. The consequence of this was that eighty bishops agreed to receive a decree proposed to them, purporting that in case of the Pope's refusal, the metropolitan was to proceed to grant institution to the bishop elect. This was a miserable falling off from the former firmness of the bishops; the emperor had succeeded in intimidating them, and this was the result of their fears. They, however, appended a clause to the decree, by which they supplicated his majesty to allow them to present the decree to the Pope for confirmation. He is said to have confirmed it, but in such terms as shocked the imperial counsellors to such a degree that the negotiation was broken off.

Such was the result of Napoleon's famous council, in which he discovered, notwithstanding the weakness of so many of the bishops, that the Church was a more

unmanageable power than he had anticipated. He ordered all its acts to be destroyed; an uncertainty, therefore, hangs over some of its details, but one thing is certain, the emperor felt that he was foiled, and resorted to other measures. In June, 1812, the Pope was carried away from Savona and dragged to Fontainebleau; here a new species of temptation awaited him; he was surrounded by prelates devoted to Napoleon, who were instructed to weary out his patience by perpetual entreaties, by representing to him the evils of the Church as the result of his unyielding opposition. Nothing came of this novel system of persecution till January, 1813. The emperor, amidst the disasters resulting from the Russian campaign, had still leisure to torment his illustrious captive. After besieging him with the entreaties of the prelates of his own party, he himself unexpectedly entered his apartments.

[The English reviewer here proceeds to state that Pius VII acceded to the articles of an agreement proposed by Bonaparte, and thus relinquished that which he had so nobly contended to preserve. The fact, however, is that the Pope never assented to these articles; and Bonaparte, in direct opposition to the pledge which he had given, not to promulge them until the conditions were finally settled by both parties, published them as having the force of law throughout the kingdom. In the meantime all Europe had leagued against him, and the deliverance of the Pope was at hand.—Ed.]

Now that the succession of St. Peter seemed about to die in the person of a weak old man, now that Rome seemed to be abandoned by all, even by the Pope, Providence made use of England, Protestant, at all events, in her government, and of Russia, no less Protestant in her hatred of the holy see, to raise the papacy from the dust, and to restore the holy father to his dominions.

"PERDIDI DIEM."

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The Emperor Titus, at the close of a day in which he had neither gained knowledge, nor conferred benefit, was accustomed to exclaim, "*Perdidi diem*," "*I have lost a day*."

WHY art thou sad, thou of the sceptred hand?
The rob'd in purple, and the high in state?
Rome pours her myriads forth, a vassal band,
And foreign powers are crouching at thy gate;
Yet dost thou deeply sigh as if oppressed by fate.

"Perdidi diem!"—Pour the empire's treasure,
Uncounted gold, and gems of rainbow dye;
Unlock the fountains of a monarch's pleasure
To lure the lost one back. I heard a sigh,—
One hour of parted time, a world is poor to buy.

"Perdidi diem."—'Tis a mournful story.
Thus in the ear of pensive eve to tell,
Of morning's firm resolves, the vanish'd glory,
Hope's honey left within the withering bell,
And plants of mercy dead, that might have bloom'd so well.

Hail, self-communing emperor, nobly wise!
There are, who thoughtless haste to life's last goal;
There are, who time's long squandered wealth despise;
Perdidi vilam marks their finished scroll,
When Death's dark angel comes to claim the startled soul.

LETTERS ON THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

LETTER III.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—

ANOTHER and the last argument that I shall adduce to prove the real presence is the uninterrupted belief of the Church on this subject for the last eighteen hundred years. So conclusive do I consider this proof, that were all others to fail, this would still be sufficient to afford a resting place to the anxious spirit. When we consider that the Church of God is "the pillar and ground of truth" (1 Tim. iii, 15), that its firm foundation is Christ himself, that the ægis of heaven's protection is thrown around her to preserve inviolate the deposit of faith, against the embattled forces of earth and

hell (Mat. xvi, 18); when, in a word, we call to mind that the Holy Ghost is to teach her all truth, and that the Saviour himself is to abide with his Church "all days even to the end of the world," how, let me ask you, can we feel aught else than perfect confidence in the stability and uniformity of her doctrines? Know you not that the solemn assurance is given us, that "heaven and earth shall pass away, but God's word shall not pass away?" And is it not the plighted word of God that the Holy Ghost is to teach his Church all truth,—that the gates of hell are not to prevail against her,

and that he himself is to abide with her all days even to the consummation of the world? How then, again I ask, can we be led astray by that same holy Church, or how be exposed to the danger of believing as divinely revealed any article merely human? To me the uninterrupted and uniform belief of the Catholic Church on the subject of the holy eucharist has ever appeared an unanswerable argument in favor of its truth,—for surely in the memorable words of St. Vincent of Lerins, what has been every where admitted, believed by all, and whose origin cannot be pointed out, must necessarily be admitted as having been taught by the apostles. In accordance with this principle, universally admitted, we must assign to the apostolic age, and even to the time of Jesus Christ, the origin of the doctrine of the holy eucharist. For can we discover any period of time between that and the present when this dogma originated? Our opponents have vainly sought to fix the stigma of innovation in this point on the “middle ages,” which some, among the less reflecting, occasionally designate the “dark ages of popish ignorance.” It is painful to a reflecting mind, and yet it is amusing to witness the discrepancy of testimony on this subject among its opponents. By some the date of its origin is fixed at the fourth council of Lateran, in 1215. By others an earlier, and by no few a still later origin is assigned it. But how vain and futile are their efforts to do away with the express testimony of Scripture, and to change the faith of eighteen hundred years! At the memorable period of the reformation, in the sixteenth century, was not this sacred dogma the glory and the comfort of the whole Christian world? Was not the traveller’s eye greeted on his wearisome journey, no matter whither interest or devotion guided his steps, by the cross of Christ that noble emblem of our holy faith, towering above the majestic dome, surmounting the lofty steeple, or adorning the rustic chapel within whose grand or simple walls the altar stood, the grateful incense smoked, and the gentle taper burned before the “saving host” as adoring multitudes knelt to breathe a prayer of love and faith? Ask the venerable ca-

thedrals and the now moss-covered walls of dilapidated convents, monasteries and churches which still adorn or throw their solemn shadows over England and Ireland, bespeaking what the genius and the piety of our Catholic ancestors achieved, but what the heartless vandalism of their degenerate descendants perpetrated, ask these and they will tell you. Their lofty and their spacious aisles—their magnificent altars—their expensive decorations—all proclaim that like the children of Israel, when at the command of Moses they gave, in pious profusion their ornaments and their wealth for the service of the sanctuary, our illustrious ancestors vied with each other in beautifying the temples of religion, her altars and her shrines—to express the deep and abiding sense of love, of gratitude and of faith in that adorable mystery which alone renders our temples more holy than others, and throws around the altars of Catholicity a solemnity which attracts the mind and awes even vice into virtue.

Were I not fearful of fatiguing your patience, I might here cite as witnesses of their respective ages, the ancient fathers and doctors of the Church, whose unanimous testimony on this subject must strike the inquirer’s mind with irresistible force. Behold a Justin in his second apology offered to the Emperor Antoninus in the second century; a Tertullian in his work on the resurrection of the flesh, in the third century; a Cyril of Jerusalem in the fourth century; an Ambrose, an Ephrem, a Chrysostom, and an Augustin in the fifth century, each proclaiming to the world the doctrine of their age, and of the portions of the Church over which they presided, or of which they were the pride and the ornament.

But let me ask you, at what precise period, or about what century was the dogma of the real presence introduced into the Church? Was it in the thirteenth century, in the council of Lateran? Surely not,—for we find, on perusing the acts and decrees of this council that in relation to the holy eucharist it only regulated the paschal or Easter communion; decreeing that unless each Catholic, whether male or female, received the holy communion at least once a

year, he should be cut off from the number of the faithful whilst living, and be refused Christian burial when dead. Hear what it says :

In can. xxi, it ordains : " That every one of the faithful of both sexes, after they come to the years of discretion, shall in private faithfully confess all their sins at least once a year, to their own pastor, and take care to fulfil to the best of their power, the penance enjoined them ; receiving reverently, at least at *Easter*, the sacrament of the eucharist, unless perhaps by the counsel of their own pastor, for some reasonable cause, they judge proper to abstain from it for a time : otherwise let them be excluded out of the Church whilst living, and when they die be deprived of Christian burial."

You must possess more acute observation than I, my good friends, to discover in this decree any thing which can be construed into an inventing of the doctrine of the real presence, or of holy communion. The very act of regulating the time of communion, and of pronouncing excommunicated all who should not have made, at least once a year, their confession and communion, necessarily presupposes the existence of both these dogmas. Where is the canon,—where the treatise during this council on either communion or confession, which speaks of them as till then unknown, or then for the first time broached ? You look for them in vain.

It is a fact known to every one the least conversant with ecclesiastical history, that the Greek Church admits the real presence equally with the Latin or the Catholic Church. The final separation of the Greeks from the Latins was effected by the ambitious spirit of Photius, patriarch of Constantinople, about the year 890. From that time to the present every effort has been made, but in vain, to reunite the schismatical Greeks to the Church. Overtures have been made, and questions canvassed with the sole view of a perfect reconciliation between them ; but thus far all have been fruitless.

Notwithstanding this opposition existing between the Greek and the Latin Churches, it is a singular fact that the former has always strenuously maintained the holy doc-

trine of the real presence. Now from whom did the Greeks receive this dogma ? They acknowledge themselves that it was from the Latins—consequently the Latins must have possessed it anterior to the date of the Greek schism in 890. Had the Latins introduced this doctrine into the code of Christianity at any period before that, would the Greeks when separating from her communion, in a spirit of angry discussion and wounded pride, would they, I ask, have adopted this novelty, or admitted this new fangled opinion into their code of dogmas ? To say this would betray a lamentable ignorance of human nature, and a reprehensible forgetfulness, to say no more, of the excited discussions, the bitter animosities and unceasing hostility evinced by the Greeks in opposition to the Latins on subjects of infinitely less importance. With what conscious superiority would they not have hurled against the innovating Latins the charge of falsifying the words of Christ : " Thou art Peter ; and on this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her." (Mat. xvi. 18.) And the Latin Church convicted of error, would have stood before the world with the degrading stigma of innovation affixed to her front. But do we find any thing of all this ? No ; the Greeks adopt the doctrine with implicit confidence in its divine origin, and still cling with undying fidelity to its truth through the lapse of ages, the decay of empires, and the change of times. Whence this, if not from the truth,—the divinity of this adorable dogma ?

This same argument may be adduced in relation to the Eutychians, who separated from the Latins in the year 450 ; and to the Nestorians who were cut off from the true Church by the council of Ephesus in 431. Each of these sects admits as strenuously as either the Greek or the Latin Church, the real presence of Jesus Christ in the blessed sacrament of the eucharist. Behold, my dear friends, the triumphant manner in which even the very efforts of heresy and of wicked men, enable us to trace back, to examine, and to prove our holy religion ! Such is the mercy, such the wisdom of God, that even our enemies become our

apologists,—and error points the anxious mind to truth!

That the real presence was not invented between the apostolic age and the year 431, the argument already adduced in relation to the Nestorians is a sufficient guarantee; to this, however, we may add the testimony of the holy fathers as above cited. Moreover, if our opponents still argue that this doctrine is of human origin, let them point out the time, the place, the author of the novelty. Surely one, if not all of these circumstances, can be discovered. Do we not cite the name, the country, the author, and the year of any innovator who from the commencement has presumed to lift the standard of revolt against the Lord and the Lord's anointed. Witness the facts already noted, and a host of others only omitted through fear of fatiguing you. We claim, then, this same treatment at the hands of our opponents. Let them point us to either the year, the country, or the author of this remarkable novelty as they call it, and we will apply the rules of correct and philosophical criticism. If it stand the test, we yield the question, and own ourselves in error. If, like all that have preceded it, this too prove a fiction,

"The baseless fabric of a dream,"

away with it;—to the tomb of the Capulets let it be consigned with all the dignity of silent contempt; but let truth be cherished, and like the chaste Susanna when triumphantly acquitted, let the truth of Christ's real presence in the sacrament of our altar stand avenged before its enemies.

I have done. Fairly and honestly have I sought to prove the position which at first I assumed. Tedious as has been the manner in which we have progressed, may I not indulge the cheering hope that the path has not been altogether dreary, entirely destitute of interest or pleasure? If I have permitted my feelings sometimes to get the better of my judgment, it was not that I knew not

how to respect the honest errors in which I believed you to have been educated; it was not that difference of belief in matters of religion destroyed the interest I felt in your welfare. No; God knows it was not. True religion teaches us to respect the errors, when honestly entertained or set forth, of those around us; and though we may not kneel at the same altar or worship our God in the same form, there is a redeeming quality in true friendship which increases our love, our anxiety and our interest in proportion to the danger in which the object is placed. Believing this, and looking upon your belief on the subject of the real presence as erroneous, dangerous and fatal, I have sought in these pages, partly at your own request, to explain and substantiate the Catholic doctrine on this point. If what has been here said excite within you a spirit of inquiry, I shall have succeeded to the extent of my hopes and wishes. Like the grain of mustard seed let that spirit increase within your souls,—let it be cultivated with care, and nourished by such genial influence as may be derived from authentic sources. In any of our approved Catholic works you will find on this or any other subject of our holy religion, all that you can desire,—all that is necessary to guide you securely through the intricacies of religious investigation, and bring you securely to the knowledge of the "truth as it is in Christ." O that I may live to see this "consummation so devoutly to be wished!" For you and your conversion to the true faith, my fervent prayers shall often be whispered to heaven, while it will ever be to me a source of pleasure to reply to any question you may propose on the subject of religion.

Adieu, my dear friends. To that God whom you so anxiously seek to love and serve, I recommend you, and pray that his saving grace, his paternal hand may always protect and guide you.

Very truly yours,

J. P. DONELAN.

Translated from the French.

POVERTY AND ALMSDEEDS.

ALL men have the same origin; all are created by God, all descend from one common father. Their position, however, is not the same. Some are rich, others are poor. The former enjoy the comforts of the domestic hearth, while the latter, half-clothed and trembling with cold, are forced to implore charity in the public streets. One class eat at tables abundantly served, the other linger near our doors to beg a morsel of bread for the subsistence of themselves and their families. Whence comes this inequality of fortune? Why are some permitted to live in the midst of plenty, while others are surrounded by misery? Has not God the same tenderness for all his children? Oh! senseless would he be who thought differently. Man, having lost by sin the happiness in which he was created, can no longer find it upon earth, where he is subject to every kind of affliction. The rich partake with the poor of the succession of evils which their first parents transmitted to them. If the poor suffer from the want of fortune, the rich find in its possession a constant source of chagrin and disquietude. How many anxieties do the rich experience which are unknown to the poor. Under how many moral and physical evils do the rich labor, of whose existence even, the poor are unconscious. Undoubtedly poverty enters into the mass of chastisements inflicted upon degenerate man; and although it afflicts so great a portion of society we should not hence accuse God of injustice; we should recognise it only as an effect of his justice. The law of labor, which is, among others, imposed on man, as an expiation, as a means of ameliorating his condition, preserves from unhappiness most of those who observe it. As to the rest, God owing nothing to any man, distributes his gifts as he pleases, and to whom he pleases. If a wealthy man gave five thousand dollars to one of my fellow citizens, I should not have reason to complain, because I had no part

in his favors. We may remark also, that the poor, those at least who are resigned to the will of God, often receive graces and spiritual consolations which are not granted to the rich, and that if their sufferings are great in this life, their happiness and their glory will be greater in heaven. Moreover what appears to you a disorder, is precisely what constitutes social order. The variety of conditions forms the harmony which reigns among the different classes of society. All cannot possess wealth, for then where should we find workmen or artists? Diversity of genius and of character must necessarily bring with it diversity of social position. But is it not possible to imagine a better state of things? No, since God has not established it. That which he has instituted is doubtless that most conformable to our wants, to our sentiments, to our destinies. If each man had sufficient for himself, you would never witness the wonderful progress of science and the arts; man would remain in a stupid immobility, without ever arriving at perfection. This system would render him selfish and indifferent to his fellow creatures. But God wishes that men should interest themselves for each other, that they should be bound by respective rights and duties. The rich depend on the poor who supply their wants, and the poor rely on the rich who give them the means of subsistence. There is in their different lots but one spirit, but one interest. Let us not cease to admire the divine order of society. Many persons, in consequence of unforeseen misfortunes, cannot work; others drawn away by the strength of their passions, violate the divine precept of labor. They all suffer the rigors of indigence as a trial or as a chastisement. But by the side of these evils, God has placed the remedy, in enjoining upon the rich the duty of almsdeeds; he wishes them to be the administrators only of their goods. Certainly God, in giving to some men advantages, which are purely

gratuitous gifts on his part and which they do not merit of themselves, may impose upon them such conditions as he judges useful either for themselves or their fellow creatures. Consequently the rich are obliged to make that use of their fortune which God commands them. Now, if he wishes them to give part to the poor, no motives, no pretexts can dispense them from obedience. Although there were neither poor persons nor beggars among the Jews, yet Moses said to them:—"Love your neighbor as yourself." Jesus Christ has commanded us to love each other as he has loved us, and to be merciful as our heavenly Father is merciful. When we do good to the poor, it is to Jesus Christ himself that we do it. At the day of judgment, he will say to those on his right hand: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you; because I was hungry and you gave me to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me to drink, I was a stranger and you took me in, naked and you clothed me, sick and you visited me, I was in prison and you came to me." He will say to those on his left: "Go, ye cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels. You have shown no mercy for me." "Oh! with how much confidence may we appear before God," said Tobias to his son, "when we give alms; yes, my son, by almsdeeds you will preserve your soul from hell. Remember that prayer accompanied by fasting and almsdeeds is better than treasures. Without almsdeeds all good works are sterile; *that* effaces sin, delivers us from death, and brings us to eternal life." "Without the suffrages of the poor," says St. John Chrysostom, "you will never be saved. If they plead our cause at the judgment, our safety is certain. If they are against us, our damnation is inevitable." "A fast without alms," says the same father, "is no longer a fast." "To fast without giving alms," says St. Cæsarius of Arles, "is to fast fruitlessly and without merit, at least unless you have nothing to give. Then the good will suffice before God." We should make a volume were we to unite all the passages in the Old and New Testaments and in the works of the fathers, which point out to us

the accomplishment of the duty of almsdeeds, as necessary for our salvation. Alms giving offers also immense advantages in a temporal point of view, by inclining the hearts of the rich towards the poor, and habituating them to sympathise in their misfortunes. Arresting murmur on the lips of the poor, or preventing its birth in their hearts it maintains the order of society. But what should be the extent of our alms? That is the only difficulty we cannot resolve; each one should consult the wants of his family, examine the state of his fortunes, and take counsel from the director of his conscience. We must observe that the duty of almsdeeds is binding on all men, and as wealth is a relative term, inasmuch as we are all rich compared with those who have less than ourselves, we are all obliged to give alms. The mendicant even who has satisfied his hunger, instead of putting the bread he has left into his wallet, ought to give it to the beggar who still suffers hunger. "He who has the goods of this world," says St. John, "and who sees his brother in necessity without relieving him cannot say that he loves God." If he says it, he is a liar, he is a hypocrite, he refuses to obey God, he does not wish to help his brother. He loves better to satisfy himself than to obey God, than to mitigate the evils, the sufferings of his neighbor. But in giving alms, we may be deceived, we may give to some one who does not need assistance, we may aid idleness, we may support profligacy. That man is besides without infirmities; as he is able to procure work, we ought not to give him alms. We may say that alms may be abused; but we shall never do *any* good work if we will first prevent all the ill effects that may arise, all the inconveniences which may result, in the uncertainty that those whom we benefit are worthy.

Doubtless alms should be given with discernment, we must not give to a man who we know is not in want, or who asks it only that he may satisfy his passions. But it is easy to exaggerate prudence in this matter. Cupidity and avarice cause us always to think that those who beg either have no wants or that they can work. Be-

sides it is not he that gives the alms who commits the abuse of which we speak, it is he who receives it; but this abuse, is it very certain? You refuse alms to this one because he is healthy; but do you know whether he has found work, whether he is able to procure it, or whether some one more adroit, more vigorous, more active, or more intelligent is not preferred to him? Laborers are wanted in the country, say you? but there are seasons when there are too many; besides, he must be accustomed to agricultural labors. Are there not also in all states unhappy men fitted for work, who never do any thing because they know not where to seek employment or how to make themselves known? Do we not see such instances every day in the liberal arts? How many men of intelligence do nothing because they are wanting in capability, in tact; because they are not in so advantageous a position as to attract the attention of the public? Refuse not alms to a man because he is healthy, you may be mistaken; in believing that you refuse a vagabond, you may depress still more one who is only unhappy. You will not give any thing to this man because he is vicious, because it would be contrary to justice; but is it your place to punish him? Do you lead him back to virtue, do you inspire him with more social ideas by refusing to quench his thirst, to satisfy his hunger, to cover his nakedness? But the healthy are not the only petitioners for alms. See those old men, those orphans, those women with child, those mothers surrounded by their numerous offspring. All these unfortunate beings stretch out their hands to you, address to you their supplications. You cannot say in giving to *them* that you misplace your alms. But suppose you are deceived by persons who have taken the appearance of misery; is it not better to fall into this error than to refuse alms to one who is really in want, and whom your refusal will expose to more suffering? Besides, if you so much fear giving to unworthy persons, you have only to confide your alms to the ministers of religion, to the curates of your parishes, to the sisters of charity: knowing all the indigent, all those who are too diffident to solicit

charity for themselves, they will distribute your alms with prudence, and you will not have the promotion of idleness to fear. We spoke some time since of different projects for the extinction of mendicity: certainly, we Catholics, should loudly applaud all that can alleviate the distresses of our fellow creatures; but it is necessary that we should explain what we mean by the extinction of mendicity: does it mean that it should be ordered by law that there should be no more poor? but that is absurd; there will always be poor, because there will always be infirmities, old age and misfortunes; because there will always be some whose evil passions will draw them into the abyss of vice and misery. Shall we form depots for mendicity? But that would be an odious, iniquitous measure; you would deprive that man of liberty because he is poor, and that to spare hard hearted men, ruthless philanthropists the sight of the misery of their fellow creatures and the supplications with which they are importuned. But if you wish to punish this man because he asks alms, you must also punish him who assists him; he would be his accomplice in the crime of rebellion to the laws. Besides, depots for mendicity would not prevent misery from extending itself, and would not diminish its intensity. Is it from industry that we should demand the extinction of mendicity? but we already know its inefficiency on this point. The hearts of the working classes are not the most tender; their interests, their money, above all, is paramount in their regard; they can, to be sure, throw some looks of pity on the unfortunate, and give them, with disdain, an insulting and contemptuous alms. As to the rest, we know that there are more poor in the operative classes than in the others, immorality being there greater. The mingling of the workers of both sexes in the same departments, who besides, do not receive any religious instruction, favors the corruption of manners, and multiplies illegitimate children. The philosophers of the last century also declaimed loudly against mendicity, they pretended that the precept of almsdeeds favored it; but when they reigned in 1793, they aggravated the evil by despoiling

the clergy of their property. From that moment, the poor having no longer these resources open to them, their position became harder and their number augmented. All the measures that they have taken to fill the abyss created by the alienation of the goods of the clergy have been fruitless; each day misery becomes more general and more poignant. What shall we do in this state of things? Extend the empire of religion, preach almsdeeds to the rich, that it may teach them to retrench their expenses in all that tends to luxury, delicacy, ambition, or dissipation; at the same time that it renders the rich merciful and compassionate, it will teach resignation to the poor; leave it to guide our hearts to virtue, that it may form us to good habits and remove far from us all that is evil. In the heart of man is found the cause of his misery, his misfortunes are often but a punishment of his vices. Religion can prevent this unhappiness, this chastisement, by rendering him virtuous. What shall we do then? Leave Catholicism free to exercise all its influence on society, that it may revive those ancient institutions in whose shades the former civilization of Europe received its birth and increase. Pauperism, that hideous wound of society, was not at that time known. All the families who resided on the territories of the great abbeys, were in easy circumstances; in the cities also, the convents supported a great number of infirm poor, and supplied with work those who were well. Even at this day, the several religious congregations, how limited soever may be their resources, maintain a certain number of poor. Let us say also, that the monks in mingling with the working classes preserved in them the love of their duties, respect for the ancient traditions, the spirit of order and economy. The associations of piety, of charity, formed and supported by the clergy, and which showed themselves so happily provident against the weakness of reason, against the seductions of the passions, contributed also in a wonderful manner, to sustain the working classes in comfort. But what shall we do then? if we are not tired of vain experiments, and if we are not frightened by this pauperism which becomes from day to

day more menacing, we may still demand other systems of human wisdom; but they will not be less sterile. But if we acknowledge that if we have walked only too long in the ways of destruction, that it is to the decrease of faith and to the abolition of the great religious institutions that the critical situation of society is owing, we must acknowledge that there is no other remedy than in the free action of Catholicism: that what it has done for the good of humanity and that of society it may do again. Its divine power is not diminished nor weakened, and the nature of man is not changed; it is always subject to the same weaknesses, and divine aids are always equally necessary.

We do not wish to terminate this article without saying a word on the collective alms made in churches. There are some men who are called Christians and who contest their utility. But these almsdeeds, like all others, have for their object the succor of persons or establishments which are in want and which cannot supply that want by their own resources. Who knows, for example, but that a church may require repairs or completion, and on account of its very limited income, not being able often to support the ordinary demands of divine worship, is obliged to incur extraordinary expenses and to have recourse to collective alms? Do you regret a few pieces of money for the embellishment of the temple wherein resides the true God, the Creator of heaven and earth, he from whom you hold all that you possess? Do you wish that the ceremonies of worship should be without dignity, without influence? Oh! do not say, Christians, that you know neither how to honor or to love your God. But why make collections for seminaries and foreign missions? You desire then the extinction of the Catholic priesthood, since you do not wish to contribute to sustain the pious and learned asylums where it is formed. You are then heartless and un pitying, since you do not wish to aid by light sacrifices apostolic men. You blame also the collections for the timid poor: you wish then that these men, that these women, fallen often from an elevated rank, and who fear to meet disdainful looks

and to hear railing words, should stretch out their hands in the streets. Oh! if you are not without compassion, you would esteem yourself happy at having made confidants of their sufferings, those consoling angels, the priests and the sisters of charity, who have influenced you by their mediation. You do not wish collective alms? but men acknowledge how weak they are in their isolation, and how association on the contrary gives them strength. They form every day literary, agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial societies; it is very natural that Catholics, struck by the advantages of association for the material goods of life, should unite to ameliorate the condition of the moral and future life. Besides, is not this association of offerings among men whom a common faith calls to the foot of the same altars, very touching? All co-operate for the consolation of the unfortunate, and each there contributes according to his fortune; the day laborer in taking from his wants, the rich in giving from his superfluity. Is not the power of example also something? Because you make your offering, others also make theirs and the poor there find their profit. A greater number of the unfortunate are relieved by these united offerings than could be assisted by individual alms. Christian readers, without troubling yourselves with the utopias of philosophers or the pretexts of the men of the world, give alms every time that an occasion presents itself and you are able to do so, do it individually and in conjunction

with others. Remember that God from whom you hold all that you possess, prescribes to you a duty; in disobeying which, you may draw upon yourself the same evils from which you do not wish to relieve your brethren. Reflect also, that in doing thus, you procure many graces for yourself and your family. Because you have been charitable to your brethren, God will be merciful to you and yours. The alms that you give will draw down upon you the blessing of your heavenly Father, and the preservation of those that are most dear to you. Ye rich, the beggar has with you a common origin; it is your flesh and blood that you succor; in rescuing your brethren from the sorrows of poverty you work also their conversion. The alms which you give them makes them renounce the bad actions they meditated. You yourselves in thus laying aside from your fortune a part for the poor, escape the dangers of avarice or of vain and often ruinous habits. What further shall I say to you, O ye rich? It is perhaps Jesus Christ in person who demands your alms. In giving it, you render yourselves like the God whose love extends itself to all men, who are all poor compared to you. See how Jesus Christ commends him who gives a cup of water in his name, how he glorifies the charity of the Samaritan. In following the example of the God Saviour who passed his life in doing good, you will make to yourselves friends, who, when the earth shall crumble under your feet, will receive you into eternal tabernacles.

MAN.

SEE how beneath the moonbeam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And murmuring then subsides to rest;
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on time's eventful sea;
And, having swelled a moment there,
Thus sinks into eternity!—MOORE.

CATHOLIC MELODIES.

NO. I.

THE subject illustrated in the following beautiful lines of Moina, is that article of Catholic faith which regards the honor and invocation of the saints; a doctrine so consonant to the best feelings of our nature, that were we even unenlightened by revelation in reference to it, the heart would spontaneously dictate the sentiments which it authorizes. The muse, prompted by the innate power of truth alone, has thus represented a deceased daughter, addressing her mother on earth, and pouring forth her feelings of devotedness to a father whom she had quickly followed to the land of spirits.

"O mother!—He is here
 To whom my soul so grew,
 That when death's fatal spear
 Stretched him upon his bier,
 I fain must follow too!
 His smile my infant griefs restrained—
 His image in my childish dream
 And o'er my young affections reigned,
 With gratitude unuttered and supreme.
 But yet till these refulgent skies burst forth in radiant glow,
 I know not half the unmeasured debt a daughter's heart doth owe.
 Ask ye, if still his heart retains its ardent glow?
 Ask ye, if filial love
 Unbodied spirits prove?
 'Tis but a little space, and thou shalt rise to know.
 I bend to soothe thy woes,
 How near—thou canst not see—
 I watch thy lone repose,
 Alice doth comfort thee;
 To welcome thee I wait—blest mother! come to me."

Notwithstanding the sanction which the Catholic belief on this point finds in the un-biased promptings of nature, it is certain that none of her principles or practices have been more misrepresented than that which relates to the honor and invocation of the saints. And what is her doctrine after all? Simply that they who have reached the haven of eternal life, and are associated with the celestial spirits are entitled to our respect; that they who by their unwavering and

zealous pursuit of virtue in this life, have attained to the bright recompence of the just, are worthy of our imitation. Is there anything objectionable in this, or at variance with the teachings of the gospel? Equally unexceptionable is the practice of invoking the assistance of those who dwell above. In teaching us that it is useful to implore their intercession, the Church is careful to instruct us at the same time, that we should invoke their aid "in the same order of fraternal connexion with which we solicit each other's assistance in this world;" that as they are more agreeable to the Almighty than we are, we beg of them to obtain for us, what perhaps would be refused to our own unworthiness; and consequently that to have recourse to the saints is perfectly consistent with the fundamental principle of our faith, that there "is but one mediator of God and men, the man Christ Jesus." (1 Tim.) He is the great and sole mediator of redemption. The saints in heaven and our brethren on earth, are mediators of intercession. In addressing ourselves to the saints, we say, *pray for us*, while to God alone we properly say, *have mercy upon us*. In whatever terms the prayers addressed to the saints are couched, the intention of the Church and of the faithful always reduces them to the form just mentioned, and hence no attribute is given to the saints which may not be predicated of the creature. But how can they hear our prayers? It might as well be asked, how can "the angels in heaven rejoice upon a sinner's doing penance." That the repentance of man does awaken a lively joy among them, is expressly stated in the inspired volume, and this truth abundantly shows that the spiritual welfare of those on earth is an object of deep solicitude for the saints in heaven. Hence the practice of the Catholic Church in all ages has been, as it is now, to implore the assistance of their prayers, and at the present day she still makes men-

tion of them in her august sacrifice, as was customary in primitive times. Now as then, her language is that of St. Cyril: "when we offer sacrifice we make mention

of those who have preceded us in the sleep of death, to the end that God, by their supplications, may receive our prayers."

ED.

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED BY THE PERUSAL, AFTER HER DEATH, OF A LETTER FROM A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

WHERE is the hand that fondly traced
Affection's language here?
Where the warm heart by feeling graced—
The anxious bosom,—where?
The eye that dwelt in trustful love
On each fresh written line,
The parted lip just seen to move
Breathing its prayer divine,—

Where are they now? that hand, that heart,
That lip, and beaming eye:—
'Twere vain to bid the thought depart,
They live, they *act* on high.
Death's curtain like a shade may fall,
And hide what God has given,
But still, triumphant o'er all,
The spirit soars to heaven.

The ray that lights a woman's life
Is kindled from above,
As sister, daughter, mother, wife,
Still burns the lamp of love;
Immortal fire! though all beside,
Were quenched, or cold, or dim,
Still wouldst thou glow! thus when *she* died
Thy light shone bright for *him*.

And now, in realms beyond the sky,
Where guardian spirits move,
'Tis sweet to think that watching eye
Still beams on him in love;
'Tis sweet to *know* that sainted one,
His fond desires may hear,
And kneeling at the Saviour's throne,
Repeat for him her prayer.

Thrice blessed is the faith which brings
Hope's sunbeam to the soul,
And still its brightening radiance flings,
Where grief's dark billows roll;
Soothing the tempest where it falls,
Like oil upon the waves;
And when despair the heart appals,
Cheers, sanctifies, and saves.

From a Puseyite work.

SS. GERVASIUS AND PROTASIUS.

AT the time when St. Ambrose was resisting the heretical designs of Justina and Valentinian, he was proceeding to the dedication of a certain church at Milan which remains there to this day, with the name of "St. Ambrose the greater;" and was urged by the people to bury relics of martyrs under the altar, as he had lately done in the case of the basilica of the apostles. This was according to the usage of those times, desirous thereby both of honoring those who had braved death for Christ's sake, and of hallowing religious places with the mortal instruments of their triumph. Ambrose in consequence gave orders to open the ground in the church of St. Nabor, as a spot likely to have been the burying place of martyrs during the heathen persecutions.

Augustine, who was in Milan at the time, alleges that Ambrose was directed in his search by a dream. Ambrose himself is evidently reserved on the subject in his letter to his sister, though he was accustomed to make her his confidant in his ecclesiastical proceedings; he only speaks of his heart having burnt within him in presage of what was to happen. The digging commenced, and in due time two skeletons were discovered, of great size, perfect and disposed in an orderly way; the head of each, however, separated from the body and a quantity of blood about. That they were the remains of martyrs, none could reasonably doubt, and their names were ascertained to be Gervasius and Protasius, how it does not appear; but certainly it was not so alleged on any traditionary information or for any popular object, since they proved to be quite new names to the Church of the day, though some elderly men at length recollected hearing of them in former years. Nor is it wonderful that the saints should have been forgotten, considering the number of the apostolic martyrs, among whom Gervasius and Protasius have a place.

It seems to have been usual in that day

to verify the genuineness of relics, by bringing some of the energumeni, or possessed with devils to them. Such afflicted persons were present with St. Ambrose during the search; and, before the service for exorcism commenced, one of them gave the well-known signs of horror and distress which were customarily excited by the presence of what had been the tabernacle of divine grace.

The skeletons were raised and transported to the neighboring church of Fausta. The next day, June 18th, on which they were to be conveyed to their destination, a vast concourse of people attended the procession. This was the moment chosen by divine providence to give, as it were, signal to his Church, that, though years passed on, he was still what he had been from the beginning, a living and a faithful God, wonder-working, as in the life time of the apostles, and true to his word as spoken by his prophets unto a thousand generations. There was in Milan a man of middle age, well known in that place, by the name of Severus, who, having become blind, had given up his trade, and was now supported by charitable persons. Being told the cause of the shoutings in the street, he persuaded his guide to lead him to the sacred relics. He came near; he touched the cloth which covered them; and he regained his sight immediately.

This relation deserves our special notice from its distinct miraculousness and its circumstantial character; but numerous other miracles are stated to have followed. Various diseases were cured and demoniacs dispossessed by the touch of the holy bodies or their envelopments.

Now for the evidence on which the whole matter rests. Our witnesses are three; St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, and St. Paulinus, the secretary of the latter, who after his death addressed a short memoir of his life to the former.

St. Augustine, in three separate passages

in his works, two of which shall be here quoted, gives his testimony. First, in his City of God, in an enumeration of miracles which had taken place since the apostles' time, he begins with that which he himself had witnessed in the city of St. Ambrose.

"The miracle," he says, "which occurred at Milan, while I was there, when a blind man gained his sight, was of a kind to come to the knowledge of many, because the city is large, and the emperor was there at the time; and it was wrought with the witness of a vast multitude; who had come together to the bodies of the martyrs Protasius and Gervasius; which, being at the time concealed and altogether unknown, were discovered on the revelation of a dream to Ambrose the bishop; upon which the blind man was released from his former darkness, and saw the day."—xxii. 8.

And next, in his sermon upon the feast day of the two martyrs:

"We are celebrating, my brethren, the day on which by Ambrose the bishop that man of God, there was discovered, precious in the sight of the Lord, the death of his saints; of which so great glory of the martyrs, then accruing, even I was a witness. I was there, I was at Milan, I know the miracles which were done; God attesting to the precious death of his saints; that by those miracles henceforth, not in the Lord's sight only, but in the sight of men also; that death might be precious. A blind man, perfectly well known to the whole city, was restored to sight, and ran: he caused himself to be brought near, he returned without a guide. We have not yet heard of his death; perhaps he is still alive. In the church where their bodies are, he had vowed his whole life to religious service. We rejoiced in his restoration, we left him in service."

The third passage will be found in the ninth book of St. Austin's Confessions, and adds to the foregoing extracts the important fact that the miracle was the cause of Justina's relinquishing her persecution of the Catholics.

Now let us proceed to the evidence of St. Ambrose, as contained in the sermons which he preached upon the occasion. In the for-

mer of the two, he speaks as follows of the miracles wrought by the relics:

"You know, nay, ye have yourselves seen, many cleansed from evil spirits, and numbers loosed from their infirmities, on laying their heads on the garments of the saints. Ye see renewed the miracles of the old time, when, through the advent of the Lord Jesus, a fuller grace poured itself upon the earth; ye see most men healed by the very shadow of the sacred bodies. How many were the napkins which passed to and fro! what anxiety for garments which had been laid upon the most holy relics, and made salutary by their very touch! It is an object with all to reach even to the extreme border, and he who reaches it will be made whole. Thanks be to thee, Lord Jesus, for awakening for us at this time the spirits of the holy martyrs, when thy Church needs greater guardianship. Let all understand the sort of champions I ask for, those who may act as champions, not as assailants. And such have I gained for thee, my people, a benefit to all, a harm to none. Such defenders I solicit, such soldiers I possess, not the world's soldiers, but soldiers of Christ. I fear not that such will excite envy; because the higher in their guardianship, the less exceptionable is it also. Nay, for them even who may envy me the martyrs, do I wish they may be patrons. So let them come and see my body guard; I own I have such arms about me. 'These put their trust in chariots, and these in horses; but we will exalt ourselves in the name of the Lord our God.'"

"Elisæus, as the course of the holy scripture tells us, when surrounded by the Syrian army, said to his frightened servant, by way of calming him, 'There are more for us than are against us.' And to prove this, he begged that Gehazi's eyes might be opened; upon which the latter saw innumerable hosts of angels present. We, though we cannot see them, yet are sensible of them. Our eyes were held as long as the bodies of the saints lay hid in their graves. The Lord has opened our eyes: we saw those aids by which we have often been defended. We had not the sight of these, yet we had the possession. And so, as though the Lord said to us in our alarm, 'Behold what mar-

tyrs I have given you!" in like manner our eyes are unclosed, and we see the glory of the Lord, which showed itself once in the passion of the martyrs, and now in their efficacy. We have got clear, my brethren, of no slight a load of shame; we had patrons yet we knew it not. We have found this one thing, in which we have the advantage of our forefathers; they lost the knowledge of these holy martyrs, and we have gained it.

"Bring the victorious victims to the spot where is Christ the sacrifice. But he upon the altar, who suffered for all; they under it, who were redeemed by his passion. I had intended this spot for myself; for it is fitting that where the priest had been used to offer, there he should repose; but I yield the right side to the sacred victims; that spot was due to the martyrs. Therefore let us bury the hallowed relics, and introduce them into a fitting home; and celebrate the whole day with sincere devotion!"

In his latter sermon, preached the following day, he pursues the subject:

"This your celebration, they are jealous of who are wont to be; and being jealous of it, they hate the cause of it, and are extravagant enough to deny the merits of those martyrs, whose works the very devils confess. Nor is it wonderful; it commonly happens that the faithlessness of unbelievers is more extreme than the confession of the devil. For the devil said, 'Jesus, Son of the living God, why hast thou come to torment us before the time?' And, whereas the Jews heard this, yet they were the very men to deny the Son of God. And now ye have heard the evil spirits crying out, and confessing to the martyrs, that they cannot bear their pains, and saying, 'Why have you come to torment us so heavily?' And the Arians say, 'They are not martyrs, nor can they torment the devil, nor dispossess any one;' while the torments of the evil spirits are evidenced by their own voice, and the benefits of the martyrs by the recovery of the healed, and the proofs of the dispossessed.

"The Arians say, 'These are not real torments of evil spirits, but they are pretended and counterfeit.' I have heard of many things pretended, but no one ever could succeed in feigning himself a devil.

How is it we see them in such distress when the hand is laid on them? What room is here for fraud? What suspicion of imposture?"

"They deny that the blind man received sight; but he does not deny he was cured. He says, 'I see who afore saw not.' He says, 'I cease to be blind,' and he evidences it by the fact. They deny the benefit, who cannot deny the fact. The man is well known; employed as he was, before his affliction, in a public trade, Severus his name; a butcher his business: he had given it up when this misfortune befel him. He refers to the testimony of men whose charities were supporting him; he summons them as evidence of his present visitation, who were witnesses and judges of his blindness. He cries out that, on his touching the hem of the martyr's garment, which covered the relics, his sight was restored to him. We read in the gospel, that when the Jews saw the cure of the blind man, they sought the testimony of the parents. Ask others, if you distrust me; ask persons unconnected with him, if you think his parents would take a side. The obstinacy of these Arians is more hateful than that of the Jews. When the latter doubted, they inquired of the parents; these inquire secretly, deny openly, as giving credit to the fact, but denying the author."—Ep. 22.

We may corroborate the evidence of those two fathers with that of Paulinus, who was secretary to St. Ambrose, and wrote his life, about A. D. 499.

"About the same time," he says, "the holy martyrs Protasius and Gervasius revealed themselves to God's priest. They lay in the basilica, where, at present, are the bodies of the martyrs Nabor and Felix; while, however, the holy martyrs Nabor and Felix had crowds to visit them, the names as well as the graves of the Martyrs Protasius and Gervasius were unknown; so that all who wished to come to the rails which protected the graves of the martyrs Nabor and Felix were used to walk on the graves of the others. But when the bodies of the holy martyrs were raised and placed on litters, thereupon many possessions of the devil were detected. Moreover, a blind

man, by name Severus, who up to this day performs religious service in the basilica called Ambrosian, into which the bodies of the martyrs have been translated, when he had touched the garment of the martyrs, forthwith received sight. Moreover, bodies possessed by unclean spirits were restored, and with all blessedness returned home. And by means of these benefits of the martyrs, while the faith of the Catholic Church made increase, by so much did Arian misbelief decline."—§ 14.

Now I want to know what reason is there for stumbling at the above narrative, which will not throw uncertainty upon the very fact, that there was such a bishop as Ambrose, or such an empress as Justina, or such a heresy as the Arian, or any church at all in Milan. Let us consider some of the circumstances under which it comes to us.

1. We have the concordant evidence of those distinct witnesses, of whom at least two were on the spot when the alleged miracles were wrought; one writing at the time, another some years afterwards, in a distant country. And the third, writing after an interval of twenty-six years, agrees minutely with the evidence of the two former, not adding to the miraculous narratives, as in the manner of those who lose their delicate care for exactness in their admiration of the things and persons of whom they speak.

2. The miracle was wrought in public, in the case of a person well known, one who continued to live in the place where it was professedly wrought, and who, by devoting himself to the service of the martyrs who were the instruments of his cure, was a continual memorial of the mercy which he professed to have received, and challenged inquiry into it, and refutation, if that were possible.

3. Ambrose, one of our informants, publicly appealed, at the time when the occurrence took place, to the general belief; claimed it for the miracle, and that in a sermon which is still extant.

4. He made his statement in the presence of bitter and most powerful enemies, who were much concerned, and very able to expose the fraud if there was one; who did, as might be expected, deny the hand of God

in the matter; but who, for all that appears, did nothing but deny what they could not consistently confess without ceasing to be what they were.

5. A great and practical impression was made upon the popular mind in consequence of the alleged miracles: or, in the words of a historian whose profession it is to disbelieve them: "Their effect on the minds of the people was rapid and irresistible; and the feeble sovereign of Italy found himself unable to contend with the favorite of heaven."*

6. And so powerfully did all this press upon the court, that, as the last words of this extract intimate, the persecution was given up, and the Catholics left in quiet possession of the churches.

On the whole, then, are we not in the following dilemma:—If the miracle did not take place, then St. Ambrose and St. Augustine, men of name, said they had ascertained a fact which they did not ascertain, and said it in the face of enemies, with an appeal to a whole city, and that continued during a quarter of a century. What instrument of refutation shall we devise against a case like this, neither so violently *a priori* as to supersede the apostles' testimony, nor so fastidious of evidence as to imperil Tacitus or Cæsar? On the other hand, if the miracle did take place, a certain measure of authority, more or less, surely must thereby attach to St. Ambrose—to his doctrine and his life, to his ecclesiastical principles and proceedings, to the Church itself of the fourth century, of which he is one main pillar. The miracle gives a certain sanction to three things at once, to the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity, to the Church's resistance of the civil power, and to the commemoration of saints and martyrs.

Which alternative shall the Protestant accept? shall we retreat or shall we advance? shall we relapse into scepticism upon all subjects, or sacrifice our deep-rooted prejudices? shall we give up our knowledge of times past altogether, or endure to gain a knowledge which we think we have already—the knowledge of divine truth?

* Gibbon's Hist. ch. 27.

From the London Catholic.

PUBLIC CHARITY AND PRIMARY INSTRUCTION AT ROME.

Concluded from page 43.

THE Popes have the honor of being the first authorities in Europe who established asylums for foundlings, whose not uncommon fate it had been to be thrown into the Tiber. An establishment for this purpose was opened by Pope Innocent in the year 1198—a decided proof that in the so-called dark ages the light of civilization was not absent from the holy see. A similar hospital was opened by St. Vincent de Paul in Paris, in the year 1638; in London no such establishment existed until within the last century. Outside the gate of the hospital a place is prepared for the reception of the deserted infant; the moment it is found it is taken in and treated with all the necessary attentions. A due record is immediately made of the day and hour when the child was discovered, and if any note, or token, or mark of any description, intended to be proof of its identity, be found upon it, it is preserved with the most religious care. A number of nurses, who are exceedingly well taken care of, are always in attendance, in order to supply the poor little stranger at once with his natural food. Infants are also sometimes sent out to the care of women, who, having lost their own children while at the breast, make application at the establishment, such applications being at the same time, accompanied by certificates from their *cures* that their own infants have recently died. Proper inspectors are appointed to visit the houses in which the infants under the protection of the asylum are placed. Suitable payments are made to these extern nurses, who keep the child until it is seven years old. They then return it to the hospital. If it be a boy, and the nurse desires to keep him, she is allowed to do so, provided she be in circumstances that will allow her to take proper care of him. The orphan thus

adopted is usually as much beloved as if his nurse had been his own mother.

The cares of the asylum do not end with merely bringing up the child to the age of eight or ten years, and then binding him an apprentice to some heartless master, as is too often the case in London, whose chief object is the fee paid upon signing the indenture. At Rome the rule is to send him to a large agricultural establishment near the Monte Romano, where he is initiated in the practice of husbandry; or if, after a trial, he be not found fit for this pursuit, he is sent to another establishment, at Viterbo, where he is taught some trade. Should he like to try his fortune in the world, when he is twenty years old, he is permitted so to do, and is furnished with a purse of ten crowns. Should he prefer going into the House of Industry, or in any other public establishment in Rome, his wishes are accomplished. Here is truly a system of charity, perfect in all its parts, which is not to be found in any other part of the world.

The great defect in the London charities, a defect from which our own Catholic institutions are by no means exempt, is the want of some safe system for the provision of the children after they have completed the course of instruction which those institutions afford. With boys they have not so much difficulty as with girls. The former are usually put out to trades, and we believe that, upon the whole, they are very well disposed of. But with respect to the girls, there are a thousand difficulties to be combated. They are indeed, uniformly well instructed in plain needle work, which is a most precarious, and at best but a miserable employment for them after they quit the charity, in consequence of the vast competition with which they have to struggle. In addition to this employment, some of the

girls are also taught to do the work of cooks and housemaids. But unhappily these are duties to which they very unwillingly apply after they quit their asylums. Having been brought up in comparative indolence, so far as bodily exertion is concerned, and with a degree of neatness and perhaps delicacy which are not the very best preparations for the execution of menial offices, they soon get tired of occupations for which they certainly are not fitted; and are but too seldom found to give satisfaction in the families which are disposed to employ them.

In Rome great difficulties have been experienced upon this point, and after the experiments that have been tried, we do not know that these difficulties have been altogether removed. Through the exertions of Monsignor Virgilio Spada, a woollen and linen manufactory has been established, in which a certain number of the foundling girls, as well those brought up in the asylum as those restored by extern nurses, are employed. In order to excite them to industry, they are entitled to receive a portion of the gains realized by their labor. At the same time they are bound to take their turn in performing all the household work of the community into which they are formed; and a degree of labor is purposely imposed upon them, with a view to induce them to seek employment in families in which they would not have quite so much to do. This is so far an excellent system. In England, the charity girl goes into the service of a family from a previous condition of almost entire ease. In Rome she is made to work hard before she goes out, and finding her new situation one attended with less labor, she easily and cheerfully executes the duties assigned to her. We strongly recommend it to the governors of our charities to take this plan into their consideration, with a view to see if steps could not be taken to establish something like it in this country.

Besides this manufactory, a large conservatory has been appended to the asylum, in which all the departments for washing, drying, and repairing linen have been formed. Here also needle-work of the finest kind, embroidery, &c., are carried on. Unfortunately it has not yet paid the great expenses

which it requires, and absorbs out of the general income of the charity (fifty thousand crowns) thirty thousand crowns a year. Considerable numbers of the foundlings taken into the Roman asylum are brought from the provinces and even from Naples.

An admirable institution, not known, we believe, elsewhere, exists at Rome, which was originally founded so far back as the year 1564, under Pius II. A number of devout men associated themselves together, originally for the purpose of attending with particular care, to the chapel of the holy sacrament, in the church of the apostles. Being united for this object, and being, for the most part, men of education and intelligence, they resolved to extend their first design by adding to it practical works of charity. They went about giving spiritual advice and consolation, especially to families that had been reduced by misfortune from a state of comfort to one of privation. They did not give alms to any body who applied to them, until they ascertained by personal inspection of their condition at home, that the applicants really stood in need of assistance. They went further. They acted in the capacity of attorneys, advocates for the poor in all cases in which their services could be rendered useful. They took under their care the infirm and the widow, the young maiden in danger of being corrupted (whom they handed over to the protection of some pious lady), and applied their best energies to the settlement of quarrels arising amongst friends and relatives. The members of this most excellent confraternity wear no particular habit; they are all wealthy, and mostly nobles. Their number does not exceed fourteen, and they, according to one of their rules, expend at least sixty crowns a year in charity. What a contrast does this confraternity offer to the conduct of our young noblemen, who spend the best days of their early youth on the turf and in the gambling house, and in practising, whenever they can do so with impunity, all the arts of seduction. Oh that our tourists who find Rome such a "sink of corruption," would but endeavor to gain a little acquaintance

with its real condition! They would find it, instead of the degraded city which they ignorantly and presumptuously suppose it to be, an example of real charity, piety, and true civilization which has no equal in the world.

Great as is the number of clergy in Rome, they are all carefully provided for. There is a fund called the "ecclesiastical subsidy;" this fund is under the administration of twelve secular clergymen, and its benefits are intended for poor ecclesiastical students engaged in going through their education at the university. At Christmas, and on the festival of St. Peter, these students receive each from ten to twelve or fifteen crowns, according to his merit. Each of the members has two or more students under his care, whom he treats with the most paternal attentions, directing their moral conduct, informing himself as to the progress of their studies, and, above all, watching to see if they possess a real vocation for the ecclesiastical state. The moment one of these students is ordained, his name is erased from the list, and his place is filled by one of the supernumeraries on the list.

One of the oldest and most remarkable societies in Rome is that which has been established for the ransom of captives, and for providing portions for young women who are about to be married. It was originally founded in the year 1264, in the time of Urban IV. The overthrow of the piracy system in the Mediterranean has put an end to that branch of their institution which concerns the ransom of captives; the other still remains in vigor. They bestow, as rewards for distinguished piety, from fourteen to twenty crowns on each candidate who can prove her claims to their bounty. Akin to this is another association, whose object is to save from the perils of seduction young females who might otherwise have perished. Urban VII was so much struck with the utility of this society, that he bequeathed to it all his fortune. The presents on marriage amount from eighty to one hundred crowns for each female. The qualifications are, that she shall have been born in Rome, in legitimate marriage, and that her life has been thoroughly free from reproach. With

respect to these qualifications, the most searching inquiries are made before a certificate of dowry is given to her. She must have been full three years upon the list before she is admitted to the benefit of the institution. The certificate is given on the festival of the Annunciation, in the church of St. Mary of the Minerva, by the Pope himself, who repairs to the church for that purpose. The young *fiancees* proceed through the streets, decked out in their bridal attire, amid a crowd of their relatives and friends. It is one of the gayest processions seen in Rome.

Indeed, in no other part of the world is there so much provision made for the encouragement of matrimony, by means of dowries, such as we have mentioned. There is scarcely any public institution which does not, more or less, contribute to them; and it is a very favorite mode of bestowing their bounty with numbers of private individuals. The scrupulous inquiries which are made beforehand as to the conduct of the females who want, and wish to obtain these dowries, act with the most beneficial effects upon their religious and moral demeanor, and this again tends to insure the happiness of domestic life, and to propagate that system of virtue which prevails more extensively at Rome, in proportion to its population, than in any other city of Christendom.

Formerly in England, France, and Belgium, there were societies of barristers, who took up gratuitously the causes of the poor, and pleaded for them before the tribunals. These societies no longer exist. There is a similar institution in Rome, of very ancient date, which was founded by Ivone, an advocate, and a native of Brittany, in France. The members assembled every Sunday, in the church of St. Paul Decapite; after chanting the divine offices, and having heard mass, they repaired to a chamber provided for their use, where they examined the papers deposited there for their inspection upon behalf of the poor, and if they found the claims of the parties to be valid in law, they undertook their causes. The institution is under the patronage of a cardinal, and of a prelate who is also a member of the Roman magistracy. The associates are all

men of the law. Several highly distinguished lawyers have graced this institution with their names, and promoted its utility by their services. Amongst these was Benedict XIV, while still a practitioner at the bar, under the name of Lambertini.

The lotteries established or encouraged at Rome have given much cause of "scandal" to some of our prudish travellers. It should therefore be mentioned, that no part of the profits of these adventures goes to the Roman government. It is either expended in providing dowries for worthy marriageable females, or in other works of charity equally laudable and useful. The objection to the system is, that it induces the poor to speculate upon tickets to an extent beyond their means, and to contract habits of gambling, by betting among themselves on particular numbers. In answer, it is said, that people want this kind of excitement, and that any attempt now to suppress it would be attended with a greater degree of danger than might be generally supposed. There are undoubtedly some things in the habits of the people of every country which the government is well inclined to extirpate, if it could. But the risks are so great, that any experiment undertaken with a view to accomplish such an object, would show that the right course must be postponed to the expedient. To endure and to encourage are two very different things; and if evil spring out of the lotteries, it belongs to those who commit it, while all the good that comes from them is turned to the best advantage. If they were now to be established for the first time, no virtuous government could, of course, give its sanction to them. There is no country in Europe in which they do not exist upon a scale more or less limited, England alone excepted. But it may be added, that there is more gambling carried on in one day upon the Stock Exchange of London than there is in Rome for a whole year—the money value of the wagers, for such they may be called, being considered. Yet can the government be fairly censured for not attempting to put it down?

The confraternity of St. Jerome, amongst other things, has the charge of attending to the prisons. It took upon itself, at one time,

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the whole of the expense attending the management of the prison in Via Giulia, erected by Innocent X, and which the celebrated Howard considered as the most healthy prison in Europe. But the funds of the society falling short after awhile, they were obliged to obtain assistance from the apostolic chamber. They attend the prison every Sunday, when a sermon is preached; they catechize the prisoners, and are powerfully aided in their good work by the Jesuits, who frequently give lectures in the prison, and adopt every possible means of bringing home to its inmates the great truths of the Christian doctrine. Oh! what a contrast is here with the mode in which our English prisons are conducted, in which the protestant chaplains content themselves with reading their dry and unimpressive forms of service once a week, and from which every low and "ingenious device" is had recourse to, in order to prevent the Catholic clergy from attending to persons of their own faith!

Near the prison of Innocent, commonly called the New Prison, there is a penitentiary for juvenile delinquents. Each of these young offenders is kept in a cell by himself, where he is employed in some labor, and is obliged to observe the strictest silence. They are under the particular care of a society of clergymen, who are almost in constant attendance, for the purpose of instructing and reforming these youthful culprits.

In addition to these societies, there is also another, called the "Compassionate Society," who occupy themselves in preventing, by every kind office, the creditors of poor workmen from enforcing the law of imprisonment against them. They also inspect the provisions supplied to the establishment, and take care that it is of a wholesome quality. The beds, the linen, in short, every thing connected with the health of the inmates, is under their particular care. Other associations give their aid and consolations in the prisons in which prisoners accused of serious crimes are detained, and convicts sentenced to undergo the penalties of the law are kept previously to their being subjected to the punishment pronounced against them.

But we have no space left to pursue these subjects any further. The enumeration we have given of the charitable institutions in Rome falls very short of the number which might be added; but we might challenge the world to produce a list of charities so ample even as that we have given, sustained by private endowment and the assistance of the state itself, without any aid from a poor-law system, and applied to so many

of the exigencies of human life. We cannot conclude without giving a just meed of praise to the original author and the translator of the work, which has enabled us to lay these interesting details before our readers. They will at least serve to show that Rome is not behind hand in the work of practical charity—nay, that, in that respect, it may well challenge a comparison with any nation upon earth.

CEREMONIES OF HOLY WEEK AT ROME.

NO. II.

CONNECTION OF THESE CEREMONIES WITH HISTORY.

Concluded from page 51.

UNDER Constantine the Church gained freedom, and the right to breathe, and still more the power of expanding her outward form and displaying all her beauty. To this period belong many of the functions of Holy Week, one or two of which deserve more particular notice; and first is the act of solemn veneration shown to the cross of Christ on Good Friday, known by the name of "The Adoration of the Cross." Two things seem to deserve particular notice, the origin of the ceremony, and the term applied to it.

When Helen, the emperor's mother, discovered the cross of Christ in his sepulchre, we are told that it was exposed to the veneration of the faithful. From this moment the custom arose in the Church of Jerusalem, and from it spread so rapidly over the east and west, as to become very soon universal. St. Paulinus informs us, that once a year the portion of the same cross preserved there was solemnly brought out, and that this was at Easter; and he defines the day more accurately, by saying it was on the day which celebrated the mystery of the cross, that is Good Friday. St. Gregory of Tours mentions the same custom.* This

rite was soon adopted at Constantinople, where a portion of the same cross was offered to the veneration of the faithful in the church of St. Sophia, as Ven. Bede and other writers inform us. Indeed, the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus has described minutely the ceremonies used on that occasion. Leo Allatius has proved the prevalence of the custom among other nations in the east. Cardinal Borgia published a manuscript preserved in the Propaganda, and written in Syriac, entitled "The rite of saluting the Cross as observed in the Syrian Church at Antioch." Two other copies of the ceremonial, formerly belonging to the Maronite College, are now in the Vatican Library, and amply attest the prevalence of this rite in the oriental Church. Naironus, himself a Syrian, has minutely described the ceremony as performed by the Maronites, or ancient Christians of Mount Libanus, on this very day. The ritual is entitled, "Order of the adoration of the Cross," and is prescribed to be observed on Good Friday. The proclamation and prayers are nearly word for word the same as ours, and after them the cross is placed on a seat or cushion in the church, and surrounded by two priests and two deacons, who sing the Trisagion, or "thrice holy," before mentioned, just as you will find observed in the pontifical chapel.

* Sophronius attributes the conversion of St. Mary of Egypt, to her making a voyage and journey to Jerusalem to kiss the cross on this day, and finding herself unable to enter the church.

The exact conformity of rites, and even words, in the liturgies of different countries, is a strong presumptive argument of great antiquity. In fact, this rite seems to have been soon adopted in the western Church; for we find it mentioned in the Sacramentary of Pope Gelasius, the most ancient existing, as approved and corrected by the learned Muratori. The antiphon now used at the ceremony is in the Antiphonary of St. Gregory, and in the Roman order which Mabillon refers to that pontiff's time. What farther confirms the origin of this rite from the custom of the Church of Jerusalem is, that the expressions used in it clearly refer to the true cross there preserved: "Behold the wood of the cross whereon our salvation hung." We have then clearly, in this instance, a ceremonial expressive of the triumph of Christianity—of the exaltation of its sacred emblem above every other badge, a proclamation of the principle, that through it alone salvation was wrought, the vindication of it from ignominy and hatred, which, for three centuries, had been its lot, and the paying of a public tribute of honor, love, and veneration, to him who hung upon it, in reparation of the blasphemy, and, in his disciples, persecution, wherewith he had been visited. All these are precisely the natural feelings of the age, which first saw Christianity not only free but triumphant: and which, having discovered the very instruments of redemption, would have acted unfeelingly, if, like the murderers of our Lord, it had allowed them to be again thrown into oblivion, and had not displayed, in their presence, some of the affectionate sentiments inspired by the event which they attested.

But I may be asked, why make this declaration of sentiment in so strong a form, and why give it so grating a name as "adoration?" In fairness, I should send any one asking such a question, for his answer, to them who first introduced the rite, and with it the name. For, had we brought it in, since this word sounds harsh, we might, peradventure, deserve blame, as not having regard to others' feelings. But if a word changes its meaning, after we have adopted it, it would argue great weakness and fickle-

ness of purpose in us to abandon it, as it supposes some extravagance in those who ask us to do it. For it is meet on the contrary, that, amidst the fluctuations and changes in speech, some landmarks should remain, to ascertain the original meanings of words; which would not be the case if every use of them varied with them. Our lawyers and our statutes choose to preserve the old words of our language, even where custom has long since changed their meaning, when they speak of the *seizin* of an estate to signify its lawful possession; or of *letting* a man do an action, when they mean to signify preventing it. As the dialect of law, so is that of religion; or rather this is far more unchangeable, as are its purposes; and as the Church has chosen to preserve the Latin language rather than adopt the later tongues that have sprung up, so has she in this kept her words as she first found them, and not altered them when men have given them new meanings. The same principle has prevented either change.

Now, wherever the rite of venerating the cross of Christ has been introduced, it has ever borne that maligned title of "adoration." Nay, I can show you, that in the east and west this expression was used, even when the hatred to idolatry was the strongest. Lactantius, or the author of a most ancient poem upon the Passion, thus exclaims—

"Flecte genu, lignumque crucis venerabile adora."

"Bend the knee, and adore the venerable wood of the cross." An ancient martyr is described, by Bishop Simeon, as thus addressing his judge: "I and my daughter were baptized in the Holy Trinity, and his cross I adore; and for him," that is Christ, "I will willingly die, as will my daughter." This passage is from an oriental writer, who surely would not have put into a martyr's mouth, about to die for refusing to worship idolatrously, words which savored themselves of that heinous crime. The Greeks used the very same word. For in the old Greek version of St. Ephrem, who was the most ancient Syriac father, and which was made, if not in his life-time, very soon after, we find these words, "The cross ruleth,

which all nations adore, (*σπορευοίσι*) and all people."^{*}

The word, therefore, signified veneration, and the rite must be more ancient than the modern meaning of "supreme worship," which it now bears. And it would be as foolish in us to change the word, because others have changed its meaning, as it would be for the Anglicans to alter the marriage rite, where the bride and bridegroom declare, that with their bodies they worship one another; because the presbyterians, or rather independents of Cromwell, would have *worship* paid to no man; or, because in modern speech, the word is restricted to divine service. But if any one should prefer to give our word its ordinary meaning, I have no great objection, provided he will allow us, who surely have the right, to determine the object towards which our homage and adoration tend—to wit, Him who hung and bled and died upon the cross, and not its material substance. Nor would such a distinction savor of modern refinement and sophistry, seeing it is that of St. Jerom, who thus speaks of Paula, in her epitaph:—"Prostrate before our Lord's cross, she so adored, as though she beheld our Lord himself hanging thereon."[†] The fathers of the seventh general council fully explain this matter, and vindicate the words and forms in which this worship is at present exhibited. Thus much has seemed necessary, to prevent any of you being withheld, by any mistaken feelings, from fully valuing this most ancient and venerable recollection of the first liberation of Christianity from the house of temporal bondage, and its first erection of a public triumphant worship. To this same period, I think, we may safely refer the use of processions, especially that of Palm Sunday; for it, like the foregoing, is to be found, immediately after, universal throughout the Church. For in the east they have, from the earliest ages, practised the ceremony of carrying palm and olive branches to the church on Lazarus Saturday, as the eve of Palm Sunday used to be called, and having them blessed the next

day. At Constantinople it was customary for the emperor to distribute the palms with great solemnity to all his courtiers. In Rome it would seem, from old documents published by Mabillon, that originally the blessing of the palms for the papal chapel took place in a small church, called our Lady of the Tower, (Sta. Maria ad Turrin), from its being situated beside the belfry of the old Vatican church, and that thence the procession moved and ended at the high altar of St. Peter's. It may not be out of place to mention, that, anciently, the ceremonies of each day used to be performed in different churches, with the Pope's attendance, and that the memory of this circumstance, unimportant as it may be, has been carefully recorded in the service. For, to that of each day, you will find prefixed the title of a church, as the station of the day; that is, as the place where the pontiff and the faithful stood to pray. But, for some centuries, this custom has been disused; and all the functions have been reunited in the Vatican and its chapels.

Martene had affirmed, that no trace of the ceremonies of this Sunday could be discovered in the Roman Church before the eighth or even the ninth century. But this assertion has been fully refuted by Cardinal Tommasi, Meratus, and others. For the old Roman calendar, published by Martene himself, as belonging to the fourth or fifth century, mentions the palms and the station at St. John's. In the sacramentary of St. Gregory, the prayer mentions the palm branches borne in their hands by the faithful.*

This again is a ceremony strongly bearing, like the one before described, the signet of its age, beautifully characteristic of the season of triumph and pre-eminence which the Church had begun to enjoy: and an apt record of that feeling, in which it could take part in the glories of its acknowledged Lord, as well as sympathize with him in his sufferings.

In the service of Good Friday, we have a little fragment which belongs to a period somewhat later than the foregoing, and betrays its origin by its language. This is the

* De Corrieris de Scessorianis Reliquiis. Rome 1830, p. 134.

† Gretser. De Cruce, p. 566.

* Benedict xiv., De Festis, p. 78.

Trisagion, sung alternately with the *Impropria*, both of which I have several times had occasion to mention. The scripture has more than once recorded the song of the spirits, who stand nearest to God's throne, as being an unceasing repetition of "holy" thrice pronounced. This formula of solemn veneration the Church soon adopted in her daily liturgy, where it yet remains. In the time of Theodosius an epithet was added to each of these exclamations, and a prayer for mercy at the conclusion. The Greek menology not only records this date, but gives a marvellous account of the origin of the triple invocation. It tells us that, in the reign of Theodosius, the city of Constantinople was visited by a frightful earthquake and apparently a whirlwind, in which a boy was caught and raised aloft in the air. The emperor and the patriarch Proclus were present, with an immense multitude, and cried out in the usual form of supplication, "Kyrie eleison," "Lord have mercy upon us." The child came down safe, and called aloud to them to sing the *Trisagion*, or "thrice holy" in this manner: "Holy God! Holy and Mighty, Holy and Immortal." He had scarcely finished these words when he expired. Whatever may be thought of this legend, there can be no objection to the date which it supposes; and certain it is, that, from that time, it has often and often been repeated in different parts of the Greek ritual, thence it passed into the office of Good Friday where it is repeated both in Greek and Latin;—another proof of antiquity, as it must have been admitted before the separation of the two Churches by Photius.

After this period we begin to plunge into the obscurity of an age less distinct in its historical monuments. It becomes extremely difficult to assign the exact date of these ceremonies, which, during it, sprang up, or to discover the authors of the beautiful canticles then inserted into the service. Yet this darkness is not without its interest; and powerfully attests the spirit of those ages in regard to religion. For a difficulty in ascertaining the origin of certain rites proceeds from the gradual, and almost imperceptible manner in which they were communicated from church to church. The love of dan-

gerous innovation had not yet appeared; and it had not been thought necessary to repress any manifestation of devout feeling which might accidentally spring up in particular places, from an assurance that it would be innocent, and strictly according with sound doctrine. In this manner, each great church came to have its own peculiarities; and if they were really worthy of the honor, were soon embraced, at least in part, by others; and so being sifted through the experience of ages, that which was best came to be universally kept, and the less perfect went into disuse, till a certain uniformity was introduced.

The same is to be said of the hymns and other compositions of the middle ages, as they are called; beautiful specimens whereof have been preserved in the Holy Week service; but here is an additional obstacle to our discovery of their origin. For, as in the former, there was no particular necessity for ascertaining the Church from which any special ceremony was received; so here the modesty, or, more christianly to speak, the humility, of the authors, led them to conceal, in every way, their names; so that while every one admires those sweet, and often sublime compositions, such as are also the *Dies Irae*, *Stabat Mater*, &c., hardly one can be attributed to its author with any degree of certainty. The causes of obscurity are thus shown to attest the spirit of this age, in the close communion and charitable bond, without envy and jealousy, of different Churches, and in the humility and true modesty of its saints and sages.

But the functions and ceremonies of this period may be considered in another light, no less important and interesting; as the remains of customs once universal, or very general, but during those ages abolished, yet preserved monumentally in this particular season. In this manner, they are not institutions so much as fragments or remnants of old liturgical forms, which would have disappeared entirely but for this care. Let us illustrate this view by a few examples.

It is well known, that, for several centuries, the communion was generally administered to the faithful under both kinds. Not, indeed, that this was at all considered ne-

cessary for the validity, or even integrity of the sacrament, for it would be easy to prove, by many passages and histories, that it was often given in only one form. Many circumstances, which it is not necessary to detail, conspired to induce the Church to adopt, in lay communion, the form of bread only. I will content myself with one circumstance, which seems to me worthy of notice, as an additional justification of the restriction, after what has been repeatedly urged with success. The Christian religion is one for all times and all places; and its sacraments should be such as to suit this universality of its destination. Now, there are numberless situations in which the faithful would be deprived of the eucharist, could it be lawfully and validly administered only in both forms. For instance, in the interior of China and Siam, with the neighboring countries, almost always in a state of persecution, there are at least half a million of Catholics. Not to consider the obstacles, arising from a state of persecution, to a cultivation, which would betray its object, and consequently defeat it, every attempt to rear the vine has failed in these countries; and the missionaries are obliged to depend for their sacramental wine, on the small quantities which can, with risk even of life, be clandestinely conveyed over the frontier, after it has come from very distant lands. Nay, they are often, especially in the interior, for a long time unable to celebrate mass, on account of this difficulty. There can be no doubt that this multitude of poor afflicted faithful, standing more in need than others of spiritual nourishment, would have to live and die without the comfort of this sacrament, if the partaking of both species were absolutely necessary. But to return; with the exception of a particular privilege granted to some sovereigns at their coronation, almost the only example of the chalice being received by any except the celebrating priest, occurs in the pontifical mass on Easter Sunday, when the deacon and subdeacon partake of the cup after the Pope.

But there is another observance connected with this matter, which has been preserved only here. One of the reasons, which led to the restriction of communion to one spe-

cies only, was the accidents to which the other was liable. For communion being a practice even now, and, much more anciently, of almost daily use in churches, and on many occasions frequented by thousands, it was almost impossible to prevent some portion of the consecrated wine being spilt, especially when received by the ruder sort. To remedy this inconvenience, to some extent, the practice was introduced, probably after the sixth century, of administering the chalice through a silver tube; so that the cup being held steadily in the priest or deacon's hand, and only the tube placed to the receiver's mouth, there would be but little comparative danger of an accident, which the Catholic belief concerning the eucharist must render particularly distressing. This tube was called a siphon. Casalius informs us, that the Abbot of Monte Casino used to receive the chalice in this manner.* Paul Volzcius first discovered this to have been a usual practice, from its being prescribed in an old book of signs, (*Liber Signorum*,) extant in many Benedictine houses. Among the oldest rules of the Carthusians, contemporary with St. Bernard, we have this order in the fortieth chapter: "Let no church possess any ornaments of gold or silver, except the chalice, and the tube through which the blood of our Lord is received." An old commentator on Tertullian, mentions an inventory of the church of Mainz, written nearly eight hundred years ago, in which are enumerated, among the gold crosses and chalices, six silver tubes used for the same purpose.† The use of this tube has been gradually abandoned everywhere, except in the pontifical mass celebrated by the Pope three times a year, of which one takes place on Easter-day. The custom of thus receiving the sacred cup often, appears novel and strange to persons unaccustomed to it; but it is a matter of interest to the lover of ecclesiastical antiquity, who would not willingly allow old usages to be abolished, especially in this their last hold and proper refuge.

I will instance another point of ancient practice, once probably common to every

* Ben. xiv. ubi supra, p. 230.

† Tert. Cum notis Beati Rhenani, p. 166.

church, but now hardly observed except in St. Peter's. The altars are everywhere formally stripped on Holy Thursday, and remain uncovered until the following Saturday. During *Tenebræ* on Thursday evening, each of the canons and other functionaries of St. Peter's, receives a species of brush curiously made of chip, and, after the office, the entire chapter proceeds to the high altar, where seven flagons of wine and water have been prepared. These are poured upon the altar, and the canons, passing six at a time before it, rub it all over with their brushes, after which it is washed with sponges and dried. Saint Isidore, of Seville, in the seventh century, mentions the custom of washing the altars, and even the pavement, of the church on this day, in commemoration of that act of humility, by which our Redeemer washed his disciples' feet; and St. Eligius records, in similar terms, both the practice and the motive. The Roman *Ordo*, Abbot Rupert, and other writers, speak of this ceremony as commonly practised; and many documents of the middle ages show it to have been observed at Siena, Benevento, Bologna, and other churches. It was no less practised in England; for the Sarum Missal thus describes it: "After dinner, let all the clerks meet in the church to wash the altars. First, let water be blessed out of choir and privately. Then let two of the most dignified priests be prepared, with a deacon and subdeacon, and two acolyths, all vested in albs and amices, and let two clerks bear wine and water, and let them begin with the high altar and wash it, pouring thereon wine and water." After a minute description of the prayers to be said in the course of the ceremony, the rubric proceeds: "After the gospel has been sung as at mass, the two aforesaid priests shall wash the feet of all in choir, one on one side and another on the other, and then shall do the same mutually." Many prayers are then said, and another gospel read, during which it is said, "the brethren shall drink the cup of charity, *charitatis potum*."*

In the many learned treatises, written upon the origin of this ceremony, this curious

union of two practices, elsewhere divided between morning and afternoon, has been overlooked, though it is the strongest confirmation of St. Isidore's interpretation against the objections of Du Vert, Batelli, and others. In the Greek Church the practice is still observed, as Leo Allatius has proved at length, as it is among the Dominicans and Carmelites. But almost everywhere else it has disappeared, except in the Vatican basilica, where you may see it practised on Thursday evening.

These examples will suffice to show, how the ceremonies of Holy Week, as performed in the Vatican, have preserved rites, formerly very general in the Church, but which would have been almost entirely lost in practice, had they not been here jealously observed. There is another great historical point, of which testimony has been recorded in these sacred functions, and which, therefore, must not be passed over. This is the ancient union between the Latin and Greek Churches, and the reconciliation after the latter's defection. Of the former, evidence is given in the use of Greek words and phrases in the Liturgy; one instance, the *Kyrie Eleison*, belongs to every day; you have seen, in the adoption of the Greek *Trisagion*, a testimony peculiar to the service of Holy Week. Anciently, there were other instances; as for example, one to which I before alluded, when I said, that the lessons on Holy Saturday, intended for the catechumens' instruction, used to be sung in both languages. Anastasius Bibliothecarius tells us, that Benedict III had a book written, in which were the Greek and Latin lessons, to be sung on Holy Saturday. Mabillon has brought abundant evidence of this usage, which is mentioned by Amalarius about the year 812, and several other writers of the following centuries. Later, it would appear, that the double recitation was confined to the first of the twelve lessons, as otherwise the service would have been excessively long. We find, indeed, in the eleventh century, the clause added to this rubric "*Si Dominus Papa velit*," (if our Lord the Pope wishes it;) and thus probably, by its not being often required, the custom gradually disappeared. The

* Missale Sarisb. fol. lxxvi.

same may be said of the practice which formerly prevailed, of singing the epistle and gospel, in Greek as well as Latin, on Good Friday. Both these observances were revived in the last century, by Pope Benedict XIII, who was most studious and tenacious of ancient rites, but relapsed into disuse after his time.* However desirable it might be to have these old usages restored, I think these circumstances can hardly fail to strike the eye, as strongly illustrating the historical view I am taking to-day, of these offices and functions. For we see, on the one hand, that the Church has carefully kept all that she received from the Greek Church, in relation to the worship of him who cannot change; for, whatever prayers she was used to recite in that language, she did not allow any feelings towards that, her rebellious daughter, and now bitter adversary, to abolish. But, such instruction as used to be recited in that tongue, for the edification of strangers who spoke it, and happened to be present, she allowed to drop, without any act of angry abrogation, into neglect, as no longer of use. When, however, the Greek Church, in the council of Florence, was reunited to her, and owned obedience to the holy see, it was decreed that the Pope, on solemn occasions, should be served by a Greek, as well as a Latin deacon and sub-deacon, and that the gospel and epistle should be sung in both languages. This regulation has been ever since duly observed, as you will see on Easter-day; when two Greek attendants, vested in the sacred robes of their own nation, (the deacon wearing the stole, as of old, upon his left shoulder, and having embroidered on it the word ἅγιος "holy," thrice repeated,) will sing those two portions of the Liturgy in the Greek language and chant. This com-

pletes the history of the connexion between the two Churches. The old prayers once common to both, and yet retained by us, give evidence of former union. The silent abolition of the instructions given in that language, attests the subsequent separation, and the rite prescribed to commemorate the reunion, not only records that event, but by its continuance, acts as a protest against the perfidy, which violated the solemn stipulations there made, and proves the readiness of the Roman Church to keep up to all her engagements.

The principle by which I have endeavored to show, this morning, that the offices of the Holy Week, especially as performed in Rome, ought to be viewed, is the consideration of them as monumental observances sprung up in different ages, and accurately recording the condition and feeling of each. Nothing but a divine enactment can give to the external forms of worship an invariable character, such as in great measure was bestowed upon that of Israel. Of any command or direction to give a specific ritual we have no trace in the new law; and the Church, ever true to the finest principles of nature, after prescribing all that was essential and necessary for the sacraments—allowed the instinctive and rational feelings of man to have their play, watching carefully over their suggestions, that they should not lead to error or impropriety, and thus gradually formed its code of religious and ceremonial observances, as every good constitution has ever been formed, from the development of sound fundamental principles, through the experimental knowledge accumulated by ages. Was it wrong in so doing? This, indeed, is a question, which my next and last discourse will better give materials to solve, when I speak of the influence which the offices of this week have exercised upon the social and moral world.

* Cancelliere, *Descrizione della Settimana Santa*, pp. 123, 169.

INDIAN MISSIONS.

LETTER FROM FATHER DE SMEDT, JESUIT MISSIONARY AT THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, DESCRIBING THE COUNTRY AND THE CUSTOMS OF THE INDIANS.*

VERY REV. FATHER,

7th February, 1841.

IN a letter, which I suppose has been communicated to you, I informed the bishop of St. Louis of the results, as they bear on religion, of my journey to the *Rocky Mountains*. But that letter, though lengthy, could give you but a very imperfect idea of the desert that I passed eight months in traversing, and of the tribes who make it the scene of their perpetual and sanguinary rivalships. It will, I think, therefore, be useful to resume the history of my mission; and I repeat it the more willingly, since I am called to penetrate again into those deep solitudes, from which I may, perhaps, never return; to my brethren, who take an interest in my dear Indians, I owe an account of all my observations upon their character and customs, upon the aspect and resources of the country they inhabit, and upon their dispositions, how far they are favorable to the propagation of the gospel.

We arrived the 18th of May upon the banks of the Nebraska, or Big Horn River, which is called by the French by the less suitable name of the Flat River. It is one of the most magnificent rivers of North America; from its source which is hidden among the remotest mountains of this vast continent, to the river Missouri, to which it is tributary, it receives a number of torrents descending from the Rocky Mountains; it refreshes and fertilizes immense valleys, and forms at its mouth the two great geographical divisions of the upper and lower Missouri. As we proceeded up this river, scenes more or less picturesque opened upon our view. In the middle of the Nebraska, thousands of islands, under various aspects, presented nearly every form

of lovely scenery. I have seen some of those isles which, at a distance, might be taken for flotillas, mingling their full sails with verdant garlands, or festoons of flowers; and as the current flowed rapidly around them, they seemed, as it were, flying on the waters, thus completing the charming illusion, by this apparent motion. The tree which the soil of these islands produces in the greatest abundance is a species of white poplar, which is called cotton tree; the savages cut it in winter, and make of the bark, which appears to have a good taste, food for their horses.

Along the banks of the river, vast plains extend, where we saw, from time to time, innumerable herds of antelopes. Further on we met with a quantity of buffaloes' skulls and bones, regularly arranged in a semicircular form, and painted in different colors. It was a monument raised by superstition, for the Pawnees never undertake an expedition against the savages who may be in hostility with their tribe, or against the wild beasts of their forests, without commencing the chase, or war, by some religious ceremony, performed amidst those heaps of bones. At the sight of them our huntsmen raised a cry of joy; they well knew that the plain of the buffaloes was not far off, and they expressed by those shouts the anticipated pleasure of spreading havoc among the peaceful herds.

Wishing to obtain a commanding view of the hunt, I got up early in the morning and quitted the camp alone, in order to ascend a hillock near our tents, from which I might fully view the widely extended pasturages. After crossing some ravines, I reached an eminence, whence I descried a plain, whose radius was about twelve miles, entirely covered with wild oxen. You could not form, from any thing in your Eu-

* We publish this letter, as furnished by the author himself, with the correction of many inaccuracies which appeared in the English Annals of the Propagation of the Faith. Ed.

ropean markets, an idea of their movement and multitude. Just as I was beginning to view them, I heard shouts near me; it was our hunters, who rapidly rushed down upon the affrighted herd; the buffaloes fell in great numbers beneath their weapons. When they were tired with killing them, each cut up his prey, put behind him his favorite part, and retired, leaving the rest for the voracity of the wolves, which are exceedingly numerous in these places. And they did not fail to enjoy the repast. On the following night I was awakened by a confused noise, which, in the fear of the moment, I mistook for impending danger; I imagined, in my first terror, that the Pawnees had conspired to dispute with us the passage over their lands, had assembled around our camp, and that these lugubrious cries were their signal of attack. "Where are we," said I, abruptly, to my guide: "Hark ye!—Rest easy," he replied, lying down again in his bed; "we have nothing to fear; it is the wolves that are howling with joy; after their long winter's hunger, they are making a great meal to-night on the carcasses of the buffaloes, which our hunters have left after them on the plain."

In the same place may also be seen the animal which is called *Wistonwish* by the savages, and by travellers, the dog of the meadows, and to which I would give the name of American squirrel. It is larger than the grey squirrel, but resembles it in every other respect: its manner of moving is as animated and graceful; the color of its skin is of a deeper brown; its teeth and claws are exactly of the same form; and its tail, shorter and less tufted, shades its pretty head. They never go alone; a secret instinct keeps them together in families. The situation of their holes is admirably chosen; it is upon the declivity of a hill, the border of a lake, or the bank of a river, and the site is always sufficiently high to secure them against any inundation, however great. The most perfect order reigns in each colony; one might say that here is a little model-republic in the midst of the desert. Travellers who are greatly taken with their admirable industry, and envy their undisturbed tranquillity, relate that the sole nour-

ishment of these little creatures consists of the grass roots, and that the dew of heaven forms their only drink.

On the 28th we forded the southern arm of the river Platte. All the land lying between this river and the great mountains is only a heath, almost covered with lava and other volcanic substances. This sterile country, says a modern traveller, resembles in nakedness and the monotonous undulations of its soil, the sandy deserts of Asia. Here no permanent dwelling has ever been erected, and even the huntsman seldom appears in the best seasons of the year. At all other times the grass is withered, the streams dried up; the buffalo, the stag, and the goat, desert those dreary plains, and retire with the expiring verdure, leaving behind them a vast solitude completely uninhabited. Deep ravines, which were formerly the beds of impetuous torrents, intersect it in every direction, but now-a-days the sight of them only adds to the painful thirst which tortures the traveller. Here and there are heaps of stones, piled confusedly like ruins; ridges of rock, which rise up before you like impassable barriers, and which interrupt, without embellishing, the wearisome sameness of these solitudes. Such are the Black Hills; beyond the Rocky Mountains rise the imposing land-marks of the Atlantic world. The passes and valleys of this vast chain of mountains afford an asylum to a great number of savage tribes, many of whom are only the miserable remnants of different people who were formerly in the peaceable possession of the land, but are now driven back by war into almost inaccessible defiles, where spoliation can pursue them no further.

This desert of the west, such as I have just described it, seems to defy the industry of civilized man. Some lands, more advantageously situated upon the banks of rivers, might, perhaps, be successfully reduced to cultivation, others might be turned into pastures as fertile as those of the east; but it is to be feared that this immense region forms a limit between civilization and barbarism, and that bands of malefactors, organized like the *Caravans* of the Arabs, may here practise their depredations with

impunity. This country will, perhaps, one day be the cradle of a new people, composed of the ancient savage races, and of that class of adventurers, fugitives, and exiles, that society has cast forth from its bosom : a heterogeneous and dangerous population, which the American Union has collected like a portentous cloud upon its frontiers, and whose force and irritation it is constantly increasing, by transporting entire tribes of Indians from the banks of the Mississippi, where they were born, into the solitudes of the west, which are assigned as their place of exile. These savages carry with them an implacable hatred towards the whites, for having, they say, unjustly driven them from their country, far from the tombs of their fathers, in order to take possession of their inheritance. Should some of these tribes hereafter form themselves into hordes, similar to the wandering people, partly shepherds, and partly warriors, who traverse with their flocks the plains of Upper Asia, is there not reason to fear, that in process of time, they with others may organize themselves into bands of pillagers and assassins, having the fleet horses of the prairies to carry them, with the desert as the scene of their outrages, and inaccessible rocks to secure their lives and plunder ?

We beheld, on the 31st of May, one of the most remarkable curiosities of the desert ; it is called the Chimney : it is a cone, seventy-five yards high, and about a league in circumference. It is situate upon a table-land, and has on its summit a column of petrified clay, a hundred and twenty feet high, by from twenty to forty feet broad, which has procured for it the above name. It is visible at thirty miles' distance. Upon a nearer approach, an enormous rent appears at its top, which seems to forbode its fall. At its base, some families of the tribe of Big Horns, vegetate. The rattlesnakes and dangerous reptiles that are to be met at every step, would be a scourge to the country, had not the savages discovered, in a root very common here, an infallible specific for every venomous bite.

On the 4th of July we crossed the Ramée, a tributary river of the Platte. About forty

cabins erected on its banks, serve as dwellings for a part of the tribe of the Sheyennes. These Indians are distinguishable for their civility, their cleanly and decent habits. The men, in general, are of good stature, and of great strength ; their nose is aquiline, and their chin strongly developed. The neighboring nations consider them the most courageous warriors of the *prairies*. Their history is the same as that of all the savages who have been driven back into the west : they are only the shadow of the once powerful nation of the Shaways, who formerly lived upon the banks of the Red River. The Scioux, their irreconcilable enemies, forced them, after a dreadful war, to pass over the Missouri, and to retreat behind the Warrican, where they fortified themselves ; but the conquerors again attacked them, and drove them from post to post, into the midst of the Black Hills, situate upon the waters of the Great Sheyenn river. In consequence of these reverses, their tribe, reduced to two thousand souls, has lost even its name, being now called Sheyennes, from the name of the river that protects the remnant of the tribe. The Sheyennes have not since sought to form any fixed establishment, lest the Scioux might come again to dispute with them the lands which they should have chosen for their country : they live by hunting, and follow the buffalo in his various migrations.

The principal warriors of the nation invited me to a solemn banquet, in which three of the great chief's best dogs were served up to do me honor ; I had half a one for my share. You may judge of my embarrassment, when I tell you that I attended one of those feasts at which every one is to eat all that is offered him. Fortunately one may call to his aid another guest, provided that the request to perform the kind office be accompanied by a present of tobacco.

In our way from Ramée, the sojourn of the Sheyennes, to the Green river, where the Flat Heads were waiting for me, we successively passed the Black mountains, which owe this denomination not to the color of the soil and rocks that form them, but to the sombre verdure of the cedars and

pinces that shadow their sides; the Red Butte, a central point by which the savages are continually passing, when emigrating to the west, or going up towards the north; the famous rock Independence, which is detached, like an outwork, from the immense chain of mountains that divide North America; it has been designated the Backbone of the world; it might also be called the great registry of the desert; for on it may be read in large characters the names of the several travellers who have visited the Rocky Mountains. My name figures amongst so many others as that of the first priest who has visited these solitary regions. In fact a fitter appellation could not be given to these enormous masses of granite, whose summit is elevated nearly twenty-four thousand feet above the level of the sea; they are but rocks piled upon rocks; one might think that he beheld the ruins of a world covered, if I may so speak, with a winding sheet of everlasting snow.

I shall here interrupt the recital of my journey, in order to give a short account of the different tribes of the mountains, and of the territory they inhabit. I shall join with my own personal observations the most correct information that I could possibly obtain.

The Soshonees, or Root diggers, appeared in great numbers at the common rendezvous, where the deputations from all the tribes assemble every year, in order to exchange the products of their rude industry. They inhabit the southern part of the Oregon, in the vicinity of California. Their population, consisting of about ten thousand souls, is divided into several parties, scattered up and down in the most uncultivated quarter of the west. They are called Snakes, because, in their indigence they are reduced, like such reptiles, to burrow in the earth and live upon roots. They would have no other food if some hunting parties did not occasionally pass beyond the mountains in pursuit of the buffalo, while a part of the tribe proceeds along the banks of the Salmon River, to make provision for the winter, at the season when the fish comes up from the sea. Three hundred of their warriors wished, in honor of the whites, to go through

a sort of military parade: they were hideously painted, armed with their clubs, and covered over with feathers, pearls, wolves' tails, the teeth and claws of animals, and the like strange ornaments, with which each of them had decked himself according to his caprice. Such as had received wounds in battle, or slain the enemies of their tribe, showed ostentatiously their scars, and had floating, in the form of a standard, the scalps which they won from the conquered. After having rushed in good order, and at full gallop upon our camp, as if to take it by assault, they went several times round it, uttering at intervals cries of joy; they at length dismounted, and came and gave their hands to all the whites in token of union and friendship.

Whilst I was at the rendezvous the Snakes were preparing for an expedition against the Black Feet. When a chief is about to wage war, he announces his intention to his young warriors in the following manner. On the evening before his departure, he makes his farewell dance before each cabin; and everywhere receives tobacco or some other present. His friends wish him great success, scalps, horses, and a speedy return. If he brings back women as prisoners, he delivers them as a prey to the wives, mothers, and sisters of his soldiers, who kill them with the hatchet or knife, after having vented against their unhappy captives, the most outrageous insults: "Why are we unable," howl these furies, "to devour the heart of thy children, and bathe in the blood of thy nation!"

At the death of a chief or other warrior, renowned for his bravery, his wives, children, and relatives cut off their hair: this is a great mourning with the savages. The loss of a parent would seem but little felt, if it only caused his family to shed tears; it must be deplored with blood; and the deeper the incisions, the more sincere is the affection for the deceased. "An overwhelming sorrow," they say, "cannot be vented unless through large wounds." I know not how to reconcile these sentiments respecting the dead, with their conduct towards the living; would you believe that these men, so inconsolable in their mourn-

ing, abandon, without pity, to the ferocious beasts of the desert, the old men, the sick, and all those whose existence would be a burden to them?

The funeral of a Snake warrior is always performed by the destruction of whatever he possessed; nothing, it seems, should survive him but the recollection of his exploits. After piling up in his hut all the articles he made use of, they cut away the props of the cabin, and set the whole on fire. The Youts, who form a separate people, although they belong to the tribe of the Soshonees, throw the body of the deceased upon the funeral pile, together with a hecatomb of his best horses. The moment that the smoke rises in thick clouds, they think that the soul of the savage is flying towards the region of spirits, borne by the *manes* of his faithful coursers; and, in order to quicken their flight, they all together raise up frightful yells. But in general, instead of burning the body, they fasten it upon his favorite charger, as on a day of battle; the animal is then led to the edge of a neighboring river; the warriors are drawn up in a semicircular form, in order to prevent his escape; and then, with a shower of arrows and a universal hurra, they force him to plunge into the current which is to engulf him. They next, with redoubled shouts, recommend him to transport his master without delay to the land of spirits.*

* Although this sort of funeral is the most usual amongst the savages, it is not, however, common to all the Indian tribes. Amongst the people who live on the borders of lake Abbitibi, in Lower Canada, as soon as a warrior happens to die, they wrap the body in a shroud, lower it into a grave about a foot and a half deep, and place alongside it a pot, a knife, a gun, and such other articles as are of prime necessity to the savage. Some days after the burial, the relations of the deceased assemble to smoke over his grave. They then hang presents upon the nearest tree, particularly tobacco for the soul of the deceased, which is to come occasionally and smoke upon the grave where the body is laid. They suppose that the poor soul is wandering not far from thence, until the body becomes putrified; after which it flies up to heaven. The body of a wicked man they say, takes a longer time to corrupt than that of a good man, which prolongs his punishment. Such, in their opinion, is the only punishment of a bad life.

In Columbia we find that a different custom prevails. There, so soon as the person expires, his eyes are bound with a necklace of glass beads; his nostrils filled with aqua (a shell used by the Indians in place of money), and he is clothed in his

The Sampeetches are the next neighbors of the Snakes. There is not, perhaps, in the whole world, a people in a deeper state of wretchedness and corruption; the French commonly designate them "the people deserving of pity," and this appellation is most appropriate. Their lands are uncultivated heaths; their habitations are holes in the rocks, or the natural crevices of the ground, and their only arms, arrows and sharp-pointed sticks. Two, three, or at most four of them may be seen in company roving over

best suit and wrapped in a winding sheet. Four posts, fixed in the ground, and joined by cross-beams, support the aerial tomb of the savage: the tomb itself is a canoe, placed at a certain height from the ground, upon the beams I have just mentioned. The body is deposited therein, with the face downwards, and the head turned in the same direction as the course of the river. Some mats thrown upon the canoe finish the ceremony. Offerings, of which the value varies with the rank of the deceased, are next presented to him; and his gun, powder-horn, and shot bag are placed at his sides.

Articles of less value, such as a wooden bowl, a large pot, a hatchet, arrows, &c., are hung upon poles fixed around the canoe. Next comes the tribute of wailing, which husbands and wives owe to each other, and to their deceased parents, and also to their children: for a month, and often longer, they continually shed, night and day, tears, accompanied with cries and groans, that are heard at a great distance. If the canoe happen to fall down in course of time, the remains of the deceased are collected, covered again with a winding-sheet, and deposited in another canoe.—*Extract of a Letter from M. Demer, Missionary amongst the Savages.*

Some of the other tribes, seen by Father de Smet on his tour, are the following: The Kootenays and the Carriers, with a population of four thousand souls, the savages of the Lake, who are computed at about five hundred, the Cauldrons six hundred, the Okinoganes one thousand one hundred, the Jantones and Santees three hundred, the Jantonnes, four thousand five hundred, the Black-Foot Sioux one thousand five hundred, the Two-Cauldrons eight hundred, the Ampapas two thousand, the Burned two thousand five hundred, the Lack-Bows one thousand, the Minikomjoes two thousand, the Ogallallees one thousand five hundred, the Saoyaes two thousand, the Unkepates two thousand, the Mandans, Big-Bellies, and Arikaras, who have formed of their remnants one tribe, three thousand, the Pierced Noses two thousand five hundred, the Kayuses two thousand, the Walla-Wallas five hundred, the Palooes three hundred, the Spokane eight hundred, the Pointed-hearts seven hundred; and in fine, the Scioux, the Crows, the Assiniboins, the Ottos, the Pawnees, the Santees, the Foxes, the Aouays, the Kikapoux, the Delawares, and the Skawanoes, whose numbers are unknown. The following are the names of the principal chiefs, who received the Missionary in their tents:—The Big-Face and Walking-Bear, the Patriarchs of the Flat-Heads and Ponderas; the Iron-Crow, the Good-Heart, the Dog's-Hand, the Black-Eyes, the Man that does not eat cow's flesh, and the Warrior who walks barefooted; the last-named is chief of the Black-Foot.

their sterile plains in quest of ants and grasshoppers, on which they feed: when they find some insipid root, or a few nauseous seeds, they make, as they imagine a delicious repast. Credible persons have assured me, that for want of other sustenance, they eat the dead bodies of their relatives, and that they even eat their own children. They are so timid, that it is difficult to get near them; the appearance of a stranger alarms them; and conventional signs quickly spread the news amongst them. Every one, thereupon, hides himself in a hole; and in an instant this miserable people disappears and vanishes like a shadow. Sometimes, however, they venture out of their hiding-places, and offer their newly-born infants to the whites in exchange for some trifling articles.

I have had the consolation of baptizing some of those unfortunate beings, who have related to me the sad circumstances which I have just mentioned. It would be easy to find guides amongst these new converts, and to be introduced by them to their fellow countrymen, in order to announce to them the gospel, and thus to render their condition, if not happy, at least supportable through the hope of a better futurity. If God allows me to return to the Rocky mountains, and my superiors approve of it, I shall feel happy to devote myself to the instruction of these pitiable people.

The country of the Utaws is situated to the east and south-east of the Soshonees, at the sources of the Rio Colorado. The popu-

lation consists of about four thousand souls. Mildness, affability, simplicity of manners, hospitality towards strangers, constant union amongst themselves, form the happy traits in their character. They subsist by hunting and fishing, and on fruits and roots; the climate is warm, and the land very fit for cultivation.

I shall join to this account a brief exposition of the belief of the savages. Their religious tenets are composed of a few primitive truths and of gross errors: they believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, the source of every good, and consequently that He alone is adorable; they believe that he created whatever exists, and that his providence rules the principal events of life, and that the calamities which befall the human race are chastisements inflicted by his justice on our perversity. They suppose, that with this their God, whom they call the Great Spirit, there exists an evil genius, who so far abuses his power as to oppress the innocent with calamities. They also believe in a future life, where every one shall be treated according to his works; and that the happiness reserved for the virtuous will consist in the enjoyment of such goods as they most anxiously desired upon earth; and that the wicked shall be punished by suffering, without consolation, the torments invented by the spirit of evil. According to their opinion, the soul, upon its entry into the other world, resumes the form which our bodies have had in the present life.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AFFECTION.

BY N. J. KEEPE.

THE sailor, tossed amid the angry storm,
Which madly drives his bark o'er ocean drear,
Beholds with joy the rainbow's graceful form
Rise o'er the deep, his weary heart to cheer.
Thus, o'er our path when sweeps the adverse gale,
And summer friends are lost amid the gloom,
How sweet it is, affection's star to hail,
And catch its light the tempest to illumine.

INTELLIGENCE.

MISSIONARY.

ORIGIN, PROGRESS, AND PROSPECTS OF THE CATHOLIC MISSION TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—It is now about twenty-nine years since the Indian nation of the Flat Heads acquired a slight knowledge of Christianity through the means of four poor Iroquois Indians, who had wandered to the other side of the Rocky Mountains. Anxious to obtain missionaries to instruct them, they sent, about twenty years ago, a deputation of three of their chiefs to St. Louis. All three died of sickness. As their deputies did not return, they appointed five others. These were massacred in passing through the territory of the Scioux. In 1834, a third delegation arrived,—an Iroquois accompanied it, bringing his two children along through a dangerous desert of three thousand miles, for no other purpose than to get them baptized. They only met with promises, on account of the scarcity of missionaries at that time. Not dissatisfied by this new refusal, they deputed in 1839, other messengers to communicate to the bishop of St. Louis, the desire of the nation to obtain priests. I was then deputed by the bishop and my superiors to accompany the deputies on their return, in order to ascertain the dispositions of the nation, and the possibility of success, should a mission be eventually established amongst them. After travelling a distance of more than three thousand miles, we reached the place where the nation was encamped.

I found them all most favorably disposed to embrace the faith, and was soon convinced that the prospects of a successful mission went far beyond what the most sanguine mind could ever have imagined. It was the wish of every heart to be instructed in the faith—there was not in the whole band of the Flat Heads, a single individual who could not cry out with the Prophet David—"My heart is ready, O Lord! my heart is ready!" My mission was one of investigation and inquiry—it was a mere preparatory visit—yet such were the admirable dispositions of these poor people—so perfectly were their hearts prepared by the action of divine grace, that we can date from this moment, the conversion of the nation. I remained about three months with them, instructing them, teaching them their prayers, the commandments of God—the essential points of religion—baptizing the small chil-

dren, who had not yet attained the use of reason, and the aged persons, who, I feared, might be carried off before my return.

Among the chiefs there was one whom I cannot refrain from mentioning in a particular manner. He had always been a brave warrior and an upright man,—he was then upwards of eighty years of age, but still healthy and vigorous. He was anxious to receive baptism, and I was deputed to confer it upon him. As soon as he was sufficiently instructed, I endeavored to excite in his breast sentiments of contrition for all the sins and offences he might have committed against his Maker. "No doubt," said he, "I have done many things that have offended the Great Spirit—but it was unknowingly; I never in my life did any thing which I knew to be evil; from my childhood it has been my constant endeavor to avoid sin, and I never did a second time any action, when I was told that it was wrong." He was baptized under the name of Peter.

I returned to St. Louis in December, 1840, and in the following spring set out again for the Rocky Mountains with two other fathers, and three brothers. After journeying four months we reached the Flat Head camp.

It was then, properly speaking, that our mission commenced. I shall now relate its progress.

Our mission, as may be conjectured from what I have already said, commenced under the most favorable auspices. These poor people had come above five hundred miles to meet us. How joyful and happy was this meeting! Nothing could exceed their joy when they beheld us. They had been faithful to the instructions I had given them; twice a day they had assembled to pray—and three times on Sundays. But before entering upon the regular functions of our mission, it was necessary to look out for a situation, offering a sufficient extent of good land, for the erection of a village, and the sustenance of the Indians. We wandered about for many days among these barren mountains, without meeting with any suitable spot. At length, on the feast of the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin, we descended the valley of the Bitter-root river—a beautiful valley of tolerably rich and good soil, and protected from the northern winds by two high ridges of mountains. All agreed to settle there.

We gave it the name of St. Mary's valley, and took solemn possession of it by the erection of a cross. After the Indians had pitched their camp we chose a site for the church, and immediately set to work to build it. The women hewed down the timber, assisted by their husbands, with the greatest alacrity and expedition, and in a few weeks we had constructed a log church capable of holding nine hundred persons. To ornament the interior, the women platted mats of a species of long grass, which were hung on the roof and sides of the church, and spread over the floor,—it was then adorned with festoons, formed of branches of cedar and pine. Here we daily celebrated the holy sacrifice of the altar, said morning and evening prayers, catechised and instructed the poor Indians. Nothing could exceed the joy of these poor creatures at having the house of the Great Spirit, (as they call a church) a house of prayer on their soil.

They talked incessantly of the goodness of the Great Spirit, and excited each other by the consideration of his goodness to avoid all evil, to be faithful to the prayer (religion). Their docility filled us with consolation. The recollection of an extraordinary event which they related to us, contributed to increase their joy and their fervor. The church had been completed for several days, when one of them suddenly exclaimed: "*Why, this is the very spot on which little Mary said the church would be built!*" The circumstance was this: During my absence, one of the hunting-bands had encamped in this valley, and a little girl of twelve or fourteen years of age had here fallen sick and died. But previous to her death she had earnestly asked for baptism. I had instructed two or three Indians among the most intelligent how to administer baptism in case of necessity. Baptism was administered to her by an Iroquois. Overjoyed at having received the sacrament of regeneration, the poor child thanked God with all her heart, and invited the others to join with her—they did so—suddenly she cried out: "O! there is no happiness in this world,—happiness is only to be found in heaven! I see the heavens opened and the mother of Jesus Christ inviting me to go up to heaven." Then turning to the astonished Indians she added: "Listen to the black-gowns when they come—they have the true prayer—do all they tell you—they will come—and on this very spot where I die, they will build the house of prayer!" After these words she expired. The circumstances had been forgotten, and it now suddenly recurred to their minds.

By the 3d of December, Feast of St. Francis Xavier, two hundred and two catechumens were

ready for baptism. I was absent at the time of this consoling ceremony, being on a mission to the Penda-d'oreilles, where, on the same day, I baptized one hundred and sixty. On Christmas day I had the pleasure of baptizing one hundred and fifty others.

The eve of this solemnity was rendered remarkable by an extraordinary event.

A boy of about twelve years of age, who had for several months attended catechism, finding himself incapable of learning the prayers, gave up in despair, and discontinued his attendance. On the Eve of Christmas, his mother said to him—"Paul, the Great Spirit will be angry with you, and will never admit you into heaven if you do not learn your prayers." "Mother," answered the boy, "the Great Spirit will take pity on me—I tried to learn my prayers, and I have been unable to do it. However, I will go again and try. He then directed his steps towards the lodge of one of the catechists. On opening the door, he saw a person standing about two feet from the ground, in the midst of bright rays of light, dressed all in white: under the person's feet was a sphere, a half moon, and a serpent, with a strange fruit in its mouth. Above the person's head was a bright star—the heart was visible, and rays of light proceeded from it. At first he was afraid, and was on the point of running away. But on taking a second glance at the person, he perceived a smile on his countenance, which filled him with confidence; he kneeled and begged of the person to teach him his prayers. Suddenly he felt his mind clear and his heart warm—such are the child's own expressions—and he recited the whole of the prayers without difficulty. He returned immediately, and told his mother he knew his prayers. She could not believe it—he recited them in her presence, and knew them so accurately, that he corrected his sister, who mistook in two or three words. He then related the story; it soon became the subject of conversation among the Indians; none could imagine who the person was, nor could they ever decide whether it was a man or a woman—unable to solve the problem themselves, after the lapse of several days, they came to us—I showed Paul an image of an apparition of the B. V. He recognized her immediately; with this difference, that he saw her only with one star, with her hands joined before her breast, and with her heart visible. The circumstance of the single star coincided singularly with the festival of Christmas.

The candor, the simplicity, the piety of the child—the perfect consistency of his answers to all the questions put to him, and above all, the

fact that he had hitherto been unable to learn his prayers, and that on a sudden he was found to know them perfectly, plainly show, that our B. Lady had really favored this poor child in this extraordinary manner. This occurrence was the occasion of the conversion of a great number of Nez-percés. They were afraid of coming near us—hostile missionaries had filled their minds with so many prejudices against us and against the Catholic Church, that they could not be prevailed upon to come into our camp. When the Flat-heads told them of Paul's vision, they sent for the boy, questioned him and cross-questioned him, till at length fully convinced of the reality of the vision, they said: "That prayer must be true, since the Great Spirit has sent the Mother of his Son to teach it to the Flat-heads." They came into the camp, and after a course of instruction, which lasted two months, they were all baptized. I visited several other tribes, the Kootenays, the Pointed-hearts, the Cauldrons, the Okinaganes and the Kalispels, baptized their children and aged persons—their joy was beyond description. During my journey, I met several small camps of Indians who had transported their aged parents and sick, from a considerable distance, many of them blind, in order that they might see.

It seemed to me as if the Almighty had kept these poor old people in life, that they might have the consolation of embracing the true faith, and of receiving baptism. The number of persons already baptized amounts to seventeen hundred. Among the Flat-heads the piety of many is so great, that we admit them to weekly communion.

Such has been the progress of the mission.

Its prospects point out very clearly what we could flatter ourselves with, had we the necessary means, and a sufficient number of missionaries—thousands of Indians scattered over the Oregon territory, and along the northwest coast, are all anxious to be instructed, stretching out their arms for missionaries. Poor creatures, they are always in my mind—it seems as if I saw them and heard them, like the Macedonians whom St. Paul saw in a vision, calling out, come over to us and help us; and how many have in reality addressed this prayer to me. But the wants of the mission have obliged me to retrace my steps, to obtain the necessary funds, and I hope that Catholics who have so greatly assisted in this undertaking two years ago, will once more throw in their mite.

It would be impossible to do any solid and permanent good among these poor people, if they continue to roam about from place to place, to seek their daily subsistence. They must be as-

sembled in villages—must be taught the art of agriculture, consequently must be supplied with implements, with cattle, with seed. In order to procure these things for the Flat-heads, I was under the necessity of making two journeys, one of five hundred miles, and another of a thousand, and to contract a debt with the Hudson Bay Company, of \$800. They are willing to learn the art, and to submit to the labor of cultivation. For some time the expense will be heavy—but good God! what advantages!—how many thousands of poor souls brought over to the light of the true faith! How many thousands of immortal souls, created to the image of God, and redeemed by the blood of Christ, saved from eternal perdition, and made heirs of eternal life! What Christian will refuse his mite for so noble a purpose, were it even a mere probability—but it is a certainty—the short and simple exposure which I have laid before you establishes it beyond the possibility of doubt.

I shall return to the mountains at the end of April. I trust that your charity, the instinct of your hearts, your zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, will prompt you once more to contribute to the advancement of this great object. The poor Indians know that their white brethren make collections for their good, and four times a week they meet and pray for their benefactors. Will their prayers be fruitless! No! no! The Lord will listen to them, and he will shower his blessing upon the charitable persons, through whose generosity his name is glorified among these poor Indians.

Cath. Herald.]

P. J. DE SMEDT.

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—We observe with pleasure, that, during the present week, the foundation of the new church to be erected in Poppleton street, Balt. has been commenced. In compliance with the call of their pastor, Rev. Mr. McColgan, a large number of hands was on the ground on Monday last, with all the implements necessary for digging the basement. What we admire is, that zeal for religion, not pecuniary reward, has drawn them to this holy work. So great is the ardor to forward the undertaking, that more present themselves, than can find room to labor. The whole congregation would willingly share in the toil, and some whose contributions have been very liberal, may now be seen busily employed in digging the foundation. Yesterday we observed about seventy men engaged at the work, and twenty carts. Besides these, eleven horses and carts were sent away, as it was not possible to find room for them to labor.

Nor is the ardor to advance the work confined to Catholics alone; numbers of other denominations have generously come forward; and when some were told that their carts would not be needed: "Well," said they, "we shall send our horses and carts home, but we will remain and labor."

One is truly reminded, on visiting this scene, of what is related of the middle ages, when our pious ancestors, impelled by a holy enthusiasm, assisted in the erection of the magnificent cathedrals of Europe; the glory of the ages of faith, and the wonder of the present day. We doubt not but that a church, commenced under auspices so encouraging, will soon be completed, and that the new congregation of St. Peter's will have what they have long needed, a church sufficiently large to contain their increasing numbers; one that will be an honor to religion, and an ornament to our city.

Cathedral Choir.—Agreeably to announcement in the papers, the oratorio which had been several weeks in preparation, was performed by the members of the Cathedral choir, on Wednesday, 25th January, at Calvert Hall, situated on the site formerly occupied by St. Peter's church. The music consisted of Rossini's *STABAT MATER*, his latest and most remarkable composition, and of selections from some of the most eminent German composers, and was executed in a style which reflects infinite credit on the ladies and gentlemen of the choir, and on the zeal and talents of Mr. Gegan, who conducted the performance. We copy the following just observations from a Baltimore paper.

"A very numerous and most respectable assemblage was attracted to this new and elegant hall, on Wednesday evening, to witness the performance of the oratorio with which it was to be opened. Much, of course, was expected—and it is no exaggeration to say that the highest anticipations were more than realized. Although our community have had occasionally offered to them musical performances of a most meritorious character, we yet hazard nothing in declaring that the one of which we are now speaking was decidedly the most successful and brilliant that has ever been witnessed here. This commendation applies with equal justice to the various details as well as to the performance as a whole. The credit of undertaking with amateur vocalists, and of sustaining with such triumphant success a composition so difficult as the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, is due in an especial degree to Mr. Gegan, the vocal director. The effects of his admirable professional qualifications, operating with untiring industry upon the fine natural

talent which he had gathered around him, were most happily manifested in the rich and rare fruits successively exhibited during the evening—of high cultivation, graceful expression and brilliant execution in the single parts, and of precision and accuracy in the chorusses which could not be surpassed. In the fugues, especially, the rapid running passages were uttered by the numerous body of sopranos with the distinctness and unity of a single voice. A performance so truly excellent as this was, from beginning to end, is most creditable to all who participated in it, and is one of which our city has just reason to be very proud. To Mr. Allen, who directed the orchestra, great praise is due for the efficient aid rendered by him in that department."

DIOCESS OF DETROIT.

MILWAUKIE, December 29, 1842.

MR. SMITH,—I am sorry that circumstances have not ere this permitted me to fulfil the promise of writing to you and of giving you some insight into the condition in which the Catholic Church is at this time in Wisconsin.

The knowledge of my present employment, which the contents of these lines will convey to you, is the best apology. I refrain from dwelling on the causes of my apparent neglect. It was in the latter part of last year, that I arrived in Wisconsin in company with our Right Rev. Bishop Lefevre.

I was, when leaving Detroit, far from imagining that this region would become the field of my future missionary labors, but the sickness of the Rev. Mr. Kelly, and the condition of the Catholic congregation in Milwaukee, made it necessary for the bishop to appoint me pastor of the congregation.

Wisconsin Territory is at present under the administration of the Bishop of Detroit, and numbers five priests, two of whom reside in Milwaukee, one in Green Bay, one in Cockalin on Fox river, and one in Prairie du chien. I may add without hesitation, that twenty clergymen would have sufficient employment. To substantiate this assertion, let me name to you the congregations which have already been formed since my arrival.

1. *Milwaukee.*—The congregation at this place is very numerous and daily on the increase. Divine service is held separate for the English and German congregations; the frame church is beautifully finished, but being entirely too small for the congregation, it is contemplated to begin a new one next year. The Sunday schools of the English, French and German children, are well organised and attended; the two day schools,

male and female in separate buildings, are an honor to Milwaukie; and the St. Peter's church building society, the temperance society with Father Matthew's pledge, lately established, and the St. Mary's female association will convince the spectator that there is no congregation superior to this.

2. *Oak Creek's* congregation, southwest nine miles from Milwaukie; here a beautiful frame church is built and finished, with one hundred and forty families.

At New Kirch's settlement, south west twenty-two miles from Milwaukie, with twenty-eight families.

6. *At the Muskiguak Lake*, nearly west eighteen miles from Milwaukie, twenty-four families.

7. *At Yorkville*, southwest twenty-seven miles from Milwaukie; thirty families.

8. *At Burlington*, southwest ten miles from Yorkville, thirty-six miles from Milwaukie; forty families.

9. *Genese*, southwest from Burlington, forty-six miles from Milwaukie, containing thirty-three families.

10. *St. Patrick's* congregation, thirty-four miles southwest from Milwaukie, fifteen miles from Southport, between thirty and forty families.

11. *At Prairieville*, seventeen miles west from Milwaukie, a number of families live around this place, their number not estimated as yet.

12. *At Muskeanago*, ten miles south of Prairieville, twenty families.

13. *At Mr. Rafferty's settlement*, nine miles northeast from Prairieville, twenty families.

14. *At Spring Prairie*, thirteen miles from Muskeanago southwest, ten German families, and four English families.

15. At the line between towns eight and nine, range twenty, twelve miles north from Milwaukie, ninety-one families.

16. *At town ten*, twenty-four miles north of Milwaukie, thirty-six families.

17. *Madison*, the seat of government. At my first visit, being invited to dine with the governor, I received a promise of the finest site for the erection of a church and school, &c. The deed is promised at my next visit. The families are well off, their numbers not known as yet.

18. *Mineral Point*, one hundred miles, by the way of Madison from Milwaukie; here the first and wealthiest families are Catholics. At my first visit a church building society was established, and arrangements made for the erection of a Catholic church. General Becket presented the congregation land for a burial-ground. Colonel O'Neal offered two lots in town for the

church edifice. About eight hundred dollars have been subscribed towards the erection of the church, and it is believed will exceed far one thousand.

19. *Dotchville*, eight miles from Mineral Point, nearly all the inhabitants are Catholics, numbers not yet known.

There are other places where partial arrangements are already made for the formation of congregations. The three first places are visited quarterly during the year, the others most every month. It is remarkable, most of the congregations mentioned have taken up a number of lots of land for families who promised to come here in the spring, so that if half of them come, Wisconsin will surprise you, and frighten many a prejudiced Protestant to see the country taken up by Catholics.

At Sac Prairie two Catholic counts have purchased a whole township; they with a number of families live on it, and expect a hundred families next spring. Pity they live so far away from here. They are from Hungary, but speak English and German.

I have not said any thing of Green Bay and vicinity, where one thousand Catholics live, but what I have said suffices to prove my assertions.

In this letter I could not literally follow your request, namely, to give an account of my missionary excursions; true they would exhibit many things which might make it interesting; but I cannot find time for it, sometimes for three weeks I never entered a house where I could find the least convenience for writing or studying. People have lately moved to this region, the houses are as yet poor, conveniences are rare. I must make many a sacrifice, but land and water, and health and courage being good, I have reason to say that all this will soon be changed.

Respectfully, &c.

West. Cath. Register.] MARTIN KUNDIG.

DIOCESS OF LOUISVILLE.—Ordination.—On Sunday, the 18th December, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Chabrat held an ordination in the church of St. Thomas, near Bardstown, being the church of the Diocesan Seminary. Messrs. Cull, Joyce, and Quinn were promoted to the holy order of subdeaconship.—*Cath. Advocate.*

DIOCESS OF NEW ORLEANS.—On Saturday, 17th December, Rt. Rev. Dr. Blanc, Bishop of New Orleans, held an ordination at the Seminary, parish of Assumption, when he ordained Mr. Moulard, deacon, and Mr. C. Lucas, priest. The pastor and vicar of Thibeaudeauville, with the reverend directors of the seminary, assisted on this occasion. Mr. C. Lucas has been ap-

pointed by the bishop vicar of St. Martinsville.—*Le Propagateur Catholique.*

The Schism.—We learn with unfeigned satisfaction that the dissensions at New Orleans have been at length brought to a happy termination. The terms in which this event is announced in the *N. O. Bulletin*, might lead some to suppose that a compromise had been made of the episcopal right of appointment; but the same language was used on a former occasion, when it soon appeared that no such sacrifice had been made. The bishop of New Orleans has shown throughout this painful transaction, such firmness in the maintenance of his just authority, united with great condescension and forbearance, that we are fully persuaded that the termination of the controversy is such as to place beyond all doubt the right which has been assailed. The clergyman appointed is known to us, and is an additional guarantee that all is well.

The anniversary of the victory of New Orleans, 8th January, was celebrated this year with extraordinary solemnity. The bishop of New Orleans officiated in the church of St. Louis, accompanied by the bishops of Mobile and Natchez, and attended by his clergy. He delivered a discourse on the occasion in the French language, and the bishop of Natchez pronounced an English address.—*Cath. Herald.*

Diocese of Richmond.—On Saturday, December 31st, Mr. Edward Fox was promoted to subdeaconship in the chapel of the Theological Seminary at Richmond, Va.

On Sunday, 1st January, six young men received tonsure at the Cathedral, and three of them immediately admitted to minor orders; after which Mr. Fox was ordained deacon, and on the 6th he was promoted to the priesthood.—There are now nine priests in Virginia.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.—"The *United States Catholic Miscellany* still survives, to defend our holy faith, and spread its truths. The earnest of good will given by some of the Catholics of the South has inspired new hope, and the faithful sentinel has resolved not to abandon the watch tower on which he has so long stood amidst storm and darkness, as well as in sunshine. From our heart we say, *ad multos annos*: and trust that ere long consolation will reach the widowed church."

We copy this paragraph from the *Catholic Herald*; and, while we share the pleasure which such an announcement must everywhere awaken among the friends of religion, we cordially express the same fond wishes for the continuance and prosperity of our esteemed cotemporary, the *U. S. Miscellany*. This is the oldest Catholic publication in the United States. The

first number was issued in the city of Charleston on the 2d of June, 1822, under the auspices of the illustrious Dr. England, whose genius and erudition and untiring zeal were a rich and copious fountain, from which the *Miscellany* drew perpetually the living waters of sound doctrine, and useful knowledge of every description. The collection which is formed by the issues of this paper since its first appearance, is one of the most valuable repertoires of instruction and information that could be desired. In its pages we are allowed to contemplate the gigantic efforts of Bishop England's mind, that distinguished champion of the faith, when it was yet as it were, in its prime, and we follow it with undiminished admiration to the period when it was called from the conflict, crowned with the laurels of victory. Though the *Miscellany* has no longer the aid of this master spirit and the indefatigable pen which it wielded, the journal is ably edited, and in view of the signal services which it renders to the cause of truth, is well deserving of an extensive patronage.

In adverting to the claims of the Charleston paper, we deem it a fit occasion for expressing our concurrence in the opinion, which has been lately very generally put forth regarding the indifference of the Catholic community for the encouragement and support of Catholic undertakings. In a recent pastoral letter to the clergy of his diocese, the venerable bishop of Louisville states, that the *Advocate* will be discontinued, unless a more liberal patronage be obtained for it; and he calls upon each one of them to "consider it his own peculiar duty to sustain that periodical." "Let each of you, act as its first and principal agent, and appoint a person or persons, to aid you in procuring subscribers, and attending zealously to its interests: call the attention of the faithful again and again to this subject." There is certainly much reason for appeals and instructions of this kind, from the want of attention on the part of the Catholic body to the circumstances in which they are placed. "In this country," says the *Freeman's Journal*, "there are no papers worse supported than Catholic papers; none which are forced to appeal so often and so urgently to their subscribers; none which have circulations so limited and even upon those limited circulations so many bad names. But a few days past, and the Charleston *Miscellany*, a newspaper of twenty years' standing, weighed down by the accumulation of bad debts upon its accounts, was compelled to announce the necessity of its suspension for the want of four hundred paying subscribers: a little before, the Cincinnati *Catholic*

Telegraph stated the amount of debts due by delinquent subscribers at three thousand eight hundred dollars: while this JOURNAL, though but two years and a half in existence, has outstanding debts exceeding four thousand dollars. On the other hand how is it with the papers supported by Protestants? They are among the best and safest properties in the country. In this city alone, the *Christian Advocate*, the *Christian Observer*, the *Churchman*, supported—the first by Methodists, the second by Presbyterians, the third by Episcopalians, circulate a total of fifty thousand copies weekly. One of them, the *Advocate*, as we have already observed, circulates beyond twice as many as all the Catholic papers in the Union put together.

"Now, why this striking contrast? Why is it that Sectarians are so liberal, so constant in upholding their journals, while Catholics are so niggardly, so unstable, so unsatisfactory? Is it that in this country the Protestants most need organs to represent them, and the Catholics not? Or is it not rather the direct contrary? Will any man deny what is as plain as the day? that Catholics in America need as much as the air they breathe, journals to express their feelings, to defend their principles, to refute calumny. Is there a country in Christendom where more than in this, the Catholics are the people 'every where spoken against;' where public opinion is at once so powerful and so perverted against Catholicism? Not one. There is not another country, we will not except England, where Catholics need more urgently journals to advocate their cause and certainly none where journals can advocate it more efficiently. Let those Catholics who are so lukewarm about the matter, and give their support to newspapers so grudgingly—let them fancy for a moment Catholics in America left without a press of any kind. Let them imagine, if they can, the calumnies directed against them, day after day, the old ones repeated until they are worn out, and new ones starting up to supply their places, the bitter denunciations of the politico-religious press of every shade kept up without ceasing—let them think of the varieties of invective that would be exhausted upon them of the dark and deadly designs that would be laid to their charge, of the hue and cry that would be raised after them from one end of the union to the other, until the popular feeling, poisoned beyond remedy and exasperated to the fiercest pitch, would explode in outbreaks in which neither life, nor limb, nor property would be safe. Let them think how in such a state of things, the Catholic without one to defend, one

to protect him, one to say a word for him, with slanders unnumbered hanging over him, with the universal prejudice incessantly bearing him down, could go among his fellow-citizens scarcely daring to lift his head, never dreaming of vindicating himself or his creed, hardly knowing that he was a freeman, until misunderstood, hated and despised he should become even in this free land as much, to all intents and purposes, a slave, as the Catholic of Ireland under the Protestant ascendancy.

"Will not Catholics then, while they have presses to advocate their interests, give them a proper support? By a proper support we do not mean such a support as will merely enable them to hang on through a precarious existence, but such as will give their conductors heart to improve and elevate the character of the journals under their control.

"We ask them to think of these things, and no longer present to the wonder of the world the practical anomaly of the greatest need, coupled with the greatest neglect, of newspapers. If they will reflect but for a little, they will see that they owe it to themselves, to their faith, to the brethren in the faith, nay to many yet unborn, to maintain and encourage organs for the expression and defence of Catholic principles. Let them in this take instruction from Protestants; let them see how much wiser in their generation are the children of the world than the children of light; how sectarians never slacken in the support of their newspapers, with what promptitude they discharge their obligations; how they are always on the alert to add to their subscription lists; how with them, the newspaper is not invariably the first source of expense cut off in times of retrenchment, or in preference to giving up some costly and useless luxury; let them imitate them in these things, for in these things their conduct is at once a reproach and an example to Catholics."

DIOCESS OF PHILADELPHIA.—*Letter of Bishop Kenrick to the controllers of the Public Schools.*—At the monthly meeting of the Board of Controllers of the Public Schools, held on the 18th of December last, Col. Henry Leech, president, laid before the board the following letter from the Roman Catholic Bishop of Philadelphia, which had been received by him since the stated meeting of November.

"To the Board of Controllers of the Public Schools in the city and county of Philadelphia.

"Gentlemen,—Sympathy for a respectable lady who has been deprived for many months past of her only means of support for following the dictates of her conscience, and a solemn sense of

duty to the Catholic community whose religious interests are entrusted to my guardianship, prompt me to submit respectfully to your consideration, the conscientious objections of Catholics to the actual regulations of the public schools.

"Among them, I am informed, one is, that the teachers shall read, and cause to be read, the bible; by which is understood the version published by command of King James. To this regulation we are forced to object, inasmuch as Catholic children are thus led to view as authoritative, a version which is rejected by the Church. It is not expected that I should state in detail the reasons of this rejection, I shall only say, that we are persuaded that several books of divine scripture are wanted in that version, and that the meaning of the original text is not faithfully expressed. It is not incumbent on us to prove either position, since we do not ask you to adopt the Catholic version for general use: but we feel warranted in claiming that our conscientious scruples to recognize or use the other be respected. In Baltimore the directors of the public schools have thought it their duty to provide Catholic children with the Catholic version. Is it too much for us to expect the same measure of justice?

"The consciences of Catholics are also embarrassed by the mode of opening and closing the school exercises, which, I understand, is by singing some hymn, or by prayer. It is not consistent with the laws and discipline of the Catholic Church for their members to unite in religious exercises with those who are not of her communion. We offer up prayers and supplications to God for all men; we embrace all in the sincerity of Christian affection; but we confine the marks of religious brotherhood to those who are of the household of the faith. Under the influence of this conscientious scruple, we ask that Catholic children be not required to join in the singing of hymns or other religious exercise.

"I have been assured that several of the books used in the public schools, and still more those contained in the libraries attached to them, contain misrepresentations of our tenets, and statements to our prejudice, equally groundless and injurious. It is but just to expect that the books used in the schools shall contain no offensive matter, and that books decidedly hostile to our faith, shall not, under any pretext, be placed in the hands of Catholic children.

"The school law which provides that 'the religious predilections of the parents shall be respected,' was evidently framed in the spirit of our constitution, which holds the rights of con-

science to be inviolable. Public education should be conducted on principles which will afford its advantages to all classes of the community, without detriment to their religious convictions. Religious liberty must be especially guarded in children, who, of themselves, are unable to guard against the wiles or assaults of others. I appeal, then, gentlemen, with confidence, to your justice, that the regulations of the schools may be modified, so as to give to Catholic pupils and teachers equal rights without wounding tender consciences.

"For my interposition in this matter, besides the responsibility of my station, I have specially to plead the assurance I have received from a respectable source, that some desire had been expressed to know distinctly from me, what modifications Catholics desire in the school system. It was also suggested that an appeal of this kind would receive every just consideration from the board; and would anticipate effectually the danger of public excitement on a point on which the community is justly sensitive—the sacred rights of conscience.

"With great respect, I remain, gentlemen,

"Your obedient servant,

"† FRANCIS PATRICK,
"Bishop of Philadelphia."

"PHILADELPHIA, 14th Nov., 1842."

The foregoing application by Dr. Kenrick resulted in the adoption of the following resolutions by the Board of Comptrollers of the Public Schools:

"Resolved, That no children be required to attend or unite in the reading of the Bible in the public schools whose parents are conscientiously opposed thereto.

"Resolved, That those children whose parents conscientiously prefer and desire any particular version of the Bible, without note or comment, be furnished with the same."—*U. S. Gazette.*

AMERICAN PHILO-ITALIAN SOCIETY.—"A society under this name, whose object is the dissemination of useful knowledge in Italy, has recently been formed in the city of New York."

"We are to furnish printed instruction, Bibles, tracts, and well-written essays, statistics, and useful information, and some school-books, and other helps, for the correct and competent education of their children in Italy, and also 'among the Italians,' emigrants and exiles in other places."

"In one respect, this society is widely different from the Protestant Association, though designed to bear ultimately upon the same great interests. The Protestant Association is defen-

sive: it is designed to unite all Protestants in the defence of the great principles of the Reformation—in renewing their solemn protest against the corruptions of Popery. The Philo-Italian Society is aggressive in its designs, it proposes to carry Protestant principles into the central dominions of Popery, and to plant them around the very throne of him who wears the triple crown, and claims to be universal bishop.”

We copy this precious item of information from the *Episcopal Recorder* of January 28th. Among those who are acquainted with the real condition of Italy, and with the fact that there is more learning and useful knowledge in one little corner of Rome, than in the whole congregation of the Philo-Italian Society and its emissaries together, the announcement of such an association will be a source of infinite amusement; but among intelligent Protestants, who see the fabric of the Reformation every where in a tottering state, this news will no doubt excite a profound

regret that the advocates of the anticatholic sects do not attend to the cries of distress among themselves, before they undertake to offer relief where it is not wanted.

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 8d of last January, at St. Mary's Theological Seminary, Baltimore, in the 24th year of his age, Mr. Alexander A. Calder, of Glasgow, Scotland.

At the House of our Lady of Mercy, Charleston, S. C. on the 3d January, of consumption, Sister Mary Joseph (O'Gorman), aged forty-six years. The deceased was a native of Cork, Ireland, and was one of the oldest members of the very useful community in which she died, and its first superioress.—*U. S. Cath. Miscellany*.

At the Convent of the Visitation, Baltimore, on the 5th of January, Sister Mary Frances (Hoskyns), in the 85th year of her age.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A General History of Europe, from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the peace of Paris in 1815, with addenda to 1840. Philadelphia: Eugene Cumiskey. pp. 468, 12mo.

The glance which we have taken at this volume enables us to say that it is a very interesting compend of the most interesting epochs in the whole history of the human race. The object of the work is “to give the reader a general idea of what has occurred, chiefly in Europe, within the last three centuries, in a succinct style, and an impartial spirit,” and these features of the volume with the elegance of its diction, recommend it in a special manner to the young student of history.

L'Abeille pour les enfans ou leçons Françaises, 1ère partie. Philadelphia: Edward C. Biddle. 18mo. pp. 108.

We have looked through this little volume, which is designed for the instruction of young persons in the French language, and we are pleased with the character of the compilation generally, the selections being such as to entertain the youthful scholar, while they are calculated to impress his mind with the love of virtue.

New American Speaker; being a selection of speeches, dialogues and poetry for the use of schools. By Thomas Hughs. New edition. Philadelphia: E. C. Biddle. 12mo. pp. 252. This compilation is designed for the instruc-

tion of young persons in the arts of reading and elocution, and contains selections from many of the best writers in our language. But though these selections generally possess great merit in themselves, they do not appear to us to have, as far as they might, that character which is necessary for the application of the author's theory; which is, as he tells us, to “trust to nature and good sense.” In this we concur with him; but if the scholar is to be formed, and still more, if he is to form himself by this rule, the exercises which he makes use of, should be easy of comprehension, so that he may seize the meaning of the words and give to them the expression which nature dictates. We think, therefore, that in works of this kind there should be a gradation in the character of the contents; some of the extracts suited to the mental capacity of the beginner, others not so easy of comprehension, yet intelligible to the student who has made some proficiency, but all adapted to the understandings of those for whose benefit they are designed. *Father Oswald, a genuine Catholic story.* New York: Casserly & Sons. 12mo. pp. 304.

We are indebted to the publishers for an elegant copy of the above mentioned work, which is neatly and substantially printed. The instruction, however, which it contains is a much higher claim to universal patronage. As far as we have looked through its pages, it is entitled

to the commendations that the press has everywhere bestowed upon it, and we do not hesitate to welcome it among the productions which are to be the most popular and influential means of removing anticatholic prejudice, and leading the Protestant mind to the discovery and acknowledgment of truth. The work is intended to be a refutation of *Father Clement*, a notorious tale of slander against our holy faith, and as the design of the author is ably accomplished, the circulation of the volume is well worthy the zeal of those who have at heart the honor and propagation of the true faith. It may be purchased at John Murphy's, Baltimore.

Biographical Sketch of the Most Rev. John Carroll, first archbishop of Baltimore, with select portions of his writings. Edited by John Carroll Brent. Baltimore: John Murphy. 12mo. pp. 321, with a portrait.

The announcement of a biographical sketch of the first archbishop of Baltimore, and of a prelate whose wisdom and zeal in public affairs not less than his amiable manners in private life have immortalized his name, must necessarily have awakened in the community the expecta-

tion of a highly interesting memoir, the more eagerly looked for as until the present time no pen has been exercised upon this important topic. We think that the volume edited by Mr. Brent will meet the anticipations of most readers, and if it has not been in his power, from the want of the necessary documents and materials, to produce a more extended and detailed biography, the public will easily acknowledge their obligations to him, for the entertaining volume which he has added to our literature. The approbation of the work by the Most Rev. Dr. Eccleston, and the certificate of accuracy prefixed to its contents by the venerable pastor of St. Patrick's Church in Washington, are a sufficient guarantee that it may occupy a very useful place in any library. At present we shall say nothing more of this handsomely executed volume, intending to notice it more *extenso*, in some future number of our Magazine. We shall merely add to what we have stated, that a considerable portion of the profits accruing from the sale of the book, will be appropriated to the repairs of a church which was formerly served by the illustrious bishop Carroll.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

We have received several communications expressing a decided satisfaction with the character of our Magazine, and we cannot withhold the announcement of the gratification which such intelligence has awakened. To those who have favored us with these testimonials of regard we feel doubly indebted, as they not only attest the interest which they take in our humble efforts, but also animate us to a renewed exertion in the good cause.

We respectfully decline the publication of the "Catholic song of Jubilee," as it does not possess, in our opinion, a sufficient poetical merit for a place in our columns.

The review of Voigt's history of Gregory VII and his age, has been received, and will soon be placed before our readers. It is from the pen of P. F. one of our most gifted contributors, and embraces one of the most interesting periods of the middle ages.

In a forthcoming number will appear the able

dissertation of Wm. Geo. Read, Esq. on the history of St. Thomas a Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, which will be found to be an eloquent and splendid tribute to the memory of that illustrious prelate. We owe much to our learned friend for the privilege of inserting this essay in our columns.

It affords us pleasure also to announce that the March number of our periodical will be enriched with a finely executed engraving of St. Peter's church at Rome, the most magnificent temple that has ever been erected to the honor of the Almighty. The publisher has incurred a considerable expense to procure this plate, and to exhibit to the eye of the reader a representation of one of the noblest monuments that have been reared by Catholic art. From the glance which we have taken of it, it appears to be an embellishment, which would be worthy of a conspicuous place in the most elegantly ornamented periodicals.





THE

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MARCH, 1843.

VOIGT'S HISTORY OF GREGORY VII.

Histoire du Pape Gregoire VII, et de son siècle, d'après les monuments originaux. Par J. Voigt, profess. a l'université de Hall. Traduite de l'Allemand, par M. l'Abbé Jager. Paris, 1838. 2 vols. 8vo.

History of Pope Gregory VII, and of his age, from original documents. By J. Voigt, Prof. at the University of Hall. Translated from the German by the Abbé Jager. Paris, 1838. 2 vols. 8vo.

THE age of Pope Gregory VII, was one of peculiar interest, crowded with great and important events. It was an age of transition. After the civil convulsions which followed the subjugation of Europe by the northmen in the fifth century, society, as if exhausted by over exertion, seems to have settled down into a species of lethargy in the tenth century, allowed by all to have been the darkest and most dreary of all the period called the middle ages. The eleventh century presents us the picture of society again struggling into form. To attain this form, it was necessary again to pass through the storm of revolution. Commotions in society are sometimes as necessary for its moral health, as storms are in nature for the purification of the atmosphere. Whoever will take the trouble to compare the tenth with the twelfth century, must be convinced that during the intervening pe-

riod "a great man has passed," and that his passage has been marked by great events. That great man was Hildebrand, afterwards Gregory VII; and the great events are those which Mr. Voigt so graphically describes in his history. This embraces the period of thirty-nine years, from the birth of the emperor Henry IV, in 1046, to the death of Gregory in 1085.

Mr. Voigt could not have chosen a more interesting or important subject, and few could have done it greater justice. His history is not confined to Gregory; along with him he portrays the various remarkable personages who flourished at the same time, and with most of whom Gregory was thrown into frequent contact. Among these, the chief is Henry IV, of Germany, the exact antithesis of Gregory in all things,—*infamous* for every thing for which *he* was *famous*. He and all the others appear before us like finished *tableaux* from a master hand,—their features and form so clearly marked, that they remain fixed in the memory, and will ever after be recognized as old acquaintances. Great men often appear in *groupes*, like the stars in heaven; and, among the great contemporaries of Gregory, we may mention St. Peter Damian, St. Anselm, bishop of Lucca, and Desiderius, abbot of Monte Cassino, in Italy; St. Hugh of Cluni, and Cardinal Hugh de Die, in France; Lanfranc,

archbishop of Canterbury, and William the Conqueror, in England; and Anno of Cologne, Rodolph, duke of Suabia, and Otto of Nordheim, in Germany. In the south of Italy, the famous Chevalier Robert Guiscard is seen extending the Roman power almost as much as William the Conqueror does in England; and the attentive reader will not fail to remark a great similarity in the characters and fortunes of these two fierce, but chivalrous Norman chieftains. He will also detect in the life, position in relation to Henry IV, splendid designs, varied fortunes, and remarkable death of the great Anno, archbishop of Cologne, many traits common to him with the great Cardinal Wolsey of England; though, if the comparison be strictly carried out, the palm will, perhaps, be awarded to Anno. Had Henry IV listened to *his* counsels, and not been guided too much by the ambitious Adalbert, bishop of Bremen, and others, the history of the eleventh century would have been very different. If the reader be fond of drawing parallels, he may find many things in the life, character and varied adventures of the great Otto of Nordheim, to remind him of that pink of mediæval chivalry, Richard *Cœur de Lion*. Finally, in the excellent Empress Agnes, the mother of Henry IV, he will discover the most estimable traits of character; and in the famous Matilda of Tuscany, the particular friend of Gregory, he will find all the qualities which constitute a great and good princess. She combined in a remarkable degree the coolness, firmness, and zeal of Gregory with the warlike talents and impetuous bravery* of Otto of Nordheim.

All the characters reappear under the pen of Mr. Voigt, fresh, and, as it were, instinct with life; and it requires but little exertion of fancy, to behold them again acting over before us their respective parts in history, Gregory VII being the great master spirit and actor, whose influence is felt by them all. Few men, perhaps, have been more differently judged by their cotemporaries,

* See Voigt, (vol. ii, p. 436), for a curious instance of her skill in arms, when, at the head of her troops, she surprized and defeated Henry's army in Lombardy.

and by posterity, than this great pontiff. That he was a great man with transcendent genius, and that he did great things all readily admit: and Napoleon, an excellent judge of human greatness, showed his discrimination when he said: "*if I were not Napoleon, I would wish to be Gregory VII!*"

By his enemies he has been represented as an ambitious man, who aimed at universal dominion, both civil and ecclesiastical, reckless of the means for attaining his object. Many Catholics have thought that he pushed the claims of his see too far. The Church has erected altars to his memory, as to one of the most devoted champions of her liberty and rights, and one of the greatest promoters of stainless purity among her clergy. It is a singular stroke of Divine Providence, that perhaps the best apology for the course thus pursued by the Church, comes to us from a Protestant pen, and from that Germany too, with which Gregory sustained so long and arduous a struggle. Mr. Voigt has defended him, not, as he had been attacked, by mere *declamation*, but by the evidence of *facts* drawn from cotemporary writers, such as Lambert, Paul Bernried, Domnizo, Berthold of Constance, Leo Ostiensis, Herrman, Fiorentini, Aventin, Cardinal Arago, and others. He has thoroughly sifted the testimony of these authors, and presented the facts in a chronological order, but yet woven into a narrative almost as interesting as any work of fiction. Though a Protestant, yet he is so just and moderate, and withal so accurate, that the severe critic, Abbé Jager, who translated his work into French, found little of importance to correct, and less to add to the narrative; and besides a remarkably well written, well reasoned, and highly wrought introductory essay of one hundred pages, his notes are chiefly valuable, as exhibiting the original text where Mr. Voigt had only referred to it. The manner of Mr. Voigt is very similar to that of the great English historian, Lingard, embracing many *facts* and little *theory*; while his style, though less terse and condensed, is perhaps more lively, and his narrative more detailed and interesting.

It is not our purpose to write a lengthy

review of Mr. Voigt's work, which we hope soon to see in an English dress. We wish merely to direct attention to the new light which so unexceptionable a witness has shed upon the character and actions of a man than whom few have been less known, or more misrepresented. Gregory had to sustain a two-fold relation to the world; the one *spiritual* to the Church, of which he was the visible head, the other *temporal*, to civil society, in the framework of which he was an important part. Our object is to show, from the facts which Mr. Voigt alleges and proves, that in both these capacities his influence was highly beneficial, while his motives were of the purest and most exalted nature. His great idea was, *to purify the Church, and through its agency to reform and civilize society*; and his acts were just such as the condition of the times required for the attainment of these two great objects. The chief fault of those who have censured him has been that they have judged his conduct, not by the circumstances of his own time and the jurisprudence which obtained then, but by the maxims and ideas of the present day, than which nothing could be more unjust.

I. Our blessed Redeemer foretold (Matt. xviii) that scandals should come; and even under his own eyes, and in the college of apostles, taught immediately by himself, a most grievous scandal was given by that traitorous disciple who sold his Divine Master. It was not to be expected that the members of the Church, even the ministers of its altars, should be all of them stainless. It was not promised that *the gates of hell should not rage against the Church, but that they should not prevail* (Matt. xvi). The storm was to howl fiercely around the ship of the Church, while pursuing her voyage over the stormy ocean of life, but in the hour of her greatest peril, when every thing would threaten shipwreck, and the timid would exclaim: "*Lord, save us, or we perish*," Jesus would arise from his apparent slumber, extend his hand over the boiling waves, command the winds and the sea, and suddenly there should come a great calm (St. Matt. viii, 25, 26). This miracle has been renewed in all the great emergen-

cies of the Church. "*She may be attacked, she cannot be conquered*." Persecution had tried her, and she came out fresher and brighter than ever. Heresy had assailed her on all sides, and yet she had gained the victory. At the period of which we are speaking, a flood of immorality broke in upon her, penetrating even within the sacred chancel of her sanctuary, and from this new and most terrible ordeal she was destined likewise to come out unharmed and unsullied. Perhaps the preservation of the Church, under such circumstances, is a greater miracle of God's providence, than any other recorded in her annals.

Gregory VII was the chief instrument employed by Divine Providence for the correction of the crying moral evils of his age. His vast mind immediately perceived the source from which this torrent of disorders flowed; and he directed all his efforts for nearly thirty-six years, towards drying it up. The Church had unworthy ministers and had to weep over many immoralities, even at the foot of her altars, because she had been enslaved by the princes of the earth,—her canons contemned, her liberties crushed, and her very sanctuaries sacrilegiously invaded by those who were clothed with the civil power. The right of investitures, claimed chiefly by the emperors of Germany, was the principal cause of all the evils of the Church. The emperors having richly endowed the bishopricks and abbeys, claimed the right of nominating to them, and of investing the subject thus nominated with the *insignia* of his office. The new incumbent took an oath of fealty, which required among other things that he should join the standard of his sovereign with his armed retainers, whenever called on to do so. In the appointment to bishopricks, more regard was often had to birth, and military talents, than to the virtues and learning required by the canons. What was still worse, these preferments were often purchased by money, and the most unworthy men were thus thrust into the holy places. Under the wicked and dissolute Henry IV, simony and consequent immorality became the order of the day in Germany and northern Italy, where his power

in this matter was more baneful, because less questioned. The Church was thus disgraced with wicked ministers, because "the princes of the world *had thrust them on her.*"

The right of investiture was manifestly an usurpation of the German emperors and other princes, at least in the sense in which it was understood and practised by them. It was viewed, not only by Gregory, but by many other holy men of the time, such as St. Anselm of Lucca,* and St. Peter Damian,† as the chief cause of all the evils which they so much deplored. It was in direct opposition to the enactments of the ancient canons regarding the election of bishops. These secured to the Church the right of choosing her own ministers, and perfect freedom in the exercise of that right. If the people often co-operated in the election of bishops during the first centuries, it was more as witnesses of the good qualities of the candidates than as electors; and perhaps one cause of the modification of discipline in this respect was the well grounded fear that when the people would become more numerous and perhaps less pious, popular clamor might impair the liberty of election. Princes never had the right of nomination to bishopricks, without the consent and concurrence of the Church. The thirtieth canon of those called "the Apostolic," believed by the learned to exhibit pretty accurately the discipline of the three first centuries of the Church, pronounces sentence of deposition against bishops who received their sees from princes. The fourth canon of the great council of Nice, held in 325, regulates the manner of appointing bishops by all those of the province, or by at least three of them—without even alluding to any right of the people or of princes in this matter.‡ The twenty-second canon of the eighth general council held at Constantinople in 870, goes still farther, and pronounces an anathema against any "lay prince," who would interfere in the "election or promotion of any patriarch, metropolitan, or bishop, so as to prevent its canonical freedom."§ Many other authorities could be produced to prove that the

claim set up by the princes of the eleventh century, not only had no sanction from the Church, but was in the very face of all its rights and laws. By being liberal to the Church, temporal princes acquired no right to enslave it, and to introduce into its bosom the feudal, on the ruins of the canon law.

Yet this was precisely what was attempted to be done; and for resisting this usurpation and contending strongly until death for the liberty of the Church, Gregory has sustained so much obloquy! Could he have done otherwise without betraying his duty, and, to use his own strong language, "by satisfying the caprices of princes, being hurled with them into the abyss?"* So far was this pretended right of investiture carried, that the German emperors even asserted it in regard to the Roman pontiff himself, thereby seeking to crush the liberty of the Church in its head—in the only one able effectually to resist the ever encroaching usurpation! The emperors had more than once attempted to elect and depose Popes at will; but they always met with powerful resistance from the Church, and never succeeded in causing more than temporary confusion. Sometimes called to the "eternal city," as its natural protectors, to quell popular insurrection, or to assert the liberty of the Church, they often went beyond the mere office of protection, and sought to rule in spiritual as well as in temporal matters. In one of his trips to Rome (after the middle of the tenth century), Otho the Great, emperor of Germany, with the aid of the antipope, styled Leo VIII, whom he had set up himself, had a decree or canon passed, by which the emperor's right to interpose in the election of the Pope was recognized; and though the provisions of this law were annulled by Henry II, in the beginning of the following century, they were renewed again by Conrad II, and became the cause of incalculable evils to the Church. In consequence of this law there were three claimants to the papal chair at one time, and Henry III, the father of Henry IV, paid a visit to Rome, and succeeded in suppressing the schism, without, however, giv-

* Sermon. ii.

† Ep. ii, et passim.

‡ Labbei. Concil. tom. ii, p. 30.

§ Id. Tom. viii. p. 1141.

* Ep. i, 11.

ing up the pretended privilege from which this and other evils had sprung.

It required such a man as Gregory VII to wrest from the hands of the German emperors what they would not willingly resign! And how wisely and how effectually he did it, Mr. Voigt informs us, and we shall have occasion to show more at length hereafter. Those writers who would fain persuade their readers that the controversy about investitures was one of mere form, show only their profound ignorance of history. It was, a vital question—a question of liberty or slavery for the Church. And as long as kings and princes exercised this pretended right, can we wonder at the dreadful evils which St. Peter Damian so pathetically laments? Can we be astonished that this good man should weep, like another Jeremiah, over the calamities of God's people, and the desecration of his holy places—that, reposing near the sanctuary which he loved, he shed tears over its desolation and abandonment, while the courts of princes were thronged with a worldly minded clergy? Can we wonder that when he had exhausted all the resources of prose, he resorted to poetry and wept in numbers over the evils of his day? And that finally disgusted with a world which he did not love, and which he despaired to be able to reform, he fled to solitude, and devoted himself entirely to prayer?

Mr. Voigt† ascribes Damian's retirement to a feeling of envy at Hildebrand's superiority. But there is little foundation for this assertion. The expressions of Damian, in which he calls Hildebrand‡ “*his holy adversary*,” and§ “*his hostile friend*,” and others of the same kind, only show some diversity of opinion and temperament between the two, but do not prove that there existed any jealousy. Hildebrand opposed his retiring, but Pope Alexander II permitted it on condition that Damian would come forth whenever the Church should need his services. Hildebrand was cool and deliberate, Damian was ardent and enthusiastic; but they both labored together for the same glorious ob-

ject,—the extirpation of simony and incontinence among the clergy, and the stricter observance of the ancient canons. And that they were good friends may be gathered from a letter written by Damian from solitude,* in which, complaining that Hildebrand had not written to him oftener, he speaks of the manner in which he had ever co-operated with him: “in all his (Hildebrand's) struggles and victories, he (Damian) had thrown himself in, not as a mere fellow soldier or follower, but as a thunder-bolt,” an expression which shows the impetuosity of his zeal.

There is no doubt that the language of St. Peter Damian should be received with some allowance; but yet it is equally certain that the evils deplored by him were both widely spread and inveterate. How deeply seated was the malady may be gathered from the long and obstinate resistance of the clergy of Milan and Lombardy to the proposed Reformation—from the repeated tumults in Milan consequent upon the zealous efforts made by the holy deacon Arialdo, and by the pious chevaliers Landulph and Herlembaud to enforce the canons of the Church; from the tragical death of Arialdo, as graphically related by Mr. Voigt;† from the outrages which, in 1074, disgraced the synod of Erford, over which Sigefrid, archbishop of Mayence, presided, as legate of the Pope, and sought to extirpate abuses; from the elections of the two antipopes, Cadolous and Guibert, and the awful troubles brought upon Rome and the Church by their wicked ambition; and, in a word, from the whole life of Gregory VII, which was one continued struggle against vice and immorality seated in high places. All these scandals and troubles were the work of a faction, it is true, but of a strong and powerful faction, aided and urged on by some of the greatest princes of Europe, among whom Henry IV of Germany, and Philip I of France were the most conspicuous.

Such was the sad state of things in the Church, when Hildebrand was unanimously elected Pope by the clergy and people of

* Ep. i, 15.

† Vol. i.

‡ “*Sanctus satanas meus.*”

§ “*Hostilis amicus meus.*”

* Ep. ii, 8. “*Certaminibus et victoriis, ego me non commilitonem seu pedisequum, sed quasi fulmen injeci.*”

† Vol. i, p. 153.

Rome in 1073. He was the very man that was best calculated to meet the emergency. He brought to the pontifical chair an experience of twenty-four years, during which he had been actively employed in various important affairs by previous pontiffs. From the pontificate of the holy Pope Leo IX (A. D. 1049), who had made him archdeacon of the Roman Church, to the day of his own election, he was the right arm of the Church's defence. So great was the confidence entertained in his judgment, that St. Peter Damian* says, that he himself followed his opinions as he would the canons of the Church. It was he who prompted Bruno, bishop of Toul, nominated Pope Leo IX by Henry IV, to take off the *insignia* of the papacy at the monastery of Cluny, to walk as a pilgrim to Rome, and not to accept of the tiara until he should be canonically elected by the clergy and people of that city. This was his first step towards the emancipation of the Church. He it was who advised, and perhaps penned the famous canon† of the Roman council held under Nicholas II in 1059, which fixed the mode of electing the sovereign pontiff, by the cardinals, with the consent of the people, and made the approval by the emperor a mere personal privilege to belong to those emperors ONLY, to whom it would be specially granted by the Pope.‡

Having brought to the pontificate so much wisdom, learned from experience, he employed it all in the government of the Church. He undertook nothing rashly. He was as cool and deliberate in taking his measures, as he was firm and persevering in carrying them out. All his efforts for the extinction of simony and incontinence among the clergy, and every stage of his struggle with Henry IV, of Germany, evidence his coolness and wisdom. He was consistent throughout. Every thing tended to the carrying out of his great plan—to *secure the freedom of the Church, and then to enforce its ancient canons*. He steadily pursued this plan for nearly thirty-six years.

* Ep. ii, 8.

† Labb. Tom. ix, p. 1103.

‡ It is one evidence of the great genius and wisdom of Gregory VII, that the requirements of this canon are followed with but few modifications to this day, in the election of the Pope.

He was too clearly convinced of the soundness of his principles, and of the justice of his cause, ever to waver or falter in his course for one moment.

Yet he was not excessively stern, as many are inclined to believe. He had a tender and susceptible heart, sometimes filled "with an immensity of joy,"* and anon, "straitened with the most cruel grief."† His treatment of Henry IV, when he humbly sued for reconciliation with the Church at the castle of Canossa, is not an exception to his general character in this respect. He treated Henry with some rigor, because he had too much reason to doubt the sincerity of the young king's repentance, and the event furnished a sad proof of his forecast. Yet it must be borne in mind, that, though Henry immediately after broke all his solemn oaths, Gregory abstained for more than three years from renewing the excommunication, though repeatedly urged to do so. And when he did renew it, it was with the greatest reluctance. He was severe towards the obstinate, but at the first sign of repentance, his heart melted with sympathy. His kind treatment of Berengarius, who recanted in the synod of Rome in 1079, is a well known evidence of this. He even offered to pardon the wicked antipope Guibert of Ravenna, in case he would repent;‡ and he repeatedly offered to receive Henry himself again into the Church, after all his enormities, if he would but repent and repair the scandals he had given.§ He himself informs us that he was accused of too much leniency,|| and Cardinal Hugh de Die, his legate in France, complained of the facility with which he absolved those ecclesiastics who had been excommunicated in French councils.¶

His activity was prodigious. By means of his legates he was every where, actively engaged by means of councils provincial

* Gaudii repleti immensitate, Ep. i, 40.

† Circumvallat me dolor immanis, Ep. ii, 49.

‡ Ep. v, 13.

§ Cardinal Arago gives us Gregory's reply to the Romans, when pressed by Henry's besieging army, they besought the pontiff to absolve him. Gregory offered to do it, but only on the conditions above named. Voigt, vol. ii, p. 416.

|| Ep. i, 77.

¶ Voigt, vol. ii, p. 293.

and national, in reforming abuses, and restoring ecclesiastical discipline. His vast mind grasped the whole world, and yet entered every where into the most minute details! He has left nine books of letters written to every class of persons, from the prince on his throne, to the monk in his cell. His penetrating eye reached even Africa, where the few Christians that were left were trampled under foot by the Moors.* He was very solicitous about the reunion of the Greek, with the Latin Church. He was the first to conceive the project of a crusade, one great object of which was to aid the Christians of the east, and to heal the Greek schism. This conception alone would show how vast was his mind. He made two efforts to arouse Europe to a sense of its importance—but Europe was not yet prepared to throw herself on Asia. Hungary, Bohemia, Russia, Denmark and Spain were all sharers in his pastoral solicitude. He seemed to attend to each thing, as though he had nothing else to do; and even when beset by the greatest difficulties, he relaxed in nothing his ceaseless labors for the general good of the Church. He celebrated in Rome no less than eight councils, all of which were very numerous attended.

His letters exhibit perhaps the best portrait of his mind and heart. His style is similar to that of St. Gregory the Great, whom he greatly admired. Those who accuse him of worldly ambition have not read, or have not understood his letters. They all breathe higher motives, and a spirit not of this world. Mr. Voigt† has exhibited a condensed analysis of his principles and maxims from his letters, which evidences great industry, and a thorough acquaintance with his subject.

But the quality which most distinguished Gregory was his moral courage. No dangers appalled him—no obstacles nor difficulties deterred him from doing what was right. His soul grew with the events through which he had to pass. Who will not admire the calm composure which he evinced, when he was seized on Christmas-

night at the very altar by an armed band of assassins led on by Cencius, when he was cruelly beaten; his hair plucked out, his pontifical robes torn off, and himself dragged off a prisoner to their leader's castle? Who will not admire the forbearance which requited this outrage, with so effectual an interposition, as screened its perpetrator from the effects of popular indignation? Who will not be struck by the noble courage manifested by him, in the last council he held in Rome, in 1083, when, beset on all sides with difficulties innumerable—with Henry's victorious troops threatening Rome, he arose in the council, and, with the face "*more of an angel than of a man*,"* spoke with an eloquence so stirring, as to move all who were present to tears! This noble courage was his great ruling feeling, strong even in death; and the memorable words, which were the last he uttered before he expired an exile at Salerno,† "*I have loved justice and hated iniquity, and therefore I die in exile*," contribute much to give us an insight into his character.

II. Such were the qualities of Gregory—such the difficulties he had to contend with in fulfilling the duties growing out of his *spiritual* relations to the Church. He had to encounter obstacles yet more fearful in his *temporal* relations to civil society. He could not expect to carry out his favorite plan of reformation, without being thwarted at every step by the princes of the earth. Besides the pernicious influence of their example, their claims in regard to investiture were as we have seen, at war with the liberties, and subversive of the dearest interests of the Church. Gregory saw fully the difficulty of his position. He perceived the storm which was gathering, and was prepared to endure its most merciless peltings!‡ He quailed not, either in the anticipation, or, when the fearful reality more than justified his worst forebodings!

* See Labb. Concil tom. x, p. 402. "*Ore magis angelico quam humano.*"

† Dilexi: Justitiam, odi iniquitatem; ideo morior in exilio.—Paul Bernierd c. 110.

‡ Speaking of Henry (Ep. i, 11), he uses this remarkable language: *et certe tutius est defendendo veritatem pro sui ipsius salute adusque sanguinem nostrum sibi resistere, quam ad explendam ejus voluntatem iniquitati consentiendo secum quod abest ad interitum ruere.*

* Ep. i, 22, 23. See Voigt, vol. i, p. 35.

† Vol. i, pp. 261—8.

The charges brought against him by his enemies may be reduced to these two heads: 1. He is accused of ambition, in seeking to make the kings of Hungary, Dalmatia, Sardinia, Spain, and England take the oath of fealty to the holy see: and he is charged with aiming at universal dominion in civil as well as in ecclesiastical matters. 2. He is greatly blamed for having attempted to depose Henry IV, emperor of Germany. We will endeavor to meet both these charges, and to prove that in his relations to princes, his influence was highly beneficial to civil society.

1. All the writers of the eleventh century paint Europe as being in a most distracted condition. England was passing through a revolution under William the Conqueror, and the south of Italy was also being revolutionized by Robert Guiscard; while Spain was struggling with the Moors, and Germany was torn by the most fierce civil wars between Henry IV, and the princes of the empire. France was not free from internal troubles, while its southern frontier was threatened by the Saracens; and in the east, Constantinople was tottering to its fall, and the rising dynasty of the Turks menaced with extermination the Christian name, in places where it had been once so illustrious. In civil society every thing was in a state of disorder; the laws were trampled under foot with impunity; and *might* and *right* were viewed as almost synonymous terms. The weak were oppressed by the strong; and the feudal system, which had just obtained a firm foothold in Europe, was bringing forth its bitter first fruits—of anarchy, petty civil wars, and bloodshed. St. Peter Damian* draws a graphic picture of the manner in which the feudal chieftains robbed one another, and then recklessly "set fire to the cottage of the poor laborer." And Gregory VII, in many of his epistles, weeps over the murders and confusion of his time, calling it appropriately "THE AGE OF IRON."

In this distracted condition of things, only one power was universally acknowledged and respected—that of the Church,

and of its visible head, the sovereign pontiff. And we are not to be surprised at seeing princes often invoking this power whenever they got into difficulties with their subjects, or with one another. Nor was this always a mere mark of respect to the holy see—it was oftener a prudential measure for their own security. When, by taking the oath of fealty to the Pope, they became the feudal subjects of the holy see, they had a right to expect from it protection against foreign invasion of their kingdom or domestic usurpation of their throne. Thus, in return for a fealty, which included chiefly spiritual obedience to the Pope, with a very small annual offering to the papal treasury, they often received from the holy see the most substantial favors. Any one who recklessly invaded a state thus placed under the "protection of St. Peter," after having been admonished to desist, incurred, if he persisted, the sentence of excommunication.

Such being the case, we are not astonished that kings and princes in those troubled times often placed their crowns at the pontiff's feet. Thus Demetrius, king of Russia, sent his son all the way to Rome to implore* Pope Gregory VII, to receive his kingdom as a fief of the holy see: and Gregory in his answer,† seems to grant his request with some reluctance, and requires of him what was usually required in such cases, that he should promise to assist his liege sovereign, (the holy see) "*in all things just.*" Many kings in dying left their kingdoms under the protection of the Pope; and whenever a powerful baron or neighboring prince sought to violate this testamentary disposition, to the prejudice of the infant heir, the Pope interposed, as in the case of Vezelin, who attempted to usurp the throne of Dalmatia.‡ Thus also Henry III, left his infant son Henry IV, under the guardianship of his widow, the empress Agnes, and of Pope Victor II.

It is not necessary to multiply facts to prove that one great feature of medieval jurisprudence was the express or tacit acknowledgment of a kind of universal pro-

* Ep. i, 15, *supra cit.*

* "*Devotis precibus.*" (Ep. ii, 74.)

† *Ibid.*

‡ See St. Gregory, VII. Ep. vii, 4.

tectorate in the Roman pontiff. We find even the fierce Robert Guiscard bowing down and taking the oath of fealty to the holy see. It is proper however to observe here, once for all, that the oath of feudal vassalage did not imply unlimited obedience—much less did it enforce a slavish submission in all things to the will of the liege lord. Feudal allegiance was very different from that of modern times. The former was peculiar to the middle ages, and its duties were few and clearly marked, requiring at the same time as a condition *sine qua non*, the compliance with certain correlative duties on the part of him to whom the oath was taken.

Gregory could not hope to carry out his plan for reforming the Church, without the co-operation of temporal princes. From many of them he had reason to expect the most determined opposition. Hence it is not at all surprising, that, intent upon *one great idea*, he sought, from the very commencement of his pontificate, to rally around him the princes of the earth. This will explain to us his course of conduct in regard to Dalmatia, Hungary, Sardinia, and part of Spain, which, in various letters, he sought to prove, to have been in former times feudal dependencies of the holy see. We read of no resistance to his claims in any of these countries, which proves that they were well founded, and that the documents he alleged were genuine. This should put to shame those maligners of the sainted pontiff, who would fain persuade us, that he forged documents to suit his own purposes!! To prove, that the princes and people of the middle ages were not advocates of passive obedience, even to the Pope, particularly where temporal matters were concerned, we may adduce the refusal by William the Conqueror, to take the oath of fealty to Gregory. His answer to the pontiff is brief, blunt, and characteristic of the Norman: yet even *he*, while positively refusing to take the oath, says nothing in his answer to impugn the motives of Gregory.* He had been the early favorite of Gregory who had extolled him

as a model of princes;† and on his refusal to take the oath, the pontiff in his letter to his English legate Humbert, only complains of the bluntness of the English monarch, and of his refusal to suffer the English bishops to visit Rome. This last fact will perhaps explain to us his motive for endeavoring to induce William to take the oath.

Those who would charge Gregory with motives of mere worldly ambition, have not learned the first elements of his character. Had worldly grandeur been his object, why did he not obtain it, as he certainly could have done? Why did he not doff his humble and coarse apparel, and clothe himself in the "soft garments of kings?" Why did he not keep up a splendid court, and live luxuriously in the midst of earthly pomp and display? Why did he not die a great temporal prince, instead of a poor exile at Salerno? Ambition, forsooth! Nothing was more foreign from his mind and heart. All his letters breathe a higher spirit—all his acts imply higher motives. He was not a man to swerve one iota from the plain path of duty, for all the kingdoms of the world! "*I would rather,*" says he, "*undergo death for your salvation, than obtain the whole world, to your spiritual ruin. For I fear God, and therefore value but little the pride, and pleasures of the world.*"‡

2. Much has been written of the pontiff's long and painful struggle with Henry IV of Germany: but those who have taken occasion from it to cast all the blame on Gregory, betray great ignorance of the history of that remarkable contest. In the first place, who was Henry, and what was his character? He was the most powerful sovereign of his day, and his vast empire extended over more than half of Europe. His influence was immense for good or for evil. He was in his twenty-third year, when Gregory was raised to the pontificate. His many natural good qualities had been almost destroyed by a vicious education from his earliest youth—the stream of his existence had been tainted in its very source. He had given into the most criminal excesses from the time he had first

* See his answer to the pontiff in Voigt, vol. ii, p. 320, note.

* See Voigt, vol. i, p. 425.

† Ep. vi, 1.

mounted the throne, and from a confirmed *debauchee*, had become the most heartless and cruel of men. For his criminal excesses, and his shameful sale of bishopricks and abbeys, he had been already summoned to appear before the holy see, in the last year of Pope Alexander II.* This summons had no other effect upon the dissolute young king, than to cause him to enter momentarily into himself: but on the death of Alexander, his excesses became more enormous and insufferable than ever. He no longer observed any bounds. His court resembled more the seraglio of the mussulman, than the residence of a Christian prince. Perhaps a greater monster never disgraced a throne. To obtain the objects of his criminal passion, he stopped at nothing—husbands, fathers, or lovers were removed by assassination! He knew how to refine on cruelty: he could smile on you one day, and have a dagger sent to your heart the next! In adversity, he was the meanest of sycophants, and the most crouching of slaves: look at him at the diet of Tribur,† when the Saxons were victorious, and the princes of the empire had abandoned him; look at him also at the castle of Canossa, when suing for reconciliation with the Church. When flushed with victory, he was the most ferocious of tyrants—crushing and trampling in the dust those who had already submitted: witness the horrible manner in which he overran Saxony, Thuringia, and Suabia, as most graphically painted by Voigt. He was as perfidious, as he was cruel. He could be bound neither by treaties the most solemn, nor by oaths the most sacred. In one word, he was the Nero of the middle ages, and his cotemporaries gave him this title.‡ All these charges could be substantiated by facts almost innumerable from Mr. Voigt, were it deemed necessary.

Such was the monster with whom Gregory had to deal. He could not escape a contest with such a man, without sacrificing his most sacred duty. For, in addition to Henry's private and political crimes, he made a regular traffic of the bishopricks

and abbeys, intruding into them the most unworthy subjects; thus deluging the Church with a flood of scandals! He would sell a bishoprick to one, and if another subsequently offered more, he would have the former deposed as simoniacal, and bestow the investiture upon the latter! By this abuse, some of the principal Churches had two, and that of Milan, had three. bishops at one time!! Thus schisms were added to the other evils of the Church.

How did Gregory deport himself in his controversy with Henry? The limits of this article will not allow more than a very brief *expose* of the various stages of that contest; and those who may wish a fuller account of it, are referred to the luminous work of Mr. Voigt. We will endeavor to present in order the various facts of the case, scattered through the two volumes of our author; and we think, it will be seen, that the simple unadorned statement of facts is the best possible vindication of Gregory's course.

1. From the very commencement of his pontificate, he employed every means in his power to win the heart of Henry: he wrote to him two letters* full of sweetness, unction and a divine eloquence in which he appealed to him by every consideration that was calculated to touch his heart, and arouse him to a proper sense of his duty: in both of these letters he however hinted to him, that, in conformity with the jurisprudence of the age, the right to the crown could be secured to him, *only*, on condition "of his governing according to the law of God, and protecting the liberty of his holy Church." To his own efforts, his influence added those of Henry's mother, the pious Empress Agnes, and of the Countesses Beatrix and Matilda his (Henry's) relatives; not to mention those of the great and good Anno, archbishop of Cologne.

2. When Henry, notwithstanding the hopes with which his answer had at first inspired Gregory, still continued in his evil

* See Voigt, vol. i, p. 23. † Ibid, vol. ii, 168—9.
‡ St. Anselm. Tract. de Ferment.

* See them in Voigt, vol. i, 407—8. Mr. Voigt thinks that these letters are master pieces of prudence and eloquence. In general, all the epistles of Gregory breathe sentiments fresh from a heart, warmed by divine charity.

courses, the latter did not immediately excommunicate him. He proceeded slowly and cautiously. His object throughout seems to have been to correct, not to crush Henry. He first excommunicated the unworthy bishops who had purchased their sees from him; then five of his evil counsellors: hoping that he would profit by these unequivocal demonstrations. And whenever Henry made the least show of repentance, with what paternal tenderness did not the pontiff felicitate him! * About this time, (A. D. 1073), Henry wrote him a most submissive and hypocritical letter; † and though Gregory saw through the deceit, and knew well that Henry's difficult political position alone had prompted the letter, yet with what sweetness did he not answer this letter!

3. Nearly two years later, in 1075, occurred the infamous plot of Cencius, and the outrage upon Gregory's person, alluded to above. The pontiff had every reason to believe, that Henry and Guibert archbishop of Ravenna, were at the head of this plot; and yet he forbore! He does not even allude to it in any of his controversy with Henry!!

4. In the same year, 1075, the brave Saxons, after a noble struggle against tyranny, submitted to Henry on the faith of a solemn treaty at Gerstungen, in which he promised to protect their property, and the liberty and rights of their princes. ‡ Henry violated his solemn oaths, and trampled the brave Saxons in the dust. Crushed, and bleeding, they appealed to the Pope for protection. The "holy see," says Mr. Voigt, § "was the only tribunal, which could set any limits to imperial despotism, as a second defender of humanity." He might have said, that it was the *first*, and, in many cases, the *only* defender of humanity, of human liberty and rights. In those times of anarchy and confusion, to whom could the oppressed cry, but to the common father of Christians? Could Gregory be indifferent to their cry for relief? Could he do otherwise than hear their appeal, listen to their complaints, and endeavor to redress their wrongs? Henry himself had also

appealed to the holy see against the Saxons; * so that Gregory saw both parties appealing to him to settle their quarrel. By the fact, he was virtually chosen *arbitrator*. Who can then blame him for taking cognizance of the cause, and for deciding in it according to justice? Would not posterity have censured him, had he neglected the appeal, thus solemnly interposed? At the instance of Rodolph, duke of Suabia, and of other German princes, Gregory had been induced † nearly two years previously in 1073-4, to act as *mediator* between Henry and the rebellious Saxons. He had accepted the office, and had written a most eloquent letter ‡ to many bishops and princes of Germany, imploring them by their influence to stop the effusion of blood, until the difficulties could be amicably adjusted. But amidst the din of arms, this voice had not been heard. About that same time, Henry had sent ambassadors to Rome to complain of the Saxons: § so that he may be said to have appealed twice to the holy see. Gregory therefore had a *right* to interfere in the political affairs of Germany, under each of two characters—that of *mediator*, and that of *arbitrator*. Why have his enemies concealed these facts?

5. And who were the Saxons, whose cause Gregory espoused? They were the oppressed: they were the advocates of *liberty*! The decision of Gregory against Henry, was a blow aimed at tyranny, and struck for the rights of the people! If ever a people deserved liberty, the Saxons deserved that boon. Instead of being the fierce savages that some historians would fain represent them, they were remarkable for their accurate perception of right and justice, and for their firm, yet moderate, advocacy of their liberties. At the famous convention of the Saxon people at Nockmeslove, in 1073, Otto of Nordheim had made a speech, which for solid reasoning, and moving eloquence, perhaps equals any effort of our own Patrick Henry! || Its

* Voigt, ii, p. 97. † Ib. vol. i, p. 360. ‡ Ep. i, 39.

§ Voigt, vol. i, p. 381. Where he cites for his authority, his favorite historian Lambert.

|| Whoever will read the portion of this famous speech, given us by Mr. Voigt, (vol. i, p. 283-9, &c.) will scarcely think this an exaggeration. If

* See his Ep. iii, 3.

† Voigt, vol. i, p. 281.

‡ Ibid, vol. ii, p. 78.

§ Vol. ii, p. 98.

stirring accents rang throughout all Saxony, and its effect was not only to thrill every bosom, but to cause the war cry "*to arms! to arms!*" to be heard from every valley and hill-top! To show in what light the oath of fealty to the king was viewed in those days, we will present the following extract from Otto's speech: "*Perhaps you hesitate to break the oath you have taken to the king, because you are Christians! What! to the king! So long as he was king for me—so long as he showed himself such, I have scrupulously observed the oath I had taken: since he has ceased to act like a king, and to discharge the duties of a king, I owe him fealty no longer. Courage then! we do not march against the king. No,—but against the enemy of our liberty; against the enemy of our country, &c.*"

This reasoning only alleges a principle generally received in the middle ages: that *obedience and protection* are correlative terms, and that the former ceases to be obligatory, where the latter is wanting.* According to this principle, Henry could have been deposed without the sanction of the Pope: and in fact the princes of the empire seriously thought of doing so before Gregory had spoken. The Saxons, in appealing to the Pope had not only expressly recognized in him the power of deposing princes, but had said, that the German empire was a fief of the holy see.† In fine, Gregory, while declaring *under all the circumstances*, that the Saxons were absolved from their oath of allegiance to Henry, did precisely what every American and every lover of liberty would have done.

6. In answer to the appeal of the Saxons, Gregory wrote a letter to Henry, in which, after having employed all his eloquence to reclaim him, he threatened him with excommunication, unless he repented and

some one would take the trouble to collect together the various famous speeches of the middle ages, and present them in a good English dress, he would add to the stock of mediæval literature. This speech, two or three of Gregory before Roman councils and one of Urban II, at the council of Clermont in 1095, might belong to the collection.

* See decision of a council of Toledo referred to by Guizot—Lectures, &c. where this principle is connected with the etymology of the word *recte*, &c.

† See Voigt, vol. ii, p. 98.

reformed.* Flushed with his recent victory over the Saxons, Henry despised the admonitions of the pontiff. He assembled a conventicle at Worms, in 1075, which attempted to depose Gregory, and set up Guibert, archbishop of Ravenna, in his stead.† He directed two insolent letters to the Roman people and to the Pope, to announce to them the decision of the mock council: and sent Rolando, a secret emissary, to insult the pontiff to his face, in the council which he was to open in Rome. Gregory screened the envoy from the punishment which his insolence provoked; read the insulting documents himself to the council, with the utmost *sang froid*; and, in order to let the excitement subside, adjourned the session until the next day. He then calmly explained to the one hundred and ten assembled bishops, the whole of his past relations with Henry, and his wish to secure the freedom and peace of the Church. It was only at the most urgent request of the council, that he consented to excommunicate Henry.‡

7. It is manifest, that in the whole proceeding Gregory wished to correct and not to degrade Henry: hence, in a letter to the princes and bishops of Germany, he promised to readmit him on repentance.§

8. It was a law of the German empire, that if a prince remained under excommunication for one year, he forfeited his crown.¶ Hence it was that Henry was in so much haste to be absolved by Gregory at Canossa.

9. If Gregory deposed Henry, the consent of princes and people at that time secured to him the right to do so. This is so certain, that it is not deemed necessary to adduce facts to prove it. Voigt admits it;|| and his translator proves it by incontestible cotemporary documents.** Gregory then usurped nothing—he is borne out by the spirit and the jurisprudence of his age.††

* See Voigt, vol. ii, p. 103.

† Ibid, p. 107.

‡ Ibid, p. 115, et seq.

§ Ibid, p. 129.

¶ Ibid, p. 137.

|| Ibid, p. 214.

** See his introduction, p. lix. et seq.

†† See a work by Gosselin, published in Paris, 1829, entitled, *Pouvoir des Papes sur les souverains, au Moyen Age*. See also the admirable work of Coet de Maistre, "*Du Pape*." Voltaire also admits this.

10. Finally, though Henry was not sincere in obtaining absolution from the excommunication, at Canossa; though in less than fifteen days thereafter he broke all his solemn oaths, yet Gregory abstained for nearly four years from renewing the excommunication. His legates in Germany went beyond their instructions, when, at the diet of Forcheim in 1077, they approved of the election of Rodolph. He often lamented this imprudent step.* He viewed it as premature, and calculated to foment, rather than to remedy the troubles of Germany and of the Church; and he declares,† that “*he would rather suffer death, if necessary, than be the cause of the troubles of the Church.*” He labored incessantly to heal the divisions of Germany, and to stop the effusion of blood—council after council, he assembled in Rome—diet after diet, he appointed to be held in Germany, for the final settlement of the matter. But Henry

* This fact does not appear to be generally known. Even Feller (Dict. Hist. Art. Greg. VII) ascribes the election of Rodolph to Gregory: and this too in the face of many of the pontiff's letters, and of his solemn declaration to the contrary, at the Roman council held in 1080! He also asserts that, Gregory excommunicated Henry again immediately after their reconciliation at Canossa in 1076: whereas, though his legates in Germany renewed the excommunication in 1077, yet the pontiff himself abstained from doing so until 1080.

† Ep. iv, 24.

thwarted all his measures: so far from seeking, he was afraid of that justice which Gregory wished to have meted out to him. He then, and not Gregory, was responsible for the protracted civil war in Germany.

Such was Gregory, as shown by his acts. Henry triumphed over him for a time; and he died an exile; but he died as he had lived, virtuous, calm, unshaken and happy. Henry died, reduced to the lowest degradation, abandoned by all, and despised by all, even his own sons, who had successfully carried on a civil war against him. Gregory was “the Hercules of the middle ages: he enchained monsters, crushed the hydra of feudalism, saved Europe from barbarism, and what is more beautiful still, he illustrated Christian society by his virtues.‡ We conclude with the last words of Mr. Voigt: “It is difficult to bestow on him exaggerated eulogy: for he has laid every where the foundation of a solid glory. But every one should wish to render justice to whom justice is due; let no one cast a stone at him that is innocent: let every one respect and honor a man, who has labored for his age, with views so grand and so generous. Let him who is conscious of having calumniated him, re-enter into his own conscience.”

P. F.

‡ Abbe Jager Introd. p. xcix.

FENELON.—ANECDOTES OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

BY W. J. WALTER.

Concluded from page 73.

DAY by day the writings of Fenelon began to excite the attention of the public. Whatever opinion might have been previously entertained of his talents, and acquirements, no one had anticipated, or indeed could anticipate, that, in a theological controversy, he would have dared to enter the field with so formidable an antagonist as the author of the “Variations,” and the “Conference with Claude.” For half a century Bossuet had occupied the field; the other prelates were lost in the blaze of his

splendor. Add to this that Fenelon stood before the public invested with that kind of renown which persecution and misfortune always give to genius and to virtue. Hitherto Bossuet had been the accuser. Often, indeed, he assumed the tone and authority of a judge. He thought he had reduced Fenelon to the painful and humiliating dilemma, either of remaining silent, or being the mere repeller of accusations. But Fenelon in the last letter, of which we selected a part, had elevated himself without any vio-

lation of the courtesies of life, to a rank which became a bishop; conscious of the purity of his motives and the sincerity of his faith, and of the right which he possessed of defending his opinions against the attack of his brother prelates, by an appeal to the tribunal of their common superior. He had thus taken a stand, not in the rank of the accused, but of the accuser; and Bossuet felt that he must collect all his energies to resist an opponent whose resources and whose genius he had not duly appreciated.

But Fenelon had more powerful enemies than even Bossuet arrayed against him. His firmness exasperated Louis XIV, and those by whom he was governed. Fenelon still retained the title of preceptor to the royal dukes. With a littleness of revenge, the king ordered a list of the officers about their persons to be presented to him, and with his own hand he drew a line over the name of Fenelon. Under this and other indignities, he preserved the pious serenity of his mind. "Yet but a little while," he said to a friend, "and the deceitful dream of life will be over. We shall meet in the kingdom of truth, where there is no error, no division, no scandal; we shall *breathe* the pure love of God, not *dispute* about it, and taste of that peace which passeth all understanding. In the meantime let us suffer, let us suffer; let us be trodden under foot; let us not refuse disgrace. Our Divine Model did not refuse it; it is the best means of disciplining our hearts here, and will tend to our glory hereafter."

In the meantime his enemies did not desist from their efforts, and the worst remains yet to be told. Seeing the vantage ground which Fenelon had taken up, and the sympathies he had enlisted in his favor, other and darker means were sought for to overwhelm him. It is not without pain that we record the fact. Long ago surmises had been heard prejudicial to the morals of Madame de Guyon, and a Father Lacomb, frequently the companion of her wanderings, and the promulgator of her doctrines. Like that lady he had for a long time been a prisoner for his opinions. He was a man of a heated imagination; and, like many other victims of illusion, long imprisonment

and the leisure to brood over his monomania, had weakened his intellects. He had addressed a letter to the bishop of Tarbes, containing strong expressions of self-condemnation. The letter fell into the hands of Fenelon's enemies; they fancied they saw in it an avowal of the most scandalous excesses, and made use of it as a victorious means of convicting Madame de Guyon, and of tainting by implication the pure and unsullied reputation of the good Fenelon. So much importance was attached to the letter that the cardinal archbishop of Paris took it to Madame de Guyon, and pressed her in the most solemn and moving terms to confess every thing. She heard him with amazement,—exclaiming that Father Lacomb must have been deranged to write such a letter. The accusation, however, was not only believed, but a copy of it was forwarded to Rome.

When Pope Innocent XII heard of these proceedings, he wept like a child, and was heard to say, "and is it upon grounds like these that my son Louis of France has put out of doors the relations and friends of such a man as Fenelon!" By the way this was the fact. When the letter was read to the king he ordered all the friends and adherents of Fenelon to quit the court. But in spite of these odious measures, the public favor and every honorable sympathy began to manifest themselves for Fenelon. It was felt that the existence of virtue itself would be problematical, should it be proved that Fenelon was not virtuous. At this critical moment Bossuet struck the blow which all the world has deplored; he gave to the public his book entitled "A Relation of Quietism."

The friends of Fenelon were anxious that he should oppose nothing to this angry pamphlet but the integrity of his life and the reputation of his virtue. But he thought differently. The manner in which it might prejudice his cause, rendered a full refutation necessary. It was done with all that frankness and despatch which injured innocence alone could employ. Bossuet's Relation appeared in the middle of June; Fenelon's reply was published on the third of August. A nobler effusion of the indigna-

tion of insulted genius and virtue, eloquence has never produced. In the first lines of it, Fenelon placed himself immeasurably above his antagonist, and to the last he preserves his elevation. "Notwithstanding my innocence," says he, "I was always apprehensive of a dispute of facts: I knew that such a dispute between bishops must occasion considerable scandal. . . . What an indecency to behold in the house of God; in his very sanctuary, his principal ministers venting their angry feelings in declamations one against the other. Your age and my infirmities must soon bring us before him, whom credit cannot influence, eloquence cannot sway. *You* to profess to be afraid of *my* power, to fear *my* subtilty! To what shifts are you reduced! *You* under a necessity of proving seriously that I have more power than *you*! . . . Believe me, sir, we have been too long a spectacle to the world; an object of derision to the ungodly, of compassion to the good. That other men should be but men is not surprising; but that the ministers of Christ, the angels of the Church, as inspired language has called them, should exhibit such scenes to the scoffer and the unbeliever, calls for tears of blood. If, instead of consuming our time in interminable disputes, we had been in our dioceses, teaching Christ's little ones their simple catechism, and instructing the poor villager to love his neighbor and fear his God, how much more profitably should we have been employed!"

After Fenelon's triumphant vindication there were still disbelievers. Bossuet's solemn denunciation that "the time was come when terrible secrets should be revealed," continued to influence many. And sure enough, the terrible revelation took place shortly after. Father Lacombe had been dragged all the way from the south of France to be confronted with the partner of his guilt. When an attempt was made to question him it was found that his intellects were wholly deranged. He was placed in a private madhouse, and died some months after in a state of complete insanity; while the most satisfactory testimonials were produced of Madame de Guyon's pious and exemplary conduct in the convent to which

she had retired. And so ended this miserable contrivance; so triumphant to Fenelon, so disgraceful to his adversaries.

After much intrigue, Fenelon's enemies at last succeeded in Rome. For a long time, the holy father sought to avoid a final decision. To his praise be it said, that, in spite of insinuations, not unmingled with menaces, he held the balance steadily, and after every effort of the king of France and his partisans to make it kick the beam, it trembled at last with only a slight preponderance against Fenelon. Twenty-three propositions, reducible to two, were condemned, but so gentle was the condemnation that Fenelon's name never once occurs in the brief. These circumstances soothed the sorrow of Fenelon's friends, and not a little mortified his enemies. Pope Innocent said a good thing which was in every mouth: "Fenelon has erred through an excess of the love of God; Bossuet has sinned through a want of love for his neighbor." A wag hearing that this *bon mot* was badly relished at court, observed, "Why take offence? after all 'twas but an *innocent* joke." The queen of Poland's antithesis is also well known: "Bossuet makes us fear error; Fenelon makes us love the truth." The following well turned epigram went the round of the journals of the day.

Dans ces fameux débats, ou deux prélats de France
Semblent chercher la Vérité,
L'un dit qu'on détruit l'Espérance,
L'autre, que c'est la Charité:
C'est la Foi qui perit, et personne n'y pense.

For want of a better take the following translation:

"Why do those prelates wrangle so?"
Tis in the cause of Truth, you know;
One says that *Hope*'s destroyed, and one
That blessed *Charity*'s undone,—
"But what of *Faith*?" Though in the stir
She suffers most, none think of her.

The first intimation of the arrival of the Pope's brief was given to Fenelon by his brother, at the moment he was about to ascend the pulpit of his cathedral to preach; and the news of it was immediately circulated throughout the congregation. Fenelon recollected himself; he paused for a moment or two, and then, changing the plan

of his sermon, preached on the duty of obedience to the Church. The interest of the moment, the subject of his discourse, the sentiments it expressed, the religious calm with which it was delivered, the solemn engagement he contracted by it to practise on that trying occasion the submission which he preached—all, drew tears of sorrow, of respect, of admiration from the whole audience.

Without losing a moment, Fenelon published a pastoral letter, addressed to all the faithful of his district. It was simple, as sincerity always is. "Our holy father," he says, "has condemned my book, entitled the 'Maxims of the Saints,' and has condemned, in a particular manner, twenty-three propositions extracted from it. We adhere to his brief, and condemn the book, and the twenty-three propositions, simply, absolutely, and without a shadow of reserve." How touching this example, how beautiful this renunciation of self, what a lesson to the pride of our nature!

He sent his pastoral letter to Pope Innocent, solemnly assuring his holiness, that he would never attempt to elude his sentence, or raise any questions in its regard.

"Thus," to use the language of the good Chancellor D'Aguesseau, "the Archbishop of Cambray, who had fought like a lion in defence of his work while there was a chance of victory, submitted in an instant, like the lowliest lamb of his fold." As to Pope Innocent, his conduct throughout the whole of this painful business, is worthy of all praise. He generously wept over the virtue, the piety, and the talents, an error of which he was forced to condemn,

"Tho' e'en the error leaned to virtue's side."

When he read Fenelon's letter, he was touched with the unresisting spirit which it breathed, and observed to the cardinals round him: "The chair of Peter would be an easy seat, if he who fills it were consoled in all his difficulties by an obedience such as that of the archbishop of Cambray." On occasion of registering the brief, the Chancellor D'Aguesseau pronounced a discourse which the historian Henault characterizes as an immortal monument of the

solidity of the Church of France, and an eternal honor to the chancellor. D'Aguesseau says: no discordant voice troubled the holy concert, the happy harmony of the oracles of the Church. What was the joy of the Church, when she found that he among the prelates from whose opposition she would have had most to fear, if his heart had been an accomplice of his understanding, had, more docile than the lowliest of his flock, anticipating the judgment of the prelates, and by pronouncing a painful but salutary sentence on himself, hastened to console the Church, whose alarms he had awakened—by professing readily and solemnly, a submission without reserve, an acquiescence without a shadow of restriction. How perfect Fenelon's sincerity was appears in a thousand instances. When certain influential persons promised to exert their influence at Rome in his behalf, and were showing him certain weak points of which he might take advantage against his enemies, he interrupted them by a simple and affecting expression: "My good friends, I have heard too much of this; say no more about it: *let me die in my simplicity!*" This touching phrase should be treasured in our remembrance. How often do we waste our labor in obtaining knowledge dangerous to our peace of heart; how often had it been better for us to exclaim with Fenelon: Let us die in our simplicity! A little circumstance will show his sincerity. He caused a remonstrance to be made for his private chapel for the exposition of the blessed sacrament. It was supported by two figures of angels, one of whom was represented as trampling under foot different works condemned by the Church, on one of them was seen the title of his own book. The famous Abbé de Rancé had written several harsh letters to Bossuet on Fenelon's book, and unfortunately those were made public. Fenelon could not reply to confidential letters, not addressed to him; but he availed himself of an opportunity that offered, to make the only reply that became his character and that of the Abbé de Rancé. He sent him a copy of his pastoral letter, accompanied by the following delicate and admirably written letter.

"REVERED FATHER,—I take the liberty of sending you a pastoral letter which I have issued respecting my book. This explanation seemed to me to be necessary, as soon as I perceived, from your letters which were made public, that so enlightened and experienced a man as yourself, had conceived me in a manner very different from my meaning. I am not surprised that you believed what was said to you against me, both with regard to the past and the present. I am not known to you, and there is nothing in me which can render it difficult to believe the evil which is reported of me. You have confided in the opinion of a prelate whose acquirements are very vast. It is true, revered father, that if you had done me the honor to write to me respecting any thing which might have displeased you in my book, I should have endeavored either to remove your displeasure, or to correct myself. In case you should be thus kind, after having read the accompanying pastoral letter, I shall still be ready to profit by your knowledge, and testify all due deference to your opinion. Nothing has occurred to alter in me those sentiments which are due to you, and to the work which God has performed through you. Besides, I am sure you will not be hostile to the doctrine of disinterested love, when that which is equivocal in it shall be removed, and when you are convinced how much I should abhor to weaken the necessity of hoping and desiring our beatitude in God. On this subject I wish for nothing more than what St. Bernard has taught, with so much sublimity, and which you know better than I do. He left this doctrine to his children as their most precious inheritance. If it were lost and forgotten in the whole world beside, we should still find it at La Trappe, in the heart of your pious ascetics. It is this love which confers their real value upon the holy austerities practised there. This pure love, which leaves nothing to nature, but refers all things to grace, cannot encourage illusion, for that always springs from the natural and excessive love of ourselves. It is not in yielding to this pure love, but in not following it sufficiently, that we are misled. I cannot conclude this letter without solicitation

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ing of you the aid of your prayers, and of those of your community : I have need of them. You love the Church ; God is my witness, that I wish to live but for her, and that I should abhor myself, if I could account myself as any thing when her honor is at stake. I shall ever be, with sincere veneration, your affectionate brother in Christ,

FENELON."

After this he wisely declined all writing and discourse relative to his book, and, at an early moment wholly dismissed the controversy from his thoughts. Several years after, in conferring with the chevalier Ramsay, a Scotch gentleman of good family, who, under Fenelon's instructions became a convert to the Church, he thus calmly reverted to the subject : " Do not think that the Church condemned the pure love of God in condemning my book : it is one of the most sacred of her doctrines. But the expressions which I employed in explaining it, were not proper for a doctrinal work. My book is worth nothing ; it was but the abortion of my mind. I do not wish you to read it."

After the storms to which he had been exposed, Fenelon's only thought was the welfare of the flock entrusted to his care, and his only wish to close a peaceful and honorable life in the midst of the friends who loved him, and of a people who adored him.

He was an admirer of the simple beauties of nature, and his only recreation was a solitary ramble among the fields, at a short distance from Cambray. In the course of his walks, he would often join the peasants, sit down with them on the grass, talk with them, and console them in their little difficulties and distresses. He visited them in their cottages, would seat himself at table with them, and partake of their humble meals. He was all charity, all indulgence. When one of his curés said to him gravely, " Monseigneur, I can't prevent these people from dancing on a Sunday : they will dance." " My good Abbé," said Fenelon in his quiet manner, " neither you nor I have any need to dance ; but let these poor people dance ; their hours of happiness are not too numerous, why prevent them from forget-

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ting for a moment or two the sorrows of life? Let them dance, let them dance." We are willing to believe that none of our readers will think less of Fenelon for this amiable and indulgent trait in his character. In a letter to a friend, he says: "I deal gently with my flock; I endeavor to make them familiar with me; I would a thousand times sooner err on that side, than in what is called keeping up the dignity of one's character. They appear to have confidence in me, and by that way I shall be sure to make my way to their hearts. With all their bonhomie, and under their homely outside, these Flemmanders are shrewd fellows. They enquire of one another whether I am really banished; and they question my servants about it. One or two of them, after a good deal of address in making their approach to the question, asked me if it was so, and I made no mystery of the matter to them. It is an affliction to be separated from you and my other friends, but as to the court, I am happy to be at a distance from it. With all my heart do I sing the canticle of deliverance."

One or two other traits will better serve to illustrate Fenelon's character, than all the dissertations in the world about it. In the midst of his vexations on the subject of Quietism, a fire burned to the ground the archiepiscopal palace at Cambray, and consumed all his books and manuscripts. He bore the misfortune not only with resignation but with cheerfulness. One of his friends hastening to inform him of the accident, found him cheerfully engaged in conversation, so much at his ease, indeed, that he felt sure Fenelon knew nothing of the calamity, and began with some preparation to break the thing to him. "Oh," said Fenelon, "I know all about it. I am sorry for the books and papers, but it was better that palace should be burned to the ground than the cottage of any one of my poor parishioners." Talk of your stoics! this is the true kind of philosophy.

During the fierce and bloody contest for the Spanish succession, the diocese of Cambray was often the theatre of war, and experienced the cruel ravages of advancing and retreating armies. But an extraordi-

nary respect was paid to Fenelon by the invaders of France. The Germans, the Dutch, and my own countrymen, rivalled the inhabitants of Cambray in their veneration for the good archbishop. All distinctions of religion and sect, all feelings of national hatred and jealousy, disappeared in the presence of Fenelon. And after the anecdotes we have heard, where the wonder?

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

The corn on his estate was saved and brought in for him, and his fields and orchards were exempted from the general ravage. Military escorts were offered him for his personal security; indeed, he was often obliged to have recourse to artifice to avoid the honors which the armies of the enemy intended him. The military escorts he declined, and trusting to the protection of the Almighty, and attended only by a few ecclesiastics, he traversed the countries desolated by war, to visit, instruct, console, and shield his flock. His way was marked by his alms and benefactions, by the blessings of his parishioners, and by a suspension of the calamities which war brings in its train. In these intervals, the people breathed in peace, and an eloquent writer beautifully terms his pastoral visits "the truce of God." He brought together into his palace, the wretched whom alarm had driven from their home; his cares to them were those of a parent to his children, and he fed them at his own table. In one of the visits we have described, he met one of his poor parishioners, plunged in the deepest affliction. "What's the matter with you, my friend?" inquired Fenelon. "Alas! my lord bishop," said the poor man, "in making my escape from my cottage, I had not time to bring off my cow. Poor creature, she was the support of my children, and, next after your lordship, was the best friend of the family. The enemy will drive her off, and I shall never find another so good." Fenelon attempted to comfort him, offering him money to buy another; but nothing could console him; he had lost his cow, and his tears continued to fall. Pursuing his journey, Fenelon found the very cow which

was the object of so much affliction. Night was setting in, but before it was dark he had himself driven it before him to the peasant's new habitation. Should any one sneer at an archbishop's driving home a cow, as O'Malley would say: "Troth, and he's guilty of something worse than an Irish bull!" Speaking of this little anecdote, the Cardinal Maury says: "I have always looked upon this as the finest trait in Fenelon's life. Wo to those who listen to it, without being affected!" It was by a character like this that Fenelon won the hearts of his flock, and the heart once gained, the duty of the pastor becomes light. Long after his death, the old people who had the happiness to see him, spoke of him with the most tender reverence. "There," they would say, pointing to a chair carefully preserved in one corner of their cottage, "there is the chair on which our good archbishop used to sit in the midst of us: we shall never see such another"—and then their tears would flow.

You will all wonder how such a man could be pursued by the unrelenting hatred of Louis XIV, and I think I hear you whisper, that it certainly was not one of the things that made him Louis le grand. Not only was the court closed against him and his relations, but it was part of the etiquette of the day never to pronounce Fenelon's name at Versailles. It is, however, pleasing to know, that the duke of Burgundy's attachment to him was never weakened. The preceptor and pupil frequently corresponded. When the duke took the command of the army in Flanders, he was compelled to ask leave of Louis to visit Fenelon in his way through Cambray; it could only be done in the presence of certain persons who were named. The atmosphere about Fenelon must, forsooth, have been mighty dangerous! In an affectionate letter, the duke had apprised Fenelon of this permission. When the courier arrived at Cambray with the letter, Fenelon, with that delicacy which was natural to him, had absented himself from the town, not to put himself unasked in the duke's way. They met, however, at a public dinner, but a meeting in the presence

of spies, wanted the grace of unrestraint. Once or twice Fenelon said something to enliven the conversation; but all would not do. According to etiquette, he presented the duke, at the end of dinner, with a napkin to wipe his hands. The pupil availed himself of this moment to unbosom his heart to his old preceptor; then, raising his voice loud enough to be heard by all present, he said to him: "I am sensible, my lord archbishop, of what I owe to you, and you know what and who I am." They never met again. When Fenelon's uncle lay on his death bed in Paris a lady ventured to breathe Fenelon's name in the royal ear and to entreat permission for him to pay the last duty of humanity to his relative. This lady was the Marquess de Bouvilliers, and her request was coldly refused. It is known that the king's resentment was confirmed by the publication of "*Telemachus*," in the moral strictures of which charming work, the royal eye was keen enough to see what no other mortal vision could detect, a bitter satire against himself and his favorites. The book lives, in spite of royal censure and royal suppression, to instruct our own and all future generations, innocent of any satire contained in its pages:—

"Suspicion ever haunts the guilty mind."

In his retirement at Cambray, during the intervals between his pastoral duties, Fenelon found leisure for writing, and for philosophical disquisition, as witness, among other works of the kind, his "*Treatise on the Existence of God*," written to satisfy the doubts of the future regent of France, the Duke d'Orleans, who refused to bend his reason to religion, and yet was a firm believer in astrology; whence the hit of our poet Pope:

"The godless regent trembling at a star."

Fenelon was a passionate admirer of Virgil, and we learn that he translated the *Æneid*, though unfortunately the manuscript is lost; perhaps it perished in the fire of which we have spoken. Fenelon was also mingled up in the fierce disputes relative to Jansenism, and was severely handled by writers on both sides. Of the

errors revived by the Jansenists, Molina was the originator, as Molinos was of the reveries of Quietism, so that Fenelon suffered from both. The whimsical coincidence in these names, Molinos and Molina, did not escape the wags of that day; one of them turns the thing in a way which it is not very easy to translate, but which is something like the following:

He who Sylla's rocks would shun,
In Charybdis' jaws may run;
But who suffers shipwreck, who,
On Sylla and Charybdis too?
Vast is the gulph, as some suppose,
'Twixt Molina and Molinos,
Yet Fenelon got wrecked, oh la!
On Molinos and Molina.

Among other works of Fenelon, are his Sermons, which, if not of so high an order as those of his great contemporaries, Bourdaloue and Massillon, have the merit of being practical, plain, and full of unction. Fenelon preached to instruct the ignorant, not to gratify the amateur; and his discourses are always intelligible to the commonest intellect. They could not address to him the compliment paid by a good woman to a pompous preacher: "I admire you very much, sir, but I should admire you still more if I could understand you."

A circumstance has been omitted in its proper place, which came to light only by the publication of the Fenelon papers, and which you will listen to with peculiar interest. It has been mentioned that the first aspirations of Fenelon on his entrance into holy orders, was to join the missions in the Levant. This is not correct. America was the first field for his missionary labors, and it was nothing but the delicate state of the young ecclesiastic's health which prevented this side of the Atlantic from sharing something of the celebrity of this illustrious name.

On the 7th of January, 1715, the world was deprived of one of its brightest ornaments; Fenelon was called away to receive the reward of his labors. The good man never dies: when we read his writings we are conscious of his immortality,—he is with us,—his spirit is among us, to instruct and to edify till time shall be no more. The last words of remarkable men are carefully

treasured up. They are as the last brightening up of the expiring taper of life, and are preserved to image to the last the tone, character and history of the individual. Viewed in this light the parting words of Fenelon are remarkable. As he sunk back upon his pillow, his lips softly breathed those words of his Redeemer: "Not *my* will, but thine be done."

Such a man could not die in enmity with any human being. On his death bed he dictated a letter to his early patron and friend, Louis XIV, addressed to the king's confessor, Pere Lachaise. We give it, as well as his last will and testament, as they are the most perfect commentary upon the last words of Fenelon. There is a sacredness in sentiments breathed forth at a moment when no human consideration has any influence over them. His words to the king are these: "I have just received extreme unction. I am preparing to appear before my God, and I entreat you forthwith to represent to the king what are my real sentiments. I have ever felt the greatest docility towards the Church, and the greatest abhorrence of the innovations imputed to me. I received the condemnation of my book with the most absolute sincerity. There has never been a single moment of my life, in which I have not felt towards the king, the most profound respect and the most inviolable attachment. I take the liberty of soliciting from his majesty two favors, neither of which concerns either myself or any belonging to me. The first is that he will have the goodness to appoint a fit successor to feed the flock which is dear to my heart. The other is that he will aid my successor to finish what I had begun for the seminary of St. Sulpice. I am already indebted to his majesty for resources to found an institution, than which nothing can be more useful, venerable, and apostolical. I pray that his majesty may enjoy length of days, for the good, both of the Church and state. If I am to go and behold my God, I will frequently implore that blessing."

Fenelon's will runs as follows: "I declare that I die in the arms of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church my mother. God, who reads the human heart, and who

is to be my judge, knows that in every moment of my life, I have felt for her the submission and the docility of a little child. When I wrote the 'Maxims of the Saints,' I had no other intention than to separate what the saints have truly and really experienced from the illusions of the false mystics, and thus to justify the one and reject the other. I produced the work in conformity to the advice of persons most opposite to any species of illusion, nor did I print it, till they had examined it. I endeavored to justify and vindicate this little book so long as I was at liberty so to do. As soon as Pope Innocent XII condemned the work, I sincerely adhered to that condemnation, without any reservation whatever; as, before receiving the act of the holy see, I had promised to do. From the moment it was condemned, I never said a single word in its justification. As to those who attacked it, my only thought was to pray for them in all sincerity of heart, and to live with them in the union of fraternal charity. To the Church universal, and to the apostolic see I submit all my writings, and I condemn in them whatever she condemns.

"Though I tenderly love my family, nor am unmindful of the bad state of their affairs; yet I cannot think myself at liberty to bequeath what I possess here. The goods of the Church are not intended for the wants of a family, and it ought only to pass into the hands of the Church.

"It is my wish to be buried in the metropolitan church of Cambrai, in the most simple manner, and at the least possible expense. I do not express this merely from form, or from any affectation of modesty. It is from a persuasion that the money expended on costly funerals may be better employed in works of mercy; and that the plain simplicity of a bishop's interment may instruct the laity to moderate the sums vainly lavished upon theirs." Thus we see that Fenelon would not only die in his simplicity, but would also be buried in his simplicity.

Eighty years had scarcely elapsed from the death of Fenelon when the ruffians of the revolution, with fell and desperate purpose,

made a pile of ruins of the ancient and venerable temple in which the good archbishop had celebrated the mysteries of religion; overthrew the altar before which he had so often breathed his prayers for the welfare of France, and hurled to the dust the pulpit from which that voice had so often sent forth benedictions. The repose of the dead was violated, and the ashes of kings, who slept beneath the roofs of antiquity, and of prelates who reposed beneath the shadow of the sanctuary, were scattered to the winds of heaven.

In 1819, the author of this article accompanied two young English noblemen in an excursion through the north of France. In our way through Cambrai, we delivered a letter of introduction from the well known M. de Chateaubriand, to the lady superior of the sisters of charity in that city. After a courteous reception by the lady (a member, I believe, of the noble house of Montmorency), we were conducted into a small but neat chapel. At the foot of the altar was a catafalque, at each corner of which a taper was burning. The good sister who accompanied us, uncovered part of a plain velvet pall, and displayed beneath it a simple coffin of polished wood. That coffin contained all that was mortal of the good Fenelon. It had been rescued by the pious care, perhaps by the intrepidity, of those who loved and venerated him, and had been concealed till the fury of the tempest had swept by. The day of its restoration was celebrated with transports of joy by the good Flemmings, the children of those, who had enjoyed the enviable privilege of listening to his instructions and profiting by his example. While we were intently gazing upon the coffin, the good sister knelt in prayer at the foot of the altar. Myself, and my two travelling companions, Protestants though they were, followed her example. Fenelon is not in the list of the canonized; but who will say that he is not worthy to take his rank there? In our excursion, we had seen monuments of the most costly kind, and gazed upon shrines radiant in jewels and gold; but we had witnessed nothing so touching as this simple coffin of wood, and this little chapel with its

unpretending decorations. They were in harmony with the character of him whose ashes they contained, and to whose last request we have just listened. We seemed to feel something of the influence spoken of by St. Chrysostom, when describing the chapel of the martyr Babylas: "A hallowed ether seemed to float around these sacred precincts; no earthly air, but a breathing from above, that penetrated to the very soul." We retired from this impressive scene full of feelings of veneration and awe.

*The bad man's death is horror: but the just
Leave something of their glory in their dust.*

The late Dr. Channing pronounced an eulogium on Fenelon; an extract or two may be acceptable to those who are not acquainted with the work. "We welcome a book from Fenelon. He wrote from his own mind, and seldom has a purer mind tabernacled in flesh. His works have the great charm of coming fresh from the soul. Fenelon saw far into the human heart, and especially into the lurkings of self-love. He looked with a piercing eye through the disguises of sin. But he knew sin, not, as most men do, by bitter experience of its power, so much as by his knowledge and experience of virtue. Deformity was revealed to him by his refined perception and intense love of moral beauty. The light which he carried with him into the dark corners of the human heart, and by which he laid open its most hidden guilt, was that of celestial goodness. Hence, though the severest of censors, he is the most pitying. Not a tone of asperity escapes him. He looks on human error with an angel's tenderness, with tears which an angel might shed, and thus reconciles and binds us to our race, at the very moment of revealing its corruptions.

"When we think of Fenelon in the palace of Louis XIV, it reminds us of a seraph sent on a divine commission into the abodes of the lost; and when we recollect that in such an atmosphere he composed his *Telemachus*, we doubt whether the records of the world furnish stronger evidence of the power of a divine virtue, to turn tempta-

tion into glory and strength, and to make even crowned and prosperous vice a means of triumph and exaltation.

"We said that we welcomed a book because it came from so pure and gifted a mind. We add, that we do not welcome it the less for coming from a Catholic. Perhaps we prize it the more: for we wish that Protestantism may grow wiser and more tolerant, and we know not a better teacher of these lessons than the character of Fenelon. Such a man is enough to place within the pale of our charity, the whole body to which he belonged. His virtue is broad enough to shield his whole Church from that unmeasured, undistinguishing reprobation, with which Protestant zeal has too often assailed it. Whoever remembers, that the Catholic communion numbers in its ranks more than one hundred millions of souls, probably more than all other Christian churches together, must shudder at the sentence of proscription, which has sometimes been passed on this immense portion of human beings. It is time that greater justice were done to this ancient and wide-spread community. The Catholic Church has produced some of the greatest and best men that ever lived, and this is proof enough of its possessing all the means of salvation. Who that hears the tone of contempt, in which it is sometimes named, would suspect that Charlemagne, Alfred, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Tasso, Fenelon, Bossuet, Pascal, Des Cartes, were Catholics? Some of the greatest names in arts and arms, on the throne and in the pulpit, were worn by Catholics. To come down to our own times, has not the metropolis of New England witnessed a sublime example of Christian virtue in a Catholic bishop? Who, among our religious teachers, would solicit a comparison between himself and the devoted *CHEVERUS*? This good man, whose virtues and talents raised him to high dignities in Church and state, who wore in his own country the joint honors of an archbishop and a peer, lived in the midst of us, devoting his days and nights, and his whole heart, to the service of a poor and uneducated congregation. We saw him declining, in a great degree, the society of the

cultivated and refined, that he might be the friend of the ignorant and friendless; leaving the circles of polished life, which he would have graced, for the meanest hovels; bearing with a father's sympathy, the burdens and sorrows of his large spiritual family, charging himself alike with their temporal and spiritual concerns; and never discovering, by the faintest indication, that he felt his fine mind degraded by his seemingly humble office. This good man, bent on the errands of mercy, was seen in our streets under the most burning sun of summer, and the fiercest storms of winter, as if armed against the elements by the power of charity. He has left us, but not to be forgotten. He enjoys among us what, to such a man, must have been dearer than fame. His name is cherished where the great of the world are unknown. It is pronounced with blessings, with grateful tears, with sighs for his loss, in many an abode of sorrow and want; and how can we shut our hearts against this proof of the power of the Catholic religion to form good and great men. . .

"When we look back on the history of papal Rome, we see her, in the days of her power, stained with the blood of martyrs. But what then? Is it righteous to involve a whole Church in guilt, which, after all, belongs to a powerful few? Is it righteous to forget, that Protestantism too has blood on her robes? Is it righteous to forget, that Time, the greatest of reformers, has exerted his silent, purifying power, on the Catholic as well as on ourselves? Shall we refuse to see, and to own with joy, that Christianity, even under papal corruptions, puts forth a divine power? Shall we shut our eyes to the fact, that, among the clergy of the Roman Church, have risen up illustrious imitators of that magnanimous apostle, before whom Felix trembled; men, who in the presence of nobles and kings, have bowed

to God alone, have challenged for his law uncompromising homage, and rebuked in virtue's own undaunted tone triumphant guilt? Shall we shut our eyes to the fact, that, from the bosom of this Church, have gone forth missionaries to the east and to the west, whose toils and martyrdom will not be dimmed by comparison with what is most splendid in Protestant self-sacrifice. We are accustomed to refresh our piety by books which Catholics have written. Still we find one of our highest gratifications in those works of art, in which Catholic genius has embodied its sublime and touching conception, of the form and countenance of Jesus, has made us awed witnesses of his miracles and cross, companions of his apostles, and admirers, with a tender reverence, of the meek, celestial beauty of his sainted mother. With these impressions, and this experience, we cannot but lift up our voice against Protestant as well as papal intolerance."

One remark more, and we have done. Our faith has been calumniated and its features distorted to suit public interests, or individual malignity; it has been described, we have heard it done so in the pulpits of our cities, and the pulpit should be the chair of truth—we have heard it described as one mass of hopeless corruption, and therefore the generator of hopeless corruption instead of opposing reason to such calumnies, how much more satisfactory and convincing is it to oppose example; and we have one in Fenelon. In the memorable debates in the British parliament on the "Catholic Question," when so much misrepresentation of Catholic principles, not to say morals, was resorted to, more than once, when the powers of logic have been unavailing, all the clamor about Romish corruption, has been silenced by this simple remark,—“Could that be a corrupt Church which produced a Fenelon?”

Selected.

FILIAL RESPECT.

"Son, support the old age of thy father, and grieve him not in his life; and if his understanding fail, have patience with him, and despise him not when thou art in thy strength."—*Ecclesiasticus* iii, 14, 15.

Al! grieve not him whose silver hairs
Thin o'er his wasted temples stray;
Grieve not thy sire when time impairs
The glory of his manhood's way.

His tottering steps with reverence aid,
Bind his wan brow with honor's wreath,
And let his deafened ear be made
The harp where filial love shall breathe.

What, though his pausing mind partake
The evils of its house of clay,
Though wearied, blinded memory break
The casket where her treasures lay:

Still with prompt arm his burdens bear,
Bring heav'nly balm his wounds to heal,
And with affection's watchful care,
The error that thou mark'st, conceal.

Know'st thou how oft those powerless arms
Have clasped thee to his shielding breast,
When infant woes or childish harms
Thy weak, unguarded soul distressed?

Know'st thou how oft those accents strove
Thine uninstructed mind to aid?
How oft a parent's prayer of love
Hath pierced dense midnight's darkest shade?

Grieve not thy father till he die,
Lest when he sleeps in earth's cold breast,
The record of his lightest sigh
Should prove a dagger to thy rest.

For if this holiest debt of love,
Forgotten or despised should be,
He whom thou call'st thy Sire above,
Will bend a judge's frown on thee.

/ ST. PETER'S CHURCH AT ROME,

BY M. C. JENKINS. ✓

IT is at Rome, of all places on earth, and at St. Peter's church of all other places in Rome, that we are made to feel how greatly is religious devotion assisted by external aids, how frequently revived in bosoms that may have ceased to feel its consoling impulses. Always has the Catholic acknowledged the importance of exterior agents in matters of religion, and wondered why modern reformers should have stripped religion of all her outward pomp, while they crowded style and ceremony on all profane things. They who are so shocked at the extrinsic helps of religious worship are seen to gaze with pleasure on the glittering pomp of a military display, and on the sash and apron of the odd fellow and mason. They legislate for the discipline, decorations, and ceremonies of their armies, navies, and embassies; and if some great work of improvement is to be commenced, or converts to be sought out for the temperance cause, a procession of the people with banner and badge is the surest expedient to give consequence and impressiveness to their laudable undertakings. Should a La Fayette come back in his old days to visit the country of his youthful love and chivalry, our cities are illuminated, our armies paraded and our utmost ingenuity is taxed to increase by ceremony, the effect and importance of the illustrious stranger's reception. And shall people who feel how interesting are these exterior auxiliaries to their civil concerns, how naturally they accompany popular fervor and enthusiasm, withhold from him alone to whom infinite gratitude is due, similar manifestations of their pious impulses and their religious ardor? If they do, at least let them not condemn those who consider the reverence and homage conferred by ceremonies, infinitely more worthy of the Most High than of any mere creature of his hand. For as these external ceremonials of respect are graduated by the importance attached to the individual or oc-

casional that calls them forth, the Catholic may be readily excused if his thoughts soar at once to the source of all majesty and greatness as the most fitting subject for all the pomp and circumstance of external reverence. It is some pleasure to us to see that a respectable portion of our Protestant brethren begin to view this subject with Catholic eyes. "Far be from us," says a writer in the *New York Review*, commenting on the rituals of his Protestant Church, "the absurd supposition that God surrounds man with all this bright host of powers in his own world, and all for nothing! No, they were meant, not less than the occupation of life, and the parental duties, to be important means in the work of culture. For grant them to be agencies at all, and they can be agencies only for good." The same writer continues in another place,— "Now it is to be considered that preaching is not the sole element of public Christian virtues. Prayer, poetry, music, architecture, in some form and in some way, are its fixed and established accompaniments." "We do not include paintings," says the same writer in a note, "because it contributes nothing to the ritual of Protestant churches. This has been regretted by many whose opinions deserve the highest respect." To improve these sentiments—to expand them to the Catholic standard of religious culture, it would be only necessary for a writer with such favorable prepossessions to visit with a proper spirit, the church of St. Peter at Rome. There indeed would he behold those external agencies which he desires to see established in his own church, developed in their utmost human perfection, and there would he see an enduring embodiment of all that gives grace, and awe, and dignity to religion, and strength and fervor to its followers. The most vivid description is but feeble to convey an adequate conception of this unrivalled temple of the living God. I have been almost afraid to mention St.

Peter's, says a manuscript now before me, of a dear deceased brother, lest I should inadvertently be guilty of the folly of attempting to describe it. It may be reasonably supposed that it was the first object to which my eager and highly excited curiosity was directed. Again and again have I visited it, and often again shall I return to exhaust hours after hours in wonder, amazement, and unspeakable admiration. Whether it be taken in its entirety or in parts, be it surveyed in a single, comprehensive glance, or examined in minute detail, see it by grand divisions of ceilings, aisles and walls, or stop before each chapel, altar, monument, picture and statue, and you will find all—every thing—magnificently grand, transcendently beautiful! The building, including the splendid colonnades, embraces an area of seven acres, of which four acres are comprehended in the interior of the church. It is situated at the north-west extremity of Rome, at the foot of the Vatican hill, and near the site of the gardens of Nero. In the year 323 Constantine built upon this site a large church, in honor of St. Peter, the prince of the apostles. In the middle of the fifteenth century this church was in a decayed and dilapidated condition. Nicholas V, who at that time reigned over the Church, conceived the idea of renovating it, and enlarging it to a scale worthy of its lofty purpose. To Julius II who was elevated to the papacy in 1503, belongs the glory of having commenced the design which his predecessor had so boldly conceived.

As you approach St. Peter's you are at once struck with its beautiful piazza, in every way worthy of the majestic pile to which it conducts you. It is adorned with a portico four columns deep, which opens out semi-circularly on either side before the façade of the church, and gives it a breadth proportioned to its depth. This colonnade forms a great covered gallery, surmounted by a balustrade, on which are placed one hundred and thirty-six statues of martyrs, founders of religious orders, and at intervals by the arms of the sovereign pontiff under whom it was erected.

"Alexander VII laid the first stone of

this portico on the 25th of August, 1661. It was built on the plan and under the inspection of Bernini. In the middle of the piazza is an obelisk, of one block of granite, seventy-four feet high, and which, with the pedestal it rests upon and the cross by which it is surmounted, rises to one hundred and twenty-four feet from the ground. This obelisk is one of those attributed to Pheron, the son of Sesostris, who, according to Herodotus, had consecrated two obelisks in the temple of the Sun. The emperor Caligula brought it from Alexandria to Rome. The ship employed for this purpose was, according to Pliny, the most extraordinary that ever moved upon the waters, and was itself a real wonder. This obelisk remained standing in the circus of Nero, when Nicholas V conceived the idea of transporting it to the piazza of St. Peter's; but death prevented him from executing this project. Paul III wished Michael Angelo Buonarroti to undertake the task; but he declined, fearing that he should not be able to overcome the difficulties with which it was attended. Thirty years later Sixtus V ascended the pontifical throne. Endowed with a firm and enterprising character—such as was required for the government of the Church, then assailed by furious tempests—this pontiff was, perhaps, not sorry to show the world that he was not to be retarded by obstacles deemed insurmountable by his predecessors. His first care was to make efforts to adorn the piazza of St. Peter's with this monument. With this view he invited to Rome many architects and machinists. They assembled from all Italy, and some even came from Greece. More than five hundred plans were presented, and a committee was named to examine them: After a long investigation, this committee adopted the plan of Dominico Fontana, reserving, however, the execution of it to two more aged, and, therefore, more experienced architects. The Pope thought this an injustice; and rightly judging that the inventor of such a plan was most capable of executing it, he ordered him to undertake it, and vested him with extraordinary power.

"The greatest difficulty arose from the size

of the obelisk, which, according to the calculations of Fontana, weighs nine hundred and sixty-three thousand, five hundred and thirty-seven Roman pounds. On the 15th of April, 1586, it was raised two palms (seventeen and a half inches) from its pedestal; on the 7th of May it was lowered to the ground, and notwithstanding the short distance, four months were occupied in transporting it to the place where it was to be erected. Finally, on the 10th of September, by the aid of forty-four machines, moved by eight hundred men and one hundred and fifty horses, it was gradually raised, and placed perpendicularly on enormous bars of iron, which sustained it on its resting place. This was the work of five hours.

"Immediately the firing of cannon, and the ringing of bells announced a result so glorious for the architect, and so satisfactory to the Pontiff. It is, however, related that Fontana was mistaken in his calculation relative to the length of the ropes; and that the obelisk would not have been raised, had not a sailor from San Remo, named Bresca, perceiving the defect, cried out, in defiance of the prohibition to speak under pain of death: 'Wet the ropes;' and by this means apprised the architect of the defect, and pointed out its remedy. It is added, that to reward this brave man, he and his descendants were invested with the privilege of furnishing palms on Palm Sunday to the Roman churches. 'Perhaps,' remarks the writer from whom I have borrowed this anecdote, 'this is one of the thousand tales by which mediocrity consoles itself for the success of superior talents.' This fact, however, is represented in the frescoes of the Vatican library. On the twenty-seventh of the same month, the obelisk was blessed after a solemn procession, and on its summit was placed the sign of our redemption, as is the case with the other obelisks of Rome. The expenses incurred were forty thousand dollars.

"The granite of which the obelisk is formed, is a very hard stone, composed of black-spotted red stones. It was known to the ancients by the name of Sienite marble. 'The kings,' says Pliny, speaking of the

shepherd-kings of Egypt, 'emulously employed Sienite marble to make a kind of beam which they called obelisks, and which they consecrated to the Sun. Their form represents in some manner the rays of this luminary; and in the Egyptian language the world itself signifies a ray. They were introduced by Nuncoree, who reigned in the city of the Sun; he had received in a dream an order to make them, and had many imitators.' It is, then, probable that these obelisks belong to the most remote antiquity. When the Roman emperors became masters of Egypt, they transported several of them to Rome to adorn its public piazzas, its circus, and the other places where they loved to display their magnificence. What is particularly remarkable in the obelisk of which we have been speaking, as well as in two others, less considerable, which were formerly before the mausoleum of Augustus, and which are now—one behind St. Mary Major, the other at Monte Cavallo, is, that no hieroglyphics are found on them, while, according to Champollion, the monuments which were placed before temples, had an historic character, and required an inscription. . . .

"At an equal distance, on each side of the obelisk, are two fountains, which cast up their waters from a double basin of granite. They produce a fine effect, and contribute much to the ornament of the piazza, by the quantity of water they uninterruptedly spout up to such a height, that they form, in rising, a thick and white sheaf which dissolves in spray in the descent. The first time that Christina of Sweden saw this spectacle, she was struck with it; and, thinking that it was exhibited on her account, she thanked the attendants by whom she was accompanied, and told them to stop the waters. What was her surprise on being told that they had not ceased to play thus for a century! The water comes from a distance of twenty-four miles; it rises to an elevation of about twenty-two feet, and the basin into which it falls is eighty-six feet in circumference. This water would move large mills.

"If the piazza of St. Peter's delights the lovers of art by the beauties it presents to

their admiration, it no less captivates the faithful Christian, by the recollections it suggests. Here was the circus of Nero; it was the theatre of his madness, where he glutted himself with the torments and carnage of the Christians. Fire having consumed almost the entire city of Rome, in his reign, it was thought that Nero himself was the author of the conflagration. Wishing to silence the seditious rumors that were in circulation against him, and to give the public hatred another direction, he accused the Christians of the crime, and ordered them to be persecuted. Not satisfied with the ordinary punishments, he invented others before unheard of, and surpassed even himself in cruelty. Many Christians were enclosed in the skins of wild animals, and devoured as such by dogs. Others were besmeared with pitch, and impaled on stakes; fire was applied, and by the light of those horrible torches, the emperor was accustomed to walk by night in his gardens, drive his chariot, and sing verses, unmoved by the cries of his expiring victims. It was in this persecution that St. Peter and St. Paul terminated their lives by martyrdom. For eighteen centuries have the faithful come here, from all parts of the world, to venerate their remains. Thus, altars have been erected on the earth, which was moistened with the blood of the martyrs; and it is not without a particular providence of God, that the basilica of the prince of the apostles is built on the spot where the palace of the first persecutor once stood.

"The ascent to the church is by a magnificent flight of steps, which are almost entirely of marble; and at the bottom of which are two statues of St. Peter and St. Paul. On ascending you admire more and more the façade, which is three hundred and seventy feet in breadth, and one hundred and forty-nine in height. The proportions are so admirable, that its columns appear of ordinary dimensions, and must be approached before they can be estimated. Each column with its pedestal and capital is eighty-three feet high, and eight feet and three inches in diameter. This façade, although majestic, is somewhat low for its breadth. Probably the architect, Carlo Ma-

derno, preferred that it should have this defect, than that it should conceal the cupola, the imposing *coup d'œil* of which constitutes the greatest ornament of the church.

"The vestibule is entered by five openings. At the sides of this vestibule are two galleries, which present at their extremities an equestrian statue of heroic appearance, placed in a deep recess, covered with a canopy and drapery. On the right is Constantine; on the left Charlemagne. Constantine is represented at the moment when he beholds the cross, under which he was to conquer; Charlemagne is crowned with laurel, after the manner of the Roman emperors.

"Corresponding with the five gates of the façade are five doors which open into the church. That on the right is walked up; it is called the holy gate; and since the year 1500, the solemnity of the jubilee is commenced every twenty-five years, by the opening of this gate, which ceremony is intended to represent the opening of a time of grace and mercy. It is again shut at the termination of the jubilee. On the wall which closes up this entrance is a cross of gilt bronze: pilgrims kiss it as they pass, and scrape away some of the plaster, which they bring home as a relic. The folds of the middle door are entirely of bronze, on it are *bas relief* representations of some portions of sacred history, and some facts of the life of Eugene IV, under whom it was made. Over the gate is a *bas relief* by Bernini, representing Jesus Christ giving the care of his sheep to Peter, to whom he addresses the words: 'Feed my sheep;'—words which alone suffice to confute heresy and schism. All the gates are adorned with columns of beautiful marble.

"Let us now enter the church. This edifice, from the entrance to the end of the tribuna, is six hundred and fourteen English feet in length; notwithstanding this extent, the first *coup d'œil* produces no feeling of surprise. All parts are so well proportioned that nothing appears long, or broad, or high; because nothing is seen there that could make the building appear so; that is, there is nothing short, low, or small in it. Thus the greatest astonishment felt on

first entering this most beautiful of Christian churches, is the absence of this feeling.

"Enter—its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? It is not lessened; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so refined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His holy of holies, nor be blasted by his brow."

"It is only after repeated visits, after having considered all its details, that an idea can be formed of this immense edifice, which continually presents new subjects of admiration. When thus examined, some defects will be perceived in it; for man is imperfect, and the master-pieces of his skill betray the imperfection of their author. But these defects do not offend the eye, they are unperceived in the general beauty of the building.

"On the right side, at the end of the grand nave, is seen an ancient bronze statue of St. Peter, which is much venerated. The saint is seated on a marble chair; with one hand he blesses the people, and with the other he holds the keys, the symbol of the authority God gave him on earth. The feet are always kept shining, and the right foot has been almost worn away, by the piety of the people, who reverently kiss them as a sign of their submission to the vicar of Jesus Christ. On St. Peter's day this statue is dressed with pontifical ornaments. According to the archives of the church, St. Leo made this statue, when Rome was delivered from the threatened invasion of Attila; a circumstance in which that Pontiff had a great part, but which he referred entirely to the intercession of the apostles. It was originally placed in the monastery of St. Martin, and was removed to its present position by Paul V.

"At the extremity of the middle nave is the pontifical altar, which was erected and consecrated by Clement VIII, in 1594. The table of this altar is a beautiful slab of marble, more than fourteen feet in length, and upwards of six feet in breadth. In this altar, according to a respectable tradition, is contained an altar dedicated to St. Peter, in

the time of St. Sylvester and Constantine. The Pope officiates at this altar three times in the year; at Christmas, Easter, and on the feast of St. Peter. He alone has a right to say mass at it; and if a cardinal supplies his place, as is generally the case on the feast of the Chair of St. Peter, he receives permission for that purpose, by a special brief which only avails for that time. Over the pontifical altar is a colossal baldachino, or canopy, of costly materials and antique form. The top is of gilt bronze; it is in the form of a canopy, and sustained by four spiral columns of the same metal, entwined with vine branches, which rise as high as the Corinthian capitals. At each corner of the canopy are groups of angels; some holding a tiara, keys, and other emblems of pontifical authority; while others have garlands of flowers, which they seem about to throw on the altar. This admirable composition, the greatest that is known in bronze, was executed by Bernini, under the pontificate of Urban VIII. The escutcheon of this pontiff is seen on the pedestal of each column. To cast this canopy cost sixty thousand dollars, and the gilding of it forty thousand dollars. The metal was purchased at Venice; one hundred and eighty-six thousand Roman pounds of it were employed.*

"Fifteen years later, after the plan of the same Bernini, and by the orders of Alexander VII, was erected at the extremity of the church the superb monument called the Chair of St. Peter. The chair is sustained by two Latin fathers, St. Ambrose and St. Augustin; and by two Greek fathers, St. Chrysostom and St. Athanasius; and is surmounted by two genii who appear to protect it. Above shines a large glory, in the midst of which is the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove. The rays of this glory are brilliant, because the work is entirely of gilt bronze, and it is illumined by glasses, which increase the effect of the gilding. This chair of bronze is a reliquary, in which the identical chair used by St. Peter is religiously preserved. It is of wood, and adorned with small columns. All around are figures of ivory. The back was somewhat injured, but it has been strengthened

* The Roman pound contains but twelve ounces.

by an iron band; and at the sides are the hooks, through which were passed the poles that served to carry the Pope on the day of his coronation, as has been the practice for many ages. Under the pontifical altar is a subterranean chapel; and in this chapel, where the first Christians were wont to assemble, and which the faithful of following times have adorned, is a tomb containing the relics of the great apostles. It is called the confession of St. Peter, although this name is extended to the great altar erected over it. The descent is by a double stairway of white marble, encircled by a balustrade of variegated marble, and bearing ninety lamps which burn day and night. These lamps are of gilt copper; formerly they were of silver, but in the evil days which closed the last century, the French took possession of them. The walls of the interior are incrustated with precious stones. The gate which leads to the tomb is of gilt bronze. Opposite this gate is the colossal statue of the venerable Pius VI, in the attitude of prayer. It is one of the masterpieces of Canova.

"The lamps of the altar of St. Peter are extinguished on Good Friday. Their absence was formerly supplied by a spectacle no less brilliant than solemn. A metal cross, twenty-five feet high, and lit with three hundred and fourteen small lamps, was suspended from the top of the canopy, which formed a brilliant *coup d'œil*, and produced an extraordinary effect. Notwithstanding the extent of this basilica, the cross illumined the two great naves, and could be seen even from the extremity of the piazza. It was precisely the effect which it produced, that moved Leo XII, in 1824, to prohibit it; since that time it has not been exhibited. Young artists were accustomed to watch this moment to catch the *chiaro scuri*, and sketch the beautiful reflections of light and shade. What was still more scandalous, a number of strangers assembled, and, regardless of the sacred sign of our redemption, profaned the sanctity of the place, and offered insult to the mystery, the remembrance of which was renewed on that day. That day is still a day of Christian sorrow; the sanctuary is in

mourning, the altar is without sacrifice; and if the Christian does not always abstain from labor, it is because labor is one of the punishments of sin, and the day of the Saviour's death, ought to be a day of penance. Honor, then, is due to the sovereign pontiff, who, in abolishing what he could not correct, at least saved the cross from the fresh outrages which heresy and infidelity would have offered. And who were those strangers who in the capital of Christendom, in a temple most calculated to inspire sublime thoughts, came, on that holy day, to mock at the faith of Christians—to laugh, to chat, to eat, and act in a manner they would not presume to do in a Turkish mosque? There were Christians among them; but those erring Christians, whom unjust prejudices and secret interests keep separated from the Church of their ancestors. They were those English, who would scruple, in London, to touch a *piano* on Sunday; they were natives of a certain part of Germany, who preserve so gloomy a silence in their naked temples. Among them might be seen some young Frenchmen, in whom devotion to the arts extinguished other and better feelings, and who admit no religion that cannot be demonstrated by algebra! These were the people who came to outrage God in his mysterious humiliations. There are, doubtless, exceptions; all those who cultivate the arts, are not, therefore, to be ranked with the incredulous. Many English have preserved a respect for holy things, and are not prepared to offend public decency. All the Protestants of Germany do not regard the cross as a sign of superstition; for I can affirm that more than one of their ministers has a crucifix in his domestic oratory. It is, however, true, that on the great solemnities, when religion displays at Rome more pomp and magnificence, strangers assemble in greater number, and give more than ordinary scandal. Curiosity is not the only motive which brings them; they come with perfidious intentions; and on their return to their country they charge the Roman church with the disorders of which they themselves were the authors. . . .

"I have spoken of the 'Confession' of

St. Peter, and what struck me most in the grand nave of the church. I would never finish if I were to pass thence to the side naves, and attempt a description of the beautiful chapels and splendid mausoleums they contain. All these chapels are admirable for the mosaics, the statuary and painting with which they are decorated. What most strikes the stranger who sees them for the first time, and considers them separately, is, that they all appear as large as churches; and in proportion as he recedes from them, they re-enter as it were, into their fitting proportions, and appear once more chapels. Hence he is enabled to estimate more correctly the extent of each part, and to judge better of the dimensions of the whole.

"In one of these chapels is a statue of the Blessed Virgin, holding her dead son in her arms. This group is regarded as one of the master-pieces of Michael Angelo, and was executed by him in his twenty-fifth year. The Gregorian chapel is so called from Gregory XIII, who constructed it, and who had the satisfaction to see it completed in his pontificate. It cost him more than six hundred thousand dollars. Under the altar, which is exceedingly rich, rests the body of St. Gregory of Nazianzen, transferred hither in 1580. Near this is the body of Gregory himself, who died in 1585. The *bas relief*, on the front of the tomb, represents the reformation of the calendar, which was made in 1582, by the exertions of this pontiff, and was at length adopted even by the Protestants.

"Two other mausoleums particularly struck me: that of Christina, queen of Sweden, who died at Rome in 1689; there is on it a *bas relief*, representing the abjuration of Lutheranism made by her at In-spruck, in 1655: the other of the celebrated Countess Matilda, whose ashes were removed from Mantua to Rome by Urban VIII. This countess having defended the Popes, is represented with a sceptre in the right hand, and the tiara and keys on the left arm. On the *bas relief* of this monument is seen Gregory VII, at Canossa, giving absolution to Henry IV, who is prostrate at his feet."

But perhaps the most astonishing part of St. Peter's is its magnificent cupola. The Pantheon undoubtedly suggested the first idea of this bold undertaking. "The temple of all the Gods" was a model of architecture which found admirers in all the artists of Europe. The multitude appeared surprised that the earth sustained its weight. "I will hang it in the air," said Michael Angelo, and he raised the dome of St. Peter's. This prince of artists, at the age of eighty-one was extremely desirous of ending his days at Florence, whither he had been so often invited by the Duke Cosmo, and so earnestly by Vasuri. He was prevented from so doing, not so much from his years, as from the interest he took in the building of St. Peter's, which, under his eye, underwent continual alterations, through the inexperience of workmen, and the malignity of persons interested in protracting the work. Among the architects of St. Peter's, was the Signor Don Pirro Ligorio, a Neapolitan nobleman of Portu Nuova. He treated Michael Angelo as in his second childhood, and wished in consequence to alter the order of the building. Paul IV, was indignant at such treatment, and deprived Don Pirro of his charge. Michael Angelo was a rock against which beat the storm of envy, calumny, and the malice of all those who expected to derive some benefit from the fabric. At his advanced age Buonarrotti saw the edifice completed as far as the beautiful drum of travertine, on which was to be placed the cupola. The friends of Michael Angelo, and especially Cardinal di Carpi, induced him in consequence of the comparative lowness and want of talent in others, to make a model for the cupola, notwithstanding his years. He at length completed a small one in clay, from which one was formed of wood, after much labor and study on the part of Buonarrotti. This model was the admiration of every one, and at length executed under Sixtus V.

"The drum of this amazing cupola is sustained by arches which rest on pilasters, about two hundred and thirty feet in circumference. At the foot of these pilasters are chapels, adorned with colossal statues

of St. Andrew, St. Veronica, St. Helena and St. Longinus. These statues are beautiful, and have a reference to the four most precious relics of the church, after those of the apostles: that is, the handkerchief with which St. Veronica wiped the sacred face of Jesus, on the way to Calvary; a piece of the wood of the true cross, which St. Helen was so happy as to discover; the lance with which the soldier, known since by the name of Longinus, pierced the side of our Lord; and the head of St. Andrew. These relics are exhibited to the people on certain days. They are preserved in beautiful niches above one of the statues, and to which an ascent has been made within the thick pilasters. The canons of St. Peter alone are permitted to ascend; whoever desires to participate in the privilege must first be made an honorary canon of this church, a favor which is only granted to foreigners of great distinction. In 1625, Urban VIII gave this title to Ladislas, who was subsequently king of Poland, and in 1700, Innocent XII conferred it on Cosmo III, Grand Duke of Tuscany. In more ancient times, in 1425, the Emperor Frederick III, having come to Rome for the ceremony of his coronation, received from Nicholas V permission to wear a canon's dress, and see the handkerchief of St. Veronica. The cupola is crowned by a lantern; and this lantern which, from the piazza, appears so light, is itself a second cupola, around which persons may safely walk. The ball of gilt bronze, which surmounts it, is more than eight feet in diameter, and can contain fifteen persons very conveniently. The cross on the top is thirteen feet high."

"Though every thing in this church is admirable," says Addison, "the most astonishing part of it is the cupola. It is not easy to conceive a more glorious show in architecture than what a man meets with when he stands under the dome. If he looks upward he is astonished at the spacious hollow, and has a vault on every side of him that affords one of the most beautiful vistas that the eye can possibly pass through. Upon my going to the top of it I was astonished to find that the dome seen

in the church, is not the same with that seen without doors; the last being a kind of case to the other, the stairs lying between them both by which one ascends into the ball." When upon the roof of the dome you perceive you have never before had any just conception of its magnitude. The roof of this church seems of itself a little city covered with towns, cottages, cisterns, plains, and hills, slopes and precipices. They indeed are fortunate who after having indulged their wonder on this gigantic dome, should have seen the ceremony of its illumination on Easter night. It is the grandest, the most brilliant, the most awfully superb spectacle, says a manuscript before me, I ever witnessed on earth. The process of illumination commences immediately after dusk, when the whole of that dome, itself a prodigy of beauty, symmetry, and immensity, is lighted up with innumerable lamps, from the top of the cross on the ball to its base. The effect is inimitable both from the countless number of the lights and the order and elegance of their arrangement. I gazed at it steadfastly for an hour, and was still gazing in wonder and delight, when suddenly, and as if by magic these thousands of lamps which until then had been but separate lights, mingled their flames and transformed the dome into an immense orb of liquid fire, while upon its summit shone forth in brilliant triumph the Christian's standard—the glorious cross. To the extent of man's limited capacity, this gorgeous exhibition was worthy of the object it was intended to celebrate—the triumph of Christ in his glorious resurrection. There is something in the idea of such a celebration most beautifully touching and effecting. To see the banner of our religion, the emblem of all our hopes, reaching almost to the very regions of heaven, and from its immense height illuminating the earth below by its resplendent brilliancy! To see that cross thus blazing aloft over the prostrate ruins of pagan Rome, the proud and relentless persecutrix of the followers and principles of the crucified God! To see that cross reared by the descendants of its own persecutors, and now by them so honored and so revered. What a crowd

of pregnant reflections do not such circumstances awaken in the mind!

From this account of St. Peter's church, a faint idea may be formed of its immensity and of that

"haughty dome which vies

In air with earth's chief structures, though their frame

Sits on the firm-set ground, and this the clouds must claim."

"A greater quantity of stones," says a celebrated writer, "could be raised to a greater height on a more extended base, but of so many colossal parts to compose a whole which appears simple and grand, from such accumulated riches to compose a monument, which is so purely magnificent, and by an astonishing harmony of proportions form one prodigy of so many united wonders—this is the master piece of art, and the work of Michael Angelo."

A few words may be well added on the time required for the construction of St. Peter's, the number of Popes who contributed to it and the sums expended on it.

"Julius II laid the first stone of this church on the 18th of April, 1506. He had adopted the plan of the celebrated Bramante, with whom the idea of the cupola originated. The eagerness of the Pontiff was zealously seconded; and although already in his seventieth year, he had the satisfaction, before his death, of seeing the pillars, that were to support the cupola, raised as far as the cornice. This precipitation might have injured the solidity of the building; but after the deaths of Julius and Bramante, Leo X employed architects, who strengthened the pillars already commenced, and made some change in the original plan, in consequence of the enormous expense it would require. At the death of Leo X the work was suspended, and was not resumed till the pontificate of Paul III. The architect chosen by this Pontiff proposed a new plan; and this was about being adopted when Michael Angelo appeared, who gave one that was not to be subject to alteration. All his designs were approved. . . Having labored at the Basilica, under five different Popes, he died in 1564. The architects who succeeded him were ordered to adopt

his designs, and one of them lost his place, for having departed from them.

"Finally, forty-six years after, under Paul V, Maderno finished the church, and raised its façade; under Alexander VII Bernini constructed the portico which encloses the piazza; and finally, almost in our days, the unfortunate Pius VI added the sacristy, which is so necessary for church-service, but for which, however, Michael Angelo had reserved no place, either in the interior or exterior of the church—as he wished that the edifice should be detached from all additions, and perfectly regular, both in the interior and exterior. This sacristy was begun in 1776; it was finished in 1780, and consecrated on the 15th of June, 1784. If from that day, to which the completion of the entire work is to be assigned, we go back to the time when Julius II laid the first stone, we will find an interval of almost three centuries. In this interval thirty-four Popes governed the church.

"It is not easy to determine the sums of money expended on this immense building. According to the calculation of Fontana, who has left an accurate account of them, the expense in 1693 amounted to \$47,000,000. To this sum must be added the gilding, sculpture, paintings, mosaics, and so many other ornaments since the time of Fontana; and, last, the new sacristy. It will not be extravagant to estimate the total expense at \$50,000,000."

It should be remembered also, that Michael Angelo, in gratitude for the confidence reposed in him by the Pope, in naming him architect of St. Peter's, declared that he would attend the building for the love of God without any reward whatever. This declaration, says his biographer, was not like many others, made in the spirit of vain glory, for when the Pope afterwards wished to remunerate him, he could not be induced to accept any thing. By changing the designs of his predecessor Sangallo, he also cured many defects in the architecture of the church, and saved fifty years of time and three hundred thousand scudi. To his great accomplishments as an artist Michael Angelo united all the mæcu-

line and moral virtues. He was a good Christian, destitute of resentment, modest and patient. He frequently lived for whole days on a little bread and wine, that he might pay the greater attention to his work. Disinterested in the extreme, he refused every species of reward; liberal with his own he gave much to his friends. His will was comprised in three sentences. "My soul to God, my body to the earth, and my estate to my nearest relatives." Princes lavished their honors and attention on Buonarroti. When Cosmo I, of Florence, went to Rome, he not only insisted on Angelo's

being covered, but seated him between his knees almost on them. Ottaviano de Medici solicited him to stand sponsor to his son, and Cardinal Ippolito having heard that the artist was pleased with a Turkish horse belonging to him, sent it, with ten mules laden with corn, and a groom to attend them. Francis I, desired his services, and ordered him to receive three thousand crowns to enable him to undertake the journey. The Emperor Charles V, rose on seeing him and exclaimed: "Emperors may be found, but never your equal."

Translated from the French.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE IN KENTUCKY,

AS DESCRIBED IN A LETTER OF THE REV. W. MURPHY, S. J.

WE left Lebanon, a little village near our college, the 9th of August, 1841, at eleven o'clock at night, and took our places in a stage for the south. The next day, at sunrise, we were in the centre of Green county, celebrated throughout the state for the excellent tobacco it produces. The country in this part of Kentucky is excessively monotonous; continual forests in the midst of which immense clearings leave exposed a rich soil of deep alluvial or vegetable mould accumulated since the origin of the world. Here the indolent slaves lightly pass the ploughshare through the earth, covering with a little soil the grains of maize or tobacco which they have carelessly sown for their masters; and notwithstanding so much negligence, the broomcorn with its superb tassel of stamens rises to the height of fifteen feet, and the tobacco supports upon strong stems its beautiful pyramid of large and velvet leaves, surmounted by innumerable clusters of bell-shaped flowers. The tobacco known in France, as Virginia, is oftener if it come from America at all, the production of Kentucky, more particularly of Green county. Virginia is exhausted, our soil is

still fertile; but improvidence and cupidity will very soon produce here the same effects which they have already caused on the other side of the Alleghanies. The day of the 10th of August had not yet closed when the aspect of the country through which we travelled entirely changed; we were about to enter the Barrens. Eighty years ago no European had settled in this country, and Kentucky, or "the bloody ground," was either the property of the Cherokees or a neutral territory upon which many savage tribes came to chase in turn. In these great hunts the trees it is said were cut down, the underwood burnt, and the surface of the ground became a kind of smooth plain where the game of the red man could neither be concealed nor escape his arrow. It is an astonishing fact that a third, or at least a fourth of Kentucky, a space which is equal to a third of France, was found thus stripped and bare when the first Virginians emigrated thither. They then attributed the absence of trees to the sterility of the soil, and applied to it the name of the Barrens, which I freely translate into French, by the word *landes*. Since then the trees and shrubs have again covered the

surface, and now present all the freshness of youth and an immense richness of vegetation; while nevertheless a name, now so inappropriate, will probably attach to it forever; because in languages reason never prevails against custom. Nothing could be more agreeable to us than the sight of the charming country which we were about to enter. There were no more fallen trees, no more great oaks scathed by lightning, no more immense vegetable remains which render the forests of America so desolate—in the eyes of a naturalist, as it were a field of battle strewn with dead bodies. In the Barrens nature is young; one does not yet see there the impress of death, it is a lovely country, a paradise freshly created. Verdant trees rise towards heaven and interlace their vigorous limbs: we see, and feel that life circulates in their branches, that the vessels which convey their nourishment are not yet closed by age. This continued forest of fifty years growth, is like a parterre of flowers in the month of May. But before arriving at the cavern which is to be the end of our journey, some general considerations upon the geological formations of this country would aid us to comprehend the astonishing phenomena which we were about to witness. All the learned agree in classing the vast plain which extends from the Alleghanies to the Rocky mountains, and from the lakes of Canada to the gulf of Mexico, among the secondary and transition formations. But this classification is excessively vague, and that branch of the geological series comprehends in all parts of the globe an astonishing variety of earths which science has not yet agreed to arrange. Each author has upon this point his own system, and it may be confidently asserted that the great difficulties of geology consist in this. In considering the features of Kentucky, we shall find it naturally divided into two regions, each perfectly characterised. The north and the east present principally specimens of the colithic and carbonic groups: lime abounds under the form of fossils; streams of water are numerous on the surface of the soil which is rendered excessively rich by powerful alluvions. The south and

west on the contrary, are undoubtedly to be placed in the group of red and mixed earths, and astonishing as it may appear, fossils there are almost totally wanting. I have discovered in that part of the country only some cyatophylla of three different kinds. Streams are rarely visible, their sources find subterranean conduits or lose themselves deep in the earth, and the soil thus presents beneath its surface a multitude of caverns and channels where the sand produced from the decomposition of the free-stone constantly accumulates. When the natural pillars which sustain these great vaults, fall under the weight of the earth and trees above them, a hole or cavity of a tunnel shape is formed at the surface, where the waters are engulfed, and thence filter into deeper caverns, depositing the lime which they contain in solution under the fantastic forms of varied stalactites. This is the whole secret of the formation of the cavern which we were about to penetrate. The grand, almost terrible aspect that the hills and vallies assume, at the bottom of which is the entrance of the Mammoth cave, prepares the soul for the emotions it is about to experience. The gigantic trees, the piles of rocks, the increasing obscurity, all vividly impress the imagination. The sun scarcely penetrates into the bottom of the valley, one seems about to quit the regions of light for that sombre empire which the Greeks peopled with phantoms and wandering spirits. As we approached it, the first sentiment was that of wonder and a sort of fear. A cavern thirty-five feet broad, twenty high, and at least fifty feet deep is terminated interiorly by a narrow gate which marks the limits of light and darkness. Before passing the threshold a spontaneous and invincible movement impels one to return, to throw a last look on the blue heaven which God has extended for man's pavilion. Oh! how brilliant then appears the light which plays at the entrance of the cave in the large leaves of the wild balsamines, or on the waving branches of the thorns. But we must proceed; the negro who serves as guide would laugh at your simplicity if you spoke one word to him of the sentiments which fill your soul.

The threshold is past, and we are in the main cave. A nave without support, one hundred fathoms long, from eighty to one hundred and ten feet high, and fifty broad, forms the prodigious sarcophagus in which you are for the moment buried. The light of the lamps which the travellers hold in their hands is lost in the depth of the abyss. You see it at the distance of a few paces struggling against the shadows which darken around it. To discern an object, we must stop, enlarge the pupil and hold the lamp near. The flame of a torch disseminated in a space much too vast to be fully enlightened, adds more grandeur to the objects which surround us. No human architecture has ever furnished such imposing models. The gothic cathedrals of old Europe do not so entirely overpower the mind by their gigantic mass. At the end of this long avenue many branches of the main cave open in different directions. They bear some resemblance to the catacombs of Rome. But the emotions of the soul are of a very different character. It is not the sweet and melancholy remembrance of those sad yet glorious days when so many martyrs were immolated, it is not that unutterable sentiment of the Christian at the sight of the blood stained cradle of his dear and holy religion, but in considering these obscure galleries which extend to unknown distances and in various directions, the soul reviews the terrible catastrophes which formerly created these tortuous and sombre avenues. Whether one goes back to those first days when the earth, still under the action of the creative power, was a prey to the convulsions which preceded equilibrium and order, when, according to the energetic expression of Scripture, the mountains were exalted and the valleys made low; whether the mind stops in ascending the long succession of ages at the frightful deluge which overwhelmed the terrestrial surface with deep waters; whether one is contented with supposing a general cause, or seeks to explain all by a partial catastrophe, by an earthquake acting simultaneously with an inundation, or the sudden change of the course of waters, one must always suppose a prodigious lapse of

time and an extraordinary power to produce such results. The general impression produced in my mind by the sight of such a scene, is a sort of conviction that a sudden revolution of nature was at first necessary to commence the excavation of this cavern. The slow action of time is a term without meaning if secondary causes also are not reckoned: an inconsiderable stream could never have hollowed out, no matter in how long a series of ages, in such vast proportions, channels so multiplied, so monstrously great, and which have evidently been filled to the brink with water. But if we suppose, in addition, a *powerful* stream of water there must have been from the beginning, a way under the earth sufficiently large to allow it to pass. But this digression is already too long, time presses, we must proceed. Not wishing to prolong our first visit over five hours, we took another day for the exploration of the river. We traversed a suite of grottoes and avenues, such as are generally seen where nature has created subterranean cavities. The only thing which struck us here was, the evidences of the little respect which travellers have shown for this wonderful curiosity of the new world. The calcareous incrustations which formerly decorated the "Gothic avenue," the "temple," the "chapel," &c. now strew the ground; the wrecks only remain suspended from the walls and vaults to excite the regrets of the traveller; thousands of names also are inscribed on every side, as if the authors of these devastations feared that they should not be known. We stopped in the small apartment called the Haunted chamber, where those who first penetrated into the cavern found mummies, which it is said are now in Peale's museum. Among many others, the body of a woman, swathed and bound with little fillets like the Egyptian mummies, attracted particular attention: from her arm was suspended a bag filled with needles and jewels; she was seated, and of small stature; her features indicated a variety of the human race different from the red man, and if this singular fact is connected with the curious discoveries of Mr. Stephens in central America, where he

saw the remains of pyramids and colossal statues, of palaces where the full arch is not known, covered with hieroglyphics and bas-reliefs, figures of gods and heroes so like those which are still found in the ruins of Memphis and of Thebes, one cannot doubt the identity of the ancient Egyptians with the primitive American race. The valuable book of the envoy extraordinary from the United States to Guatemala is of itself a perfect demonstration of this identity, notwithstanding the preconceptions and prejudices of the author, who, in order to follow the systems of some illustrious travellers and geographers, draws at the end of his work a consequence contrary to all the laws of induction. But the discovery of the mummies in the mammoth cave is as one may say, the final destruction of the theory of autochtones,* borrowed from the Greeks, to the shame of our age, and sustained without reflection by learned men of the first order. If what a traveller relates is true, this cavern is destined to furnish hereafter important information upon the ancient population of the American continent. While excavations were being made here in 1810, for the purpose of obtaining saltpetre for the manufacture of powder, of which the republic was absolutely in want during its second struggle with England, one of the workmen found, it is said, two or three other mummies, which he returned to their first resting-place, and covered again with earth that he might not trouble the ashes of the dead. This fact is related by Davidson in his "Excursion to the Mammoth cave." Who knows then if hereafter one may not meet here with another Necropolis, as worthy of the researches of the learned as that of old Egypt. I love to hope that Providence will grant this favor to our posterity, and will thus convince the most incredulous of the unity of the human race, so monstrously combated even at this day. The "haunted chamber" suggested to us the preceding reflections; the sight of the "temple" surprised us after all the wonders we had seen.

*This expression designates the first inhabitants of a country, in opposition to those, who may have afterwards established themselves therein.

A circular space which the guides say comprehends about eight acres, and which more moderate visitors reduce to four, presents itself far below the surface of the earth, whose immense vault is entirely unsupported. The action of the waters which formerly created it, has adorned its walls with draperies, festooned in various fantastical or graceful forms, as in gothic churches the chisel of the architect has designed arabesques, foliage, and elegant garlands. The pantheon of Agrippa then returned to my thoughts, as the sublime diminutive of the colossal vault before me. The last complete remnant of Roman architecture at that time seemed to me like the little model in clay, which the sculptor forms before taking his chisel to design the athletic members, the swelling muscles, the bold proportions of the colossal gladiator which he is about to make. A thousand other objects worthy of being described were here to be seen, of which I might speak were it my wish to depict the curious domes, the numerous halls or picturesque avenues which the guide showed us, giving them names either well or ill applied. Thus the Devil's Forge was shown by the side of Hercules' and Pompey's Pillars, the Parapet of Napoleon was next to Vulcan's arm chair; Lot's wife constituted the pendant of an elephant's head. But a serious study may become in a manner a puerile and ridiculous amusement. Our guide was astonished that we preferred to the examination of these curiosities, a draught of the water of a sulphurous fountain which flows in their midst. This surprise was redoubled when he saw me take a flask from my pocket and fill it with this water which I intended to analyze. Alas! the flask was afterwards broken, and I am yet ignorant whether or not this fountain has properties distinct from the other sulphurous springs which are very abundant in Kentucky. We had entered the cavern at four o'clock in the afternoon; it was twilight when we left it. The next day, before the sun had yet appeared in the east, we descended again into the grotto, and without stopping at the curiosities in detail, we directed our steps towards the river whose course we proposed to examine.

Before reaching it we proceeded about four miles, sometimes over the rock itself or heaped stones which had fallen from the vault above, sometimes over fine sand, filled with pebbles. In many places, especially in the "Labyrinth," near "Gorin's dome," agates, chalcedons, and opals are found, which are for the most part common and of little value; but future researches may probably produce more valuable results. During our excursion, one of the negroes found a stone of the size of a pigeon's egg, and gave it to a Maryland lady who was of our party. I could not at that moment assure myself of its nature, but judging from external appearances I should have taken it for one of the most beautiful white opals I had ever seen. Before arriving at the river we passed over the gulf called the "Bottomless Pit." Two years ago this was the termination of all excursions; an abyss, which was believed to be fathomless, presented itself in the only path of the cavern. The distant noise of the waters of the river, which, repeated by the echoes of the cavern, resembles the dull roaring of a cascade,—the sight of the disordered piles of rocks, the sudden contraction which causes the arch above to descend nearly to the pathway, all conspired to produce the fear that death would be the consequence of another step. But one traveller more daring than his predecessors, took a watch which showed the seconds, seated himself on the brink of the abyss, threw into it a stone, and observed that after having rebounded against the sides of the gulf it finally stopped producing a noise louder than that which had preceded. The calculation, after many trials gave him an approximate depth of one hundred and forty feet English. From the peculiar sound of the waters, he judged, besides, that beyond this precipice he should find, notwithstanding the momentary contraction of the cavern, other vaults and other avenues, larger, perhaps, than any he had yet seen. Arming himself then with courage, he threw a ladder transversely over the mouth of the gulf and clung to it with his feet and hands. A single negro accompanied him, and struck with a superstitious horror, solemnly an-

nounced to him that he would perish. The prediction had almost proved true; the ladder, which was scarcely long enough, was but slightly supported at its opposite extremity, and at the moment when the adventurer thought to touch the other side, it slipped. The negro uttered a cry of terror, imagining that the hydra of the abyss had punished the white man for his audacious sacrilege; but the intrepid traveller, at the moment of the greatest danger, preserved all his presence of mind. While falling he reached out his hand, seized a point of the rock which happily did not give away, and not yet intimidated, soon found himself at the entrance of a new cavern. The negro, emboldened by the unexpected success of so rash an attempt, went to procure a longer ladder, passed in the same manner as the white man had done, and returned with him by the same route, after having seen the banks of the subterranean river towards which we were now directing our steps. It is scarcely necessary to say that at present a bridge of wood, thrown across the gulf, offers to visitors every facility for passing without danger, and every one is now astonished that such a trifle had proved a barrier so long.

It is undoubtedly surprising to find a river so far from day-light; it is wonderful to see a shadowy valley in the bosom of the earth, surrounded by hills, passes, and ravines, peopled with living beings, presenting with the exception of light all the characteristics of those valleys where we often love to wander. After having descended a little hill covered with sand and scattered rocks we found ourselves upon the borders of a new Styx. The river may be at this point about twenty feet wide; it is probably as much in depth. It runs over a bed of fine sand and pretty pebbles. Where it becomes shallower, and its banks are covered only to the depth of a few inches with water, a great number of craw-fish are found, generally small, stunted, and entirely white; they are sometimes, however, of the ordinary size, nearly black, and fatter than the other variety. The most striking characteristic of the two species, is the absence of eyes, owing, undoubtedly, to the total in-

utility of these organs. The fish which people the subterranean river, are also completely blind. But one kind has been discovered. It is of the genus *cottus*. The largest ever caught were about six inches long; their ordinary size is from three to four inches. It would be easy to procure living specimens, for I have seen them after having been wrapped in brown paper and kept in the pocket for half a day, still breathe, when, after arriving at the hotel, they were plunged into a basin of fresh water. It is certain that externally one cannot perceive in them any appearance of the organs of sight, and it is said that a physician of Louisville, after having anatomized many, was convinced of the entire absence of all the visual apparatus.

I ought to say a word here of many circumstances which cannot but be interesting to the physician and the naturalist. The exact vertical depth of the cavern has never been carefully observed: unfortunately I had not then with me, Mr. Bunter's excellent barometer, which I have since received from Europe, but I imagine that the mean level is not much below that of exterior valleys. If we sometimes descended hills, we as often climbed others equally elevated. I do not even believe that the depth which is ordinarily requisite for a uniform temperature, is here necessary. This phenomenon already indicated as one of the characteristic traits of the Mammoth cave is probably owing to the difficulty which must exist in renewing the air; at the mouth of the cave, it is true, there is a current during the summer which ceases in winter; but is not a current which is felt at the entrance only, and which lasts but a few months, more than insufficient to renew the air of a cavern which one may penetrate even six miles without finding a termination? To finish the list of animals which inhabit it, I must add to the fish and craw-fish, many species of insects, among others arachnides, phalangianæ, and crickets. Their limbs in general are slender and elongated, their skin is starred and whitish, and the organ of sight is wanting in all. The bats which are found in the two apartments next to the principal hall of the cavern should not be

placed in the same category. But it is time to continue our route; a canoe waits for us upon the bank; let us hasten to enter it. It is a terrible thing thus to advance over an unknown river, which often flows between two banks of peaked rocks, sometimes engulfed in narrow grottoes where the traveller must stoop to avoid striking against the vault, and thence rolls its waters on desolate shores where the rocks thrown one upon another present the confusion of chaos. There were too many of us to enter all at once into the bark, so the ladies were first placed in it with their husbands. Each one, lamp in hand, was quietly seated; two negroes were the rowers. As for us, seated upon the bank we saw the skiff move majestically towards the obscure part of the gulf. While passing onwards the light of the lamps was reflected from the black and fretted rocks on the banks. The masses of shadow opposed to the light, the profound silence of these retreats, when no human voice breaks the stillness, contrasting, at the least noise, with the sonorous reverberation of one of the most beautiful echoes I have ever heard, surprise and powerfully excite the imagination, and after a thousand wonders this seems the most astonishing. Presently the little boat made a half turn to the right and was hidden behind an enormous promontory. A shudder of terror passed, I acknowledge, over my soul; but then by a spontaneous and sympathetic movement, we all commenced singing. The voices of the females were sweeter and more melancholy, those of the men more solemn and majestic, and nature offers here at little expense, a scene that the art of producing strong emotions would essay in vain to repeat. This first passage lasted scarcely ten minutes; the bark returned to take us, and we soon found ourselves re-united upon a bank of compact *calcaire*, beneath which the river loses itself in the sand as by enchantment.

The first passage may be avoided by creeping across the rocks to the summit of the high hills which border on the river; then one walks sometimes on the brink of a precipice, while one hundred feet below lies an immense valley of an elliptic form,

at the bottom of which a dull murmur is all that indicates the presence of the waters. Many times since I have wished to enjoy this terrible view. A false step would have precipitated me into the abyss, and I cannot even now recall without a shudder, the words of a guide, who, seeing me tottering before him, cried out to me, "be careful; if you slip, you will be in the Dead Sea;" the gulf which embraces this sublime amphitheatre of scattered rocks being thus called. After proceeding a few steps only, we again found the bed of the river and another skiff. This passage is shorter and less picturesque than the first. But after a second landing place, the river assumes a grand and frightful aspect; now its bed is contracted between rocks undermined by the waters, then it enlarges and spreads into a lake. I often traversed it and always with a renewed sentiment of terror. Never, however, were these emotions so lively as on the evening of the first day. The party of which I was one, determined to pass the night in the cavern; I left them to pursue their route, while I returned with a companion and a guide. The canoe in which we were to cross the river was scarcely large enough for three persons. Imagine two old planks nailed at right angles upon a third, and upon which an intrepid American was the first to adventure only fifteen days before, for the purpose of completely exploring this little sea of placid water. The negro, stooping forward, rowed us along, while we held our lamps advanced out of the skiff to shew him his course. The silence, the obscurity, the gigantic forms of the bank and of the arch above, all recalled the scenes described by the pagan poets, and seemed to give reality to the fables of Acheron and the Styx—of the old pilot and his bark. This third passage occupies at least twenty minutes. A bay detaches itself in this part, but it can be crossed a few steps further on, by leaping from one rock to another. One of our companions stated that he had some days before climbed the barrier of rocks under which the river disappears, and that he had found the same river and saw a great quantity of fish with-

out eyes, larger in general, than those which we had hitherto observed. There are certainly important discoveries to be made in this direction, because the river must discharge itself somewhere. It is not probable that it enters into Green river, which flows about a mile from the cavern, nor into any other exterior stream. An exact chart of its course would doubtless present curious windings, and a complete description of the animals which people its waters and its banks would be of great interest to the natural historian. Many of our party would not dare to risk their lives in so frail a boat, and it cannot be denied that there is real danger. However as they wished to pass from the right to the left bank, they again climbed the chain of hills which border this side of the river also, and the only passage which then presented itself to them was a kind of low and narrow grotto whose dimensions continually diminished; it soon became no more than a hole about a foot and a half high, through which they were obliged to crawl for nearly ten minutes. At last they reached the opposite link of the chain, and again found the river, which had made a long circuit. A wag proposed to give this narrow passage, where they had wound along like snakes, the name of Snake Avenue. One of the most picturesque points of view which can be enjoyed is presented to the traveller from the top of this last chain of hills; all around calcareous incrustations are rapidly forming; nature here moulds columns, draperies, groups of rocks and statues in confusion. The tops of these hills touch the vault, which in this part is pierced with excavations and adorned with great quantities of calcareous festoons. Below rolls the subterranean river into which one can throw himself by a single leap. At this point we leave the river to see it no more until our return, and enter into a new avenue whose dimensions are all as grand as those of the entrance. We then proceed over a damp sand, descend slippery hills, and climb others with the assistance of our hands and feet, till at length the soil becomes more dry, the noise of the waters is hushed in the distance, and a new world com-

mences. At first it is like a terrible chaos: we must walk over piles of scattered rock which have evidently fallen from the vault; others are suspended fifty, eighty, and one hundred feet above us, one only of which would crush four men. Sometimes the piles are so prodigious that at a distance they resemble hills; the passage is obstructed with them. We proceed thus more than three miles in the midst of the most complete disorder. The path at length becomes clearer, the ground is less strewn with wrecks, the walls are gradually reclothed with incrustations of gypsum, while the vault is festooned with crystallizations, in perfect preservation, and sometimes glistering. To the principal branch of the cavern other smaller caves are attached, which diverge in many directions. If one ventures into them he often finds brilliant chambers or graceful boudoirs hung with a beautiful white, thick, and smooth drapery. I have never heard that recent formations of gypsum more beautiful had been found elsewhere. This is but the antechamber of an immense palace. Five miles beyond the river is its singular entrance. Those who read this account will scarcely believe me, though I am very far from relating all that I felt or saw. The subterranean gallery in which we had heretofore walked at length terminates—the path then becomes narrower, and we gradually ascend until we are stopped by a wall, black as basalt. But this is only the commencement of marvels. We looked upwards and saw a hollow festooned with calcareous incrustations; they are like bunches of grapes in graceful clus-

ters. By the aid of our feet and hands we ascended to it, although with difficulty, and the most magical spectacle was presented to our astonished gaze. We moved over garlands and heaps of black and white grapes. Masses of this beautiful fruit rested on the earth which was strewn with them. A pure stream which one might imagine to be their juice, flows along the garlands, follows the contour of their draperies, and finally falls drop by drop into a basin of carved rock. Alas! in a few years this magnificent hall will exist no more. It was discovered but fifteen days ago, and already I saw the brutal marks of the first strokes given to the beautiful garlands. This superb play of nature will soon become what the Gothic avenue now is, wrecks clothed with a beautiful name. It is at present called Cleveland's Cabinet. It is the entrance of a new cavern which is yet far from being entirely explored. The ground is covered with a fine dust of plaster produced from the decomposition of the gypsum incrustations: the walls are every where covered with them. They not only present the forms of columns and draperies, but also of leaves, flowers, rosettes, stars, and a thousand fanciful, natural, and graceful images. As we were at a distance of six miles from the entrance of the cavern, we did not wish to go further. Another world still remains to be discovered. Who knows if by galleries as yet unknown, another branch of the river may not yet be found? Who can tell all that is concealed for science and curiosity in this marvellous kingdom of shadows?

CATHOLIC MELODIES.

NO. II.

AS God when he had created our first parents, from whom the rest of mankind were to descend and to form the great family by which the earth was to be peopled, "blessed them, saying: increase and multiply, and fill the earth:" so did the Son

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of God, when he had come to regenerate the fallen posterity of Adam, and gathered around him a band of apostles, impart to his Church a principle of fruitfulness, by which it was to expand and diffuse itself over the whole world. "Go ye, therefore,

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and teach *all nations*, . . . lo! I am with you *all days*, to the consummation of the world." The history of the Church of Christ is but a verification of his promise. From the city of Jerusalem, where the mustard-seed of truth was originally sown, it was disseminated in every direction, and has now reached almost every part of the earth, exhibiting in the universality of its diffusion, of its duration, and of its doctrine, one of the bright characteristics by which the true Church will always be easily distinguishable from the numerous offspring of error. The Church of Christ, according to his words, which will not pass away, was to exist in all ages: every sect, therefore, that has sprung into existence subsequently to the apostolic times, is by that very criterion ascertained to be heterodox. The universality of the Church in respect of place is to be understood in a limited sense, because there never was a period when her communion was so universal, as not to exclude from its pale heretical sects and heathen nations. Yet in the scriptures she is called the Church

of all nations, and St. Paul applies to the apostles those words of the Psalmist, "their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the end of the earth." The Church of Christ is therefore called *Catholic* or universal: 1. Because she has been at all times since the days of the apostles, the Church of many nations. 2. Because she forms the great body of Christians, from which others have withdrawn themselves. From these observations it follows that the title of *Catholic* is applicable only to that Church which can trace its existence to the apostolic age, and has always constituted the mass of the Christian people, or in other words to the Church in communion with the see of Rome. The members of this communion alone, all the attempts of modern sectarianism notwithstanding, can say with truth and consistency, *I believe in the Holy Catholic Church*. This article of our faith, as far it implies the universal diffusion of the Church, is beautifully developed in the following lines of our gifted correspondent. Ed.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF THE CHURCH.

"The children of the faith have built their altars on the lofty hills and in the shade of the valleys; the 'uttermost parts of the earth' have heard her lessons of salvation, and her creed is repeated in every variety of language."

HAIL, universal power! whose name,
To every tongue is known;
Whose sacred symbol, still the same,
In every land is shown;
Whose conquests greet the traveller's eye,
Where'er he roams beneath the sky.

Church of the living God! to thee,
What myriad altars blaze,—
On isles that gem the frozen sea
Where Borealis plays,
'Mid burning Afric's pathless way,
And on the plains of Paraguay!

Siberia's snow clad steeps are cheered
By thy far reaching beams,
And high thy beacon fires are reared
To light old Ganges' streams;
Tartar, and Copt, and Chinese come
Alike to thee the heart's true home!

The dark-eyed Syrian opes to thee
 His clouded soul in prayer,
 And fair Armenians bend the knee,
 Thy promised boon to share ;
 And e'en Numidia's daughters twine
 Their humble wreaths to deck thy shrine.

The Spanish girl devoutly kneels,
 Where springs the fretted dome ;
 And as the solemn organ peals
 Each note strikes deeply home,
 And to her high, impassioned soul,
 Thy hallowed truths sublimely roll.

Where classic Rome's Colliseum stood,
 And martyred Christians died,
 While cameleopards, wild with blood,
 To heathen shouts replied,
 Thine altars now triumphant rise,
 And Christian anthems mount the skies.

And lo ! on Erin's verdant shore,
 Her faithful maids are seen,
 To make thy sign their shamrock o'er,
 And bless its leaflets green ;
 While in communion still with thee,
 Their thoughts to God rise pure and free.

E'en 'midst the red man's hunting grounds
 Thine altar fires are lit,
 And, like another Xavier's, sounds
 The voice of good DE SMEDT,
 Who from the Rocky Mountains' heights
 Has answered now Saint Bernard's lights.

In every clime, in every tongue,
 Thy triumphs may be traced,—
 Painting has shown and music sung,
 And poetry has placed,
 Bright off'rings on thy shrine, and given
 Their proudest efforts thus to heaven.

Genius, and art, and science,—each
 Thy saving truths has caught ;—
 Truths,—to the wise that wisdom teach !
 And to the thoughtful,—thought !
 And low, in faith's equality,
 Bondsman and master bow to thee.

Hail, holy power ! From tent to throne,
 Thy changeless creed proclaim !
 The blinded heart in every zone,
 With love divine inflame !
 And speed the peaceful hour foretold,
 When gath'ring nations seek thy fold !

St. Louis, Mo.

MOÏNA.

From the U. S. Catholic Miscellany.

THOUGHTS ON THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

CAN THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH BE CALLED CATHOLIC?

MORE than once, my dear —, you have called my attention to the peculiar phraseology lately adopted by some of our friends of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in speaking of themselves as “the Catholics,” while they affect to call us “Romanists;” and a few days since you also put into my hands, as having a bearing on this subject, a pamphlet which they profess to hold in high admiration, entitled “Catholic Truths and Roman Fallacies.” My views upon these matters I have expressed to you fully in conversation; but for the purpose of enabling you to consider them more thoroughly you request that I would commit them, or at least the substance of them, to writing. With this request I feel a duty to comply.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century it may be said that there was but one visible church in the civilized world. The Greek division of Christians was not to be found out of the Russian and Turkish dominions. In Asia there were scattered Armenian, Nestorian, and Eutychian Christians; in the south of Europe there was a small sect called Waldenses, and in England there yet remained some of the followers of Wickliffe, or of the sect called Lollards. But the great body of Christendom was thoroughly united in the profession of the same faith, in the administration of the same sacraments, and in the observance of the same rites, and all acknowledged the same form of church government, over which presided, as the visible head on earth, the bishop of Rome. In the year 1517, was published in Wittenburg, in Germany, a book written by Martin Luther, containing ninety-five short theses on the nature of indulgences, and the errors of the questors, that is to say, of the persons employed to dispose of indulgences. This book gave rise to angry disputations, and the com-

batants becoming excessively heated, the dispute extended itself to other topics connected with religion, and doctrines were then broached on the part of Luther avowedly new, but alleged to be founded on the true interpretation of the scriptures. The consequence was a severance from the main body of a considerable portion who at first called themselves Gospellers and Reformers, but who afterwards, however, split amongst themselves into different subdivisions, under different appellations, took the distinctive name of “Protestants.” The main body retained the ancient name of Catholics.

For some time after these dissensions, the Protestant doctrines made little progress in England. Indeed the English king (Henry VIII) entered into the controversy as a champion of the ancient faith against Luther, and obtained from the Pope, in acknowledgment of his Catholic ardor and zeal, the title of “Defender of the Faith,” a title still claimed by the English monarchs. But a violent quarrel took place afterwards between the king and the Pope, because of the refusal of the latter to sanction Henry’s divorce from his queen Catharine, and Henry contrived to obtain in 1531, from the convocation of the English clergy, an acknowledgment that he was “the chief protector, the only and supreme lord, and *as far as Christ would allow*, the supreme head of the Church.” This submission of the English church to the king’s dominion was afterwards, and without any regard to the remarkable qualification with which it was accompanied, treated as absolute, unconditional, and complete. On the third of November, 1534, by an act of parliament, (*Stat. 26, Hen. VIII, ch. i*) it was enacted and declared “that the king, our sovereign lord, his heirs and successors, kings of this realm, shall be taken, accepted, and re-

ported the only supreme head on earth of the Church of England, called *Anglicana Ecclesia*, and shall have and enjoy, annexed and united to the imperial crown of this realm, as well the title and style thereof, as all honors, dignities, pre-eminences, jurisdictions, privileges, authorities, immunities, profits, and commodities to the said dignity of supreme head of the same church belonging and appertaining; and that our said sovereign lord, his heirs and successors, shall have *full power* and authority from *time to time* to visit, repress, reform, order, restrain, and amend all such *errors, heresies, abuses*, offences, contempts, and enormities, whatever they be, which by *any manner* of spiritual authority or jurisdiction, might or may lawfully be reformed, repressed, corrected, restrained, or amended, most to the pleasure of Almighty God, the increase of virtue in Christ's kingdom, and for the conservation of the peace, unity, and tranquillity of this realm, any usage, custom, foreign law, foreign authority, prescription, or *any thing or things* to the contrary notwithstanding." By this statute "the Church of England" was necessarily severed from all other Christian churches, and converted to all intents and purposes into a political establishment—its faith, its rites, its discipline, were surrendered to the dominion of the king. He was authorized from time to time to define and to decide what was true doctrine, and what heresy or error—to correct and reform as his judgeship or caprice should dictate whatever might be deemed abuses—to exercise every and "*any manner* of spiritual authority and jurisdiction"—any thing whether in Christ's law, or any where else to the contrary notwithstanding. The church was impiously given to Cæsar. It was not expected, nor intended, that any persons other than British subjects, should be affected by this delegation of ecclesiastical power. The objects of the statute were first to make the Church of England a separate and distinct establishment from the great Church of Christendom, and secondly, to subject this separate establishment to the absolute rule of the English monarch.

Upon the doctrinal points which had severed the Protestants from the Catholic

world, the king took part against the Protestant teachers, and he caused many who espoused and preached their doctrines, to be put to death as impious heretics. In May, 1539, he caused to be enacted the statute "for abolishing diversity of opinions in certain articles concerning Christian religion," the statute commonly known as the statute of the six articles (*Stat. 31, Hen. VIII, ch. xiv*), in which the Catholic doctrine respecting the real presence in the eucharist, the Catholic discipline of receiving the sacrament under one form, the celibacy of the clergy, and the sanctity of vows of chastity, the celebration of the mass, and the practice of special or auricular confession, are all sanctioned as parts of the faith or discipline of "the Church of England," and severe punishments denounced against all who shall dare to gainsay them. Afterwards, while Henry lived, the book put forth by his authority, under the title of "A Necessary Doctrine and Erudition for a Christian Man," but more usually styled "The King's Book," was the standard of orthodox faith in England.

Henry died in 1546, and the crown, and with it, as an inseparable appendage, the supreme dominion of the English Church, descended to Edward his son, then a child of nine years of age. His uncle Somerset, who acted as protector of the realm, and guardian of the infant king, was attached to the Protestant doctrines. Under his influence, and that of his associates, a liturgy for the use of the English church was established by act of parliament in January, 1548, (*Stat. 2 and 3, Edward VI, ch. i*) called "The Book of the Common Prayer, and administration of the sacraments, and other rites and ceremonies of the church after the use of the Church of England," and it was ordained that all ministers of the church within the realm, should use the same, and no other in this divine service. The changes in this book from the ancient liturgy, conformed in many respects to the views of the reformers. In 1552, in the name and by the authority of the young king, *this* book was reformed, amended, and explained, and by act of parliament (*Stat. 5 and 6, Edw. VI, ch. i*) the new book of

Common Prayer, and the administration of the sacraments, was commanded to be "accepted, received, used, and esteemed, in like sort and manner," and with the same penalties as had been enacted with respect to that established four years before, and which was now superseded. In the same year, by the authority of the king, was published "A Collection of the Articles of Religion," forty-two in number, which had been compiled by Archbishop Cranmer, then laid before a committee of bishops and divines, and after approval by them, sanctioned by the king. Edward died in 1553, at the age of sixteen years, and at the time of his death, this book of the forty-two articles was the standard of English orthodoxy.

Mary, who ascended the throne in July, 1553, was a Catholic, and in less than six months after she began to reign by act of Parliament, (*Stat. 1, Mary, Session ii*), all the statutes on the subject of religion passed since the death of her father, were repealed, the first and second book of the "Common Prayer," were prohibited to be used, and in lieu thereof it was enacted that such forms of divine worship and administration of the sacraments should be received and practised as had commonly been used in the last year of the reign of Henry the Eighth. In the next year all the articles and provisions of every kind, made in his reign for severing the Church of England from the See of Rome, were repealed, and the Church of England was re-admitted into the unity and bosom of the great Christian Church (See *Stat. 1 and 2, Phil. and Mary, ch. viii*). This was the state of religion in England, when Mary died in November, 1558.

Elizabeth, her successor, either hesitated or affected to hesitate between the Catholic and the Protestant religions. This, however, did not continue long, for in February, 1559, by *Stat. 1, Eliz., ch. i*, all the laws made in the preceding reign on the subject of religion, were repealed, and those in the reign of Henry the VIII, and Edward the VI, were re-enacted, and it was required that all bishops, ministers, &c., should take an oath "that the Queen's Highness is the only supreme governor of this realm, as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or

causes as temporal; and by the second chapter of the same statute, the book of Common Prayer is again modified and commanded to be used in all the churches and chapels throughout the kingdom, and every person was bound on Sundays and holidays to attend during the time of common prayer, preaching, or other service of God there to be used and ministered. All the bishops but one—and a large portion of the clergy refused to take this oath, and for that cause all who refused were ejected from office, and others more compliant, were, by royal authority, appointed in their stead. The power of parliament was then resorted to in order to cure all defects and irregularities in this violent course, and by *Stat. 8, Elizabeth, ch. i*, the substituted bishops were declared to be bishops rightfully made, any statute, law, canon, or other thing to the contrary, notwithstanding. In January, 1562, the forty-two articles of religion, established under Edward, were revised and amended, and what have since been termed the thirty-nine articles, were promulgated in lieu of them, as the creed for the nation. Thus—and by the authority of the king and of the parliament, was ultimately fashioned, "The Church of England, as by law established," and this is its proper style and title as given to it by its authors.

With the exception of the New England colonies, "the Church of England, as by law established," was upheld by law in all the English colleges and plantations on this side of the Atlantic. The king was its supreme head, and under him the government of it was vested in its archbishops, bishops, and priests, and the American colonies were for all ecclesiastical purposes declared to be a part of the diocese of the Bishop of London. The church was an integral part and parcel of the state, and when the dominion of England and of the English king was thrown off, the church also fell with it. It ceased to have existence here. But many of those who had been accustomed to the worship and rites observed in the Church of England, felt a natural attachment thereto. Under the influence of this attachment, a convention was held of certain clerical and lay delegates from dif-

ferent congregations, and a plan of religious union agreed upon, whereby they associated under the name of "The Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States." This name, they themselves chose, and by this, in their prayer books and in their public acts they have ever since been designated.

Recently there have been extraordinary movements among some of the most pious and learned of the Church of England on the subject of religion. Believing that in the innovations on the ancient faith, and still more in the changes from the ancient rites, ceremonies, and observances, their predecessors, in many instances, instead of reforming errors and correcting abuses, had perverted the truth, and weakened almost unto death the spirit of devotion, they have zealously and industriously sought to restore what they believed had been rashly if not impiously taken away. In the course of their animated discussions some of them have *protested* against the name of "Protestant," as a term significant of nothing but dissent, or opposition, or separation, and claimed to be called English Catholics, as being a branch of the great Catholic Church. These agitations and discussions have reached this shore of the Atlantic, and several among "the Protestant Episcopalians of the United States," following this example, now set up their title to the name of "Catholic" also.

These pretensions or claims are of very modern date. True, both in the English and American Churches, the ancient formularies of the Apostles' and Nicene creeds, were recited in divine worship, wherein a faith is solemnly professed in "The Holy Catholic Church," but without being able to ascertain what precise idea was supposed to be expressed thereby, I hazard nothing in asserting that *in pais*, out of the church, no member of either, until within a few years back, called himself or his Church Catholic. All of them gloried in the appellation of "Protestant," and the term Catholic was exclusively applied as the more respectful designation of the Church which they were accustomed to deride by the nickname of "Popish."

The professors of the ancient faith have certainly no cause to regret this new-born zeal for the name of Catholic. Names are by no means unimportant. The attachment now avowed for the appellation of Catholic, and the solicitude on the part of these, our separated brethren, to appropriate it to themselves, may be, and probably is, in the order of God's providence, one of the means to bring them back to the Catholic faith. But while we do not regret that the claim is preferred, they ought not to be surprised that we cannot admit it to be well founded.

The word Catholic has a precise and undisputed signification. It means "universal," or "general." Is there any ground upon which "The Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States" can claim to be the universal or general Church of Christendom? Their numbers are understood to range between six and eight hundred thousand, while the whole Christian population far exceeds two hundred millions. As compared with the Christian body they do not constitute one in three hundred. But they do not assert this claim in behalf of themselves exclusively, but insist that they constitute one Church with the Church of England. Now is this the fact? That there is a near affinity, a striking family resemblance between the two Churches, is not to be disputed, but it seems impossible to maintain that they two make but one Church. In so grave a concern as that of religion, care should be taken not to confound similarity with identity, and *there*, emphatically, the rule applies that no *like* is the *same*. Do the two Churches profess the *same faith*? There is one essential and marked difference in their professions of religious belief. It is a fundamental—indeed the very primary principle of the English Church that the supreme power is of right in the king, his heirs and successors. It belongs to his indisputable rights to reform, repress, and correct errors, heresies, and abuses in the Church, as fully as they can be reformed, repressed or corrected by any manner of spiritual jurisdiction or authority—that is to say, to remodel the creed, to regulate the administration of the sacraments, to prescribe the forms of public

worship, and to control the conduct of its teachers in all spiritual matters. This is, indeed, sometimes complained of as an usurpation of the crown, but has it not been submitted to by the Church of England, and is it not embodied into the creed of that Church? The thirty-seventh article of religion, as contained in the book of Common Prayer, declares that unto the king's majesty the chief government of all the estates of this realm, whether they be ecclesiastical or civil, in *all causes* doth appertain," and the only explanation or even seeming qualification of this acknowledgment of dominion over the ecclesiastical estate in *all causes*, is, "that the *ministering* of God's word or of the sacraments is not given to the *princes*." We have seen in what sense the supreme power over the Church was asserted by Parliament, and the oath acknowledging that supreme power in the king required to be taken, and this article must be understood, so far as it does not contravene or qualify this claim thus avowed, and thus enforced by oath, as an explicit sanction and recognition of it. What is the creed of "The Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States," on this very important article? Far from adopting, it expressly repudiates the *principle* therein asserted. The thirty-seventh article in the American book of Common Prayer declares "that the power of the civil magistrate extendeth to *all men*, as well clergy as laity, in all things temporal, but *hath no authority in things purely spiritual*." The question is not which of these be right—but whether the Church which holds as an article of religion that the civil magistrate hath supreme power in all causes, as well spiritual as temporal, can be the same with that Church which holds as an article of religion that the civil magistrates have no authority in spiritual causes?

In the eighth article of the English confession of faith it is declared that "the three creeds, Nicene creed, Athanasius' creed, and that which is commonly called the Apostles' creed, ought thoroughly to be received and believed, for they may be proved by most certain warrants of scripture." But the eighth article of the American Epis-

copal confession, evidently copied therefrom, purposely omits the Athanasian creed. It declares that "the Nicene creed, and that which is commonly called the Apostles' creed, ought thoroughly to be received and believed, for *they* may be proved by most certain warrants of scripture." One, therefore, of the symbols of faith in the English Church—one which it declares ought *thoroughly* to be received and believed is wholly thrown aside by the American Church.

In the catechism, contained in the English book of Common Prayer, the doctrine of the Church with respect to the Lord's supper is laid down in the form of questions and answers thus: "*Question*. What is the outward part or sign of the Lord's supper? *Answer*. Bread and wine which the Lord hath commanded to be received. *Question*. What is the inward part or thing signified? *Answer*. The body and blood of Christ, which are *verily and indeed* taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's supper." In the catechism contained in the American book of Common Prayer, the answer to the first question is the same, but the answer to the second and only important question, most materially modifies the doctrine, thus: "*Answer*. The body and blood of Christ, which are *spiritually* taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's supper."

There is an essential difference in the rites commanded to be observed. In the English book of Common Prayer it is directed in the visitation of the sick as follows: "Here shall the sick person be moved to make a *special* confession of his sins, if he feel his conscience troubled with any weighty matter. After which confession the priest shall absolve him (if he humbly and heartily desire it) after this sort. Our Lord Jesus Christ who hath left power to his Church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in him, of his great mercy forgive thee thy offences, and by *his authority committed to me I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen!*" In the American book of Common Prayer, there is to be found no injunction for a special confession of sins, and no absolution directed to be pronounced as of

authority. We believe, indeed, that such a confession and such an absolution would be *generally* regarded by them as superstitious, if not impious observances.

In the forms of church government there is a very great difference. In England there is an established hierarchy of king, archbishops, bishops, and ministers, and in ecclesiastical matters there is a regular order of appeals from the lowest to the highest jurisdiction. In this country the Episcopalians have (it is believed) no common supreme ecclesiastical tribunal. They have no visible head of the church, and no archbishops; and the bishop of each diocese is the highest tribunal for that diocese.

Before the reformation, or religious revolution in England, the legislative authority in all ecclesiastical matters belonged, subject to the approbation of the Holy See, to the clergy of the realm, that is, to the archbishops, bishops, and priests in convocation assembled. For some years after the reformation, such convocations were in fact assembled. But by *Statute 25, Henry 8, ch. xix.* it was enacted that the convocation should not make or execute any canons or ordinances without His Majesty's license, and assent to make and execute the same, and that the king should have power to appoint thirty-two commissioners, of whom half should be clergymen, and half of the *upper or lower house of parliament*, and these were empowered to abrogate and frustrate such of the existing canons and ordinances as they by his assent should deem proper. By this and subsequent statutes the authority of the convocation was so effectually transferred to the crown, that the convocation itself became wholly impotent and useless, and for more than a century has never transacted any business. The last which did act was in the year 1717, in the reign of George I, when the proceedings turned chiefly upon two publications of Bishop Hoadley, the one entitled, "a preservative against the principles and practices of the non-jurors," and the other a sermon "on the nature of the kingdom of Christ." While the convocation was engaged in discussing the report of a committee censuring these publications as

"tending to impeach the royal supremacy in causes ecclesiastical, and the authority of the legislature to enforce obedience in matters of religion by civil sanctions," the discussion was silenced by a royal prerogative, and those ecclesiastical synods for all practical purposes have since ceased to exist. In the United States, according to the discipline of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the legislative authority over all ecclesiastical matters, is exercised in each diocese by a diocesan synod or convention, constituted of the bishop, the clergy, and certain lay delegates of the respective congregations of that diocese. A convention is also held, which is called national, consisting of the bishops, clergy, and lay delegates from the different dioceses, but its authority is understood to be consultatory or recommendatory merely. Its decrees or decisions do not bind *per se*, but bind only through the sanction of the conventions of the several dioceses.

But if the Church of England, and the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States could be regarded as constituting but *one church*—what would be their united claim to be termed the Catholic Church of Christendom? The former is exclusively confined to the subjects of Great Britain, and the latter comprehends only American citizens. Neither is in communion with the church of any other country. It cannot be stated with precision, what is the number of persons who belong, or claim to belong to them, but it may be sufficiently ascertained, for the purpose of testing their right to this distinctive appellation. The population of England and Wales, according to the latest statistical accounts that have fallen into my hands, was stated at about sixteen millions. In a report of the British Reformation Society held at London in 1838, it was set forth that upwards of one million of Catholics were to be found in England. They probably at this time do not much fall short of two millions. But take them as being one million, there remain fifteen millions to be divided among all other religious societies. Now if we consider the very many in England who pretend to no faith—the avowed Deists,

the Jews—also the Presbyterians, Independents, Methodists, Baptists, Anabaptists, Socinians, Unitarians, Universalists, the Quakers or Friends, and the hundreds of other sects which call themselves Christians—I am confident that it would be a very liberal allowance to say that half of these fifteen millions either really or nominally belong to the church as by law established. Add to these seven and a half millions, seven hundred thousand for Ireland and Scotland, four hundred or six hundred thousand more in the English colonies, and say seven hundred thousand Episcopalians in this country, and you have a sum total a little exceeding nine millions in the world. This does not equal the number of Catholics in the British dominions and the United States *alone*. There are at least eight millions of them in Ireland, England, and Scotland—(probably indeed nine)—it is admitted that there are a million three hundred thousand in the United States—there must be nearly a million in the Canadas, and other British colonies on this continent—making, after including the many thousands scattered throughout the West Indies, and the Eastern English colonies, at least ten millions and a half. Now, if to these we add one hundred and forty millions—or say only one hundred millions, existing in the other regions of the world—and consider this vast number, consisting of all tribes and tongues, yet *perfectly united* in religion—all professing the same doctrines, administering and receiving the same sacraments, and connected by the same spiritual ties, under one common visible and acknowledged head—which has the better right to call itself the Universal, the General, or the Catholic Church of Christendom?

It has, however, been insisted of late, that although the Anglican Church, or the Protestant Episcopal Church of this country, cannot either separated or confederated, take to itself the *exclusive* title of “The Catholic Church;” yet it can claim to be regarded as a branch of the Catholic Church, and “the Romanists,” as they now affect to call us, may, notwithstanding their errors and corruptions, be acknowledged as another branch of the same Church. Alas! alas!

what species of figurative tree of religion is this, which consists altogether of branches, and has no common stock or fruit? And what can be the idea of religious unity entertained by those who broach these vain notions! Certainly it is not an unity of faith—nor of sacraments—nor of rites—nor of spiritual government. Was this the unity contemplated by its Divine founder, when he characterized his Church as being “the *one* fold,” under “*one* Shepherd?” If, indeed, *these* be all branches originally of one great tree, they are branches torn asunder, having no communion, circulation—no vitality, and fit only for the burning.

The Catholics, it is known, do not recognize the Church of England, or the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, as in communion with them.

As men, many of them excellent men, professing in part Christian doctrines, and observing Christian duties, we are bound to regard them, and take delight in regarding them with the kindest feelings of charity—but unquestionably they are not members of the same spiritual flock to which we belong. We believe them to have strayed away from the Catholic fold. And how is it for *all purposes*, except when our numbers are needed to help in making them out a part of the Catholic Church, how is it that these our separated brethren regard us? They both protest against us as a false and corrupt Church, which their consciences compelled them to quit. They both profess and declare as a fundamental article of religion (article 28th in both English and American books of Common Prayer), “that transubstantiation or the change of the substance of bread and wine in the supper of the Lord, is *repugnant to the plain words of scripture*, and overturneth the nature of a sacrament.” They declare (article 22d), that our doctrine concerning purgatory, pardons, and what they choose to call, the worshipping and adoration of images and relics, and the invocation of saints, is “a foul thing, vainly invented, and grounded upon no warranty of scripture, but rather *repugnant to the word of God*.” Both declare (article 31), that the

sacrifice of masses, the most solemn of all our rites, "are *blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits*." The ungrammatical phraseology is that of the articles, not mine. They set forth (article 35), that certain homilies, and among them, is enumerated that "against peril of idolatry," contain godly and wholesome doctrine, "and therein is contained the dreadful denunciation, that for eight hundred years before the reformation, all ranks of Christendom, were sunk in idolatry!" They both deny the inspiration of a portion of what our Church reverences as the undoubted word of God, and though they allow the reading thereof, "for example of life and instruction of manners," yet they refuse to it any "authority for the establishment of doctrine." Every clergyman of the Church of England is obliged to subscribe to these thirty-nine articles before his ordination. Every bishop, peer, and member of parliament, until the late Catholic emancipation act, was obliged—and every bishop yet, and also every peer and member of parliament, except those who are styled "Roman Catholics," is obliged to subscribe a written declaration whereby he does "solemnly and sincerely, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare that he does believe that in the sacrament of the Lord's supper *there is not* any transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, at or after the consecration thereof, by any person whatever; and that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other saint, and the sacrifice of the mass, *as they are now used in the Church of Rome*, are superstitious and idolatrous, and that he makes this declaration in the plain and ordinary sense of the words as they are commonly understood by English Protestants." (*Stat. 30, Charles II. ch. ii.*) With

these formal, solemn, and authentic declarations—that one of the most sacred articles of our faith is repugnant to the words of scripture and overturneth the nature of a sacrament—that our doctrine about an intermediate state after death, and invocation of saints, and showing respect to their images and relics, are foul things vainly invented, and repugnant to God's word—that the sacrifice of the mass is a blasphemous fable, superstitious and idolatrous—and with an express sanction of the doctrine of the Homilies, that we, for adhering to the religion, as it was held and practised in Christendom for ages before the reformation, are sunk in damnable idolatry—it is inconceivable that they should yet hold us to be a living branch of Christ's spiritual vine, a member of the *One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church*, founded by him, built upon a rock, against which the powers of darkness should never prevail, and with which the spirit of truth, concord, peace, and true godliness was to abide forever! Whoever may be right, the Catholic Church, the Church of England, and the Protestant Episcopal Church, cannot *all* be right. If those who believe what those solemn denunciations and affirmations declare that they believe—who in their consciences protest against our doctrines and our rites as superstitious, blasphemous, idolatrous and damnable—if *these* be the Catholics, unquestionably we cannot also be; and if on the other hand, we are the Catholics, they must remain, what until lately they took a pride in declaring themselves, Protestants. They have left us, because, as they say, of our errors, inventions, blasphemous fables, superstition and idolatry. And because of these they protest to God and the world against us. They are not of us or with us, but against us.

THE PRIESTHOOD IN THE CHURCH.

NO. II.

The Priesthood in the Church, set forth in two discourses. By William Rollinson Whittingham, bishop of Maryland. Second edition, with a preface and additional notes. Baltimore: Knight & Colburn.

IN our first article on the priesthood in the Church, it was shown that the rules of speech do not tolerate the assumption of a claim, on the part of the Protestant Episcopal clergy, to the appellation of priests, because words are merely conventional sounds for the expression of ideas, and the Protestant Episcopal clergy not being in the public opinion what is understood by the word *priest*, they are appropriately known under another designation. This should be sufficient to destroy all pretension to such a title among the reformed clergy, and to check the *unsparing arrogance** of those who undertake the remodelling of our language and the perversion of ancient and venerated names, in order to pass off with better grace the innovations of modern times. Bishop Whittingham, in the second edition of his discourses, with a preface and additional notes, contends that "it is the thing, not the name, about which the true Catholic is anxious;" and further on he remarks; "against both the Romanist and such churchmen as may be disposed towards the view of Zuingle, it is safe and right to insist that while we have the thing, we (the Protestant Episcopal clergy) shall not tamely surrender its true name." Now we assert that the bishop has committed two great mistakes in the extracts which we have quoted. In the first place the true Catholic should not be free from anxiety with respect to the names that express his religious views. What a distortion of language would ensue, if ministers of the gospel who

hold and preach doctrines diametrically opposite, employed the same terms to express the nature of their functions? What a confusion of tongues would be witnessed, if the words *priest*, *altar*, *sacrifice*, &c. were introduced among Christians to convey ideas that were never, in a proper sense, connected with these terms? We have not the slightest doubt that Bishop Whittingham has more than once smiled at the assumption of the episcopal title by men who deny that the episcopal order is a distinct grade of the Christian hierarchy, and he would probably admit that were this assumption to become general, it might have the effect of misleading the ignorant or unwary. At all events the regard for a proper and well defined terminology is not peculiar to the members of the Catholic priesthood; the Protestant clergy, as we have shown, are far from being willing to employ a language that does not accord with their religious opinions. Why did the Rev. Mr. Johns, on the day of his installation as rector of Christ church, protest so forcibly against the terms which his bishop had used in the morning? We give the reason in his own words: "I do firmly and solemnly believe that the use of such language cannot fail to bewilder and mislead the minds of our people. . . . to use these terms without such qualification (of a figurative sense) very distinctly expressed, leads to error and is at variance with the word of God, and the institutions and principles of our Church."* Nor does the Rev. Mr. Johns rely solely upon his own judgment in the expression of this opinion; he adduces the authority of Bishop White, who has devoted a whole lecture to the exposition of the inconsistency and danger attending the use of the words *priest*, *altar*, &c. by those who believe with Bishop Whit-

* We use the expression of the bishop, p. 4.

* Protestant Episcopal Pastor, pp. 12, 14.

tingham* that the bread and wine of the eucharist are mere figures or types.

The second error which the bishop has committed, or rather repeated, in the republication of his discourses, is to assert that the Episcopalian Church possesses the ministry and worship which authorise the use of the phraseology objected to by Mr. Johns. It will be seen in the sequel of these remarks how gratuitously the pretension has been put forth. He rests his proposition on the ground that "the ministry of the Christian priesthood in the word and sacraments (as understood in the Protestant Episcopal Church) is equivalent in nature and efficiency to that of the Jewish priesthood in offering animal or other sacrifices."† But, even were this the case, the thesis of the bishop would not be proved: for there can be no true Christian priesthood, except among those who perform the functions instituted and delegated by our divine Saviour. Now one of the principal functions that are exercised by the ministers of Christ is to offer the sacrifice of his sacred body and blood, according to the doctrine of the Catholic Church which is clearly proposed in the following words of the council of Trent. "Although Christ our Lord was to offer himself once to his eternal Father on the altar of the cross by actually dying to obtain for us eternal redemption, yet as his priesthood was not to become extinct by his death, in order to leave his Church a visible sacrifice suited to the present condition of men, a sacrifice which might at the same time represent to us the bloody sacrifice consummated on the cross, preserve the memory of it to the end of the world, and

apply the salutary fruits of it for the remission of the sins which we daily commit; at his last supper on the very night on which he was betrayed, giving proof that he was established a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech, he offered to God the Father his body and blood under the appearances of bread and wine, and under the same symbols gave them to the apostles, whom he constituted at the same time priests of the new law. By these words, 'Do ye this in remembrance of me,' he commissioned them and their successors in the priesthood to consecrate and offer his body and blood, as the Catholic Church has always understood and taught. For, after having celebrated the ancient passover which the children of Israel immolated in remembrance of their delivery from the bondage of Egypt, he established the new passover, giving himself to be immolated by his priests in the name of his Church under visible signs, in memory of his passage from this world to his Father; when, redeeming us by his blood, he delivered us from the power of darkness, and translated us into his kingdom." (*Sess. 22, c. 1.*) The bishop may quibble at his pleasure upon the words of the council, *visible, immolated*, &c., as well as those used in the canon of the mass and in the prayer books of the faithful;* all this will have no effect whatever in substantiating his claim to the true ministry of the gospel; because it will still be certain that he does not offer the sacrifice instituted by Christ, and consequently that his ministerial office is the mere phantom of the Christian priesthood; in short that in his communion there is not the real or true sacrifice of the new law which is the basis of the Christian priesthood, but a fictitious rite and human invention from which its minis-

* Emanuel in the Eucharist, pp. 10, 11. The bishop tells us that Bishop White was "warped by prejudice." The fact is that Bishop White had in view to call things by their right names, and to prevent the introduction among Protestants of a phraseology, which does not express their opinions. Bishop White, sustained as he is by general usage, could with much more propriety retort the charge, and say that Bishop Whittingham is warped by prejudice.

† Priesthood in the Church, second edition, p. 3. In placing the Christian ministrations on a level with the Jewish rites, the bishop pays no great homage to the dignity and efficacy of the sacrifice under the law of grace. The difference would be in favor of the Jewish dispensation, that offered to God the paschal lamb, beautifully typical of the LAMB who was to be slain for the sins of the world.

* According to Bishop Whittingham "the council of Trent says, the sacrifice of the Mass is Christ's body and blood slain under the transubstantiated signs. The canon of the mass and their own prayer books teach the people that it is the elements untransubstantiated." The council does not say this, as is evident from the text. The canon of the mass and the prayer books term the unconsecrated elements, *sacrifices*, but not in the strict and proper sense. Thus could we call upon the faithful to bring their offerings for the poor, though the objects which they are to present are not offerings strictly speaking, until they are given.

ters can derive no claim to the appellation of Christian priests.*

According to the doctrine of the Catholic Church, the body and blood of Christ are substantially present in the offering which is made to God. Is it not then an abuse of words to contend, as the bishop does, that the sacrifice in this hypothesis is *less real* than where the elements of the eucharist are mere signs of that body and blood? Which is, more properly speaking, the sacrifice of the body and blood of Christ,—the offering in which they are truly and substantially present, or that in which they are truly and really absent? By confounding also a real and bloody immolation, such as that of the cross, with a real and unbloody immolation, as that which takes place in the eucharistic sacrifice, Bishop Whittingham strangely misunderstands the doctrine of the Catholic Church. For we believe that in the sacrifice of the new law, the body and blood of Christ are really and substantially present, and a visible immolation takes place, consisting in the apparent separation of the body from the blood under the species of bread and wine; an immolation effected by the sword of the consecrating word, and when, to the senses our Saviour appears in a state of death, and is offered to his Father under the symbols of death. This is the doctrine of the Church, which all Catholic theologians have ever taught, and the faithful have ever believed. It matters not what their opinions may be on other points which are not of faith; the one essential question is that which regards the reality of the sacrifice, and all are united in the belief contained in the words of the Tridentine synod, that the body and blood of Christ are substantially offered to God in an unbloody manner during the action of the mass:† all

* The proofs by which we intended to establish this proposition at length, are necessarily deferred to another article, that we may notice the additional observations of Bishop Whittingham in the second edition of his discourses.

† Bishop Whittingham has misrepresented the opinion of Bellarmine, in saying that he considered the consumption of the elements as the *immolation*. No such language is to be found in Bellarmine. He says that the consumption of the elements by the priest is an integral part of the sacrifice, not that it is the immolation. It would have been better to consult the works of Bellarmine, than to take his opinions at second hand from Bishop Moreton, who

believe that the victim present is identically the same as that offered on the cross, and that the difference between the two sacrifices consists merely in the mode of offering, and that the mystic oblation on our altars is a renovation and perpetuation of that which took place in a bloody manner on Calvary, thus verifying the prediction of the Psalmist in relation to Christ: "Thou art a priest forever, according to the order of Melchisedech." To contend, therefore, that the sacrifice is *less real* than the Protestant eucharist, which contains mere bread and wine, is manifestly, to borrow an expression of Bishop Whittingham, *shuffling aside* from the truth. We shall now proceed to examine the explanations which he has furnished of the contradictions pointed out in the two discourses.

1. One of the inconsistencies charged against the bishop was in relation to the following passage of St. James' epistle. "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil," &c. He concludes from this text that the elders of the Church have power for the forgiveness of sins; but knowing that among the elders of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the ceremony of praying over a sick person and anointing him with oil is not practised, we put the question: "if Christ conferred this power for the benefit of his people, why do Protestant ministers withhold the blessings that may flow from it?" To this inquiry the bishop answers: "Such questions come with peculiarly ill grace from a member of a communion that professes to believe in the continuance of the gift of miracles to the Church, and retains the use of the outward sign once made the instrument of the gift of healing. When Protestants hear of the sick being 'raised up' by *extreme unction*, they may deem it right to restore the use of oil, in addition to the prayers which their priests *now* offer for the forgiveness of sins."

Now this is a mere evasion of the difficulty; because in the text of St. James that attributes to him words that he never wrote. See Bellar. De Missa, l. 1, c. 27. The N. York Churchman has observed with regret this error of Bishop Whittingham.

we have quoted, the benefits accruing to the sick person from the ministrations of the elder, are not attributed to his "prayers," any more than to the "anointing with oil;" the scriptural passage expressly enjoins upon the elders "to pray over the sick person, anointing him with oil;" the restoration of the patient's health is not stated to be the result of anointing; why then does the bishop speak of the gift of miracles, as if a miracle were implied by the unction, and the forgiveness of sins by the prayer? What right has he to suppose that the forgiveness of sins does not follow from the anointing as well as from the prayer? Upon what grounds also does he suppose that the Almighty may not, without any miracle, but in virtue of a holy rite by him established, restore the health of the sick person when he deems it expedient for his spiritual welfare? We are, therefore, still authorized to urge the question, and to demand from the bishop an explanation of the inconsistency in which he is involved. If our divine Saviour, by the teaching of his apostle instituted a ceremony, consisting of prayer and anointing with oil, and enjoins upon the ministers of his Church to perform this ceremony in behalf of the sick, why do not the ministers of the Protestant Episcopal Church conform to the command of Christ in this particular? Bishop Whittingham infers from the text of the apostle that our Saviour has left to the elders of the Church the power of forgiving sins; why then does he undertake to mangle the institution or the ceremony by which this forgiveness is to be obtained? The scripture tells us that this ceremony consists of an unction with oil and of prayer; why does the bishop omit the unction? We contend that he has no more authority to separate this anointing from the act of prayer, than he has to curtail the rite of baptism by omitting the ablution with water, while he pronounces the requisite formula.

2. We charged the bishop with having maintained that the Church of Christ before the reformation was characterized by a *half-discarded paganism* and an *almost blasphemous use* of the eucharistic institution. To show that we had reason for the as-

sertion, we will quote his words at length.* "Unquestionably, like every other truth, this of the sacerdotal character of the Christian ministry, has been liable to misinterpretation and abuse. Errors of the most dangerous nature have grown out of it, and prevailed to a very great extent, and find their misguided advocates to this very day and at our thresholds. A priesthood assuming the character of mediatorship and intercessorship sprung up in days of predominant ignorance, out of the amalgamation of half discarded paganism with the Christian forms and doctrines. A worship offered not *with*, but *for* the people, in a tongue unknown to them, and a voice inaudible, crept into use among insufficiently instructed converts from the barbarous hordes that changed the face of Europe in the sixth and following centuries, and, in similar circumstances, found its way among the churches of the east, depriving their time-honored forms of half their beauty and nearly all their efficacy. Crude, contradictory, and low views of the Christian sacraments, led to utterly unscriptural notions of the sacrificial nature of the blessed eucharist, and while they, almost blasphemously, elevated it into a constantly recurring, and simultaneously multiplied, propitiatory repetition of the one great mystery wrought on Calvary; degraded it into dependence for its nature, worth and efficacy, on the intention of the frail and sinful men commissioned with its administration. Ministerial intervention for the remitting or retaining sin, by admission to the sacraments or exclusion from their privileges, assumed the form, for ten centuries unheard of in the Church, of judicial reconciliation of offenders in absolution, given on terms at the discretion of the fallible, mortal judge.

"Such a priesthood the reformers found, claiming privileges, which it refused to test by the written record of its commission, and exercising those privileges, even on its own showing of their extent, in abuses the most fearful and soul-destroying. Is it wonderful that some who set themselves to gainsay its usurpations, failed, in the corruption which

* Priesthood in the Church, first edition, p. 20, &c.

they saw, to find the simple, scriptural original? and under the exclusive worship, mumbled in an unknown tongue, of a mass and pardon-mongering ministry, lost sight of the Christian priesthood and its spiritual sacrifices?"

This is strong language applied to the Church; but how does the bishop rebut the charge that we preferred against him? He denies it: he tells us: "The Romanist critic of these Discourses has permitted himself to ask, with reference to this passage, 'How can it be said that this Church of Christ was characterized by a *half discarded paganism*, an almost blasphemous use of the eucharistic institution?' It is not so said, as the reader must perceive. It is said of 'half discarded paganism' that it was amalgamated with Christian forms and doctrines. Does that affirm that one ingredient of this amalgamation characterized the Church?" And, in order to illustrate the subject, he honors the Catholic Church with the following compliment: "Idolatry is amalgamated with the Tridentine doctrine of the eucharist, in the 'latría' paid to the 'sacrament' as such, which in as far as it is a sacrament is a creature: but shall it therefore be said that idolatry characterizes the Tridentine communion? Surely not: yet idolatry is more prominent in the heterogeneous mass now known as Romanism, than 'half discarded paganism' was in the Christianity of the eighth and ninth centuries." Now, we contend that the bishop by this flattering comparison has only confirmed the accusation that we lodged against him. If idolatry were amalgamated with our doctrine of the eucharist, it would be an *insufferable feature* of the Catholic worship; it would place us on a level with the heathens, and deprive us of all claim whatever to communion with the Church of Christ: and for the same reason, if *half-discarded paganism*, *crude*, *low views and unscriptural notions* of the eucharist were amalgamated with the Christianity of the eighth and ninth centuries, depriving its *time-honored forms* of nearly all their efficacy, and *blasphemously* modifying its divinely established institutions: if all this had crept into the Church of those days, it was cer-

tainly a *characteristic* which marked it as no longer the Church of Christ, with which he promised to abide to the end of the world: it was enough to exclude it from all claim to respect, as it did not understand the scriptures rightly, which, as Bishop Whittingham admits, can be rightly interpreted only in and by the Church.* Vainly will he reply that "the Church Catholic never sanctioned the views and practices spoken of in the text as 'crude, contradictory, low, almost blasphemous;'" and that "a few western bishops, assembled under the coercing influence of Rome, at Trent, by so doing, and pretending to a right which the Church Catholic alone can exercise, have cut themselves and their adherents off from its blessed body, so far as their own act, without the judicial sentence of a general council, can effect it." Let him name, if he can, any portion of the Christian world in which these practices were not sanctioned. Were they not sanctioned at Rome, and was not every nation in Christendom, except the eastern schismatics, in communion with the see of Rome before the reformation? Upon what historical grounds can he assert that the fathers of the council of Trent cut themselves off from the Church? From what church did they separate? From that of Luther, or Henry the Eighth's parliament? Will he contend that either of these individuals was the Church of Christ, or that the Christian body should have bowed to the will of Luther, a mere priest, or of a set of laymen in England?† If he say this, what becomes of the Church-authority which he recognizes? The facts which history proclaims are simply these, that when Luther broached his *new* opinions, he was condemned by the only ecclesiastical authority that existed, that of the Catholic Church, represented by the council of Trent. In the same way, when Henry VIII. denied the supremacy of the Pope, because the latter would not encourage his lustful designs, he was denounced as an innovator, by the same authority. Before this period, the whole Christian world, with the exception above mentioned, was united with the see of Rome, and

* Priesthood in the Church, 2d edit. p. 27, note.

† See Thoughts on the Anglican Church, p. 172.

therefore the dilemma in which Bishop Whittingham has placed himself, remains in full play against him, and we repeat the question, where was the Church of Christ, "the pillar and ground of truth," at the time when *low, contradictory, almost blasphemous practices* were prevalent, and a *half-discarded paganism* characterized its worship? How can all this be conciliated with the promises of Christ, to remain with his Church to the end of time?

3. We proved that Bishop Whittingham had incorrectly represented the Catholic worship, in the statement that it was offered "not *with*, but *for* the people." The words of the canon of the mass quoted by us are an evidence that the people do offer in conjunction with the priest: but to escape from the charge he says that we did not cite his words at length; we cited what we knew to be an error, and we exposed it. That this error moreover was the point to which the bishop directed particular attention, is plain from the italicism of the words. He seems to argue that, the sacrifice in the Catholic Church is not offered *with* the people, because the more solemn part of it is recited in an inaudible voice, and in an unknown tongue. But how such an inference could be drawn from the premises we are utterly at a loss to conceive. For if the people read the prayers in their books or mentally unite with the officiating clergyman, what prevents them from being co-officers with him?*

* Bishop Whittingham very learnedly tells us: "In their (Catholic) books of devotion, while a part of it (the canon) is translated, *as if it were the whole* (see *Ursuline Manual*, &c. approved by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hughes, New York, 1840, page 101, ss), a part is cunningly kept back, because it makes mention of facts and implies doctrines that it would be *most inconvenient* to have constantly before them. Let this be disproved, if it can." It is difficult here to conjecture what the writer wishes us to disprove. If he allude to the *notice* for omitting the words of consecration in the U. Manual, we deny the assertion as utterly gratuitous: 1. Because in many prayer-books *all* the words of consecration are to be found. See *Roman Missal*, in English; *Holy Week*; *Paroissien Rom.* in French, &c. 2. The people not being the consecrators of the bread and wine, there is no necessity to place the formula required for this in the prayer-books. It would be no convenience whatever for the Catholic clergy to withhold from the notice of the people any doctrine of the Church, because the people believe the *real presence*, and every thing else that the clergy believe; but we may conceive that it is very conve-

4. In relation to the charge that Bishop Whittingham had stigmatized the Catholic priesthood in opprobrious terms, he remarks that he spoke of the *priesthood which the reformers found*. This observation may pass for what it is worth; every body knows that the priesthood which the reformers found, was the priesthood of the Catholic Church.* But he adds: "In many respects the reformation has been of great advantage to the priesthood even in the Tridentine schism: and the writer of these discourses would not choose to employ the language of the text, without qualification, of the priesthood in any part of the Roman obedience at the present day; still less, of that in the Roman schism in this country."† Are we to consider this a compliment, gentle reader? It cannot be denied that opposition on the one side is frequently productive of reaction on the other, and in the providence of God evil may become the occasion of good. By the efforts of the reformers, who set up their private opinions against the teachings of the universal Church, the vigilance both of the clergy and the laity was doubtless awakened, and they armed themselves more vigorously against the dangers that surrounded them. In the same way does the faithful Christian derive advantage even from the suggestions of the evil spirit, and by the habit of resisting temptation become more firmly established in the practice of virtue. As to the doctrine and worship acknowledged by the members of the priesthood anterior to

nient for *certain* bishops and clergymen to talk of a *sacrifice, real presence*, &c. at one time, and a few days after, to explain the whole matter away.

"But be it observed," says Bishop Whittingham, "the assertion is made in the text, of times preceding the reformation. Does the Romish critic venture to admit that his communion at the present day, in this country, is answerable for all that may be truly proved against portions of the western and eastern Churches 'in the sixth and following centuries?'" To this we answer *yes*, if these portions were in communion with the see of Rome; because the doctrine and worship of the Catholic Church have never changed. They are now what they were in the sixth and following centuries. "Does he venture to affirm that even now, as much of the mass as is said before the people, say in the 'Ursuline Manual,' would be entrusted to them in Sicily or Malta, where Rome has the complete spiritual dominion she so much affects?" We answer *most assuredly*.

* See pages 172-182.

† Priesthood in the Church, 2 edit. p. 21, note.

the reformation, it is the glory of the Catholic clergy in the United States to coincide perfectly with them and with their successors on the other side of the Atlantic; because, as we have before observed, the doctrine and worship of the Catholic Church have never varied.

5. We have now reached the last inconsistency that was imputed to Bishop Whittingham, and which consisted on the one hand in advocating an authority in the minister to teach the people, and on the other in leaving that teaching to the final judgment of his hearers. In endeavoring to repel this charge the bishop has been as unsuccessful as in his other attempts at explanation. He accuses us of having mis-cited his words, and then entering upon distinctions which are rather difficult of comprehension, he tells us that the people are judges, "whether they, each one as he is to give account of himself to God, are to receive certain portions of his (the minister's) teaching as that of Christ." Afterwards he remarks: "many things a pastor may teach which his people are not bound to receive as the voice of Christ. But they are bound, at their soul's peril, to reject nothing for which the Bible rightly interpreted, is his warrant. Rightly interpreted the Bible can only be, in and by the Church."*

Whatever may be thought by others of this solution of the difficulty, we must acknowledge for our part that we do not understand it, and we shall briefly mention our objections. 1. Bishop Whittingham admits that the people are to judge whether they should receive certain portions of the pastor's teaching as that of Christ, and are bound to reject nothing for which the Bible is his warrant. Now, we ask, how are they to judge of this, unless by comparing the teaching of the pastor with the teaching of the Bible? and if they have the right, as the bishop says, to institute this inquiry for the satisfaction of their minds, what becomes of the pastor's authority as a representative of Christ? But he will, perhaps, inform us, that the Church has settled the meaning of

the scriptures, and the people may judge of the pastor's orthodoxy by comparing it with the doctrine of the Church. Where will they find this doctrine of their Church? We have already observed that the sense of the thirty-nine articles has never been determined, and that to this day they are explained in at least four different ways.* We know that in the Protestant Episcopal Church the office of bishop is considered by some an essential order of the priesthood, while among others† it is looked upon as a distinction, unnecessary for communion with the Church of Christ. We know that the book of Common Prayer authorizes the people, in the recitation of the *Apostles' Creed*, the most venerable formula of Christian faith, to modify one of its articles, or even to omit it altogether.‡ Even were the teaching of the Church well ascertained, we contend that it is incapable of setting the mind of the people at rest upon the subject of religion, because the Protestant Episcopalian believes that the decision of no pastor or bishop, nor of all the pastors or bishops collectively, can determine with certainty the meaning of the Bible, and consequently, when the people hear the doctrinal expositions of their pastor, even if they are assured that his teaching is in accordance with that of their Church, they are still in a state of uncertainty whether the doctrine proposed to them is true or false. The charge, therefore, which we brought against the bishop of having asserted a contradiction remains in all its force. He recommends a pastor to the people as the representative of Christ, and enjoins upon them to hear him as they would hear his Master, and at the same time he assures us that they are "judges whether they are to receive certain portions of his teaching as that of Christ." He again affirms that the people are bound to reject nothing for which the Bible, rightly interpreted, is the pastor's warrant, that the Bible can be rightly interpreted, only in and by the Church, and at the same time he allows the people to believe that their Church

* See Westminster Review, No. 130, American edition.

† Bishop Johns' Farewell Sermon.

‡ Book of Common Prayer, p. 25, Phil. edit.

* Priesthood, &c. second edition, p. 27, note.

is fallible, that it may lead them into error, and, therefore, that its interpretations of the scripture may be erroneous, while their own individual interpretation may be correct. The reflecting Christian will perceive the vast difference between this inconsistent view and the Catholic principle. The Catholic believes that his Church is infallible in its decisions, and when the pastor is in communion with this Church, he bows assent to an infallible authority, rendered such by the promise of Christ that the gates of hell "will never prevail against his Church, and that he himself will abide with it forever."

Here we discover a *real and true freedom* of the mind, a consistency which places the Christian at rest by an adherence to incontrovertible principles; but that a Protestant Episcopal bishop who believes his Church to be fallible, should call himself a representative of Christ in the office of teaching, and assert that the Bible can only be rightly interpreted in and by the Church, is a contradictory assumption which at once convicts him of what he alleges against the Catholic Church, a disposition *to bind the intellect of the laity.* W.

DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

TRANSLATED FROM A RECENT PASTORAL LETTER OF CARDINAL DE BONALD.

WHEN the Christian religion came forth on Calvary from the blood of Jesus Christ, she appeared in the world with an aspect as austere as her language; and, daughter of the man of sorrows, she received for her inheritance but a crown of thorns; her hands bore no other sceptre than the cross. But this stern appearance would have been too terrible if the Saviour had not given to religion, from her cradle, a companion whose mildness would temper her severity, whose charms would lead us to forget the rigor of her laws, and to support the heaviness of her yoke. This companion, my dear brethren, was the devotion to the Blessed Virgin. United by the bonds of a common origin and the same vocation, these two sisters, joining hands, descended together from the holy mountain, to devote themselves to the conquest of souls. From that time, wherever the standard of salvation has been planted, the ensigns of Mary have been unfolded. Jesus in taking possession of a heart, made his mother reign there with him, and these two sacred names have become inseparable on the lips of a Christian, as they are in the highest heavens, in the canticles of the angels. The history of our Church will bear testimony

to what I say. When in the first days of Christianity, bishops came from the east to instruct your fathers in the faith and traditions of the apostles, were not the shores of your rivers, in receiving that precious deposit, hallowed with the devotion to the mother of God? Was it not in the catacombs of Gallic Rome that the first altar was raised in honor of the queen of angels? Did not the echoes of your hills first repeat that invocation, by which the glorious Irenæus saluted Mary as the advocate of sinners? Yes, it was amid the flames of persecution, amid burning piles and torturing racks, that this consoling devotion was established, which has been faithfully transmitted in this diocese through the lapse of ages; and the eloquent appeals of your martyred pontiffs from that time planted in the hearts of the people the germ of that confidence in Mary, which has been so happily developed, and to which the inhabitants of this country have so often been and will hereafter perhaps be often indebted for their safety during the most trying evils.

Ah! permit me to say, beloved brethren, at the beginning of a season which seems to menace us with additional sufferings, permit me to say that devotion to Mary is a

consolation, and a hope for the afflicted. Permit me to revive, by the most pious and solemn demonstrations, that worship which aided our ancestors to support the most painful adversities. Will we not turn our grateful looks towards that celebrated sanctuary, where a tender mother watches so lovingly over her cherished family, where reigns the powerful queen whose hand opposed a dike to the impetuosity of the waves, and arrested in its angry mission that mysterious disease which would have traversed your city, only to levy among all classes and all ages, a frightful tribute of blood and tears?

Devotion to the immaculate Virgin, seems to have been principally established in favor of the unfortunate, and for the purpose of sweetening the bitterness of adversity; because this devotion has for its object the most afflicted of mothers, the mother of grief. The Christian can express to her no pains that she has not experienced, he can relate to her no misfortune that has not been surpassed in the sufferings of her life; he cannot pour into her bosom the troubles that oppress him, without an assurance from her, that no afflictions have ever been like unto her afflictions; and if she has been raised to the summit of glory, it was only after having been plunged into an ocean of sorrow.

Why is the devotion to Mary propagated at the present day with so much pomp and rapidity? Why those fervent invocations of the faithful to the immaculate heart of Mary, and that continual recourse to her powerful intercession? The true Catholic, as it were, no longer prays to Jesus except through the instrumentality of Mary; there are no festivals for them without her; it would almost appear that without her there is no hope for them. Her name is incessantly on their lips, and her image is engraved upon every heart. The Church, far from opposing, encourages these raptures of piety, and from his agitated bark, Peter turns his eyes continually upon the *Ocean's Star*. It would seem that God had confided to his mother the exercise of his almighty power, and that the hands of this pure Virgin could alone dispense to Jew and Gentile the rays of truth and the waters of grace.

There is no doubt, beloved brethren, that because we have reached the unhappy times in which we live, the Holy Ghost who will assist the Church until the consummation of ages, has rekindled among the faithful a lively confidence in Mary, and propagated under a thousand different forms, and as many various denominations, the devotion to this queen of angels. Does it not pertain to the economy of his providential care for the Church, to dispense his assistance the more abundantly, as the dangers that beset her in her passage through the world are more numerous? At the appearance of a new enemy, has she not always received from Christ her spouse an additional armor for the conflict?

When we cast our eyes abroad to look for that progress in well-being, that is proclaimed with so much eloquence by the writers of our age, we witness only a more scandalous profanation of the Lord's day, a more revolting licentiousness in literature and the arts; an increasing boldness of that doctrine which has ceased to be Catholic, and can scarcely be called Christian; a cupidity which absorbs the soul of man, or an egotism which chills the heart. In our eyes these are the baneful causes which heap upon our heads the burning coals of the divine anger, and which produce in the depths of society those moaning sounds, the forerunners of the volcanic eruption. But where is the intercession sufficiently powerful to avert the anger of heaven? Who will protect us against the blow which we have merited? Nothing less efficient is required, beloved brethren, to implore our pardon, than the voice which so often commanded the master of the universe when he had become for us an humble and a little child. The arms which so often carried the ruler of the earth, when become the servant of us all, must snatch the thunder from the hands of an irritated God; and the heart which gave to the humanity of the word that precious blood shed on Calvary, will move the heart of our indignant Father. It is enough to tell you, that in these days of confusion and indifference we need the powerful Virgin for our advocate and support! Behold how the Spirit of God, who

wishes not the death of the sinner, but his salvation, awakens every where a strong confidence in Mary, how he inclines the Catholic people to approach the heart of their mother, there to seek an asylum and protection! A pious instinct leads them to repeat, from one extremity of the Church to the other, that touching invocation, "*show thyself a mother to us*, and may our prayers through thee be heard by him who in being born for us, chose to be born thy Son."

It was not enough to reanimate among the faithful the devotion to the Blessed Virgin, God, who seems to have confided our destinies to her hands, has indicated to us the sure way of making our devotion agreeable to her, and of rendering her more attentive to our prayers. And could there be any thing more acceptable to this Virgin of virgins, than to celebrate her spotless purity, than to proclaim her exempt from all stain, even that of our common origin? Is not this perfect innocence her most magnificent privilege? Does it not place her above the dignity of the mother of God, and the queen of heaven? Is not an exemption from the least stain of sin, more valuable to her than the immortal crown which encircles her brow? To supplicate her then in the name of her immaculate conception, is a pledge of finding access to her heart, and of meeting with a favorable attention to our wants and supplications.

The Church has well understood this subject, for she speaks to us incessantly of the spotless purity of Mary, and invites all her children to have recourse to her immaculate heart. She shows that heart to the most guilty, as a sanctuary which, far from being denied them, is the refuge where the divine mercy awaits them; and the name of our mother, that name hallowed among all generations, she does not wish to be pronounced, without the recollection that its splendor was never tarnished by the breath of the infernal serpent. She has regulated that the exemption of Mary from original sin should be solemnly proclaimed in her liturgy at the moment when the blood of the immaculate lamb, the source of all redemption is about to flow upon our altars.

In fine, she encourages her bishops to petition the apostolic see, to obtain the power of celebrating, without any restrictions, that feast so beautiful in the eyes of angels and of men, the immaculate conception of Mary.

In hearing us speak in these exalted terms of the holy Virgin, will our separated brethren renew against us the ancient charge of idolatry? Will they accuse us of paying to the mother the same homages as to the Son, and of associating them in the same praises and the same worship? Ah! may our right hand wither before we subscribe to these impious sentiments, which are attributed to us; may our tongue cleave to our palate, sooner than profess so gross an error! How sublime soever may be the perfections of Mary, how elevated soever her dignity, whatever privileges may adorn her blessed soul, she is not less with us at the feet of him who alone is worthy of adoration, because he alone has a sovereign dominion over all beings. She is a creature like us, and far superior to us, but there is an infinite space between her and her Creator. If we owe her a certain respect because she has brought forth *our* Saviour and *hers*, we owe adoration only to that Being who is sovereignly independent. To render to Mary the worship which is due to God alone, would be closing the heart of our mother to us, abjuring our Catholic belief, and excluding ourselves from the kingdom of heaven. If we wear on our hearts the sweet image of the immaculate Virgin, we raise our hearts to him who alone could send so perfect a being upon earth; and the remembrance of the heroic virtues she has practised, forcibly animates us to retrace them in our conduct. Do our separated brethren deprive themselves of the consolation of beholding on canvass, the cherished features of her who has given them birth? And is this contemplation a sacrilegious adoration? If we raise a temple in honor of Mary, it is that we may go there to thank the author of every perfect gift, for the graces he has lavished on this incomparable Virgin. If we address ourselves to her merciful heart, this heart is not for us the source of grace; it is but the

mysterious channel of it. Such is our doctrine, which at once repels and refutes the charge of idolatry and superstition.

Let us compassionate, beloved brethren, let us compassionate sincerely our separated brethren, for not acknowledging the sweet and consoling devotion to Mary. Her sacred name which, for a child of the Church, is a salutary balm to the wounds of the most afflicted heart, is never heard on their lips. Let us compassionate them; and let us recommend these wandering sheep to their mother, whom they do not love. For you, Catholic families, let Mary be in the midst of you as a model for all situations of life, as the mother of your children, as the mistress of your dwellings, as the guardian of

your fire-sides. Desolate mothers, press to your lips the image of the mother of sorrows; it will impart a secret virtue which will console you. You who are stretched upon the bed of suffering, turn your dying eyes towards the mother of mercy: a ray of hope will fall from her cherished looks, and will inspire your dejected hearts with hope and resignation. Let Mary be for us all the confidant of our pains and our joys; let our life with its struggles and sorrows be consecrated to her, and let it glide on under her maternal protection! May our last sigh be sent forth with those expiring words of St. Thomas of Canterbury, falling under the sword of his assassins: "To God and to Mary!"

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

ROME.—The Rev. Father Alexander, the superior of the congregation of the Redemptorists, in America, lately arrived in Rome from Baltimore, accompanied by three American youths, who are to be placed in the Noviciate of the Congregation at Vienna. They were presented to the holy father, who manifested much pleasure on being informed that the Redemptorists had already established five houses in America. The Rev. Father Alexander was for a long time the superior of the house in Belgium.—*Tablet*.

BERLIN.—The queen of Prussia has publicly declared herself in favor of the proposed establishment in Berlin of the sisters of the Order of St. Clara, and has promised them her patronage.—*Id.*

GUINEA.—The following circular respecting the mission of Guinea has been sent us.—*Id.*

"Of all holy works," says Saint Dionysius, "that of co-operating in the salvation of souls is the holiest and most divine; great then must be the excellence of those Catholic missions which carry the gospel light amongst unbelieving and contradicting people, and point out to them the way, the truth, and the life. And if every other Catholic mission has calls for the sympathies and co-operation of the faithful, how much more imperiously are they claimed by that mission which is rendered so painful and laborious, and difficult to those who cultivate it

by the insalubrity of the climate, by the privation of every comfort, or even convenience of life, by the difficult variety of its languages, and by many other obstacles to success scarcely to be met with elsewhere? Such is the new mission of the Two Guineas, in the west of Africa, whose black and almost naked people live without house, or comfort, or civilization, in a state of almost utter barbarism. Although they acknowledge the existence of a Supreme Being, they are a prey to the wildest superstition. They worship the demons, they practise polygamy, they bury several of their slaves with their deceased masters; they are, in a word, immersed in all those worst vices which must accompany the most barbarous ignorance, and the absence of that blessed light of faith which alone can enlighten the darkness in which sin of old involved the human race. Nevertheless, among these unhappy people there now begin to manifest themselves a wonderful movement towards our holy religion, and a marked respect for, and attachment to her ministers, the first fruits, no doubt, of that heavenly grace which seems to have chosen this as the time of their conversion. Already have the missionaries the pleasure of seeing at Cape Palmas from two to three hundred of these poor barbarians come every Sunday with eager desire to be initiated in the mysteries of our faith, and to embrace the truth; and at the same time other distant

tribes are sending to them to desire that they would hasten to come and dwell among them. Great has been the consolation thus afforded to the vicar apostolic, and most eagerly would he fly in every direction to satisfy the desires of his beloved Africans, to instruct them and bathe them in the salutary waters of baptism. But, with only one companion, how can he answer every call? How learn all their languages, various as their tribes? How visit usefully a country of greater extent than the British Islands? He has then believed it to be expedient to leave the mission to the care of his companion for a very short time, whilst he comes to Europe to receive blessing and new authority from the father of the faithful, and to implore his fellow-Christians to lend him the succours which he so much needs. As prayer is the principal means for the conversion of souls, the Right Rev. Dr. Barron, vicar apostolic of Guinea, with the warmest earnestness of his heart recommends his mission to the fervent prayers of all the faithful; but in an especial manner he implores of the clergy to remember it in the holy sacrifice, and to recommend it to the prayers of their flocks, and from the holy religious he desires a particular remembrance in their public and private suffrages. He even flatters himself with a strong hope that the holy zeal for God's glory and the salvation of souls so dearly purchased by him, which is now moving so many young apostles from their native shores in search of spiritual conquest, will direct some generous spirits amongst them to this new mission, where success is so certain, and labor, and danger, and privations, and every material for glorious merit for eternity so abundant. But thirteen missionaries have as yet offered themselves. And when he shows the difficulty of conveying even this small number to the field of their labors, he believes he will not appeal to the charity of the faithful in vain. The missionary must carry out with him not only all that is necessary for the celebration of the divine mysteries and administration of the sacraments, but every object by which life may be defended or supported—the very materials for erecting his hut, bed furniture, clothes, medicine, and even provisions for several months, a boat for passing lakes and rivers, implements of husbandry, and tools and other instruments of different trades, &c.; so that at a moderate calculation the necessary expenditure for bringing a missionary to his labors will be near two hundred pounds. Need he say more to prove the extreme want of his mission, and how abundant should be for so holy a charity the contributions

of those to whom God has given the riches of this world?

"Contributions, however small, will be thankfully received by Right Rev. Dr. Kenrick, bishop of Philadelphia.

"† EDWARD, Bishop of Constantina,
"Vicar Apostolic of Guinea.
"Irish College, Rome, Feast of St. Charles."

Catholicism in Great Britain.—We glean the following from the Catholic Directory and Annual Register for the year 1843. The number of chapels in England, Wales, and Scotland, is stated to be five hundred and seventy-one—of which four hundred and ninety-two are in England, eight in Wales, and seventy-one in Scotland, besides twenty-seven stations in the latter country, at which divine service is performed. The English counties in which the chapels are most numerous, are Lancashire, ninety-six; Yorkshire, fifty-eight; Staffordshire, thirty-two; Middlesex, twenty-four; Northumberland, twenty-four; Warwickshire, nineteen; Durham, seventeen; Hampshire, thirteen, and Cheshire, twelve. In England there are eight Catholic colleges—viz., St. Edmund's, Hertfordshire; St. Peter's, St. Paul's, and St. Gregory's, Somersetshire; Stonyhurst, Lancashire; St. Mary's, Staffordshire; Ushaw College, Durham; and St. Lawrence's, Yorkshire. In Scotland, one—viz., St. Mary's, Blairs, Kincardineshire. The number of convents is twenty-six, of monasteries, three. The total number of missionary priests in Great Britain, including those in England who have no fixed mission, is stated to be seven hundred and thirty-three—viz., in England, six hundred and eighty-eight, in Scotland, eighty-five.

Truth Teller.

FRANCE.—During the last four weeks, ten French priests of the Foreign Missionary Society have set out for various destinations. Two are gone to India; two as directors of the General Missionary College established at Pulo-Penag; two are to endeavor to penetrate into Cochin China; one is to go to Siam, and the others to Macao, preparatory to joining the missionaries in China.—*True Tablet.*

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—*Regulations for Lent.*—The following extract is from a circular addressed to the reverend clergy by the most Rev. Dr. Eccleston.

"The regulations for the ensuing lent will be the same as last year. The use of flesh meat, accordingly, will be allowed at any time on Sundays, and at one meal on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, with the exception of the

first four days, and all holy week including Palm Sunday."

Mount St. Mary's College.—A meeting of the professors and students of Mount St. Mary's College, was held on the 20th January, 1843, to take into consideration the propriety and means of erecting a suitable monument to the memory of the Right Rev. John Dubois, the founder of Mount St. Mary's College.

On motion, George H. Miles, of Baltimore, was called to the chair, and explained the object of the meeting: a secretary was elected, and it was then

Resolved, That a monument be erected at Mount St. Mary's to the Rt. Rev. John Dubois, founder of Mount St. Mary's College and Seminary, and father of the institution of the Sisters of Charity in this country.

Resolved, That we, the professors and students of Mount St. Mary's College, will contribute the sum of four hundred dollars.

Resolved, That a committee of nine students of the college be appointed to determine on the plan of the monument, and the means of erecting it, and that the president and vice-president of the college be invited to give their advice and co-operation to this committee.

Messrs. George H. Miles and Joseph J. O'Donnell, of Baltimore, Louis S. Se. Bourgeois, of Louisiana, Thomas E. Irby, of Alabama, John F. Ennis, of Washington, D. C., William F. Tehan, of Frederick, M. D., Francis X. Byerly, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Daniel Beltzhoover, of Pittsburg, Pa. and William George Read, Jun. of Baltimore, were named as the committee, with the approbation of the meeting.

Resolved, That a circular letter be addressed by the committee to the former pupils of Mr. Dubois, at the mountain and valley, and in general to all the friends and admirers of this good

and venerated man, inviting them to co-operate in erecting an appropriate and durable monument to his memory, as a testimony of gratitude for his great services to the cause of education and of charity, and an expression of respect for the noble virtues which adorned his character.

The Rev. John McCloskey, Vice-President and Treasurer of Mount St. Mary's College, was appointed Treasurer of the Monument committee, and accepted the appointment. It was further

Resolved, That the editors of the various Catholic papers throughout the country be requested to publish these proceedings.—*U. S. Catholic Miscellany*.

DIOCESS OF NEW YORK.—*Ordinations at St. John's College.*—On Sunday, the 29th January, the feast of St. Francis of Sales, Messrs. Laurence Carroll, Richard Kein, William Hogan, James Keaveny, Anthony Farley, and Francis Donahue were raised to the sublime dignity of the priesthood, in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin attached to the college.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

CATECHETICAL.—*The Banner of the Cross* cannot reconcile the Catholic practice of praying to God alone for mercy, with the petitions which we address to the blessed Virgin, and in which she is styled the *mother of mercy*. *Answer*: In all prayers to God, we recognize him as the only source of every good gift; in all prayers to the blessed Virgin and the saints, we address them merely as our *helpers*, that by their prayers they may obtain for us the graces we desire. Would it be too strong language to call the editor of the *Banner* a *merciful* man? If not, he certainly should understand the propriety of styling the blessed Virgin, the *mother of mercy*. See page 189.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

In consequence of the unusual length of several articles in this number of the Magazine, our readers will find but a small space devoted to intelligence. For the same reason we have reluctantly omitted our customary notices of books. We acknowledge the receipt of "St. Bernard and his beloved Jerusalem," from a learned corres-

pondent; number one of the "Catholic Poets of England" from the same author, numbers three and four of "Catholic Melodies" from the pleasing and instructive writer over the signature of Moïna, and several other contributions which claim our thanks, and will be published as soon as our space will permit.

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APRIL, 1843.



SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY.

READ BEFORE THE CARROLL INSTITUTE OF PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 29, 1842.

BY WILLIAM GEORGE READ, LL.D.

HISTORY instructs and charms us by a varied process; sometimes displaying the general movement of society from barbarism to civilization, or from refinement to decay; sometimes exhibiting individual character, for admiration or contempt, love or detestation, imitation or avoidance.

As the cloudy curtain rolls away, which discloses on her magic glass the long and gorgeous pageant of the mighty Plantagenet succession, majestic phantoms crowd upon our ardent gaze. There the high-born and

high-matched Matilda forgets the sovereign in the mother, "withdraws her brows from a crown's enchanting circle," and leaves the well-fought field of British politics to her puissant son. There Barbarossa, madened by the blazing diadem of empire, rushes from his German throne to crush the undying spirit of Crema and Milan beneath their battered ruins, and subvert, together with Italian liberty, the rock-based chair of Peter. There an Alexander, calmly confiding in his Master's promise, defends

with unwavering firmness, his unsolicited tiara against a frantic schism. There the brave, the generous, the too confiding Louis wages unequal contest with his encroaching vassal, whom policy and valor seem leagued with wayward fortune to exalt to the summit of earthly greatness; while he "of the lion heart," and the fiery Philip Augustus, struggle forward to the stirring scene.

"Above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stands like a tower"

one whom the Church has on this day honored with her noblest martyrs for six hundred and sixty-nine years.

In the moral and intellectual, as in the material creation, we meet at distant intervals productions of extraordinary excellence; whether it be that rare combinations of circumstances evolve peculiar energies, or, as I rather think, that the Almighty endows with especial gifts those whom he appoints to important spheres of action. Such was the sainted Thomas of Canterbury.

His very birth announced that he was "not in the roll of common men." Historians agree that his father, Gilbert Becket, whose personal worth and respectable social standing are abundantly proved by his having filled the office of sheriff, or viscount of London, had left his native land, in the fervor of a now forgotten piety, to bow his forehead in the dust that had been wet with the tears and bloody sweat of his Saviour. That his pilgrimage eventuated in his marriage with a Saracenic lady is also certain. The circumstances which led to it, as recorded by the earlier and Catholic writers, though sneered at by modern scepticism, and the prejudice that sees no cause for exultation in the conversion of an infidel to the ancient faith of Christendom, were neither inconsistent with probability, nor the high-wrought enthusiasm of that romantic era, when whole continents, banded under cross or crescent, rushed to battle on the sacred soil of Palestine.

We are told that while praying at some spot consecrated in the history of our redemption, his party were surprised by an ambush of the Saracens, whose gathering

strength pressed hard against the falling throne of Godfrey. Gilbert became the property of an emir, whom his probity and intelligence conciliated to especial kindness, and who took such delight in his conversation that he frequently commanded his presence at his table. It may be supposed that the discourse of a stranger from a distant clime, whose pilgrimage must have abounded in wild adventure, and opportunities for much curious observation, would have charms for the ear of beauty, and, accordingly, a daughter of the unsuspecting chieftain would oft, like the gentle Venetian maiden, "seriously incline to hear." Admiring his wisdom and his virtues, and, it may be, touched by a more tender sentiment, she sought at last a private interview, and questioned long the interesting captive. He gratified her curiosity concerning his birth place and travels, and expounded the leading tenets of the Christian faith. As he warmed on the sacred theme, a sympathetic ardor fired the maiden's breast! She avowed a desire to become a Christian, and asked, as she knew no one of that religion but himself, if he would marry her, provided they could escape together from the power of her countrymen. Gilbert, whose affections were fixed on heavenly joys, and who possibly suspected the fair infidel's sincerity, contented himself with expatiating, in general terms, on the happiness of a Christian, and his wish that God would vouchsafe her the grace to become one.

Not long after, he escaped with the companions of his captivity, and returned to England. But his words had lighted up undying hopes in the heart of the slighted lady, where, if aught of human passion mingled, it was like the hallowed flame the Church is wont to kindle at the paschal time. She left her kindred and her father's house,—she gained the Christian territory, and learning there that her apostle had departed for his native land, she embarked with a company of merchants and pilgrims, and followed him to London. As she wandered through the streets, her foreign garb and speech attracting universal attention, she was recognised in the crowd, as she passed his master's house (where a hospi-

tal was subsequently founded in honor of St. Thomas), by Gilbert's servant Richard, who had shared his imprisonment and escape. Gilbert could at first scarce credit the intelligence that the friendless girl could have accomplished so arduous an adventure; but assured at last, he adored the providence of God in her behalf, and being counselled to espouse her by the bishop of London and other prelates there present, who regarded her as a chosen vessel to promote the glory of the Church, he married her on the day of her baptism by the name of Matilda. These were the parents of the venerated subject of my essay.

Special revelations to his mother are believed to have foreshown his future eminence and sanctity. How far an active imagination, stimulated by earnest desire, may have impressed her with such convictions, it were unavailing to enquire, as it would be impossible to ascertain. One conclusion is unquestionable. The pious dispositions and practices of the earthly authors of his being might well procure for him the high vocation they hoped for, and which is, perhaps, attainable by every Christian parent, who would wisely exchange for his offspring a few fleeting years of feverish and often painful worldly excitement, for "an eternal weight of glory." It is certain, too, that the docility, modesty, and piety, of the youthful Thomas, soon gave promise of more abundant spiritual unction, on one whom rare personal beauty, uncommon quickness of perception, and unrivalled tenacity of memory combined with unerring precision of judgment, seemed to designate for a glorious temple of the Holy Ghost.

His father having, with his wife's consent, returned to the holy land, to take part in its defence, shortly after their nuptials, the care of their son, in his infancy and early childhood, devolved exclusively on his mother; and so carefully did she train him in that "fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom," that, while his innocent hilarity tempered with discretion rendered him the delight of his associates, he was accustomed, with premature austerity, to employ the discipline and the hair

cloth, to restrain the exuberant vivacity of his youth. On Gilbert's return from the crusade he devoted himself with unremitted assiduity to the religious education of his son; and having placed him at school in a convent, for security to his morals, was so edified by his rapid proficiency in learning and virtue, that, already recognising in him a mighty minister of the Most High, he is said on a certain occasion to have fallen prostrate in reverence before him, to the no small scandal of the superior of the house.

His mother died when he was about twenty-one years old; and his father's fortune having been impaired by casualties, Thomas was compelled to quit Oxford, and seek employment in London, as a clerk or scrivener. At the expiration of a year, however, he resumed his studies at Paris, devoting himself to the law, and such accomplishments as might qualify him for a civil career. Returned to London he engaged in business, with brilliant success; while his faculties became sharpened, and his judgment matured, for the future exigencies of his eventful life.

But humility is the only foundation of enduring greatness; and the future champion of the Church was to learn his own insufficiency, and the overpowering grace of God in his behalf. Flattered by the attention of a young nobleman of fortune, who courted his society, he neglected his affairs, and, yielding himself to the fascinating dissipation of his patron, engaged with characteristic ardor and exclusiveness in sylvan sports. One day his falcon having plunged into a river after a duck, Thomas leaped into the stream, regardless of every thing but the preservation of his bird. The current was rapid and swept him towards a mill! When now his destruction seemed inevitable, the wheel suddenly stopped, arrested in its rapid revolution by some unknown power, while his attendants drew him with difficulty to the shore. This providential preservation recalled him to reflection on his useless, and therefore criminal life. He abandoned it, and returned to the city, and the practice of his profession.

But the hope of earthly fame and fortune could not satisfy the cravings of so great a

heart. The injustice, venality, and chicane, of which he was hourly a witness, the outrages against religion and the rights of the Church, which he saw and resisted, without being able to prevent them, that despairing sense of loneliness with which he stemmed the tide of universal corruption, disgusted and afflicted him; and determining to engage in a better regulated calling, he sought the service of Theobald, archbishop of Canterbury, who received him with joy, and soon, appreciating his abilities and virtue, admitted him to the closest confidence. Thus associated in the councils of the archdiocese, he soon gave evidence of his decided character. Henry, bishop of Winchester, and brother to the reigning monarch, had been appointed legate for England, and elated thereby, and his near relation to the king, lorded it over the clergy with the most oppressive arrogance. Becket stimulated the archbishop to resistance; and being prompt to execute, as sagacious to advise, undertook a special embassy to the Pope on the subject; which he conducted so ably, that the legantine powers were withdrawn from the bishop, and confirmed on Theobald.

The same energies were called into requisition, by a political transaction of the most vital importance. Stephen, anxious to confirm his dubious title to his son, determined to procure his coronation. The archbishop, prompted by Becket, who represented the fatal consequences to the kingdom of such a proceeding, refused to comply; and his example animated the other prelates to similar resistance. The enraged monarch resorted to the usual appliances of tyranny to compel obedience; and some bishops were weak enough to relax their opposition. But Theobald remained inflexible, and was compelled to fly the realm; while his goods were subjected to confiscation. He was soon, however, recalled, and the project of the coronation abandoned. In this affair, it is conceded that the master spirit was St. Thomas; who thus became, in some sort, the founder of a dynasty, the first reign of which was signalled by a relentless and bloody persecution of himself.

These and similar services, which in a more precipitate, or (as the phrase is) practical age, would at once have commended him to the highest preferments, only increased the anxiety of men, (who, in religion and morals, as in their sacred architecture, built for eternity), that he should receive more thorough academical preparation for the mighty career that was evidently before him. The canonists and civilians of Bologna and Auxerre were, at that time, reputed the ablest in Europe; and, at the suggestion of Theobald, he passed some time under their instruction. Subsequently graced by his patron with several ecclesiastical benefices, and finally promoted to the archdeaconry of Canterbury, he continued to labor in the most important affairs, to the increasing satisfaction of the primate and the public; but, as poor human nature is the same in every station, not without attracting the envy and hatred of Roger his predecessor in the last named office, who had been raised to the see of York.

A more brilliant sphere was opened to his talents and ambition, by the accession of the second Henry. This prince, who belongs to that class of splendid monuments, by which Almighty God sees fit to illustrate, from age to age, the impotence and folly of those who war against his Church, was a compound of the most admirable and the basest qualities. Brave, sagacious, temperate, active, and indefatigable, with a resolution that knew not how to swerve from its purpose, animated too by a sincere desire for the welfare and improvement of his people, his insatiate lust of aggrandisement limited his usefulness, and his unbounded success stimulated his self-will to frenzy. That he had warm affections, and a keen appreciation of merit, none can deny; and his religious sentiments, though often stifled by the ebullitions of passion, were certainly profound. It is impossible to reflect on his frequent forgiveness to his rebellious sons, without a feeling more tender than pity; and, if his closing scene revealed the horrid revulsion of which a father's heart is capable, when stung to madness by "a thankless child," it discloses, too, the depth of his unrequited af-

fection. Still, he was the spoiled minion of fortune. The absolute authority then vested in the crown invited his impetuous nature to the wildest excesses, while the sycophancy, that is ever ready to betray the powerful, prompted him to enterprises he might not else have attempted, and involved him in an endless maze of cruelty, injustice, and fraud. In a word, he was essentially selfish; for, though his bounty flowed profusely on those he loved, it was only at the price of unreserved devotion to his will. When that was thwarted, his excitement knew no bounds. The very impress of humanity seemed erased from his countenance, his eyes became spotted with blood, and his rage, like that of a beast, was vented on his attendants and furniture.

Theobald could not regard, but with extreme solicitude, the accession of so wayward a prince, to the stormy rule of his distracted country, and dread the aggravation of the injuries, to religion and the Church, which had characterised the preceding reign. Hence, when age and increasing infirmities constrained him to retire, from the confidential station near the throne, to which his own signal services had raised him, he commended his archdeacon to the royal favor, as one to whose piety and sagacity, prudence and firmness, might safely be committed so much influence for good or evil. Henry was not slow to discern his merit, and appointed him his chancellor.

Behold him now in a position as dangerous as elevated! but the dizzy height, where weaker brains had reeled, only invigorates him. "His sovereign's smile is on him, glory blazes about his path," but his eye is undazzled, and his step is steady. Qualified alike to charm his master's leisure, and to sway the counsels of the cabinet, he combines the elegant graces of the courtier, with the grave deliberation of the politician. His opinion is decisive in affairs of state, his favor is the passport to preferment; his ample revenues and stately magnificence are worthy of a prince; the lay barons give place before him; the bravest of England's chivalry embrace his service; his halls are thronged by the learned, the

rich, and the powerful; and the poor sit in crowds at his gate.

How many "lifted up so high" had "adained subjection, and thought one step higher would set" them "highest!" But so clear is Becket's loyalty, that England's subtlest king invests him with the last pledge of a father's and a monarch's confidence, by entrusting to him the person and education of his son!

How many, in those festal halls,

"when smiles were bright
On lovely lips that murmured round,"

had yielded to the soft seductions of the flesh! But Becket's virtue is so bright that, though the king himself, in the very wantonness of power, endeavors to beguile him, the breath of slander rests not on it. No, not even Fuller, who never hesitates to circulate a calumny while disavowing his belief in it, hints a doubt of his vestal purity. His sportive wit, his gallant bearing, his sumptuous array might scandalize the austere; but when his host suspecting an intrigue, as we are told by William of Canterbury, stole softly to his midnight chamber, and found the supposed voluptuary prostrate half naked on the floor, where he had fallen asleep at his devotions, it was seen how a mortified spirit could dwell under a delicate exterior.

Among the brilliant incidents of this stage of his career, was his mission to the French king. Henry's pretensions to the earldom of Nantz, as heir to his brother Geoffrey, had alarmed the jealousy of Louis, too late aware of the impolicy of his own divorce, which had transferred the queenly dowry of Eleanor to his most dangerous vassal. To Becket was entrusted the delicate task of averting war between these powerful neighbors; and the masterly address with which he accomplished that object, and established the Plantagenet ascendancy on yet a broader basis, was as dazzling to the eye of the statesman, as his regal retinue and munificence had proved to the court and people of France.

But his energies were not circumscribed by the purlieus of palaces, or limited to the triumphs of legislation and diplomacy.

Those were days of campaign and tournament; when rank was but the insignia of military command; when wealth was measured by the array of armed retainers; and ministers dealt not their blows "on lieutenantry," from the security of the closet, but led armies to the victory their genius had planned. The family of the chancellor was a school of honor and of arms, as well as of the accomplishments and arts of peace. Nobles were proud to place their children in his service; and in Henry's campaign of Toulouse, when kings and princes crowded to his standard, Becket led into the field seven hundred knights, each attended by a squire, and, where glory beckoned or danger dared, these with their gallant leader were foremost in the fight. When Louis, at the earnest solicitation of Count Raymond, had thrown himself reluctantly into Toulouse, the fiery chancellor proposed an immediate assault, which, in the weak condition of the garrison, would have placed the royal person in his rival's power; and the dashing exploit was only prevented by Henry's cautious adherence to feudal maxims. Being left in the Querci, to defend his master's conquests after he had retired from the leaguer of his sovereign's camp, Becket stormed three castles which had been deemed impregnable, crossed the Garonne, and once more ravaged the territory of Toulouse. Summoned again to Normandy, he left his household troops to secure the fruits of his valor, enlisted, at his own expense, twelve hundred knights, and four thousand stipendiaries, and hurried to the scene of action. Upon these chivalrous details, his defamers descant with more evident satisfaction than his eulogists; and they are certainly less edifying in one, who had been commissioned to announce a gospel of peace to the nations, than they are evincive of the unreservedness with which he devoted himself to whatever he undertook. Still, some allowance must be made for the warlike spirit of those unsettled times, when bishops sometimes felt constrained to conduct in person the military aids to which their feudal tenures bound them; and the asylum of female innocence and piety, found its only

protection against ruffian violence, in walls of massive strength—a guaranty not always to be disregarded, in times of boasted liberty, and a pretended land of laws.

But in all this martial prowess, in all this courtly pomp that flamed about the chancellor, was no mingling of earthly interest, unless it were the love of fame; and, from that, what noble heart was ever altogether free? If his appointments were regal in magnificence, they shed lustre on his lofty station. If wealth flowed in on him with a golden tide, it was poured forth as prodigally, for his master's service, or in works of charity. If he bore down in fierce encounter the gallant Engelvan de Trie, it was not that he might lower his conquering lance before "the queen of beauty." All his splendor, all his energy of mind or frame were but tributary to the glory of his king, a word which, in sceptred lands, embodies all those feelings, which swell to our hearts at the dearer name of country.

Another change comes over "this strange eventful history." Theobald of pious memory is gathered to his fathers, and the king determines to advance his chancellor to the vacant see. H. had tested his virtue and ability, and believed him equal to the charge. He was assured of his fidelity, and that his influence in the Church, like that of his predecessor, would maintain the rights of the lawful line, in the event of a premature demise of the crown. He hoped, from his affection and gratitude, the largest compliance with his own inclination to dictate in ecclesiastical affairs.

But he dissembled long his purpose, tempted probably by the incomes of the vacant see, which were paid into his exchequer. At length he commands his favorite to prepare for a journey to England, on business of importance. He comes to take his leave; the monarch discloses his long suppressed design: "you know not the whole object of your mission—you are to become archbishop of Canterbury." How now is this nomination of one not yet a priest to the venerable seat of England's great apostle—this primacy in the national Church superadded to his political supremacy—received by "the man whom

the king delighteth to honor?" Is it on bended knee, with humble disclaimer of desert enhancing protestations of endless gratitude? No! pointing to his own glittering array, in the momentary playfulness of ancient intimacy, "how religious, how saintly a personage," he answers, "is your majesty about to set over that holy see, and that community of monks so famed for piety!" Then, changing to a tone of prophetic solemnity, "but I know most certainly that, should God permit it, you would speedily withdraw your favor; and that great affection which is now between us would be changed to the direst hate. For I know that you would exact some things, and that you have already presumed to do much, in ecclesiastical matters, which I could not permit; and therefore the envious would seize occasion to replace our friendship with enmity."

Near seven centuries have elapsed since those words were spoken, but if they have produced any thing more magnanimous, it has escaped my observation. How determined must be the prejudice which, with this reply before it, can impute to Becket the dissimulation of the ambitious, or the perfidy of the ingrate! To me it breathes in every syllable that sad resolution with which duty takes its post in the front of danger, though assured that ruin awaits it in every possible contingency; yet not without a tender retrospect, to "the old good nature and the old good humor" he saw forever departing, and which flashes in the playful sally that preludes the solemn warning of his closing words. That the chancellor was surprised by the king's avowal of his intentions is not to be supposed. The public voice had named him the future primate; his friends had saluted him by that title, and there is a consciousness of ability, which renders probable to the possessor the prognostic of those who sometimes only flatter. He doubtless, therefore, brought to the occasion the matured conclusions of his far-seeing and resolute mind. He knew the evils which the fierce wars for the succession had heaped upon the Church. He saw the daily encroachments of the temporal power, and the still more dangerous venality

and corruption, which, in those turbulent times, had crept to sacred stations. The holy see itself was paralyzed by a furious schism; and on the firmness, moderation, and wisdom of the British primate, might depend not merely the liberties and discipline of the English Church, but her very continuance within the pale of Catholic unity. Too generous, therefore, in his love for God, too devoted to the interests of religion to shrink from the dread responsibility, still, true to the personal affection of his king, who might not anticipate opposition from one he had graced so prodigally, he pronounces, while it is not too late, the sad premonition so few have strength to utter—

"Amicus usque ad altare!"

"A friend as far as the altar!"

But Henry was not one to abandon projects deliberately formed, or distrust his own sufficiency for untried emergencies. Yet his wishes, in regard to the archiepiscopate, were not accomplished without difficulty and opposition. The chancellor himself seems to have entertained more serious scruples, after the matter was formally proposed to him, both in relation to his own fitness for so solemn a trust, and the avowed interference of the crown in an election which ought to be free. How, he might well ask himself, could he hereafter resist encroachments on the liberties of his Church, who was indebted for his own elevation in it to palpable dictation?

His objections were overruled by the authoritative representations of Cardinal Henry of Pisa, apostolic legate, who insisted on the importance of filling the primacy, at this anxious crisis, with a person of his known integrity and resolution; and, as the forms of election at least were unrestrained, no sacrifice of principle was involved in his acceptance of the office. He therefore acquiesced and departed for England. Missives declaratory of the royal pleasure were forwarded to the metropolitan synod, and other clergy, by special envoys; on one of whom, in particular, the king enjoined to labor as earnestly for the election of Becket to the primacy, as he would for the coronation of the prince were himself to die.

But, potential as we may suppose the wishes of the sovereign in those days of arbitrary sway, the election was not effected without earnest discussion. On the one hand was urged the importance of gratifying the king and securing so powerful a mediator as the chancellor between the clergy and the crown. Others represented the scandal of elevating to the highest station in the national Church one not yet empowered to offer the holy sacrifice upon her altars; and whose recent course of life qualified him rather to wield the sword than to sway the crosier. It was feared that the preferment of a courtier to so sacred a function would prove a dangerous precedent, and fill the house of God thereafter with mere favorites of the temporal prince. To this was replied, that it was not altogether new to advance individuals to high ecclesiastical authority from secular dignities; as in the case of that great archbishop of Milan who shut the door of the Church against an emperor, and compelled him to do public penance for his crime; that Becket had been originally educated for the religious state; and though he had been employed at court, had never contracted its spirit. This opinion finally prevailed, and, the bishop of London alone dissenting—as is hinted, through personal ambition of the station—Thomas was elected archbishop in the royal abbey of Westminster. Being subsequently presented to the young prince Henry, whom the king had empowered to represent himself in this ceremony, the primate elect was solemnly discharged from his obligations to the court, and surrendered free to the Church of England. His ordination to the priesthood, and consecration as archbishop, were solemnized at Canterbury the ensuing week, amid all the splendor of regal pomp, and ecclesiastical ceremony.

To a "fond idolater of old," a contest would have seemed to be maintained between Becket and Fortune, whether she could more rapidly advance him to stations of unbounded trust and dignity, or he more worthily vindicate her choice. But the Christian who knows he does "all things in him who strengtheneth," sees in these wonderful mutations, only new occasion to

adore the bounty of God towards this faithful steward of his ten talents. We have seen him the exemplary student, the successful lawyer, the accomplished courtier, the skilful diplomatist, the consummate statesman, and the triumphant soldier. It remains that we contemplate him as the mirror of a Christian bishop.

Profoundly impressed at entering on his sacred office, with the necessity of reformation in the Church committed to his charge, he commences the work in his own person; conscious that he who would govern well the people of God ought himself to be their model. The hair-cloth galls his flesh to expiate any previous relaxation of discipline; under his official robes he wears the habit of the monk, to remind him of the simplicity and purity that should characterise the hierarchy; and, if he retains that external decoration which a wise regard to the influence of sensible objects on the great mass of mankind, and conformity to the practice of the Most High himself when regulating the ceremonial and ornaments of his sanctuary, have cast around his station, he labors to render it indeed "the vesture of holiness." He had, before his consecration, commanded one of his attendant clergy to apprise him of whatever he might hear said against his deportment, and mention also what himself might think amiss; well knowing, as he expressed it, that four eyes see better than two, and that our enemies become our most charitable friends, when we are willing to make their censures the occasion for more rigid self-scrutiny. He became more abstemious, more vigilant, and more assiduous at prayer. He rose habitually at two in the morning, and, having recited the office of the hour, washed the feet of thirteen poor persons, in obedience to the precept, and imitation of the practice of the Saviour; choosing the stillness of night, and a private chamber for this work of humiliation to atone for the ostentation of his former life. Weeping he would kneel before these favorites of heaven, and entreat their prayers in his behalf, dismissing them with abundant alms. He then retired to a brief repose, but rose again while the rest of the world were sleeping, and applied

himself to the study of the Holy Scripture; for which he cherished such profound respect, that, dreading to apply to it his private interpretation, he kept near him a theologian of approved piety and learning, to preserve him from the suggestions of his own imagination. After these studies and meditations, he visited the sick of his neighboring clergy, to inform himself of their necessities, and minister to their wants, as became their pastor and their father. At nine, he celebrated mass, unless when he preferred only to assist, through veneration for the sacred mysteries, which he never approached but with compunctious reverence, which choked his utterance with sobs and gushing tears. At about three he dined, and, for the prevention of idle discourse, caused some book of piety to be read during the meal; an ancient practice, confirmed by the great œcumenical council of Trent, which commands the reading of the Holy Scriptures at the tables of bishops. Such was his temperance that he was said to eat rather for preventing death, than to nourish life; yet he affected not scrupulosity in the quality of his food, and when one righteous over much professed himself scandalized by his partaking of a pheasant, he answered mildly, "one may be as gluttonous, brother, upon pulse, as on daintier fare." After dinner he withdrew, with persons of piety and learning, among whom he refreshed his mind with profitable discussions, or conferred on the affairs of his diocese.

His official administration was characterized by equal zeal with his personal habits. Knowing that on the sanctity of the pastors depends that of the people, and dreading nothing so much as to admit thieves and hirelings into the fold of the Lord, it was his custom to examine in person the qualifications of candidates for holy orders, weighing them with terrible exactness in the very balance of the sanctuary.

The extensive judicial authority of prelates in those days is well known to every reader of history. He established such order in his diocesan courts, that not one of his officials dared to receive a present from a litigant, on any pretext whatsoever.

But it was in his care of the poor that

the episcopal character shone out most brilliantly. Regarding himself rather as their steward than benefactor, he never dismissed them empty handed; but on the contrary sent agents to enquire out their wants, and supply them with necessaries and comforts. It is recorded that he never sat down to eat without assembling numbers of the destitute in his palace yard, that the remains of the feast might be distributed among them; and though his table was always well supplied, on account of the many persons of distinction who frequented it, he was more bountiful in his provision for the sake of those who were to "gather up the fragments." The pious Theobald had doubled the alms of his predecessors, but St. Thomas doubled those of that venerated prelate, consecrating to the poor a tenth of his revenues, exclusive of his ordinary charities.

Hitherto he had been subjected only to the sweet, yet searching trials of prosperity: it remained for him, like the patriarch of Hus, to be proved by sterner tests.

If any portion of his charge involved peculiar responsibility, it was that which related to the temporalities of his see; those magnificent endowments which the free charity of early Catholic times was wont to provide for the spiritual or bodily relief of the destitute and the wretched; reaching forward beyond the present misery which shocks the sense and wrings a momentary sympathy, to embrace unborn generations, dear to it only by the common brotherhood of humanity. Charity of the olden time! what form of suffering has it not alleviated? what proper craving of the heart has it not labored to appease? Whose were those pewless cathedrals, unmatched in beauty and grandeur, where peer and peasant, as children of a common father, bowed down in prayer together? Who reared those countless hospitals for the sick and the infirm,—those asylums for the babe deserted at the threshold of existence, or the spouseless and despairing mother? Who built the free school of benighted ages, which now adorns with its picturesque ruin the park of some haughty noble? Who founded those "cities of colleges," and collected those exhaustless libraries, where the hire-

lings of modern learning devote their stipendiary celibacy to malign the memory of those whose bounty fats them? I need not multiply examples. Its "counterfeit presentment" still lingers among us, even under the cold utilitarian system of modern enlightenment; triumphing, through the unerring instinct of humanity, over the jealous policy which doles out a niggard bounty to posterity, only by permissive legislation! Yet, like the vital element that warms our sphere, one day to wrap it in destruction, the accumulations of her charity have ever been a source of danger to the Church. The fiery fury of tyrants and innovators had sunk to harmlessness in their mouldering dust, but for the ecclesiastical plunder with which they bribed men to sustain their novelties; but spoil once made the basis of a new system in Church and state, selfishness became enlisted to endless generations to uphold it. St. Thomas beheld with piercing eye the distant approach of this danger to the Church of England; and he met it like a champion of the faith and a guardian of the poor. Large possessions of his diocese had been usurped, amid the turmoil of former reigns, by powerful nobles; and retained through intimidation or supineness of his predecessors. To redress the flagrant wrong, he put forth his accustomed energy; took immediate possession of what belonged to the see by unquestionable and notorious right; and commenced a course of litigation for that to which the title was less clear. A vindication of these proceedings, if necessary before an American audience, might be drawn from the reluctant concession of one of his most malignant traducers. "Now that he might the more effectually attend his archiepiscopal charge," says Fuller, "he resigned his chancellorship, whereat the king was not a little offended. It added to his anger, that his patience was daily pressed with the importunate petitions of people complaining that Becket injured them. Though, generally, he did but recover to his Church such possessions as, by their covetousness, and his predecessors connivance had formerly been detained from it."*

*Church Hist. of Britain, xii cent. book iii, § 59.

I have preferred to anticipate another topic, rather than mar the entireness of the foregoing extract. The resignation of the chancellorship, to which it adverts, was the act which first estranged the affections of the king. It measurably dissolved that union between Church and state, so dear to every tyrant, royal or republican. It announced his personal secession from the councils of his master, and gave anxious omen that the warning of his reply, when first nominated to the primacy, was no vain flourish of integrity. Yet many may, perhaps, be of opinion that the step was injudicious, and that St. Thomas would have done more wisely by retaining his sovereign's ear, and averting by address the dangers which he saw approaching, than by meeting them boldly in front. His decision, however, at least incontestibly proves the sincerity with which he adopted the ascetic life with the mitre, his devotedness to the duties of his station, and his trust in God rather than human policy.

Henceforward the tide of his earthly fortune ceased to flow; yet, like his Master, robed in the brightness of eternal light on Thabor, he was permitted once more to put on his glory before his brethren, ere he commenced the painful journey of humiliations and afflictions, through which he was to enter into his rest. A council is convened at Tours, to extinguish the schism of Octavian. The dignified clergy of the Catholic world are in attendance. The archbishop of Canterbury goes to pay his homage to the legitimate successor of Peter. His fame precedes him, and, with unexampled enthusiasm, magistrates, people, clergy,—the very archbishops and cardinals, go forth to meet and conduct him in triumph to the foot of the papal throne.

From the labors of this celebrated council, where the title of the ruling pontiff was solemnly recognized, and various canons enacted for the redress of the very evils the primate was endeavoring to correct, he returned to England, where the "murky storm of royal vengeance" was silently mustering its fury.

I have already alluded to the enmity excited by his vigorous recuperation of the

property of the Church. The monarch had personal motives for sympathy with the malecontents; for the primate's earnest interposition had already constrained him to permit the election of bishops for Hereford and Worcester, which he had kept vacant for the sake of prolonged enjoyment of the diocesan revenues; and thus announced continued opposition to an abuse, to which the British sovereigns have ever been prone, robbery of religion and the poor, under the specious pretext of preserving the unoccupied temporalities.

Another ground of quarrel was the archbishop's excommunication of a nobleman who claimed the patronage of a certain church; but, in imitation of the royal usurpations above referred to, had left its altar too long unsupplied, and forcibly ejected the primate's nominee. Upon this transaction, Henry advanced a claim that no officer or tenant in chief of the crown should be excommunicated, without previous notice to himself. A practice which would have effectually subjected, in many important cases, the spiritual to the temporal arm.

But the most plausible pretext for the rupture now earnestly desired by the king, was the archbishop's refusal to surrender clergymen, accused of crimes against the public, to the cognizance of the secular magistrate; and upon no point have ingenuity and disingenuousness been more assiduously exerted to mislead the public mind. It must be confessed that no one imbued with the habits and political principles of our age and country, could tolerate for a moment the idea of two distinct systems of criminal jurisprudence and judicature, for two orders of persons, members of the same community. And the address of writers like Hume, Lyttleton, and Mosheim, and the retailers of their prejudices and errors through the countless corrupted channels of English literature and history, has artfully arrayed these modern feelings and opinions against an arrangement which existed in circumstances essentially different from ours. But we should remember that the judicial authority of the Church in temporal matters, which was recommended to the faithful, in pagan times, by the apostle of the

Gentiles himself,* had been established and extended throughout Christendom by imperial legislation, from the earliest times after the conversion of Constantine, and confirmed, as part of their irregular polity, by the barbarian invaders of the empire whose free principles constitute the dearest portion of our inheritance—the common law. We should remember that the ecclesiastical tribunals were in especial favor with the people (as we also have retained many of their principles and much of their spirit), because of the superior probity, intelligence and learning of their judges, and the consistency of their decisions, when contrasted with the rude, ignorant, and ferocious barons, who, in the secular courts, applied with tyrannical caprice, the traditional maxims of heterogeneous codes, or rather customs, to the controversies of individuals, or the wrongs, real or pretended, of the state. We should remember that the ludicrous incongruity which would characterize a scheme of "courts Christian" at the present day, when innumerable discordant creeds and systems of discipline and morals would supply candidates for the clerical privilege, did not apply in times when Europe acknowledged but "one Lord, one faith, and one baptism," and the sacred order, united under one visible head, "one fold and one shepherd," was regulated by a code of universal obligation, the work of the most enlightened minds, directed under the most awful sanctions to the most important subjects, and the study of which, from a very early period, was associated with that of the civil or *imperial* law, which has justly been pronounced the noblest compilation of human wisdom, applied to human affairs. We should remember, too, that the gradual, and doubtless overstrained extension of the "benefit of clergy" operated as a bounty on learning in barbarous times, when every convent was a free school, and the son of the beggar, if stamped with nature's nobility, might aspire to the highest stations attainable by genius and virtue; and we should not forget that if the gentle censures to which ecclesiastical courts were limited

* 1 Cor. vi, 1—6.

by the canons—sweet application to human frailty of that divine forbearance which “desires not the death of a sinner,” and which we are daily transfusing into our criminal codes, sometimes disappointed the stern requirements of earthly justice, they did not operate that fearful indulgence to guilt exaggeration tells of; for degradation was part of the sentence for flagrant crimes; and the offender, thenceforward, became amenable to the secular jurisdiction. And if malefactors were sometimes screened from condign punishment, through personal partiality, or “*esprit du corps*,” as I doubt not may have been,—for what institution, human or divine, has not been perverted by the unfaithfulness of earthly agents?—the concession affords no stronger argument against the “*courts Christian*” of Becket’s time, than the exoneration, in our own day, of deliberate and notorious burglary, murder, arson, sacrilege, and libel, by American courts or juries, supplies against that glorious common law to which we cling with hereditary and personal affection. But the sweeping assertions of prejudiced opponents may well be doubted, when we reflect on the general character of the persons who filled those tribunals, their obvious and peculiar interest not to render their privilege odious, and their common concern in the maintenance of law and order, in times when their own persons and possessions had little security amid a community of half-civilized freebooting barons and their serfs.

Still, to our estimate of the primate’s conduct on this great argument, we bring a principle paramount all that has been urged. He stood for the vested rights of his order. The conqueror had established “*courts Christian*” on a legal basis. His successors had severally enlarged the liberties and immunities of the Church; Henry himself at his coronation, having thought proper not merely to ratify his grandfather’s charter by oath, but, for greater solemnity to sign and lay it on the altar. Hence, with whatever feelings men may regard the abstract principle of the controversy, the candid must acknowledge that he whom we see described in it, as an overbearing prelate, as-

piring to “set his sandalled feet on princes,” was but the uncompromising defender of rights entrusted to his keeping against a wilful and perjured aggressor.

The occasion for the king’s assault upon the Church was taken from insulting language, used by a canon of Bedford, to the royal justiciary, in open court. Henry demanded his indictment for this offence before the spiritual tribunal; and, policy concurring with the claims of justice, a punishment was inflicted of no ordinary severity. But it comported not with the king’s designs to be so easily appeased. He swore his accustomed terrible oath, “by the eyes of God,” that the judges had favoured the offender; and summoning the bishops to Westminster, required their consent, that whensoever thenceforward a clergyman should be degraded for a public crime, in a spiritual court, he should immediately be delivered for punishment to the lay tribunals. To a demand so subversive of the rights guaranteed at his coronation, as well as of the first principles of justice, which forbids a second trial and punishment for the same offence, the bishops, of course, returned a decided negative; and Henry, whose very application to them was an acknowledgment of the legality of the existing system, instantly attempted to annul it, through a more comprehensive surrender; addressing to them the captious question, “whether they would swear to observe the ancient customs of the realm?” Few, perhaps, but persons professionally familiar with the binding authority of precedent, in the unwritten polity of the northern nations, will appreciate the artful turn thus given to the dispute, and the effect of this new requirement to place the English hierarchy in the attitude of factious insubordination to the fundamental laws of the land, unless they would put themselves at the uncontrolled discretion of the king. But the primate answered him, with equal address, that he would do so, “saving his order;” a qualification which, as it was invariably admitted in the oath of fealty, at the coronation of a monarch, was equally appropriate in a promise to observe the customs.

Henry saw himself foiled; and having put the question successively to the other prelates, who with the disgraceful exception of the bishop of Chichester, returned the same response, denounced them furiously, as a band of conspirators against him, and rushed from the apartment. On the following day, the archbishop was divested of the wardenship of the castles of Eye and Birkhamstead.

Nothing could exceed the consternation of the bishops, when they witnessed the rage of the king, and learned his departure from London. All the terrors of persecution, exile, confiscation, imprisonment, death, seemed gathering around them; and, as usual, policy began to whisper terms of conciliation and compromise. They hastened after him to make their peace. The bishop of London, who had recently been in disgrace, availed himself industriously of the occasion, to reinstate himself in his master's favor, by gaining over others to his will. But their own timidity and selfishness had predisposed them to grasp at every overture, and the undaunted primate soon saw himself alone. To subdue his opposition the monarch spared neither threats nor flattery. His brother prelates plied him with every suggestion of consideration for the safety of the Church, and gratitude for the king's previous unbounded favor. They charged upon his obstinacy all the evils of the coming persecution; they inveighed against the pride, which exalted his single judgment over that of all his brethren. They cited the temporising policy of St. Peter, with the Judaising Christians, and that of St. Paul, when he circumcised Timothy, to justify a momentary concession (which they insisted involved no principle), to obviate the otherwise inevitable desolation of the house of God. They even produced a pretended letter from the Pope, advising acquiescence, in the present distracted condition of the Church, rather than to aggravate it by ill-timed resistance to the king; who, they assured him, cherished no ulterior designs against religion, but merely sought to vindicate his royal dignity, which he had considered impaired by their mistrust and op-

position. Less convinced than overpowered, unchanged in opinion, but distrusting his own convictions in opposition to those of men he had esteemed for wisdom and sanctity, Becket at last gave way, followed the sovereign to the luxurious bowers of Woodstock, and agreed to make the promise, omitting the obnoxious reservation. Henry received him graciously, and immediately gave orders for a general council of the realm at Clarendon.

The archbishop, whose penetration had never been deceived in this transaction, now clearly understood the evil intentions of the king, and was only by the most urgent persuasion induced to attend that assembly, firmly resolved, however, to consent to nothing inconsistent with the dictates of his conscience or prejudicial to religion. The appointment of his enemy, John of Oxford, to the presidency of the council, and the menacing tone with which the king commanded the assembled bishops to fulfil their engagements, confirmed his suspicions. Preferring, therefore, the imputation of fickleness, to the violation of duty, he humbly besought the king to excuse his compliance; assuring him that the most mature deliberation had led him to the conclusion, that he could not keep his promise consistently with his obligations to his God. The rage of Henry, at this unexpected recantation, was terrible. He accused him, in the fiercest terms, of adding insult to perfidy; and menaced him with exile or instant death. As he left the room, in a transport of fury, the adjacent apartment was seen filled with armed men, their clothes tucked up as ready for action, and weapons drawn. Again was the primate assailed with argument, invective, prayers, and lamentations. Two noblemen assured him that the king was bent on the last extreme of vengeance. Bishops and mailed knights of the holy temple fell prostrate at his feet, imploring him not to deluge the Church with the blood of her ministers, and his better angel left his side, or rather, like the prince of the apostles, he was permitted to fall, that he might thenceforth distrust forever his own weakness, and rely exclusively on the grace of God. Fearless him-

self, but palsied by the fears of others, the ice-bolt shot into his heart by coward tongues, which were soonest to denounce his involuntary recreancy, he once more shrunk from the dread responsibility of his position, deferred to others the dictates of his own clear understanding, and the noble impulses of his own high nature, and took the oath prescribed.

Did he gain peace by his momentary pliancy? Alas! who ever stifled with suggestions of expediency, the instinctive promptings of honor and virtue—that voice of “God within us”—without smarting, even here, under its keen rebuke? Soliciting an adjournment till the following day, that these yet uncertain customs might be clearly defined, he found, when the committee for compiling them made their report, his worst forebodings more than realized. He saw legalized that usurpation by the crown, to which I have already alluded, of those vacant episcopal and priorial revenues, which had been destined by the donors for the maintenance of religion and charity; and the elections of the hierarchy subjected to the royal dictation and veto—a principle so subversive of ecclesiastical order, that ourselves have seen it refused, as the bonus for proffered Catholic emancipation, from a more than kingly thralldom of three centuries. He saw the vested jurisdiction of the spiritual courts annulled; the Church disarmed, in the most important cases, of her almost only weapon against innovators in doctrine, subverters of discipline, and spoilers of her property and rights—the power to sever offenders from the society of the faithful; and her intercourse with the centre of Catholic unity made dependent on the will of the monarch. Some few of the constitutions of Clarendon were indifferent, as regarded vital principle; but their general tendency was to limit the beneficent influences of religion, or subsidize her to earthly tyranny; and this was admitted by Henry himself, when, after the primate’s death, he abrogated all. The archbishop took his final stand. He refused to authenticate them by another act; while the other bishops affixed their seals, in token of their ratification, as commanded

by the king: yet, dissembling for the moment, he pleaded the necessity for deliberation, received a copy and withdrew.

Such were the transactions from which the charges of perjury and breach of faith have been derived against this martyr to principle. Let me, therefore, briefly recapitulate. His promise at Woodstock was void, being given under a delusive statement of the king’s intentions. The palpable duress at Clarendon annulled his oath; which, had it even been voluntary, could not have obliged him to obey the famous constitutions there set forth, which certainly were not “the ancient customs of the realm.”

That he never signed that compilation seems probable from many considerations.

1. His name in the enrollment, as recorded in the *Epistolæ Sancti Thomæ*, cited by Hume,* is evidently the work of the engrossing clerk; like those of the *parties*, in the premises of an ordinary deed; and was inserted, with those of the other notable persons present, according to the customary form of ancient statutes, as appears from that of Merton, the earliest extant.† 2. The entire silence on the subject of signing, in the *quadrilogus*, referred to by Dr. Lingard, together with the emphasis laid on his refusal to seal, conveys to my mind directly the reverse of the common opinion.

3. The king undoubtedly considered that the assent of the bishops was to be attested by their sealing; which was the mode, at that period in use, (adopted from the Normans) for authenticating deeds;‡ and hence his rage when he finally discovered that the primate would not seal. 4. Had this not been the case, Becket’s request for delay, that he might have time to examine the collection of customs, previously to sealing, which was granted by the king, would have been frivolous and vexatious.

* Tom. i, page 25, Epist. xxii.

† The critical reader will note that I here follow the classification adopted by the committee for publishing the statutes at large; who, in their magnificent work, a copy of which was presented by the British government to the Baltimore Library, place *Magna Charta*, (usually considered by the profession the earliest of the statutes) among the “*charters of liberties*” and not the “*statutes*.”

‡ Blackstone’s *Commentaries*, p. 306.

His whole offence was this. He suffered himself to appear to be imposed on, in relation to the king's designs, which he too clearly understood, and, by his half-way, though extorted compliances, and vague promises, gave a semblance of sanction to the base and undisguised recreancy of his brethren.

And now, with an aching heart, he takes his homeward way. His train, in muttered tones, express their thoughts upon the late transactions. Some justify his conduct, by the plea of harsh necessity, others lament that the shepherd should have fled before the wolf. Among these, his cross bearer vents, in no measured terms, his grief and indignation. His piercing censures reach the founts of contrition in his master's heart. He bursts into tears and lamentations, confesses the enormity of his guilt, condemns his presumption in accepting a station, for which his former life had not prepared him, and, in expiation of his momentary apostacy, interdicts himself from approaching the altar, and every sacred function. In vain his attendants strive to soothe his affliction: he remains disconsolate and devoted to penance, till letters from the Pope arrive, absolving him from his fault, encouraging him to future fidelity, and admonishing him to seek support and consolation, where only they can be found, in the sacramental means of grace.

When Henry was apprised of his final resolution, not to ratify the constitutions of Clarendon, he indulged in such transports of passion that all trembled for the primate's life. Warned of his danger, and desirous also to confer with his holiness in person, he determined secretly to withdraw to France, the proud asylum of old for persecuted pontiffs, where Alexander had taken refuge, from the fury of the antipope.

He therefore twice embarked, but was as often driven back by contrary winds, or, as some suppose, prevented by the fears of the mariners, who, dreading the anger of the king, pretended that they could not accomplish the voyage. Considering, therefore, that it was the will of God he should remain, he returned to Canterbury, where the king's officers, who had been despatched to

seize his effects, on the rumor of his flight, found him on the following day. Henry was rejoiced at his return; for he dreaded the report of his tyranny abroad, and a papal interdict on his dominions. Various attempts at conciliation were subsequently made by the primate, in person, and through the mediation of the bishop of Evreux; but the king was peremptory for the confirmation of the constitutions of Clarendon, and the archbishop as inflexibly determined to oppose them with his utmost power.

It was now evident to Henry that the primate's destruction must precede his desired triumph over the liberties of the Church; but, dreading the odium of open violence, he resolved to effect his ruin by the more insidious course of law. A council of the realm was therefore convened at Northampton, to which the archbishop was summoned, rather as a culprit than a peer. John of Oxford presided, as at Clarendon; and the king appeared as prosecutor. He first charged the primate with contumacy, in not appearing in his court, on a certain appeal, when duly cited. Becket denied the contempt, alleged severe illness as the cause of his absence, and the attendance of a deputation of his knights with his excuses; but Henry furiously swore that judgment should be rendered against him; and the servile court, the bishops unanimously concurring, for every spark of liberty had been trodden out, amerced him in the forfeiture of all his goods. He compromised with the king for a fine of five hundred pounds, equal to more than thirty thousand dollars of our money, and gave security for the payment.

On the following day the king demanded three hundred pounds, which Becket had levied on the castles of Eye and Birkhamstead, while in his custody. He replied that he had expended more than that in repairs of those castles; to the actual condition of which he referred for proof. "But money" said he, "shall be no cause of quarrel between me and my sovereign; I will pay the sum"—and he gave security.

The next exaction was for five hundred pounds, which the king alleged he had loaned him, during the campaign of Tou-

louse. Becket averred that it had been given; but, as his word might not counter-vail his sovereign's, he was condemned to pay, and gave security.

But endurance was exhausted when the morrow brought forward a requisition for an account of all the rents of the vacant abbeys and bishoprics, with whatever other royal revenues had been received by him while chancellor. He answered that, when chosen to the see of Canterbury, he had been legally discharged from every bond of the court, by the prince, and the king's justiciary, representing by commission the royal person. Still, for the suddenness of the demand, he asked leave for consultation with his brethren of the hierarchy. It was granted and they withdrew.

Pitiable was the chilled conference in their temporary prison, for the doors were locked on them by order of the king. The bishop of London advised him to resign his see, and others seconded the insidious counsel. Old Henry of Winchester, alone, spoke worthily of his royal blood; and the bishop of Worcester gave faint and equivocal utterance to sentiments he dared not openly avow.

That the king intended to compel his resignation was clear; for the sums demanded exceeded his archiepiscopal revenues, and he could neither pay them nor procure security. Hence it was supposed he must throw himself on the royal mercy. But those who argued thus knew not the man. Driven to extremity, he resolved to cast around him the panoply of his sacred station, and involve his cause with that of God and religion. Accordingly, he asked a respite till the following day, and was set at liberty.

And now was commended to his quivering lip that bitterest drop in the chalice of the Lord—the desertion of those summer friends, who fall off like leaves of autumn, at the first chill blast of adversity. Where was the gorgeous retinue of knights and barons, who had swelled his escort to the council? Scared at the monarch's frown they had slunk away, and the proscribed archbishop returned unhonored to his lodging; but he replaced them with the poor

and decrepit, whom he convened from the neighborhood, and feasted at his table with holy joy.

Severe indisposition prevented his attendance on the following morning, and two noblemen were sent to cite him before the council. He indicated his suffering condition, but promised to appear on the morrow, although it should be necessary to bear him on a litter. Information was conveyed to him, in the course of the day, that his death or imprisonment might be relied on, should he dare to appear at court without acceding to the king's demands. Early the next morning, the bishops made one more effort to induce him to resign; but he rejected their counsel, and rebuked their desertion. Then going to the church he celebrated the mass of the proto-martyr, in whose fate, commemorated by that beautiful introit, "princes sat and spoke against me, and sinners persecuted me," he felt a touching resemblance to his own.

Strengthened with the "bread of angels" he now addressed himself to the encounter with the malice of man. He came down from the holy altar as became the high priest of God, "clothed in robes of glory, and crowned with majestic attire."* Bearing in his hand the conquering sign of salvation, he proceeds towards the palace. The startled bishops are informed of his purpose and rush forward to prevent it. "Let me be your cross-bearer," says the bishop of Hereford, "for so it becomes me!" "No," replies the primate, "this cross is my safeguard, it shall tell them under what prince I combat!" "If the king sees you enter with these arms," exclaims the time-serving bishop of London, endeavoring to wrest it from him, "he will unsheath his own. It will then be seen which are the most to be relied on!" "That," replies the saint, "I leave to God."

But the tyrant and his train retire before the sacred emblems, like the guilty things of night flying from "Hyperion's glittering shafts of war." They withdraw to an inner chamber, where the courtiers stimulate his frantic rage till themselves begin to fear.

* Ecclesiasticus xlv, 9.

The order for a massacre trembles on his foaming lip. The archbishop of York himself calls his chaplains to "begone with him, lest they be witnesses to the primate's murder!" And now the attendants, hurrying through the hall with implements of death and torture, "glared on him with terrible looks," as he sat in that desolation which drenched his Saviour's soul, when abandoned on the cross by those for whom he bled. No mother stood near to mingle her woes with his, like the blessed one on Calvary!—but a beloved disciple sat steadfast at his feet, to whom he whispered, "I fear indeed for thee,—but fear thou not, for thou shalt share my crown!" And Herbert de Boseham answered, "we need neither fear, for thou hast raised that holy standard, terrible to principalities and powers, in which so many have conquered." While they whisper, the bishop of Exeter rushes in, and throws himself at his feet, conjuring him to spare himself and the whole episcopal order, for that the king had denounced death to the first who should speak in his behalf. "Fly thou, then!" replies the dauntless primate, "for thou savourest not the things that are of God."

Meanwhile the panic-struck bishops who remain about the king, in the extremity of their bewilderment propose an expedient. They will denounce the archbishop to the Pope for perjury in not obeying the constitutions of Clarendon, and so procure his deposition. The suggestion pleases. They hasten to him, and with opprobrious language cite him before the common father of Christendom. "I hear you," is his calm reply.

At length, as they sit in anxious silence on opposite sides of the hall, the door of the king's apartment opens, and a crowd of barons come forth. The earl of Leicester at their head, advances towards him, and commands him to appear before the king and answer his demands, or listen to his sentence. "My sentence!" cries the primate, rising; "son and earl first hear thou me!" He recapitulates his faithful service to his sovereign; his acquiescence, against his own inclination, in his elevation to the see of Canterbury; his formal dis-

charge by the royal commissioners from his secular obligations. Then solemnly protesting against the jurisdiction, and committing his cause and his Church to the protection of the holy see, before which he cites his apostate brethren, he retires from the hall.

As he passed, that coward spirit, so prompt to ruffle against the bondmen of the cross, burst into insult and outrage. Knots of straw, the rude matting of the age, were thrown, and some one called him "perjured traitor!" For an instant a flash of worldly temper lightened through the calm of heavenly courage. Sternly regarding his revilers, he exclaimed, "But that my order restrains me, that coward should repent of his insolence!"

"From amidst them forth he passed,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustained
Superior; nor of violence feared aught;
And, with retorted scorn, his back he turned
On those proud towers to swift destruction doomed."

He was attended to his lodging by a crowd of the infirm and poor, whom he caused to enter and partake of his repast. The persecution of Bishop Liberius was read at table, and the divine injunction, "when they shall persecute you in one city, flee ye to another," was observed to make a deep impression on his mind. He sent to the king, soliciting his license to depart the realm, but received an evasive answer. That evening positive intelligence was brought, that certain nobles of desperate character had conspired for his destruction; and acting on the apostolic regulation above referred to, he escaped from the city in disguise, with two attendants, and travelling on foot, by night, through devious paths, exposed for fifteen days to every form of privation and hardship, he at last arrived at the coast, and embarking in a small boat, was landed near Gravelines, in Flanders.

The necessary limits of a discourse already too protracted, forbid the attempt to follow him through the vicissitudes of his long and painful exile of fourteen years; interesting and edifying as it might be to contemplate him, at one time drenched by the storm and fainting in the mire, at another, welcomed and caressed by a powerful king; now

pleading his cause, with triumphant ability, before the sovereign pontiff, and anon edifying the monks in the quiet cloisters of Pontigny.

Henry had endeavored, by an imposing embassy of prelates and nobles, to preoccupy the mind of Louis, and corrupt or overawe the sacred college; but the former with dignity announced his determination to shelter the holy wanderer; and the latter, despite the gold profusely scattered among them, and caught at by many, with "itching palms," could not impugn the justice of his conduct.

The sovereign pontiff, straitened as he was by the cruel circumstances of the time, and constrained to the most cautious policy, by the dread of Henry's oft threatened defection to the schism of Octavian, which might have drawn after him to ruin so many souls, still approved himself worthy of his station, by the firmness with which he condemned the greater portion of the constitutions of Clarendon, and declined availing himself of Becket's resignation of his see; when he might have conciliated the king by providing for the primate elsewhere.

But if Henry could not conquer, he could at least annoy. He confiscated Becket's goods, erased his name from the liturgy, and seized the revenues of every clergyman who had either followed him to France, or sent him assistance. His relatives and friends were likewise made to feel the royal vengeance. Their possessions were confiscated, their persons exiled, neither sex or rank procuring exemption or mitigation. Helpless age and wailing infancy were alike involved in this horrible proscription; which a refinement of malice aggravated to the sufferers, by the imposed obligation of an oath to repair to Pontigny, that the archbishop might be afflicted with the sight of their distress. Four hundred victims of this cruel policy sought his asylum, and its peaceful shades resounded with their lamentations. But tyranny met its antidote in a noble commiseration. Louis and Alexander exerted their influence; the primate wrote letters to his continental friends; and these exiles for Christ received shelter and protection, compensated in after ages, when

the refugees of France, escaped from guilotine or dagger, reposed under the mantle of England's hospitality, which themselves repaid in turn by rekindling the decayed fires of her altars.

Still regal hatred had not emptied its quiver. As Pontigny belonged to the Cistercian order, Henry threatened their expulsion from his dominions, if they continued to harbor the object of his wrath. Becket accordingly left them, but was promptly consoled by Louis, who, with strong expressions of wonder and contempt, that men professing to be dead to the world, should yet, through fear of wordly loss, withdraw their countenance from a champion of the Church, appointed him an asylum in the city of Sens. It was on this occasion that, parting from the abbot, he communicated, under the seal of secrecy, a vision of the preceding night. He seemed to be standing in a church, contending against the king in the presence of the Pope and sacred college; the holy father sustaining him, and the cardinals advocating the cause of the king; when four knights entering, dragged him from the presence, and tore away his scalp where he had received the tonsure, so that he seemed to die. This dream or vision, which he interpreted as foreshadowing his mode of death, was disclosed by the abbot after the saint's decease.

Long and vexatious were the negotiations which sprung from this unhappy quarrel; exhaustless the resources of Henry's diplomacy. At one time he would set at naught his boasted constitutions, by authorising appeals to the Pope from the mandates of the primate, who had been clothed with legantine powers. At others he would ask for legates to decide between them. Repeatedly were such appointed to judge the cause, and as often beguiled by the address, or swayed by the gold of the king. Great was the interest he maintained among the cardinals; ceaseless were his efforts to cajole, intimidate, or elude the Pope. At the diet of Wurtzburg, his confidential agents swore adherence, in his name, to the new antipope Guido; and again their master disavowed their acts. Yet, to guard his insular dominions from the dreaded interdict,

he severed England from the holy see by a series of edicts more arbitrary than those of Clarendon, compelling his subjects, above the age of fifteen, to swear obedience to them; and which, had the bishops of the twelfth century, obsequious as they were, been as pliant as those of the sixteenth, would have anticipated the last fatal separation by nearly four hundred years.

Yet was he vulnerable on the side of his continental possessions; and the interdict—that last appeal to the popular mind and heart against a despot's power—might fall on them.

To avert this danger, against which he could not guard, many interviews were concerted between him and the primate; but they as often ended in disappointment, while one for ever aimed to make good his usurpations on the Church, and the other as resolutely contended for her unimpaired liberties.

At the conference of Montmirail, which took place in the presence of the king of France, Henry's subtlety for the moment prevailed over all but his far-seeing subject. The archbishop, having thrown himself at the feet of his sovereign, who raised him with demonstrations of tenderness, besought him humbly to commiserate the English Church. "To your majesty's judgment," continued he, "I here, in the presence of our lord of France, these reverend prelates, and powerful nobles, commit the whole cause which has divided us—saving the honor of God." The fatal reservation kindled Henry's rage, and he burst into expressions of unmeasured resentment. Then changing his tone, with an accustomed suddenness that imparted to his address the semblance of the most wavering caprice, he exclaimed that he would be content with such submissions from the primate, as the greatest of his predecessors in the see had rendered to his own. The assembly loudly declared that this was an honorable overture; and Louis himself feelingly urged Becket to comply. But he answered in the spirit of a man with whom religion is a reality, and not a conventional form; "it is true my predecessors were better and greater than I; but all of them, in their day, cut off some abuses, though not all. Had they done

so, I should not have to stand in the present contest. If any of them were too cool or immoderate in their zeal, we are not bound to copy their example. Freely would I return to my Church were it possessed of the liberties it enjoyed in the time of my predecessors; but admit customs which are adverse to the decrees of the holy fathers I will not." He was proceeding—probably to plead the examples of a Lanfranc and an Anselm—when his attendants drew him forcibly aside, and urged him by every consideration, to drop that reservation of "the honor of God." "And must I sacrifice that honor," cried the indignant prelate, "to regain the favor of a mortal? Away!—away!" Bitter reproaches, for imputed arrogance and obstinacy, were now heaped upon him by the French and English courtiers, and the kings displeased, withdrew; he only remaining unmoved, while his friends accompanied him to Sens, on the following day, in silence and dejection, or muttered their disappointment and anxiety. Louis had evidently withdrawn his favor, for he had neither visited him the preceding evening, nor sent him provisions for his table, according to his custom. Another exile seemed in prospect; and the archbishop cheerfully announced his plan to go on foot to the simple-hearted people on the borders of Provence, and seek an asylum with them until better times. While thus conversing he was summoned to the presence of the French monarch. In sadness the king received him; and, without rising, coldly bade him be seated. For a space he seemed lost in sorrow, and struggling to give utterance to some painful communication. Then, while all were momentarily expecting the sentence of banishment, he rose, and bursting into tears, fell at the primate's feet. As he stooped to raise him, "indeed, father," he exclaimed, "you only saw clearly. We were blinded who advised you to abandon the honor of God for the favor of a man. I am sincerely sorry, and implore your forgiveness." The report of this interview gave great offence to Henry, who sent ambassadors to complain. But Louis answered with becoming pride, "go tell your king that if he will not relinquish customs which

some deem contrary to the law of God, because they appertain to his royal dignity, neither will I surrender the hereditary privilege of my crown, to succor those who suffer in the cause of justice."

On another occasion, the archbishop worded his submission so unexceptionably—it being the same which was ultimately accepted—that the most flattering hopes existed of an immediate reconciliation; but it was prevented by the king's refusal to give the "kiss of peace," which the primate solicited in token of his sincerity.

Meanwhile, he had not suffered his spiritual weapons to slumber. His letters to the king and the prevaricating bishops are still extant, breathing at once the tender love, blended with the awful sternness of an anxious father. I wish I could have ventured to detain you, with even the briefest extracts from them. Nothing realises more vividly to me the perpetuity of the faith, than the pastoral writings of Popes and bishops of the olden time. They declare the whole counsel of God, with a force and precision, nay, often a classical elegance, unsurpassed, if equalled at the present day; and while reading them, we are almost persuaded by their freshness, that we live in the times to which they belong. Truths unchangeable, eternal interests, are treated as at present; and we feel that we walk by no new-fangled lights of modern invention, but that the fire celestial, which baptized the twelve, shines on forever in their successors, unto the perfect day. But affectionate remonstrance and solemn warning were wasted alike upon Becket's persecutors; and, with a tardy and reluctant hand, he launched the thunder. He excommunicated the prominent instigators of the king's hostility, the abettors of the constitutions of Clarendon, and the spoilers of the Church of Canterbury, and only spared Henry himself on account of his dangerous illness. Yet this unavoidable severity was deprived of its efficacy by the facility with which the legates, from time to time, deceived by the king's duplicity, or willing to conciliate his favor, interposed to mitigate the canonical censures.

At length the tyrant's political embroil-

ments compelled him to give peace to the church. Desiring the coronation of his son, he procured that ceremony from the archbishop of York, and four assistant prelates; notwithstanding letters from the Pope inhibiting their intrusion on a function, which, by old prescriptive right, appertained to the see of Canterbury. But as the princess was not crowned with her husband, her father, Louis, resenting the neglect, invaded Normandy. Beset with difficulties, Henry renewed his former treaties with France; and, in the interview with Louis which assured their peace, promised definitively a speedy reconciliation with the primate. They met, and the terms were adjusted; the latter promising "whatever could be performed, in the Lord, by an archbishop to his sovereign;" and the king engaging to receive him into favor, with security to himself and his dependents, the restoration of the Church of Canterbury with its possessions, and amendment for the violation of its dignity in the prince's coronation.

Peace had now been permanent, but for that spirit of private interest which, in every age, finds profit in the maintenance of error, and disturbance of the Church. Who would resign the confidence of an earthly monarch for the smiles of the Eternal?—Who would disgorge the spoil of a diocese, though countless plundered souls might starve and perish everlastingly? "Better to reign in the hell" of schism, "than serve in the heaven" of evangelical order! So, at least, thought Roger, archbishop of York, Gilbert, bishop of London, and their coadjutors, lay and clerical, in the work of ecclesiastical misrule. The king had sent mandates to his son to restore the archdiocese, in the condition it was in three months before the primate's flight; but when the agents of the latter arrived, to take possession in his name, they found the rents levied, the timber felled, the crops and cattle carried off, the furniture and buildings wasted and dilapidated. Twice again he sought his sovereign's presence, but was met by "changed affection's altered eye;" nor could his remonstrances gain any thing but deceitful promises. With a heavy heart, and bor-

rowed money, he at length prepared for his return; notwithstanding the forebodings of his friends, and the open threats of his enemies.

The Pope had, previously to the reconciliation, furnished him with letters of excommunication against the prelates who assisted at the coronation of the prince; and subsequently renewed them against Roger of York, and the bishops of London and Salisbury, to whose machinations was justly imputed the king's delay to fulfil his engagements. These letters he is supposed to have intended to suppress, for the sake of concord; but those guilty ecclesiastics, knowing that he carried them about his person, and dreading the merited punishment of their misdeeds, assembled at Canterbury, and despatched to the coast Ranulf de Broc, Reginald de Warrene, and Gervase de Cornhill, with a band of soldiers, to search and take them from him; but the lay conspirators publicly threatened his life. Roused by this audacity, the archbishop sent the letters by a trusty messenger, who delivered them to the bishops in the presence of their attendants.

This act has been censured, even by well disposed writers, as illjudged and vindictive. It is difficult, however, to decide the merit of measures by their consequences. We see the result of one procedure; we can only conjecture that of its opposite. Unsuccessful vigor incurs the blame of rashness; unsuccessful forbearance is denounced as cowardice or folly. Yet it seems that, in Becket's case, reasonable endurance was exhausted, and that longer impunity would only have invited to grosser outrage.

But the fury of the foiled conspirators was unbounded as their disappointment. They burst into complaints of the primate's arrogance and vindictiveness; they accused him to the young king of designing to uncrown him; they hastened to Normandy to inflame the passions of Henry.

That the latter had been aware of the archbishop's danger is evident, from the appointment of John of Oxford, his declared enemy, to escort him to Canterbury; an insult which can only be explained, by the known influence of that individual, as the

king's confidential agent, to ensure his protection. He landed at Sandwich on the first of December. The armed band, who had expected him at Dover, marched hastily against him; but the inhabitants, who received him with acclamations, took up arms in his defence. John of Oxford, in the king's name, forbade the insurgents from attempting violence, but permitted their approach in a less hostile manner. They questioned the primate rudely about the suspension of the bishops, but observing the rising indignation of the people, withdrew to their instigators at Dover.

Surrounded by an exulting population, who celebrated his return with every appropriate demonstration, St. Thomas re-entered Canterbury on the following day. But his joy was of short duration. On the morrow, came back the aforementioned barons, with the chaplains of the suspended prelates, to demand the recall of their sentence; which they asserted had been pronounced in defiance of the king and the customs of the realm. "I did it," replied he, "with the king's permission, and to revoke their sentence were to undo the act of my superior, the Roman pontiff." More closely urged, he mitigated his resolution, and proposed to assume the responsibility of absolving the two bishops, if they would swear, in the accustomed form, to obey the Pope's injunctions in this behalf. The case of the archbishop of York had been reserved by the sovereign pontiff to himself. As the bishops had taken the same oath, when a previous excommunication, by the primate only, had been revoked by the legates, they wavered and were about to comply. But the archbishop of York, declaring that he had eight thousand marks of silver, which he would freely spend to humble the primate, and urging the insincerity of Henry's reconciliation with him, prevailed on them to join him rather in appealing to the king.

St. Thomas now proposed to visit the young king, to whom he had already announced his return, and explained the cause of the suspension of the bishops; but their malicious and absurd insinuations had alarmed the youthful monarch, and his

officers met the primate in London, with peremptory orders to return to his see.

Sad and anxious was his Christmas preparation; for the advent of the Lord was not, for him, in the "peace on earth to men of good will." His days were spent in retirement, prayer, and other duties of his sacred station; but they were darkened by danger and distress. The threats of his enemies grew louder and more violent, his possessions were plundered, his provisions intercepted, his servants insulted and beaten. The festival of joy arose in sorrow: mournfully the arches of his cathedral gave back the angels' hymn. He ascended the pulpit, at high mass, and preached with unusual union. At the close of his discourse, he told his people that he soon should leave them, and they would be satisfied who thirsted for his blood. Sobs and stifled lamentations overpowered his firmness, and for a moment he dissolved in sympathetic grief; but, rousing from the melting mood, he declaimed against the vices of the age; and declaring that he would not die before vindicating the injuries of his Church, solemnly excommunicated Ranulf and Robert de Broc, who for seven years had ravaged on its spoil.

Meantime, the suspended prelates had repaired to Normandy, where they threw themselves at the monarch's feet, imploring his protection against the primate, who they falsely asserted had excommunicated all who were present at the prince's coronation. "Then by God's eyes," shouted Henry, "he has excommunicated me!" They went on to state that Becket, with an armed force, had advanced against the youthful king, intending to seize his castles: and their royal dupe responded with curses on all his bounty had fed or favor distinguished, who yet would not avenge him of a single priest, the disturber of his realm. "One man," cried he, in the frenzy of alarm and fury, "one man, who has eaten of my bread, has lifted up his heel against me! One man, insulting my benefits, dishonors the whole royal race, and with impunity tramples down my kingdom! One man, who burst into my court on a crippled beast of burthen, has deposed the royal

line, and, in your presence, peers, sits exulting on the throne!" Could such language be mistaken? Four knights took that hint from his incoherent rage, which even royalty loves not to give explicitly.

Reginald Fitzurse, William de Traci, Richard Brito, and Hugh de Moreville resolved to satisfy the king, and left his court in secrecy. He suspected their purpose, and sent messengers to prohibit violence. But their haste eluded his precautions.

At Saltwood, the castle of the notorious De Brocs, they matured the details of their murderous plot, and taking with them a band of soldiers, proceeded on the twenty-ninth of December, with arms concealed, to Canterbury. A wretch, by name Clarembaldus, whom Henry had forced upon the monks, was prior of St. Austiq's. By him were the assassins received, and with him they conferred on the execution of their bloody design.

Abruptly entering the apartment of the primate, who having dined was conversing with his monks, on business of the diocese, they seated themselves at his feet, bent, as will appear in the sequel, to elicit from his ardent temperament some plausible excuse for violence. "We bring you orders from the king," said Fitzurse, "will you hear them in public or in private?" "As you please," was his reply. "In private then," rejoined Fitzurse; and the company were requested to withdraw; but a moment's reflection suggesting to the archbishop the propriety of having witnesses, he called to his clergy to return. Reginald commenced the altercation, by commanding him to go to the young king and perform his duties; and, for a space, the conversation took a general captious turn, while Fitzurse urged vague accusations of dereliction, and his intended victim demanded specific charges. At length the ruffian ordered him to absolve the excommunicated bishops. "That," answered Becket, "belongs not to me, but to the Pope who excommunicated them." "At least," replied Fitzurse, "you procured it." "I confess," rejoined the prelate, "I am not displeased, when the Pope avenges the wrongs of my Church." "Your pleasure," said Fitzurse, "in their

disgrace, for having dared to crown the prince, shows clearly that you would fain snatch the crown from his head, and be yourself the king." "Rather," answered Becket, "would I give him three or four such crowns, if my power equalled my will; nor does any one, I think, the king alone excepted, love him more tenderly, or more ardently desire his welfare. And as to the bishops, whom you assert to have been suspended or excommunicated by me, yourselves well know that whatever has been done was with the king's consent; for when, on the festival of the blessed Mary Magdalene, after peace had been restored between us, I complained to him of the many injuries that had been done to my Church, and especially of those prelates who, in contempt of their mother see of Canterbury, had dared usurp my function, he, of his own grace, conceded, that I might obtain whatever redress I could from our lord the Pope, insomuch that he not only gave consent, but promised his assistance." At this Fitzurse exclaimed, "Hold! you tell of unexampled treachery! the king grant you permission to suspend or excommunicate those who, by his command, assisted at his son's coronation? He never admitted such a thought! But you are guilty of a monstrous crime, insinuating such perfidy against your sovereign!" "Reginald, Reginald," responded the primate, "I by no means accuse the king of treachery. But our peace was made, and our agreements adjusted, not in secrecy; for archbishops, bishops, many persons of great distinction, five hundred clergymen, still more knights were present; nay you also, lord Reginald, were there." "I was not there," replied Fitzurse, "nor did I hear or see those things." "Nay," answered Becket, "God knoweth, but I am sure I saw you." But he, with frantic perjury, denying he was there, continued: "This is wonderful beyond all precedent, that you should impute such treachery to our king; he would not bear it longer, nor will we his liegemen." And his accomplices burst forth likewise in oaths and threats. The archbishop resumed, complaining of the outrages which had been

committed against his people and his property, since his return, the open insults and injuries he had sustained, and now these threats. "Why did you not complain?" replied Fitzurse, "you would have had justice done you." "But to whom," asked Becket, "could I appeal?" "To the king in England," said Fitzurse. "My friend," said the archbishop, "I have complained enough. I have exposed my wrongs enough, I have labored enough to obtain redress. Besides, so many injuries are heaped on me from day to day, that I could not find a messenger for each. But however I expose my grievances, it availeth nothing; for the young king and his justices, depending on the pleasure of the king abroad, do nothing without consulting him; but to me is denied both justice here, and the privilege of going to him. Whence I am hardly dealt with. But, since I find not justice here or there, I will do what an archbishop can and ought to do; nor for mortal will I refrain." "Threats! threats!" exclaimed one of the conspirators, "will you interdict the entire kingdom, and excommunicate us all?" "No, by God's help," cried another, "he hath anathematized too many already." Then springing from their seats, with furious words and gestures, they charged the monks to keep him securely, and prevent his escape, as they should answer for him to the king. But he retorted, "Think you I shall fly? I will not fly for the king or any mortal. I came not here to fly, but to meet the rage of the wicked." "True, true," cried the assassins, "you shall not escape!" And they went forth in a tumult of threats and insults. But he, following to the door, called after Hugh de Moreville to return, as he wished to speak with him; but he would not. Then one of his attendants, John of Salisbury, remonstrated with him for not taking counsel with his friends, and proceeding more cautiously towards men, who he knew were only aiming to "take him in his words." "My whole counsel is taken," said the primate, "I know what I am to do." "God grant," replied the other, "it may eventuate well!"

In the court yard, the murderers and their

soldiers threw off their outer garments which concealed their armor, and with swords and axes, and other implements of death or to break through obstacles, returned towards the palace. Some of the household running to the archbishop, exclaimed, "Master, they are arming!"—but he answered, "Who cares? let them arm!" The servants barred the principal door against them, but Robert de Broc, who was familiar with the premises, led the way to a private stair connecting with the garden, where they burst through a window and gained entrance.

Slowly and reluctantly, at the compulsory instance of his monks, the archbishop withdrew through the cloisters to the church, where they were singing vespers; but seeing some about to bar the door—"Cowards!" said he, "begone; let the blind wretches rage! in virtue of your obedience, close not the door, for it is not meet to fortify the church."

The assassins now rushed in tumultuously, calling out, "where is the traitor? where is the archbishop?" Becket, who had ascended a few steps towards the choir, returned at this to meet them; saying, "here am I, the archbishop, but no traitor!"

One of them approaching cried out, "fly, you are a dead man!" "I will not fly." "Come hither, then," said the other, seizing him and striking off his cap with his dagger, "you are a prisoner!" "I will not come," replied the saint, withdrawing his robe from the sacrilegious grasp, "here you shall do to me what you will!" The assassin recoiled!

Then to Fitzurse, whom he saw advancing with his naked sword, he said, "What, Reginald! I have done thee many favors, and comest thou armed against me in the church?" "You shall quickly see," was the answer, "you are a dead man!" "And I," said the saint, "am ready to die, for my God, for justice, and the liberty of the Church. But, if you seek my life, I charge you, in the name of Almighty God, and under pain of anathema, hurt not one of my people. Let them be free from the penalty as they are of the offence. To me, and not to them should it be imputed, if they have embraced the cause of the suffering

Church." Then interpreting their gestures, he added, "to God, to the blessed Mary, to the holy patrons of this Church, and the blessed martyr Dionysius, I commend myself, and the cause of the Church!" Fitzurse replied with a furious blow which nearly severed the arm of the faithful Edward Grim, who interposed to ward it, and reached the head of the primate, who fell upon his knees with eyes upturned towards heaven, and his hands clasped in prayer. A stroke from the second ruffian stretched him prostrate. The third laid open the greater portion of his skull, and the fourth, upbraided by his accomplices for tardiness, struck fiercely at the mangled head, and shivered his sword against the pavement,—fit emblem of the Church's triumph through her martyr's blood! Yet Hugh de Moreville, inserting his weapon into the gaping wound, scattered the brains about the floor! "He is dead," said they, "let us begone!"

And here the tale must close. The groan that rang through Christendom;—the murderers hiding from the curse of God and man;—their bitter penitence and signal deaths;—the fearful end of the chief contriver of their crime;—Henry's anguish and dismay;—his abrogation of the councils of Clarendon;—his bloody penance at the martyr's shrine;—the miraculous victory that crowned his arms at the instant he was rising from his expiatory prayer;—the wonders wrought by Almighty God at his faithful servant's tomb;—the piety that for ages heaped it with grateful offerings, till its wealth attracted a reformer's eye, and was sent to pamper a monarch's sensuality, while Cromwell burned and scattered to the winds those relics which yet shall shine forever in the courts of the Eternal King,—all these, and many kindred topics, might be dilated on before an unexhausted auditory, but not mine.

I would detain you with but one consideration. To some of you, perhaps, my narrative has presented only an enthusiastic zealot, contending, with commendable firmness for what he believed to be right. But Becket was more. "He was freedom's champion." He stood for liberty, alone, when all beside him crouched at a despot's

heel. He alone dared meet a tyrant's mandate by pointing to a charter, and oppose the fury of innovation by the everlasting principles of truth and justice; and well has it been observed of him by a writer never partial, nor always fair,* had he been given to his country but a few years later, we should have seen him at the head of the barons, wresting at Runnymede the great manumission deed of Englishmen from Henry's arbitrary son. Let not prejudice suggest that he only sought the substitution of ecclesiastical for political domination. The Church was, in his time, the only citadel of human rights known to our insular progenitors. That land which now gives law to half a world, had been trampled successively by Roman, Saxon, Dane and Norman; and the heterogeneous race, so foolishly miscalled, by eminence, the Anglo-Saxon, on whom each conqueror had branded his mark in turn, sat in bondage dark, unmitigated, Egyptian. The first faint beams of day were glimmering on the mountain tops, but night and vapor still submerged the plain. The great tenants of the crown, "the thousand small despots perched on their robber crags," had wrung some vague concessions from the fears or necessities of royalty; but the idea of popular liberty had no existence but as some half remembered, brilliant dream of childhood, in the recollections of the learned, or the traveller from distant lands. Prerogative swayed unresisted, and man's only asylum was within the walls of the convent, or under the sacred shadow of the Church. That Church, I quote the language of a native Protestant writer,† "labored with untiring zeal and perseverance, from the first century to the fifteenth, and successfully laid the foundations of all that society now is. During the greater part of that period, by means of its superior intelligence and virtue, it ruled the state, modified its action and compelled its administrators to consult the rights of man, by protecting the poor, the feeble, and the defenceless. It is not easy to estimate the astonishing progress it effected for civilization, during

that long period, called, by narrow minded and bigoted Protestant historians, "the dark ages." Never before had such labors been performed for humanity. Never before had there been such an immense body as the Christian clergy, animated by a common spirit, and directed, by a common will and intelligence, to the cultivation and growth of the moral virtues, and the arts of peace. Then was tamed the wild barbarian, and the savage heart made to yield to the humanising influences of tenderness, gentleness, meekness, humility, and love; then imperial crown and royal sceptre paled before the crosier, and the representative of him who had lived, and toiled, and preached, and suffered, and died in obscurity, in poverty and disgrace, was exalted and made himself felt in the palace and in the cottage, in the court and the camp; striking terror into the rich and noble, and pouring the oil and wine of consolation into the bruised heart of the poor and friendless.

"Wrong, wrong have they been who have complained that kings and emperors were subject to the spiritual head of Christendom. It was well for man that there was a power above the brutal tyrants, called emperors, kings, and barons, who rode rough shod over the humble peasant and artisan; well that there was a power, even on earth, that could touch their cold and atheistical hearts, and make them tremble as the veriest slave. The heart of humanity leaps with joy, when a murderous Henry is scourged at the tomb of a Thomas à Becket; or when another Henry waits barefoot, shivering with cold and hunger for days, at the door of the Vatican; or when a Pope grinds his foot into the neck of a Frederic Barbarossa.

"Aristocratic Protestantism which has never dared enforce its discipline on royalty or nobility, may weep over the exercise of such power; but it is to the existence and exercise of such power that the PEOPLE owe their existence, and the doctrine of man's equality to man, its progress."

And an English Protestant,* commenting on the Pope's recent allocution against the outrages of the Russian autocrat upon

* Mr. Berrington.

† Boston Quarterly Review. January, 1842. Pp. 13, 14.

his Catholic subjects, exclaims with equal candor:

"We hail with gratification and with hope this appeal of the Roman Catholic Church against the injustice of Russia. It reminds us of the records of ancient days, . . . in which we find, in ages termed by us dark, the appeal for justice ever made to the Church, the voice of the Church ever responding to that appeal, restraining the powerful, protecting the weak, and asserting in times of violence and danger, the supremacy of justice and right."

Such is the testimony of that liberality

which dares to break the trammels of nursery prejudice, and seek historic truth beyond the magic circle of the primer! Such was the Church for whose vested rights the sainted Becket poured himself out like water! But to those who know her for the guardian of that better liberty wherein Christ hath made us free, he rises far above her Wallaces and Tells; and we gratefully respond to his commemoration in the liturgy of this day.

"Behold a great Prelate who in his days pleased God! There was none found like him in keeping the law of the Most High."

A. M. D. G.

Selected.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

I SAW the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumbered woes,
And he was poor, without a friend,
Pressed by a thousand foes.

I saw the passion's pliant slave,
In gallant trim and gay;
His course was pleasure's placid wave,
His life a summer day.

And I was caught in folly's snare,
And joined her giddy train,
But found her soon the nurse of care,
And punishment and pain.

There surely is some guiding power,
That rightly suffers wrong;
Gives vice to bloom her little hour,
But virtue late and long.

ETERNITY.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
A moment's pleasure sinners know,
Through which they pass to endless wo:
A moment's wo the righteous taste,
Through which to endless joy they haste:
Mark well, O Man, Eternity!—WÜLFER.

THE EPISCOPALIAN CHURCH A MODERN SECT.

*Hear the Church; a sermon preached in the chapel royal, St. James' palace, June 17, 1838. By Walter Farquhar Hook, D. D. chaplain in ordinary to her Majesty. Second American from the fifteenth London edition. Burlington, N. J.**

HAVING shown what is meant by the Church, the queen's lecturer proceeds to exemplify it by what he calls an indisputable fact. Behold, then, gentle reader, the fact, and the doctor's reasoning upon it. "In this country there is at this time a religious society known by the name of the Church. The question is, when and by whom was this society instituted? Now the Roman Catholics, or Papists, assert that it was instituted and founded, like the generality of Protestant sects, by certain Reformers in the sixteenth century; and thence they would deduce a strong argument against us. They would ask us whether any man could take to himself the office of the ministry unless he be sent by God; and if we are spiritual Christians, if we take the Bible for our guide, if we act on that sound Protestant principle, with the fifth chapter to the Hebrews open before us, we must answer, no. They then proceed to ask, how can you prove that your ministers are called of God to the office? And if their assertion were true, that our Church was founded at the reformation, we could

* At a time when such bold pretensions are put forth to names and things, which belong exclusively to the Church founded by the apostles, the review of Dr. Hook's sermon will be read with interest. It is from the pen of the Rev. J. A. Mason, a convert in England from Methodism to Catholicity, and we extract from it such portions as will establish incontestibly the proposition contained in the title of this article. The author clothes his ideas occasionally with rather too much of the ludicrous, which is probably attributable to the vividness of conviction with which he beheld and deplored the errors of Protestantism; but we recommend his observations solely for the able argument by which his point is sustained, and we trust that the overfacetiousness of the writer, if such it may sometimes appear, will be pardoned even by our dissenting friends.—[Ed.]

give them no answer at all."* It is not my province to defend the dissenting ministers in this review, against whom this quotation from the fifth chapter of the Hebrews is levelled. But the doctor ought to know, that the right of private judgment was established at the reformation as an indispensable and irrefragable principle. Without this, neither Luther, Calvin, Henry VIII, Cranmer, or any other reformer, could have accomplished their respective reformations. Up to that time the authority of the Church expressed and exercised, through the Roman pontiff, or a general council presided over by him or his representatives, was the rule of faith and essential discipline, according to the commission given to the pastors of the Church, "to feed and rule the Church of God," (Acts xx, 28): to teach and discipline all nations; "Going, therefore, teach all nations, baptizing, teaching them to observe all things *whatsoever* I have commanded you; and, behold, I am with you always, even to the consummation of the world!" (St. Matt. xxviii, 19, 20): "As my Father hath sent me, so I send you," &c. (St. John xx, 21): "He that heareth you heareth me; and he that despiseth you despiseth me; and he that despiseth me despiseth him that sent me." (St. Luke x, 16.) It is evidently upon this ground that all are obliged to "hear the Church," and that her decrees in matters of faith and essential discipline, have ever been paramount to private judgment, and imperative on the consciences of men. And, although the bishops of every national Church are appointed of God to feed and rule their respective Churches, it is in subordination to the general voice and authority of the whole body of the pastors of the Church Catholic. It is as much their duty to "hear the Church" as it is of the meanest of their flocks. It is true that as all points of mere

* Hear the Church, p. 5, &c.

discipline would not be suitable to all nations, the bishops of a particular nation have a right to judge what parts of discipline that are not essential to the well being of the whole Church Catholic may be received or rejected; and hence the French Church does not receive every point of discipline ordained by Rome, nor are all points decreed by the council of Trent every where received. But such points as are essential to the integrity of the whole Church and her worship are every where of obligation. But the reformers of the English Church, like all the rest of the reformers, claimed the right of private judgment, and altered the faith and essential discipline of their Church according to their private judgment; so that the English Church was not like any other national Church in the world, and consequently not like the united Church Catholic. Nay they broke off from the centre of unity by which the Church Catholic was bound together in one, and thus ceased to be a member of the Catholic Church, and became at once heretical and schismatical. From that moment it was no longer a duty to "hear the English Church," but on the contrary a duty not to hear her. If, however, she had the right of private judgment to alter the faith and discipline of the body national, then Brown, and Penn, and Wesley, &c., have the same right to endeavor a counter reformation. And, were I a dissenting minister, I should soon dispose of the fifth chapter to the Hebrews. (Vide Dr. Clarke's comment on that chapter.) But Dr. Hook wishes to take root in the old Catholic Church of this kingdom. I have just shown that he cannot;*

* Dr. Hook must himself know that the king was proclaimed at the reformation the fountain and source of all authority, ecclesiastical and civil; that in virtue of this authority the Church was established and modelled to his will; that no doctrine, canon or constitution of this Church could be of any force otherwise than as the king willed and decreed; that he could make and unmake bishops at his pleasure. Henry forbade the clergy to intermeddle with matters of religion without his authority for it, and they only durst complain that it was an encroachment on their privilege; just as if meddling in matters of religion was only a privilege and not a duty inherent in their apostolical and divine commission, if they had any. Under Edward the convocation of the clergy only petitioned of the parliament that no statute might pass concerning religion without their advice, but it could not be ob-

and I will now show it more fully, as it has been shown in a little work on the Church, as a monument, now in the press. The Christian religion is acknowledged by all professing Christians to be a divine revelation, a final and complete revelation. This religion may be comprised under the terms doctrine and worship. Now whatever is essential to the truth of doctrine and worship, was delivered by Christ to the Church with the design that it should be universally promulgated and established, and that it should endure through all generations to the end of time. Hence such is the form of the commission Christ, the wisdom of God, gave to his apostles, and such the promises he made to them. Knowing that as men they and their successors would be liable to error—knowing that the gates of hell would strive to prevail against them, he promises, who cannot lie or be deceived, that he will give the Holy Ghost to them to guide them into all truth, and that he shall remain with them for ever. Thus the unity, integrity, and perpetuity of truth is guaranteed to the Church by God himself; and guaranteed, not conditionally, like salvation to individuals, which depends upon their own fidelity to divine grace, but unconditionally, that all men in all ages may have the means of salvation in the Church established for this purpose. This unity and integrity of truth is essential to itself, essential to the design of its revelation, essential to afford the means of acquiring divine knowledge and saving grace for all nations

tained. Soon after the king and privy council sent visitors into all parts of the kingdom with ecclesiastical constitutions and articles of faith. They required an express declaration from the bishops that they would teach only such doctrines as were established and explained by the king and clergy. But why require this of the bishops if they were the dictators of these doctrines? It is evident the word clergy is only inserted for form's sake, and regarded the faithless Cramer (and perhaps Ridley), who was in all things the king's willing tool. After this came forth a mandate forbidding all teaching or preaching without the bishops' license; then the power of licensing was taken from the bishops and reserved to the king and Cramer only; and, finally, all preaching was suspended throughout the kingdom till a form of faith silencing all controversy should come from the royal mint, and all persons were exhorted to receive with submission the orders that should be sent down to them. These are the *high and holy* grounds on which the claims of the Church of England rest.—*Review*, p. 19.

in all generations. And there is a mutual and correlative dependence between the unity and integrity of the faith and the unity and integrity of the Church, and *vice versa*. Once break the bond of faith, and the bond of the Church is broken directly; on the other hand, once break the bond of the Church, and a breach in the unity and integrity of the faith will soon follow. Now the unity of the Church is dependent upon unity of authority in the universal whole, and this unity of authority cannot be maintained without a centre of unity. Hence we come to the Pope at once, and must come to him; for if the scriptures had said nothing about St. Peter, or any other visible head, men might indeed have been at a loss as to the legitimate person (unless tradition had been strong enough to convince all men upon the subject, which can scarcely be supposed); but common sense would have appointed one, not a temporal king, but a pontiff, and would have enforced his authority. Protestants, therefore, have sinned as much against common sense in this particular as against a divine institution.* This being the nature of revealed truth, and the nature of a divinely appointed Church, there can be no independence of national Churches so far. Supposing St. Paul, or any other apostle, did preach the gospel in Britain, he could not establish an independent faith and Church; and the ancient British Church before or after the Saxon conquest could not be independent, as is evident from the very nature of the Christian compact. All that were converted were added to the Church, and it became a mountain filling the whole earth; and if any embraced the profession of Christianity without being added to the Church, no salvation was promised them,—“The Lord added to the Church such as should be saved.” Thus there is one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one church, the body and spouse of Christ, the pillar and temple of truth. But supposing the English Church had its root in the ancient Catholic Church of this kingdom, it was not by being connected with the ancient British, but the ancient Saxon

Church. The archbishop of Canterbury owns not St. David, but St. Augustine, as the founder of his see and of the English Catholic Church. We will now examine whether the present English Church has its root in the ancient Church of this kingdom. No one can deny that, *per accidens*, it has, inasmuch as if there had not been a Church there could have been no departure from the Church, or no pretended reformation of it; but, *per vinculum*, she has no more union with the ancient Church than the latter had with the ancient Druids, or the votaries of Woden. She has seized on ancient emoluments, and converted Catholic temples into Protestant churches; but this does not unite her to the Church she despoiled. Dr. Hook talks of bishops, priests, and deacons, and what they will do if driven into the caves of the desert; and no doubt he would be proud to acknowledge with Mr. Wesley, “that their bishops derive their orders from those bishops who received their episcopacy from the Roman Pontiff.” But supposing they did, they have rejected the faith, for the protection and propagation of which that episcopacy was given, and which faith was held entire till the reign of Edward VI, and for the defence of which against the reformer Luther, Henry VIII received from the Pope the title *Defensor Fidei*. Now if this defence had not been true Popery, the Pope would not thus have rewarded him. But having afterwards cast off this faith, the English Church and clergy are condemned and excommunicated, not only by the Catholic Church but by the whole world. Neither Greeks, nor Latins, nor Copts, Syrians, Armenians or Nestorians will hold communion with them, or any other of the Protestant Churches.

Dr. Hook treats the word Protestant very shabbily; nay, he treats the whole offspring of the reformers, and the reformers too of all other reformed Churches, as if they were heretics and schismatics, calling them “Protestant sects,” and evidently condemning them as to doctrine and discipline. He labors hard to wash out the blot of Protestantism from his Church; but finding it like an attempt to wash a negro white, very

* This many distinguished Protestants have admitted, as Leibnitz, Melancthon, &c.—Ed.

wisely desists, and rides off to St. James' palace to tell the queen and the nation that it is a nondescript thing, something like the manfish, found in the river Poick, that runs through the dark subterranean caverns of Adelsburg, supposed to be self-generating, and by the learned called proteus anguinus; a snake-like thing, in aspect somewhat human, but of varying form; and certainly the doctor might be farther from the mark. There is something subterranean about his Church; something amphibious; it has shewn itself a snake in human guise; its habits are protean, and it cannot bear the light. But let the doctor speak for himself. "I am come," says he, "to tell your majesty and the nation, that the Protestant Church of England is the old Catholic Church; though I confess it is not the whole, nor like any other branch throughout the world. Yet, as it is neither of the same faith nor the same discipline, nor united in itself in any one faith, nor joined in union with any other church, nor adhering to any one bond or centre of unity, except your majesty—and we can even be independent of you—therefore we must be the whole Catholic Church; for the Church is one, and we, differing from every body else, must be that one. And though the word Catholic, means universal, and our Church is not universal, yet it is no less the Catholic Church. I know it is called Protestant likewise; that is, protesting against every branch, and even the whole stock of the Catholic Church; but this does not alter the case—it is still the Catholic Church. I own I don't like the term Protestant, and have been long trying to wash this stain away; but I cannot, and therefore I have come to the conclusion that it is sometimes one and sometimes the other, and always both together. Yes, your majesty, I am bound, as a successor of the apostles, to tell you that our Church is both Catholic and Protestant! I hope the Holy Spirit is with me while I thus speak, and with you while you thus hear, that I may not give, and you not take offence!" I am sure that her majesty must have shook her head, and the reader of any reflection, will either button up his lips, or open them in the loud laugh. The English Protestant

Church, the ancient Catholic Church! Why, it is no more like it than Dr. Hook is like a mermaid; she is much more like the proteus anguinus than the god-like form which Solomon delineates, and of which he has prophesied, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee;" and of whom St. Paul has said, "He has purchased to himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing."

But I am not ignorant of the distinction between orders and missions. A church may have true orders, i. e., the episcopal and priestly character, and, as such, apostolical succession, and thus be a continuation of the same national hierarchy, though it may fall into schism and heresy, or even be excommunicated: it is not so, however, as to jurisdiction, which flows from apostolical authority in the body of the Church Catholic, or its divinely appointed head, the Roman pontiff, and canonically exercised. Without this, there is no legitimate succession; and, therefore, although orders and succession may be preserved by regular ordination, they are lost, *de jure*: from the time a church falls into heresy or schism, that church, *de facto*, loses all lawful authority and mission; and if the canons are violated, orders are so far invalid, and the succession so far lost. Now it would not be difficult to prove that Cranmer's consecration even was canonically invalid, *ab initio*, from the protest he made before his consecration; but I shall not dwell upon this: certainly, from the schism of the English Church, all its authority and mission was unlawful, and more especially from the time of its excommunication. Still the main body of regular bishops existed till the reign of Edward VI, when the ordinal was altered; and all who were consecrated or ordained by that ordinal were neither bishops nor priests, as will be more fully shewn hereafter. In matters of faith and worship, Henry changed nothing except as related to the supremacy; he would allow no new sumpsinus in religion. Hence there was not that opposition that ought to have been by the clergy. They were divided on the subject of the divorce, and religion not being much outraged, their

loyalty got the better of their conscience; for the Catholic clergy are ever ready to cling to their prince as far as may be, and in this case they did so farther than conscience could justify. But all were not deterred by fear, or blinded by interest; all were not deceived by a shew of keeping up the Catholic religion by the Six Articles, when its head was gone, and its integrity left to the caprice of a monster's mind; all were not indifferent to the present, or unaware of the future. Many saw that the walls being broken down, and the keeper of the vineyard ejected from his charge, the wild beasts of the desert would revel in the spoil, and they dared to oppose the tyrant's will: the consequence was imprisonment, tortures, death. Among the numerous victims, we find a Fisher, bishop of Rochester, Sir Thomas More, lord chancellor, a Houghton, prior of the Charter House Monastery, who all perished in defence of the Church; the character of which men, especially the two former, was famed for learning, piety, and integrity, and is now held in esteem even by wise virtuous Protestants, and will ever be held in benediction by the children of the Catholic Church.

During this king's reign, the bishops and priests certainly were true bishops and priests, though many of them were not true men. This order continued, as I have said, to Edward's reign, during which the form of ordination was altered; the Catholic religion, as confirmed by the acts of Henry, abrogated; the new liturgy established; every doctrine and ancient practice annulled; and all things made to suit what had been done, and what they intended to do. And when the doctrine of the real presence and the sacrifice of the mass were discarded, the order of priesthood was not necessary; for where there is no altar,—no victim,—no sacrifice,—there is no office of priesthood remaining. Consequently, in the new ordinal or form of ordination, no priestly character or power was given. Still, many of the clergy, bishops, and priests, had been ordained by the old formula; these continued true bishops and priests, while the rest were neither the one nor the other. Dr. Hook boasts, as his brethren are wont to do, that

the reformation of the Church was accomplished in due order by the bishops. It has been shewn that under Henry, all was done by the royal will, Cranmer being a ready tool for every purpose. That he had no conscience is evident; for, while a Protestant in his heart, he condemned Protestants to the stake, for the same principles he himself held, and afterwards professed; and, to please his royal master, and to preserve his emoluments and life, conformed to the Six Acts, taught transubstantiation, celebrated mass, administered communion in one kind, professed to live in celibacy, though he had privately married a wife, subscribed to the obligation of observing religious vows, the lawfulness of private masses, and the necessity of auricular confession; all which he disbelieved, and shook off as soon as the king was dead. No reformation, therefore, was made under this king, and consequently there was little for the conclave to do, and nothing they could do but yield or die. Under Edward, every thing was done by the royal will, at the suggestion of the courtiers and a few bishops in their interest. By these, the liturgy was reformed and pronounced, as I have said, to be the work of the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Three years later, at the suggestion of foreign Protestants, Dr. Hook's sectarians, it was reformed again. Now the bishops objected, but Edward declared that, if they would not reform it, the new service should be freed from its blemishes without their assistance. Here, again, the royal will alone reformed the Church. The prelates who had known and believed the Catholic faith, though they had yielded too far, sat very uneasily under these changes, and Cranmer proposed to purge the Church of those whose disaffection was most notorious. Bonner, the bishop of London, was first selected. He told his accusers "he had three things—a few goods, a poor carcass, and a soul: the two former were at their disposal, the last was his own." He told them they were notorious heretics, and charged Cranmer with subserviency to men in power, and inconstancy in his religious principles. The next was Gardiner, bishop of Winchester; the third Heath, bishop of Worcester; the

fourth, Day, bishop of Chichester; the fifth, Tunstall, bishop of Durham. These prelates had been long imprisoned in the tower, and, after their trial, were kept in prison till the reign of Mary. The new doctrines mainly depended on the crown and its advisers; they did not take root in the country till power, fraud, the pulpit, and the press, and every species of penal law established them; and this every body knows. The clergy, for the most part, were hostile to them and the new liturgy, but were too much afraid of the penalties. If the church had been lawfully reformed by the bishops, according to the canons, there would have been no need of foreign auxiliaries; of kingly tyranny; of metropolitan hypocrisy, vacillation, force, and fraud; of legal proscription; imprisonment of bishops; dragooning of the clergy, and galling and ruinous penalties. A boy of ten years old could tell Dr. Hook this. In the midst of this ruin and confusion the boy Edward dies, and Mary comes to the throne. And now the sincerity of all the actors in the tragedy is brought to the test. Cranmer, who had bastardized the queen, divorced her mother, married and unmarried the king at his pleasure, and voted to death and signed the execution warrants of his wives, with a recklessness becoming a fiend of hell, now recants all, and is willing to be a Papist again, and say mass, and commit every other "abomination of Popery," providing he can save his life and emoluments; and, when he sees he cannot, then, and not till then, he acts the part, not of boldness and courage, becoming a good cause, as some, more superficial than wise, have said, but the part of a froward child, who hangs himself, or dashes out his brains for very spleen, when he cannot have his will.*

Thus the false guise of the man, which had marked him through life, covers his memory in death. Since I cannot be a Protestant archbishop, under a Protestant king, and Popish archbishop, under a Popish queen,—as I cannot be dictator, apostate, and traitor, alternately, when interest serves, I will seem a martyr, and repay the consist-

ent caution of the queen with my latest malice. Thus died Cranmer, the fiend of earth, and the crown prince of hell. The duke of Northumberland appears next, and, when about to pay the forfeit of his treasons, he acknowledged to the spectators the justice of his punishment; declared that he died in the faith of his fathers, though, through ambition, he had conformed to a worship which his heart condemned; and prayed for the return of his countrymen to the Catholic Church. A proof that he knew they had left it, and that the Protestant Church was, *toto celo*, different from the Catholic. Now, however, all things were reversed, and the old Church and religion were re-established. The deprived and imprisoned prelates were reinstated in their sees, and the two houses of parliament acknowledge their sin, and beg pardon on their knees,—all which proves that it never entered into their heads, that the new religion was reformed legitimately, or that the Protestant Church was the same as the old Catholic Church; their consciences were awake, but their avarice for the plunder of the church was awake also. As soon as Mary was seated on the throne she of course released the bishops from the tower, but she did not force the Catholic religion on an unwilling people: she contented herself with asserting her right to have the Catholic worship performed in her own palace; but when the representatives of the nation returned to the Church, the bishops returned to their sees, except such as would not conform, and they were allowed to retire in peace, as Barlow and all the rest did, Cranmer not excepted. But the violence of the reformers, and seditious conduct of preachers, exciting the people to rebellion, made a different line of policy necessary. I need not pursue this subject farther than as a link in my argument; and this being sufficient, I pass to other points.

Dr. Hook reminds the queen, that, in the chapel of St. James' palace, "Young Edward imbibed the principles of divine truth from the lips of Ridley and Cranmer." Enough has been said, and whoever reads the history of Cranmer's career, will find that he was the last man to depend upon for principles of

* Macauley, the distinguished writer, and a Protestant, has drawn the same portraiture of Cranmer. See his *Miscellanies*, vol. i, p. 208, &c.—Ed.

any kind, much less those of divine truth. As to Ridley, he was not so base as Cranmer, but he was not a man of principle; for, during the reign of Henry, he conformed to all the theological caprice of that king; and, in Edward's reign he turned round to the new doctrine, and was one of those that pronounced the first composition of the Book of Common Prayer to be the dictate of the Holy Ghost, and its reformation, three years later, the dictate of the Holy Ghost. During the reign of Mary, however, these men perished: and nearly all the bishops consecrated by the old ordinal, returned to the Catholic Church; Barlow and Hodgskins did not. At the accession of Elizabeth all the Catholic prelates, except Kitchen, of Landaff, remained faithful, and were all removed from their sees and imprisoned, except Kitchen, who took the oath, and who was confirmed in his see. Hence it became necessary for the queen to provide a new hierarchy for her new Church. She applied to the old bishops to conform, and perform their functions in the new religion; but they all refused, and the queen resolved to supply their places by the exiles from abroad. Dr. Parker was fixed upon as metropolitan; but he was not a bishop, and must be consecrated, and four bishops were necessary for his consecration. But whence were they to be obtained, since only one lawful bishop was left?—he of Landaff! Again, in what manner was Parker to be consecrated? The ordinal of Edward was abolished by parliament in the last reign, and the Catholic ordinal renewed; this again was now abolished! and no lawful ordinal existed. Canonists and theologians were consulted, and they determined that the queen's authority as head of the church could supply every defect. Four personages were therefore appointed, viz: Barlow, who had been bishop of Bath, but was deprived of his episcopacy; Hodgskins, once suffragan of Bedford (both of whom are said to have been formerly consecrated according to the Catholic ordinal); and Scorey, the deprived bishop of Chichester, and Coverdale, the deprived bishop of Exeter, both of whom had been formerly consecrated according to Edward's ordinal; these four, without any

jurisdiction, proceeded to confirm the election of Parker, and then consecrate him by Edward's ordinal. A few days afterwards Parker confirmed the election of Barlow to Chichester, and Scorey to Hereford; and then, taking these two as his assistants—for three were required by law—they confirmed and consecrated, by the same ordinal of Edward, all the other prelates elect. Thus they that required authority themselves, first consecrate and confirm an archbishop; and then the archbishop, thus confirmed and consecrated by men without authority, gives that authority to them, and, associating them to himself, consecrates all the other bishops of the kingdom; and they ordain the clergy. It may be asked, Why did not Kitchen, of Landaff, come forward? Whatever was the cause, he did not assist; it is said that he was applied to, and intended, but desisted at the warning voice of the Catholic archbishop. Perhaps he was not over anxious to go farther than he had done, for no doubt his conscience was not very easy at having taken the oath of the queen's supremacy; and, if he had assisted, it would not have rendered Parker's consecration more legally or canonically valid. The law required, for the consecration of an archbishop, an archbishop and two other bishops, or four bishops; and by bishops it did not mean deprived bishops, as Barlow, Scorey, and Coverdale were, or mere suffragans, as Hodgskins was; but bishops confirmed in their sees, having the office and jurisdiction of bishops.* Now, if Kitchen had been present as bishop consecrator, he would have been the only one acknowledged by law, and he not an archbishop, and the others had no jurisdiction. It is true there were four reputed bishops present, but two of these, viz. Scorey and Coverdale, were not bishops at all, they having been consecrated only by Edward's ordinal, which did not even give the character and power of

* All bishops are suffragans of their archbishop, but a mere suffragan is not bishop of a see, but one appointed to aid a bishop in his see, when that bishop has other high offices to perform in the state. The suffragan did not reside in the episcopal city, or take his title from it, but from some other town. Thus Bedford, Thetford, Leicester, Nottingham, and twenty-two other places were the seats of suffragans.

priesthood, and consequently could not give the episcopal character. There is also reason to doubt whether Barlow himself, the actual consecrator of Parker, was ever consecrated. He is known to have declared, that episcopal consecration was a needless ceremony, and that the king could make a bishop without it. Numerous writers of that time express their doubts of his consecration and declare that after diligent research, during eighty years, by persons interested, they could find no evidence or record of his consecration. His real episcopacy, therefore, rests on mere circumstantial indications, and on no positive proof, which is necessary to establish his right to consecrate at all, had all the other requisites existed; and, if Parker's consecration was illegal, it was equally contrary to the canons of the Church Catholic. 1st. These require the approbation of the metropolitan before a person can be made bishop. Now an archbishop's metropolitan is the patriarch; and the Pope is patriarch of the west, but I need not say the Pope's approbation was neither asked nor given. The council of Nice ordained this, and the English Church receives the decrees of that council; the canons of the apostles ordain the same, and she professes to be apostolical. 2d. The canons require the consent of the other bishops of the province, or a majority of them; but Parker's consecration was performed without the consent of all the bishops, or any of them, unless Kitchen consented, and excepting these four deprived bishops, two of whom were not in any sense bishops, they being ordained by a false ordinal. If Elizabeth herself had thought these men qualified, she would not have endeavored to persuade the old Catholic bishops to have consecrated Parker, and imprisoned them for refusing; yet she tried them all one by one, but they refused, and preferred a prison to so foul a deed.* Matthew Parker, however, was thus

* It is pretended by the authors of the Oxford tracts, that the bishops of Mary's reign were usurpers. Now these were really Catholic bishops, truly and validly consecrated by the ancient ordinal, and that before she came to the throne; how then could they be usurpers? and how came Elizabeth to solicit them to resume their functions in her new religion? It is evident she would not have called upon Barlow or Parker if these would have truckled to her will.

consecrated, and consecrated by Edward's ordinal. This of itself, had all other requisites been present, annuls his consecration. If there was no breach in the apostolical orders and succession before, this snaps the bond asunder. And the fact that, after his consecration by these men, he gave them their episcopal authority and institution, shews that they had them not when they consecrated him archbishop. Yet from this hocus pocus origin all the Protestant clergy derive their clerical character. There is no other link between them and the ancient Church than this diddle de doodle of an archbishop; and this same ordinal of Edward continued in full force and unaltered for 104 years, and might have continued till the present day, had not Erastius Senior, in 1662, induced the convocation then sitting to alter the form, by convincing them that it was insufficient to convey any priestly or episcopal character. But this alteration came 104 years too late to be of any service to them. If they have any succession of apostolical orders the chain must be entire; but from the accession of Elizabeth, in 1558, until 1662 the bishops and clergy of the established Church were consecrated or ordained by Edward's ordinal; and all such as were ordained in Edward's time, were ordained by the same ordinal. Now this ordinal runs thus: "Take the Holy Ghost, and remember that thou stir up the grace of God which is in thee, by imposition of hands; for God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and love, and soberness." The slightest glance at these words will convince any sensible man that they give no episcopal or priestly power; they are more applicable to the confirmation of the baptized than to the clerical character. It is true they may be addressed to a bishop or priest already consecrated or ordained, by way of exhortation, as St. Paul addresses them to Timothy; but they won't do for the purpose of giving the priestly character. We will now see how the altered form stands. "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a bishop in the Church of God, now committed unto thee, by the imposition of our hands, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy

Ghost; and remember that thou stir up the grace of God which is given thee by the imposition of our hands, for God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, love, and soberness." In like manner the form of ordaining the parsons is now altered, and is as follows: "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands, whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven, and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained." Here the object is defined, and the Holy Ghost *professedly* imparted for a specific purpose of giving the character and office of a bishop or priest in the Church of God. And I direct the reader's attention to the looseness of the former ordinal, as a proof of the looseness of the ideas of the

concoctors of the former ordinal respecting the character of a bishop or priest, and that it fully agrees with Barlow's assertion, that consecration was a useless ceremony, and a king could make a bishop by his royal license. And it was upon this principle that Barlow and the rest told the queen, that, as head of the church, she could supply every defect in Parker's consecration. Here, then, is the origin of the English Church: it has no root in the Catholic hierarchy, but is a fungus of Parker's dunghill; it is a new Church, teaching a new religion; a sect established by certain reformers in the 16th century: its ministers were not, and are not "called of God, as Aaron was;" and the assertion is true, that Dr. Hook's Church was founded at the reformation, *and they cannot answer the Catholics at all.*

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE PRIESTHOOD IN THE CHURCH.

NO. III.

THE discussion between Bishop Whittingham and Rev. Mr. Johns, although it may be thought by some to turn upon a mere question of names, and to involve no discrepancy of opinion relative to the eucharist, has elicited a very distinct assertion on the one side that the Christian minister is not "an offerer of sacrifice," and on the other that in the Christian sacrifice the body and blood of Christ are not truly and substantially present. It remains for us, therefore, to prove that the minister of Christ is an offerer of a sacrifice, properly so called, and that this sacrifice consists in the oblation of the body and blood of our Divine Redeemer. By establishing these two points we shall demonstrate fully that the Protestant Episcopal clergy have no claim whatever to the title of *priests*, because, as we stated in our last article, they do not offer the sacrifice instituted by our Saviour, and consequently their ministerial office is a mere phantom of the Christian priesthood: they have not the worship that belongs to

the religion founded by Christ; therefore they are not priests or ministers of that religion.

That the subject may be better understood, we shall premise a few observations on the doctrine of the Church and the nature of sacrifice.

In the first place, the Catholic doctrine teaches, that the virtue and efficacy of the bloody sacrifice, in which Christ once offered himself to his Father on the altar of the cross, sufficed for cancelling the sins, not only of the people of that age, when he hung a victim on the cross, but likewise of all mankind, born into the world from the beginning to the end of time. For the Scripture saith: "God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself."* And again it saith: "Behold the Lamb of God, behold him who taketh away the sins of the world."† "And he is the propitiation for our sins; and not for *ours only*, but also for those of the

* 2 Cor. v, 19.

† John i, 29.

whole world.”* Now the world comprises persons not of one period only, but of all ages. Of this oblation, which alone sufficed for the reconciliation of the whole human race, the apostle Paul says: “For by one oblation he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.”† And again: “Because in him it hath well pleased the Father, that all fullness should dwell: and through him to reconcile all things unto himself, making peace through the blood of his cross, both as to the things that are on earth, and the things that are in heaven.”‡ From this it is not to be inferred that there was not before, or is not now, any other sacrifice save that of Christ completed on the cross; but that of all the other sacrifices, this is the only one which appeases God by its intrinsic merit, and which may, therefore, be called, by antonomasia, the peculiar and pre-eminent sacrifice.

Secondly, the Catholic doctrine teaches, that, from the beginning of the world, when man lived under the law of nature, God impressed on the human mind, by means of divine inspiration, the rite of sacrificing; in order that all men might be made partakers of this most efficacious oblation, which has been now offered and accepted as the full, sufficient and entire price of the salvation of the world—and that they might transfer to themselves the saving fruits thereof. It also teaches that, immediately on the law being given, God ordained different sacrifices. The use of which was *not* to reconcile man to God, and purchase his salvation; but to awaken constantly within the mind of man, by means of these external sacrifices, the recollection of the *promised* sacrifice; to confirm his faith therein; and to enable such as should believe and hope in its virtue, to apply to themselves the fruit of the future sacrifice, whereby God had promised to redeem the world. Another object for instituting those sacrifices was, that, as often as they should be celebrated, man might gratefully call to mind the manifold favors bestowed on him by the unceasing liberality of God, and also reflect on his own salvation, which

was to be obtained through the *promised* Redeemer.

In the law of Moses, there were three sorts of sacrifices; sacrifices of holocaust, eucharistical sacrifices and propitiatory and impetratory sacrifices. In the sacrifices of holocaust, the victim was entirely consumed, to show the sovereignty of God, and to impress on the mind of man a more lively idea of God's infinity. The eucharistical sacrifices were ordained in order to praise God for his favors and graces conferred upon his creatures. Lastly, the propitiatory and impetratory sacrifices were appointed to obtain pardon of God for our sins and other necessary blessings and graces men stand in need of. Now all these represented the great sacrifice of the new law, but the eucharistical sacrifices, in particular, were an admirable figure of it.

Though sacrifice in general is every rational, Christianlike, and moral act of man, whether internal or external, offered to God with the intention to worship him, the Supreme Being, prayer, praise, adoration, supplication, sorrow for sin, in a word, every thought, word, and deed, may be made a sacrifice to God. Still, sacrifice, in the proper sense and meaning, is an “external offering of some one or more things visible and perceptible, made to God by a lawful and duly appointed minister, attended with the destruction or change of the thing or things offered and sacrificed.” By this destruction or total change, the sovereign and absolute power and dominion of God over man and the whole creation is acknowledged as to life and death, also his wisdom, and goodness, and mercy to man, and man's total dependence on God, his Creator and Sovereign Lord.

Hence, to effect properly a sacrifice, the act of offering, and the thing offered must be—

1. External and perceptible by the senses. Hence, acts, purely internal and occult, are not a sacrifice in the appropriate meaning.

2. The sacrifice must be made to God alone, for to him alone is sacrifice due and permitted to be offered. “The Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and him only shalt

* 1 John ii, 2. † Heb. x, 14. ‡ Col. i, 19, 20.

thou serve.”* “I the Lord, this is my name, I will not give my glory to another, nor my praise to graven things.”† Wherefore, at no time did any man or set of men offer sacrifice except to God the Supreme Being; or, as the infidels did, to an object that they blindly and erroneously conceived to be the Supreme Being, and would set up and honor as such.

3. Sacrifice true and proper must be offered by a minister lawfully appointed to that purpose by a lawful ruler, divinely authorized and empowered to ordain and appoint the person to perform that ministry. “Do this for a commemoration of me,” said Christ to his apostles, “and to no others.”‡ “Neither doth any man take the honor of the ministry to himself, but he that is called by God, as Aaron was.”

4. The victim, or thing offered in sacrifice, must be either destroyed, or at least undergo some change.

Having laid down these principles, we shall proceed to establish our proposition that Christ instituted a sacrifice in the true sense of the word.

In the first chapter of the Prophet Malachy we read the following words: “I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord of hosts, and I will not receive a gift of your hand. For from the rising of the sun, even to the going down thereof, my name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a clean oblation, for my name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of hosts.”

In this text of the prophet, three things are conspicuous: 1. The pointed rejection of the ancient sacrifices, accompanied with a severe reproach of the Jewish priests: “I have no pleasure in you, and I will not receive a gift at your hands.” 2. The substitution of a new and better sacrifice in their stead: “And in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a clean offering.” 3. A plain intimation or prediction, that this one new and clean sacrifice should be offered in every place: “And in every place,” &c.

But a Protestant may say with Calvin

and Chemnitz, that we are to understand this sacrifice, not in the real and absolute meaning of the term, but only of a spiritual sacrifice. This, however, cannot be the case, for the prophet uses the same word *mincha* in both places (or, according to the Parkhurstian method, *menché*), where he speaks of the sacrifices rejected, and the new sacrifice to be instituted.

Besides, the word he uses is invariably found, in other parts of the Scriptures, to express the ancient sacrifices, properly so called; but, when the spiritual sacrifice of prayer and good works is mentioned, there occurs on every occasion an additional word, which either expressly, or by implication conveys the intended meaning. Again, how can this clean oblation, which was to be introduced in opposition to the sacrifices of the law, be understood of the performance of good works, when this latter kind of sacrifice, figuratively so called, had been already enforced in the strongest terms, both by the law and the prophets? Had not the Mosaic dispensation already required a love of God which was to regulate every faculty of the soul, and to control every action of the creature? Had not the prophets continually enforced the necessity of good works in the strongest and most energetic language? Is there a single virtue or perfection which can adorn the soul of a Christian to the attainment of which the most earnest exhortations may not be found in the immortal strains of David or in the venerable remains of the other prophets? How, therefore, can we, by any possibility, understand the promised oblation of the new law as referring to good works, when such works of every description had been before so powerfully recommended? The words of the prophet must then be understood of the great sacrifice of the new law, the mass.

The second scriptural passage which we shall adduce, is from the one hundred and tenth psalm, where we read this prediction relating to Christ the future Messiah: “The Lord hath sworn and he will not repent: thou art a priest forever, according to the order of Melchisedec.” St. Paul confirms this text in Hebrews (vii, 17).

* Matt. iv, 10.

† Isaiah xlii, 8.

‡ Luke xxii, 20, and St. Paul, Heb. v, 4.

The apostle says, that he was not "called a priest according to the order of Aaron" (*Ibid.* 11), intimating of course that he would not offer sacrifices such as were prescribed by the Levitical law; but "according to the order of Melchisedec." Now of Melchisedec it is recorded in the Holy Scriptures that he offered sacrifice in bread and wine: "But Melchisedec, the king of Salem, bringing forth bread and wine, for he was the priest of the Most High God, blessed him." (Abraham.)* If Christ, therefore, was to be a priest according to the order of Melchisedec, it is plain that he must have offered sacrifice with the same external symbols used by Melchisedec; namely, bread and wine. Now he did not offer in this manner upon the cross, but only at the last supper. In the eucharist, therefore, the eucharistical sacrifice is a true sacrifice offered by Christ, a priest according to the order of Melchisedec. Moreover, he was to be a priest forever, according to the same order, therefore he was to continue to offer sacrifice with the outward symbols of bread and wine; and this he cannot be said to do, but by the great sacrifice of the new law offered continually in his Church, Christ being always the great High Priest, thereof as well as the victim.

But let us refer to the very words of the institution. They unquestionably prove of themselves that he did offer a true sacrifice, and with the outward symbols of bread and wine. Our Saviour said, according to Luke (xxii, 19, Protestant version), "This is my body which is given for you," and 20, "This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you." And St. Paul relates it in the Greek,† "which is broken for you." And St. Matthew has it, "this is my blood which is shed."‡ Our blessed Saviour did, therefore, at the last supper, offer a real sacrifice of his body broken and his blood shed. For how can the body of Christ be said to be given for us, how can this sacred blood be shed for

us, unless we understand this most sacred and solemn action as a true, proper, and propitiatory sacrifice? But, then, it may be said that there was a real offering of Christ before his offering on the cross, a real atonement before the real atonement of Calvary. I answer first, "The Lamb was slain from the beginning of the world."* Secondly I refer to St. Matthew,† where we read, "And he was transfigured before them. And his face did shine as the sun; and his garments became white as snow." Christ is here transfigured and glorified in the days of his afflictions. If, therefore, Christ could be transfigured and glorified in the days of his patience and of his sorrows, before his glory was consummated after his ascension, why, in like manner could not Christ offer himself in a mystical, but after a real manner, before that grand, and visible, and bloody offering on the cross, by which all things were consummated? See, kind reader, how faith and revelation lead us Catholics out of all the difficulties which sophistry, the fruit of a weak, yet arrogant reason, may throw in our way. But to return. When he uttered the ever memorable words, "this do in remembrance of me,"‡ he commanded his apostles, and in their persons the priests of his Church, to do the same; namely, to offer the same sacrifice with the outward symbols of bread and wine, in commemoration of him.

It may be objected that the present tense is, in the words of institution, used for the future; but even so, the text will only prove that as the real body was then offered under the appearance of bread, and the real blood under that of wine, in representation of the future bloody sacrifice upon the cross, so the words foretold, that the body should continue to be really offered under the species of bread, and the blood under the species of wine, to the end of the world, in the unbloody sacrifice of the eucharist or the mass. For which reason nothing can be thence deduced against the reality of our Saviour's sacrifice at the last supper. It only differed from that of the cross, as our mass differs; namely, in the manner of offering."

* Gen. xiv, 18, 19.

† The Greek participle is undoubtedly in the present tense; but in the Syriac idiom, which was that used by the evangelist, the present participle is very frequently used in a future signification.

‡ 1 Cor. xi, 24.

§ Matt. xxvi, 28.

* Apoc. xiii, 8.

† St. Matt. xvii, 2.

‡ Luke xxii, 19.

Were it necessary we might quote the sentiments of numerous fathers of the Church who lived in the early days of religion, and interpreted the scriptural passages above cited, in the same sense which we have attached to them. They all allude to the eucharistic offering as a sacrifice, and make use of language which can only be applied to a true and real sacrifice. We shall mention only a few.

St. Justin, who wrote about fifty years after St. John the apostle, thus speaks of the *victims* which, he says, are everywhere offered among the Christian people. "These victims he (God) accepts from his own priests alone. Wherefore, shewing preference to all those who through his name offer the sacrifices which God ordained to be offered, that is, *in the eucharist of bread, and the chalice*, which in all places of the earth are celebrated by the Christian people, God declares that they are well pleasing to him," &c. *Dial. cum Tryph.* p. 209.

St. Irenæus, who flourished in the second century, is equally explicit on the subject. "Giving advice to his disciples, to offer their first fruits to God, not as if he stood in need of them, but that they might not seem ungrateful, he took bread into his hands, and giving thanks, said: *This is my body*. Likewise he declared the cup to be his blood, and taught the new oblation of the New Testament, *which oblation* the Church receiving from the Apostles, *offers it to God, over all the earth*—to him who grants us food—the first fruits of his gifts in the New Testament, of which the Prophet Malachias spoke: *I will not accept offerings from your hands. For from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, my name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place incense is offered to my name, and a clean sacrifice*. Manifestly hereby signifying, that the first people (the Jews), will cease to offer to God; and that in every place, a sacrifice, and that clean, will be offered to him, and that his name is glorified among the Gentiles.* *Adv. Hær. Lib. iv, c. xvii, p. 249.*

* On this passage, the learned editor of Irenæus, Dr. Grabe, observes: "It is certain that Irenæus and all the Fathers—either contemporary with the apostles, or their immediate successors, whose writings are still extant—considered the blessed eu-

Therefore the offering of the Church, which the Lord directed to be made over all the world, was deemed a pure sacrifice before God, and received by him; not that he stands in need of a sacrifice from us, but because he that makes the offering, if his gift be accepted, is thereby rendered worthy of praise. As then in simplicity the Church offers, her offering is accepted by God as a pure sacrifice. It is our duty to make an offering," &c. See p. 209. *Ibid. c. xviii, p. 250, 251.*

Tertullian, who wrote towards the end of the second century, frequently alludes to the eucharist as a sacrifice. At one time he declares that "*sacrifice is offered* for the preservation of the emperor" (*Lib. ii, ad scap. c. 2*); at another, that "women are not permitted to teach, baptize, or to offer sacrifice in the Church." (*Lib. de vel. virg. c. 9.*)

St. Cyprian, writing to the clergy and people of a certain district in Africa, laments that, contrary to an established rule, a brother clergyman had been appointed, by will, an executor or guardian, when it was the sole duty of the ministers of the gospel "to attend to the altar and sacrifices, and to prayers and supplications." Such likewise, he observes, was the view of the Almighty in the establishment by Moses of the Levitical order, and then adds: "The same disposition holds good now, that they who are promoted by clerical ordination, be not called away from the service of God, nor perplexed by worldly business; but, receiving alimnt from their brethren, they withdraw not from the altar and from sacrifices, day and night intent on heavenly things." He next remarks, that, in a case like this, it had been decreed, that for no brother, who by will had made such a disposition, "any offering should be made, or sacrifice celebrated for his repose; because he merits not to be named at the altar in the prayer of the priests, whose wish it was to withdraw them from the altar."

charist to be the sacrifice of the new law, and offered bread and wine on the altar, as sacred oblations to God the Father; and that this was not the private opinion of any particular church or teacher, but the public doctrine and practice of the Universal Church, which she received from the apostles, and they from Christ is expressly shewn in this place, by Irenæus, and before him, by Justin Martyr and Clement of Rome."—*Nota in Irenæum, p. 323.*

"In the priest Melchisedec we see prefigured the sacrament of the Christian sacrifice, the holy Scriptures declaring: *Melchisedec, king of Salem, brought forth bread and wine; and he was the priest of the most high God, and he blessed Abraham.* (Gen. xiv.) And that he bore the resemblance of Christ, the Psalmist announces: *Thou art a priest for ever, according to the order of Melchisedec.* (Ps. cix.) This order thus comes and descends from that sacrifice; that Melchisedec was the priest of the Most High; that he offered bread and wine; and that he blessed Abraham. And who was so much a priest of the most high God, as our Lord Jesus Christ? He offered sacrifice to God the Father; he offered the same as did Melchisedec,—that is, bread and wine; his own body and blood: and the blessing given to Abraham, now applies to our people. But, in the book of Genesis, that the blessing given to Abraham might be properly celebrated, the representation of the sacrifice of Christ, appointed in bread and wine, precedes it; which our Lord, perfecting and fulfilling it, himself offered in bread and wine; and thus he, who is the plenitude, fulfilled the truth of the prefigured image." *Ibid.* p. 105. He afterwards adds: "If Jesus Christ, our Lord and God, be himself the high priest of his Father; and if he first offered himself a sacrifice to him, and commanded the same to be done in remembrance of him; then that priest truly stands in the place of Christ, who imitates that which Christ did; and then offers in the Church a true and complete sacrifice to God the Father, doing what he ordained. For the whole discipline of religion and of truth is subverted, if that which was commanded be not faithfully complied with." *Ibid.* p. 109.

St. Cyril, of Jerusalem, mentions the various prayers and ceremonies which accompany our sacrifice of the altar, and adds: "When this spiritual sacrifice is ended, and this unbloody worship over the victim of propitiation, we supplicate God, for the common peace of the Churches, for the tranquillity of the world, for kings, for their armies and their allies, for the sick and the afflicted, and in a word, for all who want assistance. Again, when we offer this sacrifice, we

commemorate those who have departed this world before us. We offer up that Christ who was sacrificed for our sins, propitiating him, who is so merciful, for them and for us." He proceeds to the Lord's prayer, which is recited in the mass, and dwells on its several clauses; and then prescribes the reverential manner, in which the body and blood of Christ are to be taken. *Catech. Mystag.* v, n. viii, ix, x, p. 327-8.—See page 218.

St. Ambrose, commenting on the appearance of the angel to Zacharias (*Luke* i), says: "It were to be wished that, while we burn incense on our altars, and offer sacrifice, the angel would assist, and become visible to us. That he does assist, cannot be doubted, while Christ is there, while Christ is immolated. For Christ, our pasch, is sacrificed." (1 Cor. v, 7.) *L. 1 Evang. Luc. c. 1. T. i. p. 1275.*

In a letter to his sister Marcellina, giving an account of some disturbances at Milan, when an attempt was made to seize the Church, he relates: "The next day, which was Sunday, after the reading and sermon, when I was explaining the creed, word was brought that officers were sent to seize the Portian church, and that part of the people were flocking thither. I continued to discharge my duty, and began mass: but as I was offering, I was informed that the people had laid hands on an Arian priest. This made we weep, and I prayed to God in the midst of the offering, that no blood might be shed in this quarrel." *Ep. xiv, Classis i, T. 11, p. 853.* Having heard from the Emperor Theodosius of the victory which he had gained over the tyrant Eugenius, Ambrose writes to him: "I took your letter with me to the church: I laid it on the altar, and, whilst I offered sacrifice, I held it in my hand, that by my voice you might speak, and your august letter perform with me the sacerdotal office." *Ibid.* p. 1021.

As the mass has just been mentioned in a quotation from St. Ambrose, I will here subjoin a passage, on the subject, from the learned and pious Cardinal Bona, who flourished in the seventeenth century. "There is an epistle of Pius I, acknowledged to be genuine, written about the year 166 to the

bishop of Vienne, in the opening of which he thus speaks: 'Our sister Euprepia, as you well recollect, made over her house to the poor, where we dwell and celebrate mass.' " *Conc. Gen. T. 1*, p. 576. A letter also from Pope Cornelius to another bishop of the same city, written about the year 254, remarks that, on account of the persecutions, the Christians could not publicly "celebrate mass." *Ibid.* p. 681. In the fourth century, St. Ambrose, writing to his sister, mentions the mass, as likewise in his thirty-fourth discourse: "I exhort you, you that are near the Church, and can do it without great inconvenience, to hear mass daily." *T. 2*, in *Append.* p. 425. In his preparatory prayer before mass, he says: "Grant me thy grace, on this day and on every other, with a pure mind and clean heart, to celebrate the solemn service of mass."* *Ibid.* p. 335. "St. Augustin and other ancient fathers use the same expression, and they use it as if it were common and generally received at the time." *L. Rerum Lit. c. iii*, p. 17. *Edit. Paris*, 1678.

In this fourth century various councils were held, which in plain terms speak of the Christian sacrifice.

The council of Ancyra,† against such priests who, in the times of persecution, had shewn great weakness, enacts: "That they be not deprived of their stations; but that they be not allowed to *offer*, nor to address the people, nor to perform any priestly functions." *Can. 1. Conc. Gen. T. 1*, p. 1455.

Council of Neocæsarea.‡ "Country priests, in the presence of the bishop or priests of the city, cannot *offer*, nor give the sanctified bread, nor present the chalice." *Ibid. Can. xiii*, p. 1483.

Council of Nice. "The holy synod has been informed, that, in some places and cities, the deacons present the eucharist to the priests; a thing which no canon nor custom has taught—that they, who have themselves no power to *offer*, should present

the body of Christ to those who possess that power." *Can. xviii. Conc. Gen. T. ii*, p. 38.

The council of Laodicea,* having established certain rules to be observed in the service of the Church, adds: "And after the priests have given the kiss of peace to the bishop, the laity must do the same one to the other, and thus the holy *offering* be completed: but the ministers alone may approach the altar, and there communicate." *Ibid. Can. xix, T. i*, p. 1499.

The second council of Carthage† enacts, that if any priest, having been reprimanded by his bishop, withdraw from his communion, and "offer sacrifice privately," erecting altar against altar, contrary to established discipline, he be deprived of his office. *Ibid. Can. viii, T. p. 1161*.

We might add innumerable other passages from the fathers, but those which we have quoted will suffice to show what was the faith of the primitive ages, concerning the sacrifice of the new law. The language which these early writers use, the words *sacrifice, victim, immolation, altar, &c.*, are plainly indicative of the belief that in the eucharist a true sacrifice was offered to God.

The same truth is gathered from the ancient liturgies which have been transmitted to us; those of St. James, St. Clement, St. Basil, St. Chrysostom, and the *Catecheses* of St. Cyril, of Jerusalem, all of which contain expressions which show evidently, that in the eucharist a real sacrifice was offered to God. Hence Calvin has not hesitated to declare, that the ancients cannot be excused for having "imitated rather the Israelitic mode of sacrificing, than the form ordained by Christ."‡ Who was a better witness of what Christ ordained; Calvin, who came to light in the sixteenth century, or Clement, the disciple of St. Peter, with SS. Cyril, Basil, Chrysostom, &c., who flourished twelve hundred years before Calvin made his appearance?

* The two works quoted by Cardinal Bona, as the works of St. Ambrose, are not allowed, by the learned, to be his, though of some ancient author.

† This council, held about the year 314, consisted of bishops from all the principal sees of the east, to the number of at least 118. They enacted twenty-five canons for the establishment of discipline.

‡ This council was called soon after that of Ancyra, and consisted of nearly the same bishops.

* This council met about the end of the fourth century, (in 396 or 399), and has left us sixty canons, which have ever been held in the greatest estimation.

† This council was called by Genethlius, bishop of Carthage, who presided at it, in 390. It enacted thirteen canons, respecting the celibacy of bishops, priests and deacons, and other points of discipline.

‡ Inst. Lib. iv, c. xviii.

We will here quote the words of the liturgy of St. James. This liturgy is called also that of Jerusalem, and the substance of it may be traced to St. James, its first bishop. It is the most ancient of all the liturgies, and has been commonly used in the Churches of Syria. In the judgment of able critics, it is the liturgy which St. Cyril of Jerusalem explained in his *Catecheses*. "Have mercy on us, O God! the Father Almighty, and send thy Holy Spirit, the Lord and Giver of life, equal in dominion to thee and to thy Son—who descended in the likeness of a dove on our Lord Jesus Christ—who descended on the holy apostles in the likeness of tongues of fire;—that, coming, he may make this bread, the life-giving body—the saving body—the heavenly body—the body giving health to souls and bodies—the body of our Lord, God, and Saviour, Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and eternal life to those who receive it. Amen. And may make what is mixed in this chalice, the blood of the new testament—the saving blood—the life-giving blood—the heavenly blood—the blood giving health to souls and bodies—the blood of our Lord, God, and Saviour, Jesus Christ, &c. Amen. Wherefore, we offer to thee, O Lord, this tremendous and unbloody sacrifice, for thy holy places which thou hast enlightened by the manifestation of Christ, thy Son, &c. *Renaudot, Liturgiarum Orientalium Collectio, T. ii, pp. 33, 34. Paris, 1716.* Grant thy blessing, O Lord, again and again, through this holy oblation and propitiatory sacrifice which is offered to God, the Father; is sanctified, completed, and perfected by the descent of the Holy Ghost."

In vain would it be objected that the language of the fathers and the liturgies alludes to the spiritual sacrifice of prayer, thanksgiving, &c., which accompanies the celebration of the eucharist. For they speak of a sacrifice which can be offered only by the priests of the Church, and consequently do not refer to that offering of prayer, &c., which is made by all, whether clergy or laity. Moreover it cannot be supposed that language as explicit as that of the liturgy and fathers just quoted, was ever applied to sacrifices in an improper sense.

We gather from the very name by which the officiating minister in the eucharistic rite has always been designated, that he offers a true sacrifice. The language of the Greek Church styles him *μυσταγωγος*, that of the Latin Church, *sacerdos*; words which in English are rendered by the term *priest*, and have been used from the very origin of Christianity, to express a minister of Christ. That in the New Testament the words *μυσταγωγος* and *sacerdos* were not used to designate the priests of the new law, is easily accounted for, by the necessity under which the sacred writers were, for the sake of distinction, of using terms different from those which were universally applied to the Jewish priesthood and sacrifices. But when the Hebrew rites were abolished, by the destruction of Jerusalem, the ecclesiastical writers immediately subsequent to that period, adopted the use of the words *μυσταγωγος* and *sacerdos*. Polycrates tells us that St. John, the apostle, wore the pontifical *lamina*, and performed the functions of a priest; Tertullian, *De Præscrip.*, Dionysius, in his *Ecclesiastica Hierarchia*, St. Cyprian, in his Epistles, and innumerable others make use of the same term.

Bishop White (Protestant), very illogically observes that, if the inspired authors of the New Testament avoided the use of this word for the reason we have mentioned, "it is strange that the apostolic age should have passed away, without any either scriptural hint or tradition of the change that was to take place, on the destruction of the Jewish polity." But we do not perceive how the absence of testimony on this point, should be more strange than in reference to the abolition of the law, which was enacted by the apostles, regarding abstinence from blood and things strangled, and which was abrogated at a later period. One thing however is strange, that while the language of ecclesiastical antiquity proclaims the doctrine of a sacrifice, in the eucharistic institution, modern sectarists should undertake to assert that it is an error to acknowledge such a sacrifice.*

W.

* For the substance of this article we have consulted principally *White's Confutation of Church of Englandism*, *Buller's Lectures*, and *Faith of Catholics*.

CEREMONIES OF HOLY WEEK AT ROME.

NO. III.

RELIGIOUS VIEW OF THESE FUNCTIONS.

AFTER having employed three discourses upon the less important considerations, it may seem but little proportioned to the relative value of things, that, into one, I should endeavor to compress whatever regards the main purpose of them all. For you have not forgot, I trust, that I reserved to this my last discourse, to treat of the offices and ceremonies of Holy Week in a religious point of view; or, as I explained myself, to consider them "as intended to excite virtuous and devout impressions."

These two epithets must not be considered as inadvertently placed; for they represent two divisions of my subject, and consequently of my discourse. I consider the one as expressive of the external, and the other of the internal, influence of these institutions. Virtue is, indeed, an inward principle, but strongly regulates our relations with others; devotion is a feeling of whose extent and intensity God and our own souls can alone be conscious. Virtuous conduct may be noticed in communities or masses of men; while devotion is properly an individual possession. I will endeavor to show how both have been, and may be, nourished by the solemn and detailed commemoration of next week.

Who shall gainsay, that men are powerfully acted on by formal and external acts that represent inward feelings, although even the latter be not excited? In times of bloody, and often causeless, strife, who knows not, that homage and fealty, solemnly given, bound men often to loyalty and liege bearing, more almost than principle? It was not perhaps, sometimes, that the proud baron, or the monarch, who held a fief, felt much the religious obligation of an oath; it was not that they feared punishment for its violation, but there was a solemn force in the very act of homage, in the placing of hand within hand, and plighting faith upon

the bended knee, and with the attendance of a court.

Far more worth than all this circumstance, would have been a stronger inward conviction of obligation; but such is man, that the determinations of his fickle heart require some outward steadying by formal declarations. Who knows not, how much the coronation ceremony has done for fastening the crown upon the heads of kings; how the pretender to a nation hath fought bloody battles to have it done on him in the proper place; and how maidens have fought with knightly prowess, that the rightful owner should, in his turn, receive it? And has not the wavering fidelity of subjects been secured by the fear of raising a hand against God's anointed? And in all this, which is not of divine or scriptural institution, who sees anything less than wholesome, as conducing to the strengthening of sentiments in themselves virtuous and publicly useful?

In some respects similar is the institution of a season set apart for outwardly exhibiting those feelings, which should ever animate the Christian soul towards his crucified Redeemer. It must be greatly conducive to public virtue, to appoint a time when all men, even the wicked, must humble themselves, and act virtue. It is a homage to the moral power, an acknowledgment, at least, of its right to rule; a recognition of a public voice in virtue, which can stand on the highway, and command even her enemies to obey her laws. It is, moreover, a compulsion to thought: many a virtuous life hath been led in earnest, whose beginning had been in mockery and scorn. You have always gained much upon the soul, when you have brought the behavior to what becomes it. Now, all this hath the setting aside one week to the commemoration of Christ's passion effected; because being not merely proposed to the mind, but represented

in such a way as to oblige men to attend, with certain proprieties of deportment, and acting moreover on the public feelings of society, it produces a restraint and a tone of conduct which must prove beneficial. But examples will illustrate this better than words.

St. Bernard clearly intimates, that the most abandoned, and even those who had no idea of an effectual reform, were yet compelled, by public decency, to abstain from vice during the entire Lent, and more especially during the concluding season. "The lovers of the world," he exclaims, in his second sermon on the resurrection, "the enemies of the cross of Christ, through this time of Lent, long after Easter, that they, alas! may indulge in pleasure. Wretches! thus honor ye Christ whom ye have received? Ye have prepared a dwelling for him at his coming, confessing your sins with groans, chastening your bodies and giving alms, and, behold, ye traitorously betray him, or force him to go out by readmitting your former wickedness. Now, should Easter require less reverence than Passiontide? But it is plain that ye honor neither. For if ye suffered with him, ye could reign with him; if with him ye died, with him ye would rise again. But now, only, from the custom of this time, and from a certain simulation, hath that humiliation proceeded, which spiritual exultation followeth not."^a He then exhorts all to perseverance in the course of virtue which they had assumed. But it is evident, from these words, that the scandal of vice was arrested by the public solemnization of this time.

It has been the custom, too, during these days, consecrated by the remembrance of Christ's passion, for sovereigns to lay aside their state, and proclaim, before their subjects, the equality of all men when viewed upon Mount Calvary. When the Emperor Heraclius recovered from king Chosroes the relics of Golgotha, and bore them himself in triumph to the holy city, old historians tell us how, arrived at the gate, he found himself, of a sudden, unable to proceed. Then the patriarch, Zachary, who was beside him,

spoke to him saying, "You are bearing the cross shod and crowned, and clad in costly robes; but He who bore it here before you, was barefoot, crowned with thorns, and meanly attired." Upon hearing which words, the emperor cast aside his shoes and crown, and all other regal state, and entered the city to the Church.

The spirit of this reproof was fully felt in later times through every Christian country. In many, no one is allowed to go in a carriage during the last days of Holy Week; at Naples this is yet observed, and the king and royal family, for that time, are reduced, as to outward pomp, to the level of their subjects. "Now," says a modern German author, speaking of Lent, "the songs of joy gave place to the seven penitential psalms; the plentiful board was exchanged for strict temperance, and the superfluity given to the poor. Instead of the music of the bower and hall, the chaunt of 'Miserere' was heard, with the eloquent warnings of the preacher. Forty days' fast overcame the people's lust; kings, princes, and lords were humbled with their domestics, and dressed in black instead of their gorgeous habits. In Holy Week, the mourning was still more strongly expressed; the Church became more solemn; the fast stricter; no altar was decorated; no bell sounded, and no pompous equipage rolled in the streets. Princes and vassals, rich and poor, went on foot, in habits of deep mourning. On Palm Sunday, after reading out of the History of Christ, every one bore his palm, and nothing else was heard but the sufferings of the Messiah. After receiving the blessed sacrament on Maundy Thursday, bishops, priests, kings, and princes, proceeded to wash the feet of the poor, and to serve them at table."^a

In the life of that most amiable and holy princess, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, we have the following account of her practices during these days: "Nothing can express the fervor, love, and pious veneration, with which she celebrated those holy days, on which the Church, by ceremonies so touching, and so expressive, recalls to the mind of the faithful, the sorrowful and unspeakable

^a De Resurr. Dei, Ser. ii, page 168: Par. 1602.

^a "Vogt Rhenische Geschichte," ap. Digby Morus, p. 170.

ble mystery of our redemption. On Holy Thursday, imitating the King of kings, who, on this day, rising from table, laid aside his garments, the daughter of the king of Hungary, putting off whatever could remind her of worldly pomps, dressed herself in poor clothes, and, with only sandals on her feet, went to visit different churches. On this day, she washed the feet of twelve poor men, sometimes lepers, and gave to each twelve pieces, a white dress, and a loaf.

“All the next night she passed in prayer and meditation upon our Lord’s passion. In the morning, it being the day on which the divine sacrifice was accomplished, she said to her attendants: ‘This day is a day of humiliation for all; I desire that none of you do show me any mark of respect.’ Then she would put on the same dress as before, and go barefoot to the churches, taking with her certain little packets of linen, incense, and small tapers; and, kneeling before one altar, would place thereon of these; and, prostrating herself, would pray awhile most devoutly, and so pass to another altar, till she had visited all. At the door of the church she gave large alms, but was pushed about by the crowd, who did not know her. Some courtiers reproached her for the meanness of her gifts, as unworthy of a sovereign. But though, at other times, her alms-deeds were most abundant, so that few ever were more splendidly liberal to the poor, yet a certain divine instinct in her heart taught her, how, in such days, she should not play the queen, but the poor sinner for whom Christ died.”*

Every one will feel what an influence such annual seasons of humiliation in sovereigns must have exercised on the formation of their own hearts, and, through them, on the happiness of their subjects. But no one either, I believe, will fail to notice the connexion established, by the biographer, between the touching ceremonies of these days and the conduct of this princess, as of many others. Had there been no special commemoration, day by day, and almost hour by hour, of our Saviour’s actions and sufferings; had there not been services, which

especially separated them from all other days, for this solemn occupation; and had they not been such as bring the feelings of men into harmony with the occasion, indeed such instances of royal abasement never would have been witnessed. Nor is this thought and practice far from your own age and place; if, on the evenings of Wednesday and Thursday, you will visit the hospital of the pilgrims, you will see the noblest of Rome, cardinals, bishops, and princes, performing the lowest works of hospitable charity on the poor strangers who have arrived from afar. Washing and medicating their galled feet, and serving them at table; while dames, of highest degree, are similarly ministering to the poor of their own sex. And here you will see, I promise you, no coldness, or precise formality, as though it were an unwilling duty; but, on the contrary, an alacrity and cheerfulness, a familiarity and kindness, which proves it to be a deed of charity done for Christ’s sake, and in example of the humble and suffering state to which he reduced himself for us. And the relation between this uninterrupted continuation of old charitable hospitality, and the similar action of our Saviour, commemorated in the Church ceremonial, will sufficiently prove the influence which this has in keeping up an exercise so accordant with his precept.

But the effects of these solemnities were more conspicuously useful, inasmuch as they suggested an imitation not only of our Saviour’s abasement, but still more of his charity. I will not detain you to quote the authorities of eminent writers, to show how this week was ever distinguished by more abundant alms and works of charitable actions. I will content myself with instances of the influence it had in one rarer and more sovereign exercise of this virtue. There is a well known anecdote of a young prince, who, being yet in tutelage, besought in vain of his council the liberation of a prisoner; wherefore, going into his room, he, with an amiable peevishness, opened wide the cage of certain singing birds, which he kept for his pastime, saying, “If I cannot free any other prisoner, no one can prevent my free-

* Count Montalembert, p. 67.

ing you." With a better spirit, but with an innocence of thought no less amiable, it seemed a rule to expiate the crime of Pilate and the Jews, in unjustly condemning our Lord, by freeing captives on these days from their bonds; and in this manner did it rightly seem to Christian souls, that the liberation of man from eternal captivity was most suitably commemorated.

This practice began with the earliest emperors. "Not only we," says St. Chrysostom, in his excellent homily on Good Friday, "not only we honor this great week, but the emperor, likewise, of the entire world. Nor do they do it slightly and formally, but they grant vacation to all magistrates, that, free from cares, they may employ these days in spiritual worship;—let all strife and contention, they say, now cease;—as the goods which the Lord purchased belong to all, let us, his servants, strive to do some good also. Nor by this only do they honor the time, but in another way also; and that no less excellent. Imperial letters are sent forth, enacting that the prisoners' chains be loosed; that, as our Lord, descending into hell, freed all there detained from death, so his servants, imitating as much as may be their master's clemency, may free men from sensible bands, whom they cannot free from spiritual."*

The imperial law encouraged, likewise, private individuals to imitate, as far as possible, this practice of sovereign clemency. For Theodosius prescribed that, while every other judicial act should cease during Holy and Easter week, an exception should be made in favor of all such acts as were necessary for the emancipation of slaves.† St. Gregory of Nyssa mentions this practice of manumission to have been a frequent manner of honoring the season commemorative of our Lord's death and resurrection.‡ At a late period, St. Eligius, the friend of Dagobert, says in a homily on Maundy Thursday, "Malefactors are pardoned, and the prison gates are thrown open throughout the world. Later, the kings of France used to pardon, on Good Friday, one prisoner con-

victed of some crime otherwise unpardonable; and the clergy of Notre Dame, on Palm Sunday, used to liberate another from the prison of the Petit-Chatelet. Howard informs us, that "in Navarre, the viceroy and magistrates used to repair twice a year to the prisons, at Christmas and eight days before Easter, and released as many prisoners as they pleased. In 1783, they released thirteen at Easter; and some years before they released all."* This shows that the indulgence was not injudiciously granted, but after a proper investigation.

But still more useful was the influence of mercy, in accordance with the lessons of this time, and the example of our Saviour, when it served to temper personal and deadly hatred, such as feudal strife was too apt to engender. When Roger de Breteuil had been condemned to perpetual imprisonment, for conspiracy against William the Conqueror, the historian tells us, that when the people of God were preparing to celebrate the festival of Easter, William sent to him in prison a costly suit with precious furs. And, again, when Duke Robert was besieging closely a castle wherein his enemy, Balalard, had taken refuge, it happened that Balalard's clothes were much worn; whereupon he besought the duke's son to supply him with all that was necessary becomingly to celebrate Easter; so the young nobleman spoke to his father, who ordered him to be provided with new and fair apparel.†

When an ancient writer, speaking of the enormous crimes of Gilles Baignart, tells us, that he could not have obtained pardon "not even on Good Friday," methinks such an expression speaks more powerfully than a volume of instances, on the pleading for mercy, which the solemnity of that day was supposed to make. It seems to say, that a man's evil deeds must have been almost fiendish, for pardon to have been refused when asked on that day. What a beautiful commentary on the expression does the history of St. John Gualbert make. His only brother, Hugo, had been slain by one whom the laws could not reach. John was young and passionate, and his father urged him to

* De Cruce, tom. 5, p. 540: ed. Savill.

† Cod. Justin. lib. iii, tit. 12 de Feniis.

‡ Hom. iii, De Resurrect. Christi.

* Digby, "Mores Cath." b. iii, p. 87. † Ibid.

avenge the murder, and wipe off the disgrace of his family. It was in the eleventh century, when such feuds between noble families were not easily quenched; and he determined to do the work of vengeance to the utmost. It so happened that, on Good Friday, he was riding home to Florence, accompanied by an esquire, when, in a narrow part of the road, he met his adversary alone, so that escape was impossible. John drew his sword, and was about to despatch his unprepared foe, when he, casting himself on his knees, bade him remember that, on that day, Jesus Christ died for sinners, and besought him to save his life for His dear sake. This plea was irresistible. To have spilt blood on such a day, or to have refused forgiveness, would have been a sacrilege; and the young nobleman not only pardoned his bitter enemy, but, after the example of Christ, who received a kiss from Judas, raised him from the ground, and embraced him. And from that happy day began his saintly life.

All this was in conformity with what the Church, in the office of that day, inculcates by example. For, whereas it is not usual publicly to pray, in her exercises, for those who live not visibly in her pale (although she encourages her children at all times to make instant supplication for them), on that day she separately and distinctly prays for them, not excluding any order, even of such as treat her like an enemy; but striving to make her zeal and love as boundless as her Master's charity. Nothing, surely, but the inculcation of this feeling, or rather the making it the very spirit of that day's solemnity, could have given it such a might in gaining mercy. Hear, again, how wonderfully the precept of receiving the holy communion, at this same season, worked effects of charity. When the good king, Robert of France, was about to celebrate Easter at Compiegne, twelve noblemen were attached of treason, for designing to assassinate him. Having interrogated them, he ordered them to be confined in a house, and royally fed; and, on the holiday of the resurrection, strengthened with the holy sacrament. Next day, being tried, they were condemned; but the pious king dismissed

them, as his historian says, on account of the benign Jesus.*

Surely, when such effects as these were produced, by the observance of a holy season thus set aside for the commemoration of Christ's sacred passion and resurrection, no one will deny that this must be a most wise institution, as a cause and instrument of great public virtue. And the power, which it had and hath, must not be disjoined from the exact forms which it then, as now, observed. For, manifestly, these days would never have received consecration in the minds of men, nor have been thought endowed with a peculiar grace, if nothing had been acted on them that distinguished them from other times. In countries, where no mark seals them with a blessed application, they slip over like other days. Good Friday, alone, detains, for a brief hour, the attention of men to the recital of our Redeemer's dolorous passion; but how faint must be the impression thus produced, compared with that of a sorrowful ceremonial, which, step by step, leads you through the history of this painful event, pausing, as if to look upon each distinct act of graciousness, and to commemorate each expression of love, and to study every lesson of virtue! And, indeed, how powerful this influence was, the effects I have described must show.

Nor must it be thought for a moment, that they resulted rather from custom than from feeling; as though kings and princes were not likely to assist with much earnestness at these ceremonies, but rather left them to be performed by priests in their churches or chantries. On the contrary, they would have greatly shocked their subjects had they neglected due and respectful attention to these ecclesiastical offices. When the pious emperor, Henry II, was returning from Rome, where he had been crowned, he staid his journey at Pavia, that he might celebrate Easter; and so our own and foreign chronicles often record the place where the holy-days were passed. Rymer has preserved a writ of Edward III, commanding the ornaments of his chapel to be sent to Calais,

* Helgaldus Epit. Vitæ Rob. p. 64, Hist. Franc.

where he meant to keep the festival.* Abbot Suger has given us a minute account of the magnificent way in which the kings of France used to observe the sacred time in the Roman style, as he expresses it. On Wednesday, the king proceeded to Saint Denis, met by a solemn procession. There he spent Thursday (on which the ceremonies were performed with great magnificence), and all Friday. The night of Easter-eve he passed in Church; and, after privately communicating in the morning, went in splendid state to celebrate the Easter festivity.†

It may be, perhaps, objected, that the impression thus made by a few days of devotion and recollection, must have been very transient, and can have produced no permanent effects. This, however, was far from being the case. For the Church, with a holy ingenuity, was able to prolong the sacred character of these days throughout the year; and to make the lessons we have seen taught by them enduring and continued. Every one, I presume, is aware, that Sunday is but a weekly repetition, through the year, of Easter day; for the apostles transferred the sabbatical rest from the last to the first day of the week, to commemorate our Lord's resurrection. Now, a similar spirit consecrated, from the beginning of the Church, the sixth day of every week as a day of humiliation, in continued remembrance of the day whereon he was crucified.

From the beginning, Friday was kept as a fast, and that of so strict observance, that the blessed martyr, Fructuosus, bishop of Tarragona, in Spain, when led to execution, in 259, though standing much in need of refreshment, refused to drink, it being Friday, and about ten of the clock.‡ The motive for this fast, as well as of that on Saturdays, the remains of which yet exist in the observance of these two days as days of abstinence, is clearly stated to be what I have described it, by Pope Innocent I, about the year 402. For, writing to Decentius, he says: "On Friday we fast on account of our Lord's passion. Saturday ought not to be passed over, because it is included

between the sorrow and the joy of that season. This form of fasting must be observed every week, because the commemoration of that day is ever to be observed."* Julius Pollux, in his Chronicle, says of Constantine: "He ordered Friday and Sunday to be honored; that on account of the cross (or crucifixion) of Christ, and this for his resurrection."

In after ages this custom was rigidly observed, as a learned and pious living author has proved by examples. In an old French poem upon the Order of Chivalry, Hue de Tabarie informs Saladin of the four things which a true knight should observe; one is abstinence or temperance. He then says: "And to tell you the truth, he should, on every Friday, fast, in holy remembrance, that on that day, Jesus Christ, with a lance, for our redemption, was pierced; throughout his life on that day he must fast for our Lord." It is recorded, in old memoirs, of the Mareschal de Boucicaut, that he held Friday in great reverence, would eat nothing on it which had possessed life, and dressed in black to commemorate our Saviour's passion. And hence, on the other hand, the people of his time held it for one of Robert le Diable's worst characteristics, that he neglected that day's fast.†

This powerful association of one day in the week, with the lessons of meekness and forgiveness which we have seen its prototype inculcate, and this one day observed with humble devotion, in honor of man's redemption, must have kept alive a truly Christian spirit, or at least have acted as a check, salutary and powerful, upon the course, otherwise unrestrained, of passion. The feeling which inspired this dedication is not yet extinct. Here, in particular, all public amusements are prohibited on the Friday, as inconsistent with the mystery which it still commemorates. In England, it has lingered in the form of a popular superstition, deeply rooted and widely extended, that no new undertaking should be commenced on that day.

But this perpetuation, throughout the year, of the feelings which the last days of

* Tom. iii, part 2, p. 7.

† De vita Ludovici Grossi: Hist. Franc. p. 132.

‡ Prudent. Hymn vi.

* Cap. 4.

† "Broad Stone of Honor," Tancredus, p. 252.

Holy Week, are intended to inspire, is much better and more effectually to be acknowledged in another institution of past ages. The feudal system, however beautiful in many of its principles, was a constant seed-bed of animosities and wars. Each petty chief arrogated to himself the rights of sovereignty; and all those passions which disturb great monarchs, revenge, ambition, jealousy, and restlessness, were multiplied in innumerable smaller spheres, which occasioned more real suffering to those exposed to their influence, than the commotions of larger governments could have caused. The Church, the only authority which, unarmed, could throw itself between two foes, and act as a mediating power, essayed in every possible way to bring a love of peace home to men's hearts. But they were men ever cased in steel, on whom lessons of general principles had but little power. Unable to cut up the evil by the roots, it turned its care to the rendering it less hurtful, and devised expedients for lessening the horrors, and abridging the calamities of feudal war. For this purpose it seized upon those religious feelings which I have already shown to have resulted from the celebration of Christ's passion during Holy Week; and the success was so marked, that the pious age in which the experiment was made, hesitated not to attribute it to the interposition of heaven.

About the middle of the eleventh century, as a contemporary writer informs us, a covenant, founded upon the love, as well as the fear of God, was established in Aquitaine, and thence gradually spread over all France. It was of this tenor; that, from the vespers of Wednesday until Monday at day-break, no one shall presume to take aught from any man by violence, or to avenge himself of his adversary, or to come down upon a surety for his engagements. Whosoever should infringe this public decree must either compound for his life, or, being excommunicated, be banished the country. In this also did all agree, that this compact should bear the name of the "Truce of God." There could be no doubt regarding the principle of this important regulation, if its original founders had left us in the

dark. The time pronounced sacred, and during which war could not be carried on, is precisely that which the Church occupies in Holy Week in the celebration of Christ's passion. That the ground of this consecration was this passion has been clearly recorded; but it is plain that the limits thus assigned were not drawn from the actual time during which our Saviour suffered, seeing that he began his pains on Olivet only in the evening of Thursday, but rather from the ecclesiastical period of celebration, which is from the Wednesday afternoon at Tenebræ till Monday following. Not aware of this, several modern authors have fallen into the mistake of shortening by one day this truce of God, asserting it to have begun on Thursday evening.

See, then, how the Church extended to the whole year the virtuous effects produced for the welfare of men, by the offices of Holy Week; and turned the reverence which they excited to good and durable account in promoting public happiness. What a beneficial influence too! For all men could now reckon, in each week, upon four days' security and peace. They could travel abroad, or attend to their domestic affairs, without danger of molestation, shielded by the religious sanction of this sacred convention. The ravages of war were restrained to three days; there was leisure for passion to cool, and for the mind to sicken at a languishing warfare, and long for home.

Nor must it be thought that this law remained a dead letter. The author to whom I have referred proceeds to say, that many who refused to observe it were soon punished, either by divine judgments, or by the sword of man; "And this," he adds, "most justly; for as Sunday is considered venerable on account of our Lord's resurrection, so ought Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, through reverence of his last supper and passion, to be kept free of all wicked actions." Then he proceeds to detail one or two striking instances, as they were considered, of divine vengeance upon transgressors.* William the Conqueror ac-

* *Glabri Rodulphi Historie*, lib. v, c. 1. *Hist. Franc.* p. 55.

ceded to this holy truce, approved by a council of his bishops and barons held at Lillebonne, in 1080. Count Raymond published it at Barcelona, and successive Popes, as Urban II, in the celebrated synod of Clermont; Paschal II, in that of Rome; and particularly Innocent II and Alexander III, in the first and second Lateran councils, sanctioned and enforced it.*

This is a strong and incontrovertible example of the happy influence which the celebration of these coming solemnities has exerted upon the general happiness, and the share they have had in humanizing men, and rendering their actions conformable to the feelings and precepts of the gospel. For let me remark to you, that in none of the examples I have brought can it be said, that the vulgar solution of such phenomena will hold good; that a superstitious awe, or fanatical reverence of outward forms, was the active cause. In not one case will it be possible to show that the conduct has been devoid of a feeling which all must pronounce virtuous and holy; or rather that it has not sprung, as a natural result, from the inward sentiment which these sacred observances had inspired. Nay, I have passed over what, perhaps, would have been a proof, stronger than any other, of their influence, because I feared that opinion concerning its value might be divided, or the motives of many among those who gave it might be more easily suspected. I allude to the crusades, those gigantic quests of ancient chivalry, when knight-hood, of its own nature a lover of solitary adventure and individual glory, became, so to speak, gregarious, and poured its blood in streams to regain the sepulchre of Christ. Could such a spirit of religious enterprise have anywhere existed, if the thoughts of men had not been taught to solemnize his passion, by the contemplation of scenes which led them yearly in spirit to Jerusalem, and inflamed their minds with warm devotion towards the place of their redemption? Would pilgrims have flocked to Palestine, in spite of Paynim oppression and stripes, and even of death, if

Passion-tide, in their own country, had ever passed over, like any other week, without offices, without mourning, without deep expressions of sympathy for the sufferings of Christ? Was it not the thought how much more feeling will all these functions be, upon the very spot whereon what they commemorate occurred, that necessarily formed the first link in the reasoning which led them from their homes? Could they have been induced to undertake so long, so wearisome, and so perilous a journey, with no other prospect, during the season commemorative of the passion, than a solitary every day service on one morning of the week? And we know that to secure these pious palmers from the vexatious tyranny of the infidels, was one of the great motives of these expeditions.

But on this subject I do not wish to dwell. Without entering on such contested ground, I flatter myself that enough has been said to show what an important influence upon public virtue the solemn yearly celebration of Christ's passion, through its affecting ceremonial has exerted. It has brought men, even unwillingly, to the observance of propriety; it has taught kings humility and charity; it has softened the harshness of feudal enmities, and produced meekness in forgiving wrongs. But we have also seen this week become, in some sort, the very heart of the entire year (as its mystery is of Christianity), sending forth a living stream of holy and solemn feeling, which circulated through the whole twelve months, beating powerfully at short intervals through its frame, and renewing at each stroke the healthy and quickening action of its first impulse.

The effects thus produced upon society must have depended, in a great measure, upon the operation which this solemnization had in each individual; and we cannot doubt that these were, as they now are, excellently beneficial. For if the death of Christ be the sinner's only refuge, and the just man's only hope, according as the Catholic Church hath ever taught, it cannot be without good and wholesome effects, to turn the mind of each, for a certain space, entirely towards this subject, excluding, as

* Nat. Alex. tom. vi, p. 783.

much as possible, at the same time, all other distracting thoughts. To understand, however, the power of this most wise disposition, it is fair to consider this season with all its attendant circumstances.

And first, we should not forget that Holy Week appears not suddenly in the midst of the year, to be entered upon abruptly and without preparation. It has a solemn vestibule in the previous humiliation of Lent, which, by fasting and retirement from the usual dissipations of the remaining year, brings the mind to a proper tone for feeling what is to come. This is like a solitude round a temple, such as girded the Egyptian Oasis; and prevents the intrusion of thoughts and impressions too fresh from the world and its vanities. As the more important moment of initiation approaches, the gloom becomes more dense, and during Passion Week, in which now we are, we feel ourselves surrounded by sad preparations, inasmuch as every part of our liturgy speaks of Christ's passion, and the outward signs of mourning have already appeared in our churches. During this Lenten season there are daily sermons in the principal churches, wherein eloquent men unfold all the truths of religion with unction and zeal. In the week just passed, you may have noticed how, during certain hours of the afternoons, every place of ordinary refreshment was empty and closed. But instead of them the churches were all open and full; for, during those days, other learned priests, in familiar discourse, expounded to the people the duty of returning to God by repentance, through the sacrament of penance. They taught them in the strongest terms the necessity of changing their lives, and effectually turning from sin; and then dwelt on the purity of heart and burning love with which, at Easter, they should comply with the Church's precept of receiving the sacred communion. These were the themes prescribed to them during the week just elapsed. The work of preparation has not ended here. For almost every order of men there have been opened courses of spiritual exercises or retreats, that is, perfect retirement from all other occupation to prayer and pious reflection.

The noblemen have held their's in the chapel at the Gesù; ladies at the oratory of the Caravita; and the numerous houses set aside for this purpose have been crowded; and not a few, whom infirmity prevents from joining them, have observed these pious practices at home. This evening, the university, and every establishment of education, commences a similar course of retirements and devotions, which will close on Wednesday morning. During these days, the time is divided between hearing the word of God, chiefly in regard to its most saving truths, and meditating thereon in solitude.

It is thus prepared that the Catholic approaches, or is desired to approach, the closing days of the next week, and to assist at those beautiful services which lead us through the history of our dear Redeemer's passion. The conscience has been purged from sin, and the pledge of salvation probably received, the ordinary distractions of life have been gradually excluded, and the temper of the soul brought into harmony with the feeling they inspire. They are not intended, therefore, to produce a sudden and magical effect, but only to come upon the soul with a natural sympathetic power, resulting as much from the disposition of our minds as from their own intrinsic worth.

This view of the last days, or rather of the entire of Holy Week, as a time of individual sanctification, is by no means peculiar to Rome, or to this age. It is inculcated in every Catholic country. In Paris there are always such public exercises preparatory to it; and in Spain, as well as every part of Italy, the same course is pursued. In former times it was so in our own country. In the book of ecclesiastical laws, written originally by Theodulph, bishop of Orleans, in the eighth century, and adopted in England, in 994, we find it enacted, that all the faithful partake of the holy communion every Sunday in Lent, and on the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of Holy Week, and Easter Sunday; and likewise, that all the days of Easter Week be kept with equal devotion.*

* Wilkins, Conc. Ang. tom i, p. 280.

That the observance of this time, in such a manner, must be to many most blessed, no one will, I think, deny. For opportunities are thus certainly given, on occasion of it, to ponder well upon the great duties of the Christian state, and the means of accomplishing them; and all this, most surely, would not have been devised nor executed but for the veneration with which the celebration of our Saviour's death is regarded, and the holiness and purity with which it seems to us, that so sacred a commemoration and so awful a representation should be attended.

And if these can indirectly perform so much, through the preparation they require, what shall we say of themselves? Combining, in justest proportions, all that can reach the soul,—beauty, solemnity, dignity, and pathos, performed under circumstances calculated to soothe the feelings of the sternest mind, and dedicated to the most Christian of all possible objects, must they not have a devotional influence on all that court it with a pious disposition? Go to the Sixtine chapel, with the impression that you are not about to witness a ceremony, but to assist at an annual remembrance of His death, whom you should love,—a remembrance, too, wherein you have a part, as you had in the reality—in which your compassion, not your curiosity, your heart and not your captiousness, ought to be engaged; unlock all the nerves of the soul, that emotion may enter in through every sense; follow the words which are recited, join in the prayers that are poured forth, listen to the pathetic strains in which the Church utters her wail, drinking in their feeling rather than admiring their art,—and I will promise you, that, when the evening shade has closed over the last cadences of the plaintive music, you will arise and go home, as you would from the house of mourning, “a sadder but a better man.”

And is not this truly the house of mourning into which you will enter? Is it not to the perpetual anniversary of One most dear to us that we are summoned? When our nearest of kin depart, we put on mourning weeds, and we sorrow for a time. And when the year comes round, so long as the

dark suit upon our bodies reminds us, we recal the day. The Church, unfailing in her ordinances as in her existence, willeth not that we so quickly forget. She sets no limits to the religious remembrance of the departed, in our supplications to God; she perpetuates their memory, if they live among the saints, to the end of time. How, then, can she ever forget that awful stroke which robbed earth of its glory, and brought all nature into sorrow? Surely, to allow its anniversary to pass over, without a celebration worthy of the event, would be an unnatural indifference in her, not even to be suspected.

Who knoweth not, how closely allied are the tender emotions of piety unto sorrow? Who hath not felt, how moments of distress are moments of fervor for the soul that seeketh God? I believe, that hardly a religion, true or false, will be found, without a festival of sorrow, wherein men bewail the past loss of some worshipped or honored being. The ancient mysteries of Egypt had certainly such; and the maidens of Judah annually retired into the hills to mourn over the virginity of Jephtha's daughter. The Persians annually celebrate their Aaschoor, or mourning feast, for Hussein's death. The squares are covered with black, and stages are erected on which the Mullahs relate the sorrowful story, while the audience are in tears. For ten days, processions, alms-deeds, and scenes of extravagant sorrow, occupy the city, and ceremonies are performed which graphically and dramatically represent the fate of the young Caliph.* These are all various expressions of the same want, felt in every religion, of dedicating the tenderer emotions to the service of God, as those which best can harmonize with affectionate devotion. And shall the Christian worship alone, which presents a just, a moving, a sublime occasion of sorrow, in the death of an incarnate God for our sin, dry up, by stern decree, the fountain of such pure emotion, or afford no room for outwardly exercising such true and holy feelings?

Nay, rather, was she not bound to scoop out a channel through which they might

* *Thevenot*, vol. ii, p. 263.

flow undisturbed by the troubled waters of worldly solicitude? Could we have expected from her less, than that she should have digged a cistern, deep and wide, for such pure sentiments, and thence sluiced it off, as we have seen her do, over the barrenness of the remaining seasons, to refresh them with a living stream?

It is difficult to say from what principle of self-knowledge the notion sprung in modern religions, that outward forms destroy or disturb the inward spirit. It should seem, that the very knowledge of man's two-fold constitution would expose the idea to scorn. It must be that daily experience proves, how soon and how easily men forget their

inward duty, unless outwardly reminded, through the senses, of its obligation. Wherefore it should have been decided in later times, that the ear alone is the channel of admonition and encouragement, and that the eye,—that noblest and quickest of senses, which seizes by impulse what the other receives by succession,—is not worthily to be employed for religion, I own the reason is hidden from me. One hand fashioned both; and why should not both be rendered back in homage to Him? If the splendor of religious ceremony may bewitch, and fix the eye upon the instrument instead of the object, as surely may the orator's skill, or the ornaments of his speech.

CATHOLIC MELODIES.

NO. III.

EASTER ANTHEM.*

1st voice.—Morning breaks in splendor round,—

Sounds of gladness fill the air!

2d voice.—But the soul in sadness bound,

Yields no echo to its cheer.

1st voice.—Wildly from the sepulchre,

Breaks a cry of agony!

2d voice.—Hark! 'tis Mary's voice we hear,—

"They have ta'en our Lord away."

Both. Hark, &c.

1st voice.—Hast'ning with the speed of light,

To the sepulchre they run.

2d voices.—Bands of angels meet their sight,

Telling that the work is done;

1st voice.—"Seek no more among the dead,—

Christ is risen,—man is free;—

2d voice.—Death! thy sting 's forever fled!

Grave! where is thy victory?"

Both. Death, &c.

1st voice.—Lo! the promise is fulfilled,

Christ, our passover was slain,

2d voice.—Witness earth! his blood was spilled,—

Witness, heaven! he rose again!

1st voice.—Christ is risen,—wake the strain!

Wide o'er earth the tidings sound!

2d voice.—Christ is risen,—once again,

Shout Jehovah's praise around!

Both. Christ, &c.

St. Louis, Mo.

MOÏNA.

* The words of this anthem have been set to music by Mr. B. Cross of Philadelphia.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

ROME.—Mons. Cadolini, archbishop of Edessa, and secretary of the Propaganda, was promoted to the dignity of Cardinal, and transferred to the archbishopric of Ferrara, on the 29th of January. His successor, as secretary of the Propaganda, is Mons. Brunelli.

Three other cardinals, Villadicani, archbishop of Messina,—Mangelli, and Serafini, were created on the same occasion.

The Pope has given orders to have St. Paul's Church finished for the next jubilee, in 1850. Hopes are entertained that he may live to consecrate it, since he is in excellent health, although he is now in his seventy-eighth year.

Catholic Herald.

ENGLAND.—*Catholicity, Puseyism, &c.*—We copy from the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, a Methodist paper of N. York, the following letter which may therefore be considered impartial.

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 27, 1848.

My dear Brother Coles: The rapid increase of Popery in this country is a subject of great and growing interest to all classes of community; and not only to this *Isle*, but to the world.

According to the *Catholic Directory* for 1843, that body of people have five hundred chapels in England and Wales; in Scotland seventy-one; besides twenty-seven stations where divine service is performed, making a total of five hundred and seventy-one. In 1840 they had, according to their *Directory*, five hundred and twenty-two; so that the increase in two years was forty-nine; whereas the increase for fifteen years previously, that is, from 1824 to 1839, was only ninety-six; so that Roman places of worship in England, Scotland and Wales, increased something more than one-half as much in 1841 and 1842, as they did in fifteen years previously to 1839. Taking the three last past years together, viz., 1840, 1841, and 1842, their increase of places of worship will have been in those years, one hundred and eighteen, or twenty-two more during those years than in fifteen years previously. In 1840, according to their *Directory* of that year, there were six hundred and fifteen Popish priests in England, Scotland, and Wales. This year, according to the new *Directory*, they have seven hundred and thirty-three, being an increase of one hundred and eighteen in the last two years. In England they have eight colleges, and one in

Scotland; eight convents for nuns and sisters of charity, and three monasteries. In 1840 they had sixty seminaries of education. The *Directory* for this year does not mention the number.

These are fearful and rapid strides of the Man of Sin in this professedly Protestant nation. Now if their places of worship should increase in the same ratio for ten years to come, as they have done for three years last past, their increase would be three hundred and ninety-three, making a grand total of nine hundred and sixty-four. And if the increase of priests should be in the same proportion for ten years to come, with the two last past years, the increase would be five hundred and ninety, making a total number of one thousand three hundred and twenty-three. And it must be borne in mind, that this rapid increase does not grow here, as in the United States, by emigration, but out of British born subjects.

That this success and other signs of the times should greatly encourage the Roman Catholics can be no wonder; and that the same reasons should appal many a fearful Protestant heart can be no surprise. But the most astounding thing in the ecclesiastical hemisphere of this country is the amazing spread of Puseyism. It is supposed by many that there are twenty thousand Episcopal clergymen in the kingdom, and that fifteen thousand out of the number are more or less tainted with the semi-Popery of Dr. Pusey's doctrines.

Another singular fact, not entirely unconnected with this subject, is, that there is very little more intercourse between the high and the low Church party in the land, than there was between the Jews and the Samaritans of old. And the high Church party are trying constantly to draw the lines of separation still wider, by withdrawing themselves from every institution under Church patronage, which they cannot bring under their own exclusive influence. The whole body is firmly united together in their plans of operation; and they have wealth, talents, and influence on their side. They have men among them of great leisure, deeply skilled in the lore of ancient learning; and they are throwing this, like dust, into the eyes of the public by handbills, and blinding them by thousands, to the pure doctrines of Christianity, as taught by the reformers and their followers; while great numbers

of young men from the universities, seeing, or thinking they see, a nearer road to preferment—to fine broad cloth, and fat livings—by the way of Puseyism, are constantly joining their ranks, to the great grief of thousands.

Now, sir, look at the other side of this picture. Perhaps the English Church was never better supplied with pious, learned, talented, laborious, evangelical ministers, than she is at present; but they are so greatly outnumbered by the other party as to make them timid in action. Then, again, the evangelical party have no regular, well-digested, ostensible plan of action. They do not work in concert. They have no common bond of union. Each one labors in his little, local, and individual sphere, and is telling his congregation, from time to time, of the rapid spread of Puseyism and Popery; and this, too, in such a manner as is much more calculated to discourage than to rouse the laity to any well-organized plan of opposition. Further, the low churchmen have no well-selected, bold, determined leader. No hardy, fearless, lion-hearted person, such as Wickliffe or Luther, steps forward, to place himself at the head of that body to lead them onward in combined action against Puseyism and Popery—to grapple for the great and blessed boon of the reformation, which is in danger of being lost to the nation. While, on the other side, Dr. Pusey, as a bold, daring, learned leader of his sect, rushes forward reckless of consequences; and, as if the means were to justify the end, he is not scrupulous to a shade either as to what he says or does. Witness his vile attack on the Wesleyan Methodists, after he has been answered, and his allegations refuted, time and again.

In addition to the above gloom which hangs over the evangelical party, they are poor, as a body, compared to their opponents; and not only so, but they are afraid to act in union, lest they should trespass on the prerogatives of their dioceses. Not so with their enemies.

There is another topic closely allied to this which is a curse to the Church and the nation; I mean the old, hackneyed, unproved and unprovable subject of apostolic succession, which serves to keep the low Church party, as well as the other, at a cold measured distance from both the Wesleyans and the Dissenters; yet, in my humble opinion, the evangelical party never will be able to contend successfully with Puseyism and Popery without the aid of the above mentioned sects. What is a little remarkable, or at least worthy of passing notice at this time, is the venom with which Pusey and his followers are assailing the Wesleyans and the Dissenters;

but especially the former. No doubt this is Puseyite policy; for should the "tug of war" ever fairly commence in Britain as to whether Popery or Protestantism should reign, both Dr. Pusey and the Papists know their greatest difficulties would arise from this quarter; and hence their hostility to the Methodist system is equally as great as their hatred to the Methodist doctrines, or to the Methodists as a body. That the evangelical party should be blind to these things, and act in that blindness, may prove as fatal to them as if they were put to sleep by magnetism, or some other *ism*, until Dr. Pusey and his followers get the noose they are preparing for them fairly around their necks; and then, with one death-like pull, they may drag them under Popish rule and Popish reign.

You are probably aware, sir, that tapers and the candelabra are already introduced, and not a few churches burn lights at the altar, in the day time. Among the places which do this, Leeds, Liverpool, Mary-le-bone, and Ipswich, may be mentioned. What the end will be heaven only knows.

I remain, my dear brother, yours very truly.

JOHN TRAFFETT.

Discussion.—A public discussion took place lately at Manchester, between Mr. Cleary, a Catholic, and Mr. Atkinson, a member of the Protestant association. The propositions advanced by the former, that the Church of Christ is infallible, that the universal Church in communion with the see of Rome is the only true Church, and that the reformed sects are heretical and schismatical. The debate was listened to by two thousand persons. When the discussion ended, Mr. Love, of the mercantile firm of Love and Barton, in Manchester, made a public declaration that he renounced Protestantism, and embraced the Catholic faith. His example was followed by ten other persons.

Lady Young, the friend of Queen Victoria, and possessing an income of more than sixty thousand dollars, was lately admitted into the Catholic Church.—*Mélanges Religieux*.

Rev. Mr. Newman.—We learn from a private, but highly creditable source, that this distinguished Oxford divine will spend next session week at St. Mary's college, Oscott. May the rumor be true!

The Bishop of London on the "Surplice Question."—The bishop of London, while adverting in his recently published charge to the question, whether a clergyman, when preaching, should wear a surplice or a gown, recommends it as "most consonant with the intention of the Church, that he should wear a surplice when

preaching after the morning service, and a gown when the sermon is in the evening." His lordship's sentiments on this, as on some other points, would appear to have undergone considerable alteration, the greatest, indeed, of which the nature of things will admit, being no less than an alteration from black to white. In the year 1826, while bishop of Chester, his language to the clergy of the diocese was—"Gentlemen, it is most consonant with the intention of the Church, that you should, while preaching, array yourselves in *black*." In the year 1843 his language to the clergy of the diocese of London is—"Gentlemen, it is most consonant with the intention of the Church, that you should, while preaching, array yourselves in *white*." It would certainly be satisfactory to the public—the clerical portion of it more especially—if his lordship would be condescending enough to explain how he came by this new light. If it be difficult to decide when "doctors disagree" with each other, it must be even more difficult to do so when they disagree with themselves.—*Cheshire paper*.

IRELAND.—There cannot be a greater proof of the paternal interest taken by the sovereign pontiff, Gregory XVI, in the Catholic Church of Ireland, and of the high estimation in which it is held by his holiness, than his anxious desire to establish Irish ecclesiastics as bishops in the different sees connected with its foreign missions, and his practice of conferring suitable dignities on others of them, so soon as he is informed of their deserts and claims on his beneficence. An instance has lately occurred in the person of the Rev. Mr. Laffan, one of the senior priests in the church of the Conception, Marlborough street, Dublin. His holiness, having been informed by a respectable dignitary of the Church of this reverend gentleman's many years of valuable services in the ministry, of his successful teaching in the cause of religion, and of his zeal for the maintenance of the dignity and respectability of public worship, has been graciously pleased, within these few days, to transmit to him, from himself personally, the degree of doctor of divinity.

We have to announce the gratifying intelligence that two of the household of a highly respectable Protestant family, in the neighborhood of this city, at the county Kilkenny side of the river, were received into the Catholic Church during the present week.—*Waterford Chronicle*.

Restitution to the Catholics of one of the Cathedrals of Dublin.—A correspondent says that many persons in the above city are of opinion that the Protestants ought to convene a meeting of their body, and enter into a magnanimous re-

solution to make restitution of at least one of the ancient Cathedrals (St. Paul's or Christ church) to the Catholics, whose fathers built, endowed, and possessed them! This resolve would be the more opportune, when it is found that in the vicinity of those churches, in a circumference of less than half a mile, there are at least ~~nine~~ churches (without including the church of St. Catherine) for the accommodation of Protestants, whereas one of these churches would more than suffice for all the Protestants in the metropolis.—*True Tablet*.

Joy bells for St. Paul's Catholic Church in Dublin.—In a short time it is expected that the splendid peal of joy bells for the new church of St. Paul, Arra quay, Dublin, will be ready. They will be the first of the kind connected with a Catholic church in Dublin since the "glorious, pious, and immortal" plunderers of all that is holy and sacred deprived us of our churches, bells and beads.—*Ibid*.

SPAIN.—The Catholic clergy of Spain continue giving constant proofs of their faith amidst all the sufferings and penury endured by them under existing circumstances. As if all that were not sufficient, they are made the victims of calumny by foreigners, who seek to deprive them of the brilliant crown of glory which they have merited, and which they still merit, on account of their constancy in professing the faith, and their firmness in fulfilling their duties. It is stated in a London periodical, that half of the clergy of Seville are Deists. This is a falsehood. In a work published, also in England, by a Mr. Borrow (a Bible distributor who was sent here to poison us with Protestantism, just as the Chinese have been poisoned by the English with opium) it is falsely asserted, that, amongst the Spanish clergy there are many of Jewish origin who still profess Judaism.—*Catolico of Madrid*.

CANONIZATION.—In France the preparatory investigations and proceedings have been instituted for the canonization of the Rev. Mr. De la Salle, founder of the *Brothers of the Christian Schools*, a society that labors quietly, but with the most astonishing success, in instilling into the minds of youth, particularly those of the poorer class, the principles of religion, and such knowledge as will fit them for usefulness in the world. The most extensive and minute inquiries have been made relative to the life of Mr. De la Salle, and the numerous testimonies that have been procured, either from the contemporaries of those who were witnesses of his virtues, or from others who have had an opportunity of forming a correct opinion upon the subject, bear evidence to the fact, that the holy priest prac-

tised in an heroic degree, the Christian and sacerdotal virtues. It is to be hoped that a decision to this effect will emanate from the holy see.

Mr. De la Salle was born at Rheims on the 30th of April, 1651, studied at St. Sulpice, in Paris, and afterwards became a canon of the cathedral at Rheims, and received the doctor's cap in the university of the same city. From the year 1681, he lived among his brethren. His death occurred at Rouen, in 1701.—*Propagateur Catholique*.

THE VIRGINS OF TYROL.—The *Presbyterian* has republished a foul libel on one of these remarkable personages, borrowed from the *Liverpool Standard*, and observes that it will be read with confusion to the Roman Catholics. We think that the shame should be felt by the propagators of the atrocious calumny, of which an authentic refutation is given in the *London Catholic Magazine* of January. We refer our readers for the refutation of this atrocious calumny to the letter of the prince bishop of Trent, published in our number of the 9th of March.

Cath. Herald.

BELGIUM.—Mr. Frederick Valland, of the canton of Berne, Switzerland, recently made the solemn abjuration of Protestantism, in the chapel of the Jesuits, at Brussels. Mons. Fornari, nuncio of his holiness, administered confirmation to him. The convert also received holy communion.—*Ibid*.

CEYLON.—Rev. C. Russell, professor in Maynooth college, Ireland, recently appointed vicar apostolic of the island of Ceylon, is at Rome, seeking to be released from accepting the new dignity.—*Catholic Herald*.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CHINA.—The *Univers* of the 12th February, contains the following remarkable statement. We deem it our duty to inform our readers that we have ourselves for some days been prepared, through our own letters from Rome, for the announcement:

"During the last fortnight, accounts the most delightful to the Christian world, have been prevalent in Paris. From letters written by persons of the highest character, which we have had under our own inspection, we learn that authentic accounts have been received in the capital of Christianity from the Catholic missionaries in China, announcing that the Chinese emperor will, for the future, permit missionaries free entrance, and right of travelling without obstacle, through his dominions; not content with this concession, the emperor himself has solicited that new and more numerous missionaries should be sent out. It is certain that the Propaganda has already appointed forty religious, amongst

whom are many Jesuits, whose names are announced to the mission. The departure of these missionaries for China will be immediate.

"These accounts from China attest facts of another description, and which, to Christians, will explain those we have above announced. The silence we have preserved during the last fortnight, will be a guarantee to our readers that if we speak out to-day, it is on testimony the most weighty and worthy of belief. A letter which we received yesterday from Rome contains the following:—*Authentic letters from the Chinese missionaries confirm the astounding miracle of the apparition of our Lord, in the presence of a vast number of the faithful and unbelievers.*"

The *Univers* states it has received other details, but contents itself with quoting some observations from the *Gazette du Simplon* of the 8th of February. Our letters confirm its details:

"Intelligence of undoubted authority has arrived from the apostolic vicariate of China, stating that a great multitude of Christians and Pagans belonging to that nation, saw in the air, the heaven being serene and clear, the image of Christ Jesus crucified."—*Cork Examiner*.

CANADA.—*New Bishopric*.—From the *Canadien* and *Mélanges Religieux*, we learn that the holy see has formed a new diocese in the British possessions, to consist of the province of New Brunswick, which hitherto was subject to the bishop of Charlottetown. The Very Rev. William Dullard, hitherto vicar general of the bishop of Charlottetown, and pastor of the congregation of Fredericktown is the bishop elect.—*Herald*.

Education.—The brothers of the Christian schools will soon commence an establishment in Quebec. Their labors in Montreal are blessed with the happiest results to religion and morality.

SOUTH AMERICA.—From a private letter, dated January 18th, from Rio de Janeiro we learn some interesting particulars concerning the missions of South America. In 1816, thirty-six Capuchin friars established themselves at Bahia in Brazil, whence most of them sallied forth into the interior of the country to labor at the conversion of the savages. From that time until a few months since, no intelligence had been received from two of these missionaries. One of them, Father Louis de Livorno has lately returned to the convent where his brethren reside, to the agreeable surprise of all; but he is so emaciated and worn out as to exhibit rather the appearance of a spectre from the other world. The news of this extraordinary being having reached Rio de Janeiro despatches were immediately sent to Bahia to obtain a portrait and a

biographical sketch of the holy man. The picture represents him surrounded by a band of savages, of the Cannibal tribe, which, with the divine blessing, he had succeeded in converting to the faith. It appears that when he first visited this barbarous people, he was accompanied by three Indians, who soon left him alone in the midst of a wild and trackless region. Retiring to a neighboring hill, he fixed his dwelling there, and six long months rolled over his head before the sound of any human voice interrupted the silence of his dreary solitude. While he was thus passing his time in prayer and patient endurance, the quiet of the forest was suddenly broken by the approach of more than five hundred savages, who presented themselves before the missionary and expressed their willingness to learn from him the truths of religion. Ever since that period he has been employed in the instruction of the Indians, whom he has induced to renounce polygamy, with their superstitions, to observe the precepts of Christianity, and to exchange their wandering life for the pursuit of agriculture. Speaking of the Jesuits, the same correspondent says: "The Father Provincial, Mariano Berdugo, was invited, with twenty-two of his brethren, to establish a college in the city of Buenos Ayres. The request was made by President Rosas, who is the supreme ruler of the Argentine republic. This man, after having profanely succeeded, by means of fear, in introducing his likeness into some of the churches, had good reason to suppose that the inmates of the college which he had just founded, would willingly receive his painting into their chapel; but he was mistaken. He discovered that he had to deal with the real sons of St. Ignatius. Father Berdugo replied, in respectful terms, to the president, that he would place his portrait in a most conspicuous part of the college, but could not station it in the house of divine worship. The courtisans of Rosas appeared to be satisfied with the answer of Father Berdugo, but he soon began to perceive the consequences of having displeased the tyrant. After some time he was informed by an unknown person, that the following day was appointed for the visitation of the college by the civil authorities; upon which the fathers of the institution immediately held a council, and sent home to their respective families the pupils that had been placed under their charge, one hundred and twenty in number. The superior and three of his brethren succeeded in getting on board of a vessel, disguised as English sailors. Father Berdugo, with one of his companions, came to this city (Rio de Janeiro) for refuge, and were received with every

mark of respect by the nuncio, the bishop, and the authorities. The government at Buenos Ayres having issued orders that no passports should be furnished to the Jesuits who had remained there, the people were indignant at the measure, and the fathers were invited to resume their occupations, nothing more being said about the portrait of *Salvador Rosas*. The ostensible object of the government was to lay hold of the four individuals, who had succeeded in leaving the visitors with empty hands. I am informed that the indefatigable members of your order (the Jesuits) have established themselves at Cordova, in the province of Tacuman (Bolivia). They are eight in number, among whom is the celebrated Padre de la Pagna, of Mexico. What will you say if I tell you that we are daily looking for news from the city of Concepcion, the capital of Paraguay. Two fathers of your society have availed themselves of the demise of the despot, Dr. Francia, to visit that celebrated spot. We are daily expecting to be informed, that time is working wonders."

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALT.—*Circular*.—The next Provincial Council will be opened on the fourth Sunday after Easter. I earnestly recommend to the reverend clergy and the faithful of my diocese the important business which will engage the attention of the assembled prelates. For which purpose, I request the reverend clergy, from the 29th of April to the 21st of May—1. To add daily at mass the Collect of the Holy Ghost. 2. To say weekly one mass of the Holy Ghost. 3. To solicit the faithful under their spiritual charge to offer up their prayers, and, once at least, to receive Holy Communion with the intention of invoking the light and grace of heaven on our proceedings.

Religious communities are requested to offer up for the same object, such special acts of devotion as may be approved of by their spiritual directors.

+SAMUEL, *Archbishop of Baltimore.*

*Given at Baltimore, on Thursday, }
in the 4th week in Lent, 1848. }*

Spiritual Retreat de Paul's.—The retreat for the laity commenced in this church on Sunday, the 12th of March, under the direction of the zealous F. McElroy, of Frederick city. Father McElroy is a distinguished member of the Society of Jesus, and the well-earned reputation of his order for piety and learning, was fully sustained by the eminent ecclesiastic who presided at these religious exercises.

In the morning of that day the Rev. Mr.

Schreiber opened the retreat by a preparatory discourse, pointing out to the faithful the great advantages to be derived from these pious exercises, if entered upon with becoming dispositions—this species of devotion was not novel in the Church—even the faithful Israelite of the old law was exact in its observance; and, under the Jewish dispensation, the favorites of the Most High sought the sequestered dell or the lofty mountain top, to commune with heaven; the example of the Saviour was introduced, and his disciples awaiting the descent of the holy spirit. In every age the Christian Church points to her holy hermits, her fervent anchorites, her pious recluse, who withdrew from the busy haunts of men, to spend their lives in holy seclusion, far from a world that placed so many snares for the feet of the unwary. The subject was continued in the afternoon of the same day, by the Rev. J. B. Gildea, in an energetic appeal to the people of his charge, to avail themselves of the opportunity now offered them—the holy to become more holy, and the wanderer from virtue to return to the service of heaven.

As the character of the speaker, even the very appearance of the individual, is not without its influence on such occasions, Father McElroy was habited in the dress of his order; and the mild and pensive composure of his countenance indicated one who was solely taken up with the things of heaven—with a heart overflowing with mildest charity, he pictured the goodness of God, ever ready to receive the repentant to favor—in fervid and glowing outline he portrayed the reward of bliss eternal, awaiting such as repent and persevere to the end; and in solemn warning denounced the obduracy of the sinner, deaf to the voice of grace, and unmoved by the stings of conscience.

Decorated with but few of the flowers of the rhetorician, the eloquence of Father McElroy is peculiar in its forcible appeals to the intellect; holding the mind of his auditory as if at will, he alluded to the instances wherein the tired mercies of heaven seemed unwilling to bear longer with the oft repeated crimes of the obstinate sinner: whilst, as an ambassador for Christ, and one vested with authority, in the name of his God, he promised favor and forgiveness to such as sincerely repent.

The all important object of the retreat was self-knowledge—the sinner was to learn how he stood in the presence of his Creator, and the sublime end of his creation was strikingly pictured to his mind, whilst the faculties of the soul were enlisted in the investigation. *The will* was first calmly invited to seek its end, and soon

taught to believe that none could be holier than submission to the adorable will of Him who formed it. *Memory* was the next faculty, introduced as the abundant store-house where Virtue deposited her treasures, and finally *Intelligence* drew from both an offering worthy the divine Creator. Thus spending the first day in showing how reasonable was the service of man to his God, and how fitting the application of his ennobling faculties when exerted to the honor of Him who gave them.

But man needed blessings—he needed the divine favor and protection—he must therefore ask them ere he could hope to receive, and at once the excellence and advantage of *prayer* invited his attention; nor was this prayer so much the sounding accents of the lips, as the deep and fervent breathings of the spirit—it was the unspoken prayer to which he alluded—the silent entreaty of the heart, which in holy meditation led the soul into solitude, there to commune with God. It was in this salutary exercise of meditation, on the things of eternity, that the faculties of the soul, will, memory, and understanding, were in a special manner introduced as most efficacious in moving the mercy of heaven.

The goodness of God was next portrayed, and this new favor inviting them to a spiritual retreat, was designated as another signal proof that the Almighty wished not the death of the sinner, but rather that he be converted and live; he knew they would avail themselves of the proffered blessing—they would accept the boon held out to them—the mild mercies of the Saviour were recounted, as so many motives to repentance—the sweet reception of the prodigal into favor, and the prayer of pardon on Calvary were feelingly introduced—the joys of heaven, promised as a reward for virtue, and the dread tortures of hell pointed at, as the punishment of vice—and if the countenance of the sinner was mantled with shame at his past ingratitude, his hopes now brightened, as looking through the tear of his penitent love, he sighed for pardon. It were unnecessary to go through the various exercises of this retreat, which lasted eight days; suffice it to say, that it was crowned with the happiest results. We are informed that between two and three thousand persons received holy communion in St. Vincent's alone, whilst many others, of different congregations, who attended these spiritual exercises, partook of the life-giving sacrament in their respective churches. S.

Conversions.—Among those who have been of late admitted into the Catholic Church in Baltimore, are two officers of the United States' Army.

Indian Missions.—On Sunday, the 12th of March, a collection was taken in the different Catholic churches of Baltimore, for the benefit of the missions among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains. The collection, with the private donations obtained by Father De Smet, amounted to nearly eight hundred dollars.

Washington's Birth-day.—The twenty-second of February was celebrated with appropriate ceremonies at St. Mary's College, Baltimore, and at Georgetown College, D. C. Addresses were delivered in both institutions, and were a bright evidence of the vigorous growth of true patriotism among the students assembled within their walls. At Georgetown, the Declaration of Independence was read by William D. Wyna, of Georgia, after some felicitous remarks, and an oration delivered before the Philodemic Society, by George C. Morgan, of Maryland. We have been politely favored with a copy of the oration, a rapid glance at which has convinced us that it is an ardent and beautiful tribute to the memory of our illustrious Washington. After the oration the large audience, consisting of the élite lately assembled in the District of Columbia, proceeded to the spacious dining hall of the students, where a sumptuous and plentiful repast, had been prepared by the Faculty and Philodemic Society. During the entertainment, the president of the college having paid a high and merited compliment to the Hon. C. G. Ferris, of New York, this gentleman arose and alluded in terms of the highest encomium to the oration of Mr. Morgan. He concluded by expressing a wish "that his country might ever continue to look with a favorable and fostering eye upon institutions which, like the university of Georgetown, were the nurseries of virtue and learning—schools in which the young American was qualified, in every respect, to fill the high and responsible places of himself and colleagues, when they should have passed from the scene of action to the silence of the tomb."

DIOCESS OF CHARLESTON.—We have learned from good authority that no appointment will be made to the vacant see of Charleston, before the convention of the fifth provincial council in May.

DIOCESS OF NATCHEZ.—The exercises for a spiritual retreat of four days will begin at the Catholic Church, on this evening, at early candle light, when the introductory sermon explaining its object, regulations, &c., will be delivered by the Rev. John Timon, C. M.—*Vicksburg Sentinel, March 7.*

DIOCESS OF BOSTON.—The bill introduced into the legislature of Massachusetts, relative to

the indemnification of the sufferers by the burning of the Charlestown convent, has been rejected by that body.

DIOCESS OF NEW ORLEANS.—*Decision of the Superior Court, in Louisiana.*—As it has been currently reported through the papers in this section of the country, on the strength of erroneous statements in a New Orleans print, that a decision had emanated from the supreme tribunal of that state, declaring that *neither the Pope nor any bishop has the power of appointing a priest to a parish against the consent of the people*, we deem it a duty to contradict this false assertion, and to inform our readers that the decision by the supreme court in Louisiana, does not contain one word relative to the papal or episcopal power in the appointment of clergymen. In fact, it could scarcely be conceived that a body of intelligent men, such as judges ought to be, would commit themselves so far as to undertake the decision of a question, that is no more within their competency than the consecration of a bishop belongs to the president of the United States. When a church is incorporated, the trustees are evidently the legal administrators of its temporalities, and they discharge their duty so long as they act in conformity to the conditions of the trust confided to them. But the right to exercise the sacred ministry in any particular place is conferred by ecclesiastical power only, and no acts of jurisdiction on the part of any Catholic clergymen would be valid, without this sanction, all the decisions of the civil courts in the land notwithstanding.

Retreat.—A retreat for the clergy of the diocese was opened at New Orleans on the 7th of March, and terminated on the 14th.

PUSEYISM.—The following extract from the correspondence of an Episcopalian paper, is a consoling evidence that, however boldly some writers may protest against the influence of the Oxford movement, in exhibiting the truth of Catholicity, its religious investigations are attended, even in this country, with a near approximation to the ancient Church, and sometimes with an open avowal of her truth and divine origin.

Messrs. Editors: What can be the meaning of this great outcry against Puseyism? Are not the intelligent portion of the religious world aware of the fact, that many things which they denounce as Puseyism, are chargeable on the Episcopal Church itself?

"First, then, the apostolical succession. It is the doctrine of the Episcopal Church, that no religious society is a Church of CHRIST, that has not in it a ministry derived from the apostles in regular succession. The question then is, does

such succession constitute a Christian Church? If not, where is the evidence that the Episcopal is such a Church? But if it does, the Roman Catholic Church, having in it that succession, is a Church of the kind; in which event it would follow, that, as the majority of a body is the body itself, that Church being the majority, it is *the* Church, and Episcopalians are schismatics in their separation from her, and ought therefore to return to the bosom of their mother, as the Puseyites are inclined to do, and as all consistent Episcopalians *must* do."—*N. York Evangelist*.

In quoting this article, the *New York Churchman* remarks:

"There is a straightforwardness in the article from the *N. York Evangelist*, which we should be happy to find on all subjects discussed in the same quarter. The argument in the second paragraph is grounded on the Roman fallacy that the truth, which is the essence of the Church, and is presupposed to its existence, is dependent on its authority; an error of the same nature with the common Protestant notion that the truth depends on private judgment. The Catholic doctrine is, that the Church is the 'pillar' to display the truth, the 'ground' to uphold it; and not a certain arbitrary power, which can create or change the truth at its will, and make truth falsehood, and falsehood truth; virtue vice, and vice virtue. With this caveat we commend the article to our readers, our Low Church brethren in particular."

Where did the editor of the *Churchman* discover the *Roman fallacy* to which he here alludes? What Catholic theologian, what council, what authorized book of instruction contains the doctrine that "truth is *dependent* on the authority of the Church?" We admit this to be a fallacy, and until the *Churchman* adduce the grounds on which he imputes it to the Catholic Church, his readers have a right to consider it, as we now pronounce it, a sheer misrepresentation. The Church is the mere *witness* of the truth revealed by Christ, and contained in the word of God written and unwritten, or scripture and tradition. Far from believing herself invested with "a certain arbitrary power, which can create or change the truth at its will, and make truth falsehood and falsehood truth," she has done every thing in her power, as Bossuet observes, "to tie up her own hands, and deprive herself of the only means of innovation; declaring by all her councils and by all her professions of faith, that she receives no dogma whatever that is not conformable to the tradition of all preceding ages."

CHALLENGE OF BISHOP HOPKINS.—Some time since Bishop Hopkins of Vermont chal-

lenged Bishop Kenrick to an oral debate on a useless topic; for which and other reasons the latter declined to accept, but offered as an exchange, to meet the bishop of Vermont in a written discussion of the points controverted between Protestants and Catholics, and promised that the articles in defence of the former should appear in the *Herald*, provided those in defence of the latter should find a place in the *Churchman*. Bishop Hopkins has declined this invitation for the following reasons, which we extract from the *Catholic Advocate* with its remarks upon the subject.

1. "The *Churchman* is published in another diocese. Its columns are devoted to a select variety, suited to the views of its numerous subscribers; and if I had—what I have not—either authority or influence in the matter, I should doubt the propriety of asking its able editor to pledge himself to the insertion of what might become a long and wearisome discussion."

This reason must seem to the candid reader a mere evasion. It does not appear that the bishop has tried to procure the *Churchman* for the publication of this controversy. Has he asked and been denied its columns? There is no proof that he has, and consequently we regard this reason as having no weight whatever. If Bishop Hopkins can do what he boasts, nothing could be more valuable to the *Churchman*, and its numerous subscribers, than his communications.

2. He "objects because an interruption of several weeks must necessarily intervene between the letters of the respective parties."

This objection is of no weight: First, because "several weeks need not necessarily intervene," for the mails are so rapidly transported from point to point, as to bring distant places into close proximity. And secondly, this interruption in the continuity of the argument could easily be prevented by an agreement between the disputants, to interchange a manuscript copy of their letters, and not commence the publication of them, until they had some numbers prepared, when their correspondence should have such advance of the publication, as to avoid all reason for interrupting "the continuity of the argument," as far as the public is concerned.

The third reason of the bishop has some more show of foundation, which is, "that the distance from New York, would prevent his being able to correct his proofs, and expose him to the accidents of frequent misrepresentation." But could he not in New York find some literary friend to protect him from such mischances? We think he could.

We consider, therefore, that Bishop Hopkins has, upon reflection, thought it safe to exhibit that better part of valor, termed discretion, and prudently avoided a discussion in which he would have been foiled.

THE PROTESTANT LEAGUE.—Our readers will be pleased with the following remarks from the *Banner of the Cross* (an Episcopalian journal), in commendation of the moderate and charitable views of a Rev. Mr. Brainerd, a Presbyterian clergyman of Philadelphia, who scolds the fanaticism of his deluded brethren. The sentiments of Mr. Brainerd have been published just in time for the rebuke of the unchristian and anti-social spirit that is beginning to manifest itself in Baltimore.

“*Our Country safe from Romanism,*” is the title of a sermon delivered at the opening of the Third Presbytery of Philadelphia, April, 1841, by the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, pastor of the Third Presbyterian church of Philadelphia; with a copy of which we have been politely favored by the author. We have read it with much pleasure, not the least of which was derived from the truly Christian spirit that pervades it. Would that the spiritual Quixotes who in these ‘latter days’ are so fond of tilting against Romanism, knew as well what it really is, and the right means of opposing it! . . . It may be inferred from the title of the discourse that the preacher has no sympathy with the fears of ultra-Protestant alarmists: its argument is, ‘to show that existing causes furnish no ground to fear that Romanism can ever become the prevailing religion of this land.’ No; there is far more danger of its falling a prey to Rationalism or Infidelity, which many of the sincere opponents of Popery are unwittingly encouraging in its stead. Which of the two evils is most to be dreaded, an enlightened Christian cannot doubt:—from either, we devoutly pray that our country may be delivered! But if we *must* choose, give us rather Popery, with all its corruptions. ‘Is the necessity so urgent,’ says Mr. Brainerd, ‘that the peace of the city need be put in jeopardy? . . . Is the danger so imminent, that pastors are called upon to intermit their high and heaven-enjoined efforts for the promotion of practical godliness and the salvation of souls, that they may engage in assaults upon Romanism?’ These questions will not be much relished by the ‘Protestant Association.’ By the way, has that celebrated fraternity already descended to the ‘tomb of the Capulets,’ that we hear of it no more?”

If it has descended to the tomb of the Capulets we sincerely congratulate the city of brotherly love upon its riddance of so anti-republican a

nuisance, and we have reason to believe that the slim patronage with which the *League* has commenced its operations in Baltimore promises it a very short-lived and disreputable existence.

A GOOD CONFESSION.—Under this head the *Presbyterian* takes occasion to reproach us with inconsistency: “*The U. States Catholic Magazine*, published in Baltimore, in an able article entitled ‘Anecdotes of the Life and Writings of Fenelon,’ admits the following remarkable passage: ‘The family of Fenelon was no less distinguished by its antiquity than for the figure it has made in history. One of his ancestors was Bertrand de Salignac, Marquis de Fenelon, known as the author of ‘Negotiations in England,’ when he was ambassador at the court of Elizabeth, and correspondent of poor Mary of Scots. His reply to Charles IX, who wished him to represent to the queen of England the motives for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, will show the independence of his character: ‘Sire, were I to attempt to color over this terrible execution, I should consider myself an accomplice in its guilt. Your majesty had better confide the task to those who advised it.’” The writer of the article then remarks, ‘We shall have occasion to see that our Fenelon inherited the spirit of his ancestor.’ Is it possible that a magazine published with the approbation of the ‘Most Reverend Archbishop,’ commends this language of the Marquis de Fenelon? Does it venture to style it a massacre, in the execution of which there was a guilt from which the marquis shrunk? Are Roman Catholics willing now to say that Pope Gregory XIII was guilty of an impiety, in having a medal struck commemorative of the event, in which an angel is represented as the great murderer? However this may be, we are glad that there are some Roman Catholics who condemn the wholesale butchery of the unoffending Protestants.”

The difficulty of the *Presbyterian* will soon vanish, by attention to the following facts, which we quote from Fredet’s *Modern History*, vol. ii, p. 335.

“It is objected that Pope Gregory XIII publicly returned thanks to God on that occasion; but what was the real object of this rejoicing? Charles IX, in order to palliate the shame of his murderous edict against the Parisian Huguenots, wrote to every court in Europe, that, having just detected their horrid plots against his authority and person, he had been fortunate enough to escape from the imminent danger, by putting the conspirators to death without delay. The Pope then, under that impression, rejoiced, not for the death of the supposed traitors, whose

rigorous punishment he on the contrary deplored, but for the preservation of the French monarch and of his kingdom from utter ruin: exactly, as in a case of war and of a signal victory against invaders, public rejoicings would take place, and every sensible person would willingly share in them, not indeed at the blood shed in battle, but at the advantages gained by his country; and who could dare to find a fault in such conduct?"

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A Treatise on Baptism; with an exhortation to receive it, to which is added a Treatise on Confirmation. By Francis Patrick Kenrick, bishop of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: M. Fithian. 12mo. pp. 261.

WE have been honored with a copy of this valuable work from the distinguished author himself, and we hail its appearance as supplying a desideratum that has long been wanted in our popular theology. The treatises on the subject of baptism in our English books of instruction, are far from imparting that adequate knowledge which our circumstances seem to demand. Most other topics in dispute between Catholics and the Protestant sects are extensively discussed in the writings of controversialists, while the important questions connected with the baptismal rite, are but cursorily considered. Surrounded as we are by dissenters who impugn the divine institution of water-baptism, by others who deny its necessity for salvation, and others again who reject the lawfulness of its administration to infants, we have need of a work like that of Dr. Kenrick, to place in the hands of our dissenting brethren, as well as for the thorough information of Catholics themselves. The principal points on which the author dwells, are the necessity of baptism, the lawfulness of baptizing infants and the validity of the various modes of performing the ceremony; and as he treats these questions particularly in connection with the religious systems that prevail in this country, a vast amount of information is elicited, peculiarly interesting to the American reader. The treatise on confirmation, though brief, will be found more satisfactory than those which have been hitherto in circulation. The work may be procured at John Murphy's, 146 Market street, Baltimore.

Manual of Catholic Devotions, throughout the ecclesiastical year, by the Rev. E. Dampoux, D. D. Baltimore: John Murphy, 82mo. pp. 512.

The learned author of this little book of devo-

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF REV. J. M. HORSTMAN.—The diocese of Cincinnati has sustained a severe loss in the death of Rev. Mr. Horstman, who departed this life on the 21st of February, in his sixty-fifth year.

At the convent of the Visitation, Georgetown, D. C. on the 9th of March, Sister Mary Xavier (Duke), aged ninety years, thirty-three of which she had lived in that community.

tions has long been favorably known as a contributor to the stock of devotional works; but of all the prayer books that he has given to the public, we consider the Manual just published as the best adapted to general use. Besides the ordinary devotions performed by the pious Christian, it contains copious instructions on the subject of indulgences,—the devotions to the Sacred Heart of Jesus at length, and a great variety of prayers for particular seasons of the year. As the devotion of the living rosary is becoming very popular, the explanation of it, with a notice of the indulgences which it imparts, might have been appropriately and usefully mentioned after the common rosary. This Manual of Devotions will, we think, have a wide circulation. The matter, and its arrangement, both promise this result, which will be aided, in no small degree, by the beautiful character of its mechanical execution. The copy which we have received from the publisher is illustrated with seven handsome engravings, and we venture to say, is unsurpassed in point of typographical excellence.

Letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury, descriptive of the Estatica of Caldara, and the Addolorata of Capriana. First American, from the last revised London edition. New York: Casserly & Sons, 12mo. pp. 92.

This publication, with which we have been furnished through the politeness of Messrs. Casserly & Sons, is a re-print of the Earl of Shrewsbury's account of the miraculous virgins in the Tyrol, with additional documents, bringing the narrative down to the year 1842. It has been lately most mendaciously asserted in some Protestant papers, that the case of the *Addolorata* had turned out to be a mere imposture: but by reference to our columns of intelligence, the reader will perceive that an official letter from the bishop of Trent, who was consulted upon the subject of this rumor, proves it to be a malicious fabrication. The contents of the Earl's

Letter will be found most interesting, as well as most consoling to the Catholic reader.

A System of Natural Philosophy, designed for the use of schools and Academies, based on the book of science of Mr. J. M. Moffat. By Walter R. Johnson, A. M. Illustrated by more than two hundred engravings. Eighth edition. Philadelphia: E. C. Biddle. 12mo. pp. 473.

This compilation by Professor Johnson is one of the most useful works as a text book, that have come under our notice. It comprises treatises on mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, pneumatics, acoustics, pyronomics, optics, electricity, galvanism and magnetism, with a synoptical list of questions on each page for the examination of the pupil, and an enumeration of such works as may be consulted by the student for a fuller investigation of the various subjects.

An Elementary Treatise on Chemistry, with other treatises, designed for the use of schools and academies; based on the book of science of Mr. J. M. Moffat. By W. R. Johnson, A. M. Illustrated by more than one hundred engravings. Eighth edition. Philadelphia: E. C. Biddle. 12mo. pp. 478.

The volume with this title, as will be perceived, is arranged on the same plan, and by the same learned compiler, as that which we have just noticed.

A Review of the Controversy between Bishop Whittingham and Mr. Johns, on the claims of Episcopacy. Boston: Thurston & Torrey, 8vo. pp. 31.

This pamphlet, for which we are indebted to the kindness of the author, shows conclusively that the Protestant Episcopal Church is guilty, upon her own principles, of schismatical separa-

tion from the ancient church. A few pages of it are devoted to a consideration of the doctrine which teaches a trinity of persons in the God-head, and assuming as a legitimate test of divine truth, the private interpretation of the Bible, (a false assumption), they cannot but exhibit erroneous inferences drawn from inadmissible premises.

Linear Drawing Book designed for the use of schools and practical purposes. By Samuel Smith, professor of drawing in St. Mary's College, Baltimore. Philadelphia: E. C. Biddle. 12mo. pp. 48.

The object of the author in this work, has been to furnish the scholar with a large number of examples for exercise, and in such order as to lead him gradually through all the departments of linear drawing. The skill of Mr. Smith as an artist, and his long and successful experience in the profession which engages his attention, are an ample guarantee that the book which he has published will be found a most valuable work.

Letters and Sketches, with a narrative of a year's residence among the Indian tribes of the Rocky Mountains. By P. J. De Smet, S. J. Philadelphia: M. Fithian. 12mo. pp. 252.

We have only space to mention the reception of this intensely interesting work, which was kindly sent to us by the publisher, and consists of letters from the pen of Father De Smet, missionary among the Indian tribes of the Rocky Mountains. The book is embellished with twelve engravings taken from real life, and illustrative of Indian scenery and manners, and with the symbolic catechism used by the missionaries in the instruction of the savages. It is for sale at John Murphy's, 146 Market street, Baltimore.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

Our readers will find a rich entertainment in the able essay which commences the present number of the Magazine, and although extended beyond the usual length of the article that we have published undivided, it will amply repay an attentive perusal.

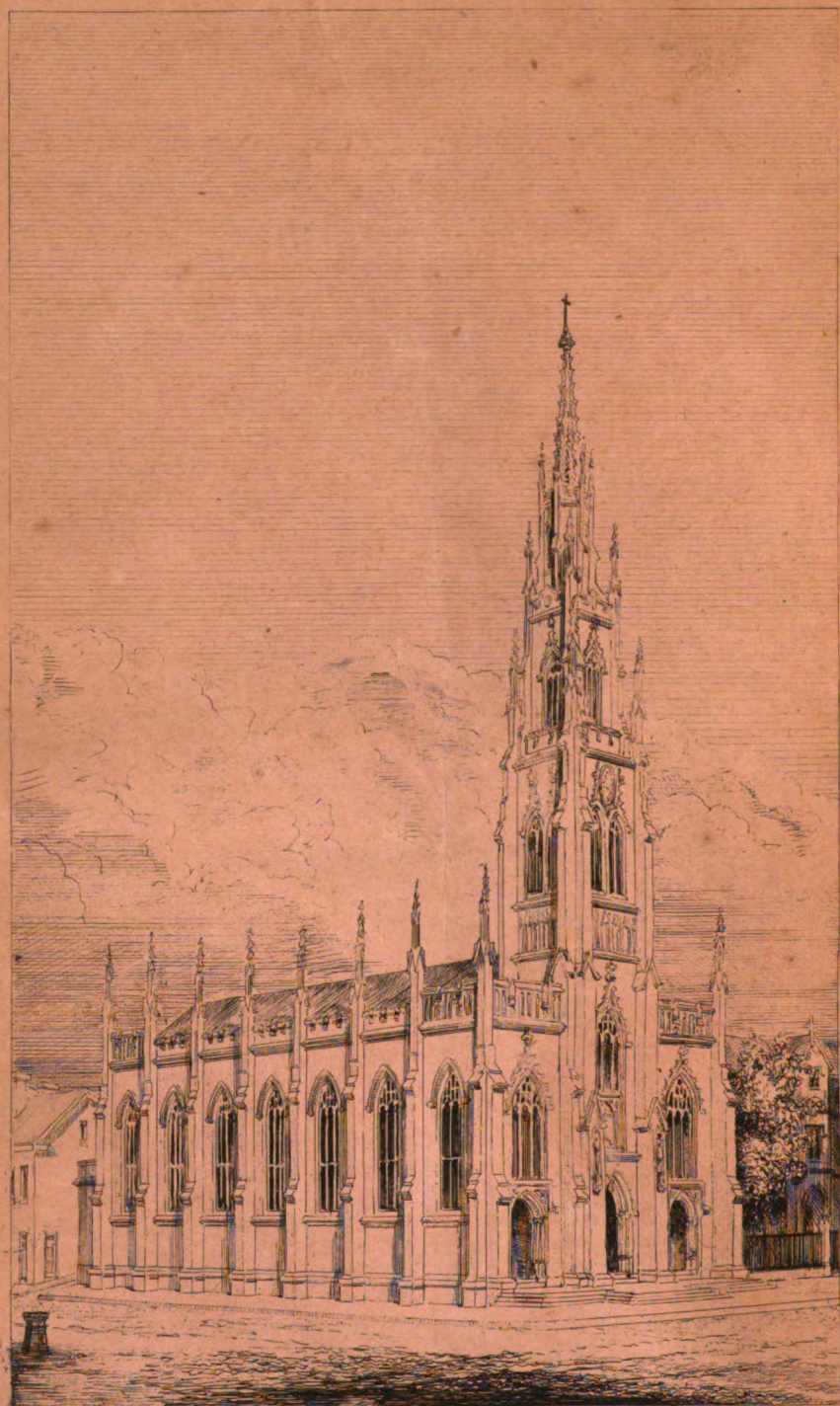
In introducing the review of Dr. Hook's sermon by the Rev. Mr. Mason, we observed that we commended the article only for the solid reasoning which it contains, hoping that the occasional fondness of the writer for the burlesque would not be misconceived. We trust that a similar view will be taken of such expressions as may appear too harsh.

"The Church," a poetical composition, we must decline publishing.

Since our last issue we have received several

valuable papers, for which we present our acknowledgments, and which we promise to lay before our readers in due season. Among them we will mention a review of "Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella," Nos. II and III of "Sketches from British History," consisting of biographical notices of Father Southwell, S. J. and Lady Margaret, mother of Henry VII, "Edict of Nantes," "Discourse on Bishop Dubois," by Rev. John McCaffrey, and an article on the rise and progress of Gothic architecture.

Our leading article in the May number will be a review of the "Zincali," or Gypsies in Spain, from the pen of an accomplished writer, which, with other interesting matter will present a most agreeable *melange* to our readers.



DESIGNED DRAWN AND ETCHED BY R.G. LONG ARCHT 1843



GERMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH BALTO



THE
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MAY, 1843.

THE ZINCALI, OR GIPSIES OF SPAIN.

The Zincali; or an account of the Gipsies of Spain, with an original collection of their songs and poetry. By George Borrow, late agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society. 2 vols. in one. 12mo. New York, 1842.

THE author of this work was, as the title page indicates, employed for some years by the British and Foreign Bible Society, as their agent in the Spanish Peninsula. His account of his labors in that capacity, will be found in his subsequent and more ambitious production—"The Bible in Spain"—of which we shall take occasion to say something in a future number.

The work before us was published in 1841, but has not, until lately, obtained a very general circulation in this country. Though far from being remarkable for depth of thought, it contains a great variety of interesting information. The materials which the author has gathered, with much industry, are arranged with but little skill, and are brought to bear upon his theories with no great force or continuity of reasoning. Nevertheless, as a book of wild and stirring incident, of bold and well described adventure, it is among the most attractive that have recently been given to the public. In despite, therefore, of its defects, in a merely literary and scientific

point of view, we should commend it to our readers without qualification, were it not for the evidences of a fanatical spirit, which are palpable all over it—not less than that peculiar narrowness and obliquity of vision which seem, unhappily, to be part and parcel of British travellers, from the moment that the "white cliffs" fade in the distance. Mr. Borrow is of course a Protestant. By a recent letter to the London Times he declares himself a member of the Church of England. He is evidently under the impression himself, and would persuade his readers, that his duties in Spain were of a character somewhat apostolic. In his preface he tells us that he is not "a mere carnal reasoner." As in duty bound he abhors Catholicity and every thing pertaining thereunto, "*odio vatiano*," and with all his heart. As a necessary consequence, he looks upon the Spanish people and their institutions as illustrations of a system which he condemns. Such being the elements, there is no difficulty in comprehending the results of their combination. We will engage that no unbiassed reader will charge us with injustice towards the spirit of the work, after he shall have gone with us through its developments.

With many other marks of genius, Mr. Borrow has the gift of enthusiasm, in a high degree. From his early youth he

seems to have been attracted towards the strange people of whom he writes, and to have studied their history and habits with attentive interest. Having naturally great facility in the acquisition of language, he has not allowed the talent to suffer from neglect. He has made himself so familiar with the Gipsy tongue, as to be mistaken by the wandering tribes with which he has mingled, for one of their own blood. From their own lips, therefore, he has learned their laws and their observances. He has been a dweller in their camps, and a partaker in their adventures,—corroborating or correcting, by his own observation, the knowledge which he had obtained from other sources. In Russia, Hungary, Turkey, and England, he appears to have known them familiarly. Of their peculiarities in Spain, the pages before us are ample in detail—perhaps more pruriently so, in some particulars, than should have been expected from the knowledge or the taste of a semi-clerical historian.

The origin of the Gipsies must still remain a matter of doubt, notwithstanding that Mr. Borrow, with considerable array of reason, attributes it to India. Early in the fifteenth century they made their appearance in Europe, and their tents were found pitched, soon after, in the principal kingdoms. From that time to the present, it would appear that they have changed but little. The utmost effect of the laws regarding them, has been to modify the exercise of their peculiar characteristics, but in no wise essentially to change those characteristics themselves. Mr. Borrow informs us in his opening chapter, that they are, at this day, not more readily to be distinguished, by their unvarying complexion and features, than by their adherence, in spirit, to their common and time-honored professions, of thieving, tinkering, jockeying, and fortune-telling, all the world over. The tide of civilization which has swept over the countries where they have dwelt, has left their feet unwet. Like the outcasts of Israel, they seem to live in the expiation of a melancholy doom, and still worse, so far as society is concerned, they appear to rebel against the acquisition of every art which

would tend to bring them by degrees within the pale of industry and improvement.

"Religion," says Mr. Borrow, "they have none: they never attend mass, nor did I ever hear them employ the names of God, Christ, and the Virgin, but in execration and blasphemy."—*Vol. i, p. 206.*

Their whole moral law is embraced within a very small compass, as will be seen by an extract from a pithy dialogue between Mr. Borrow, and a singular Gitáno, whom he met at Badajos.

"*Myself.*—What do you mean by the Gipsy law?

"*First Gipsy.*—Wherefore do you ask, brother? You know what is meant by the law of the Calés better even than ourselves.

"*Myself.*—I know what it is in England and in Hungary, but I can only give a guess as to what it is in Spain.

"*Both Gipsies.*—What do you consider it to be in Spain?

"*Myself.*—Cheating and choring the Busné on all occasions, and being true to the erráte in life and death.

"At these words both the Gitános sprang simultaneously from their seats, and exclaimed with a boisterous shout—"Chachipé."—*Vol. i, p. 204.*

Our readers will observe from this last extract that Mr. Borrow is as prodigal with the Gipsy language, as Sir Walter Scott with the Scottish. Those who are curious must have frequent recourse to the glossary.

In a passage of the same dialogue, we find an instance eloquently described, of the free-masonry existing between the different tribes of these wild people. It is a fair specimen of Mr. Borrow's narrative ability. We hope, however, that it is not obligatory on us to make it a matter of faith. We have never been in a battle ourselves, but war is not so bad as we imagined, if two soldiers can retire to a knoll and hold a tête à tête, "for hours," while their respective parties are "fighting all around." Such opportunities would, we think, be embraced rather too often for discipline. Perhaps, however, the Gipsies have the knack of doing this, as well as other strange things, with impunity.

"*Myself*.—Have you ever met before with Caloré who were not Spaniards?

"*Antonio*.—I will tell you, brother. I served as a soldier in the war of the independence against the French. War, it is true, is not the proper occupation of a Gítano, but those were strange times, and all those who could bear arms were compelled to go forth to fight: so I went with the English armies, and we chased the Gabiné unto the frontier of France; and it happened once that we joined in desperate battle, and there was a confusion, and the two parties became intermingled and fought sword to sword and bayonet to bayonet, and a French soldier singled me out, and we fought for a long time, cutting, goring, and cursing each other, till at last we flung down our arms and grappled; long we wrestled, body to body, but I found that I was the weaker, and I fell. The French soldier's knee was on my breast, and his grasp was on my throat, and he seized his bayonet, and he raised it to thrust me through the jaws; and his cap had fallen off, and I lifted my eyes wildly to his face, and our eyes met, and I gave a loud shriek, and cried Zíncalo, Zíncalo! and I felt him shudder, and he relaxed his grasp, and started up, and he smote his forehead and wept, and then he came to me and knelt down by my side, for I was almost dead, and he took my hand and called me brother and Zíncalo, and he produced his flask and poured wine into my mouth and I revived, and he raised me up, and led me from the concourse, and *we sat down on a knoll, and the two parties were fighting all around*, and he said, 'Let the dogs fight, and tear each others' throats till they are all destroyed, what matters it to the Zíncali; they are not of our blood, and shall that be shed for them?' So we sat for hours on the knoll, and discoursed on matters pertaining to our people; and I could have listened for years, for he told me secrets which made my ears tingle, and I soon found that I knew nothing, though I had before considered myself quite Zíncalo; but as for him he knew the whole cuenta; the Bengui Lango himself could have told him nothing but what he knew. So we sat till the sun went down, and the battle

was over, and he proposed that we should both flee to his own country and live there with the Zíncali; but my heart failed me; so we embraced, and he departed to the Gabiné, while I returned to our own battalions."—*Vol. i, p. 209.*

Many amusing instances are given, with great vivacity, of the peculiar modes which the Zíncali adopt to convert other people's money into their own. The "*hokkano baro*," or great trick, is the pride of the Gipsy women, and is a deception, our author informs us, "frequently practised at the present day, and not only in Spain, but in England, *enlightened England*, and in France likewise."

There are various ways of accomplishing this mode of financiering. "The most simple, and indeed, the most generally used by the Gítanas, is to persuade some simple individual to hide a sum of money in the earth, which they afterwards carry away."

We shall not enter more at large upon the subject, for we prefer to give our readers the account of a deception said by Mr. Borrow to have been practised on the queen regent by two of his especial friends and associates,—neither more nor less than his adjuncts in the somewhat dissimilar occupation of translating into the Rommany language the Gospel of St. Luke!

"There were two Gítanas at Madrid, and probably they are there still. The name of one was Pepita and the other was called La Chicharona; the first was a spaw, shrewd, witch-like female, about fifty, and was the mother-in-law of La Chicharona, who was remarkable for her stoutness. These women subsisted entirely by fortune-telling and swindling. It chanced that the son of Pepita, and husband of Chicharona, having spirited away a horse, was sent to the presidio of Malaga for ten years of hard labor. This misfortune caused inexpressible affliction to his wife and mother, who determined to exert every effort to procure his liberation. The readiest way which occurred to them, was to procure an interview with the queen regent, Christina, who they doubted not would forthwith pardon the culprit, provided they had an opportunity of assailing her with their Gipsy dis-

course ; for, to use their own words, ' they well knew what to say.' I at that time lived close by the palace, in the street of Santiago, and daily, for the space of a month, saw them bending their steps in that direction.

" One day they came to me in a great hurry, with a strange expression on both their countenances. ' We have seen Christina, hijo' (my son), said Pepita to me.

" ' Within the palace ?' I inquired.

" ' Within the palace, O child of my garlochín,' answered the sibyl. ' Christina at last saw and sent for us, as I knew she would ; I told her ' Bahi,' and Chicharona danced the Romalis (Gipsy dance) before her.'

" ' What did you tell her ?'

" ' I told her many things,' said the hag, ' many things which I need not tell you : know, however, that among other things, I told her that the chabori (little queen) would die, and then she would be queen of Spain. I told her, moreover, that within three years she would marry the son of the king of France, and that it was her bahi to die queen of France and Spain, and to be loved much and hated much.'

" ' And did you not dread her anger when you told her these things ?'

" ' Dread her, the Busnee ?' screamed Pepita. ' No, my child, *she dreaded me far more ; I looked at her so—and raised my finger so—and Chicharona clapped her hands, and the Busnee believed all I said, and was afraid of me :* and then I asked for the pardon of my son, and she pledged her word to see into the matter, and when we came away she gave me this baria of gold, and to Chicharona this other, so at all events we have hokkanoed the queen. May an evil end overtake her body, the Busnee !' "—*Vol. i, p. 282.*

We leave our readers to their own conclusions as to the probability of this story. We rather think the Gipsies " hokkanoed " the missionary.

The personal appearance of the Zincali is described as most singular. Their eyes are said to have a phosphorescent glare, which, no doubt, must be a remarkable addition to the points in which they differ

from the rest of the world. " Its peculiarity consists chiefly in a strange staring expression, which, to be understood must be seen, and in a thin glaze, which steals over it when in repose, and seems to *emit phosphoric light.*" The handsomest of the race whom Mr. Borrow remembers to have seen, were, as would be imagined, English Gipsies. The description is worthy of notice. It is given as of three individuals who presented themselves at a pugilistic display which Mr. Borrow witnessed in his youth, and considering that between twenty and thirty years had elapsed, between the occurrence and the story, we cannot but remark that our author's memory is quite as notable as his gift of tongues.

" I have seen Gipsies of various lands, Russian, Hungarian, and Turkish ; and I have also seen the legitimate children of most countries of the world, but I never saw, upon the whole, three more remarkable individuals, as far as personal appearance was concerned, than the three English Gipsies who now presented themselves to my eyes on that spot. Two of them had dismounted, and were holding their horses by the reins. The tallest, and at the first glance the most interesting of the two, was almost a giant, for his height could not have been less than six feet three. *It is impossible for the imagination to conceive any thing more perfectly beautiful than were the features of this man, and the most skilful sculptor of Greece might have taken them as his model for a hero and a god.* The forehead was exceedingly lofty—a rare thing in a Gipsy ; the nose less Roman than Grecian—fine, yet delicate ; the eyes large, overhung with drooping lashes, giving them almost a melancholy expression ; it was only when they were highly elevated that *the Gipsy glance peered out, if that can be called a glance which is a strange stare, like nothing else in this world.* His complexion—a beautiful olive ; and his teeth of a brilliancy uncommon even among these people, who have all fine teeth. He was dressed in a coarse wagoner's slop, which, however, was unable to conceal altogether the proportions of his Herculean figure. He might be about twenty-eight. His companion and his cap-

tain, Gipsy Will, was, I think, fifty when he was hanged, ten years subsequently (for I never afterwards lost sight of him), in the front of the jail of Bury, St. Edmonds. I have still present before me his bushy black hair, his black face, and his big black eyes, full and thoughtful, but fixed and staring. His dress consisted of a loose, blue jockey coat, jockey boots and breeches; in his hand a huge jockey whip, and on his head (it struck me at the time for its singularity) a broad-brimmed, high-peaked Andalusian hat, or at least one very much resembling those generally worn in that province. In stature he was shorter than his more youthful companion, yet he must have measured six feet at least, and was stronger built, if possible. What brawn! what bone! what legs! what thighs! The third Gipsy, who remained on horseback, looked more like a phantom than any thing human. His complexion was the color of pale dust, and of that same color was all that pertained to him, hat and clothes. His boots were dusty of course, for it was midsummer, and his very horse was of a dusty dun. His features were whimsically ugly, most of his teeth were gone, and as to his age, he might be thirty or sixty. He was somewhat lame and halt, but an unequalled rider when once upon his steed, which he was naturally not very solicitous to quit. I subsequently discovered that he was considered the wizard of the gang.

"*Gipsy Will*.—The best man in England for twenty pounds?

"*Thurtell*.—I am backer.

"*Twenty pounds is a tempting sum—and there were men that day upon the green meadow who would have shed the blood of their own fathers for the fifth of the price.*"—Vol. i, p. 21.

It would have been well for Mr. Borrow to have borne in mind the fact stated in his last sentence, while indulging in the many disparaging remarks, with which he has regaled the Spanish people, most especially as regards their love of gold. Surely a country where such a state of things could exist—where human life would be held dear at four pounds sterling—must present an ample field for home-missionary labor.

Our author himself might certainly have found a vast sphere of usefulness in the "eastern county" where this scene is laid; a sphere, perhaps not so romantic as the wild sierras, or the sunny landscapes of Spain, but one where he could have gratified his zeal for religion, without the risk of confounding his love of travel with his love of souls.

We have said that Mr. Borrow owed his admission into the Gipsy mysteries to his proficiency in the Rommany tongue. Although the Zincali are enthusiastically attached to their language, and greet with acclamation a stranger who possesses it, we are told by our author that it is fast becoming obsolete. No individual can speak it copiously. Mr. Borrow was himself obliged to collect from conversation with many, the vocabulary which is subjoined to his work. We are not learned enough in such matters to say whether Mr. B. is right in attributing its origin to the Sanscrit.* He demonstrates to our satisfaction that the *Gitáno* is not, as by some writers supposed, a corruption of the Arabic or Moorish language. We have seen enough, however, of the dreams of philology, not to know that in the matter of tracing languages to their roots, the imagination is frequently consulting counsel, and we must confess our inability to discover any striking resemblance in some of the correspondences on which our author has based his opinion. We are willing, nevertheless, to yield to the conclusions of a more competent judge than ourselves, and to pass the *Gitáno* over to the Sanscrit—the more too, when we find that the doctrine of the metempsychosis, common

* The materials of Mr. Borrow's reflections on the origin and language of the Zincali, will be found much more learnedly and logically elaborated in Grellman's *Dissertation on the Gipsies* (Trans. London, 1807), sect. ii, chap. v. Our readers will there learn, that upon these, as upon many other points of his treatise, Mr. Borrow is by no means very original, in his facts, his reasoning, or his conclusions. They will see, also, how appropriately and profitably, a scientific treatise may dispense with propagandism and the "drum ecclesiastic."

It is to be lamented that the learned Feyjoo has not left a tract on Gipsy history. In his *Teatro Critico*, vol. ii, Disc. iii, sec. viii, *et seq.*, he adverts to the subject slightly in connection with chiromancy. His remarks are so full of his customary point and intelligence, as to render their brevity a source of much regret.

to those who speak the two languages, or use them, seems to form, between them, a bond of unquestionable union. Mr. Borrow is careful to distinguish (and very satisfactorily) the Gipsy language from the German or slang language in use among them, generally, throughout Europe. The latter he proves to be in a great degree allegorical, the words being used differently from their ordinary acceptation; while the Gipsy is an organized language, complete and regular in its parts, and in no wise the creation of a late day, or of robbers' necessities. There is a considerable collection of Gipsy rhymes at the close of the book. Unless its genuineness be a merit, we can see no other that it possesses. The thought—in all cases simple enough—never goes beyond a single strophe, and all the strophes or snatches are entirely unconnected.

At the commencement of this article, we apprised our readers of the development, in Mr. Borrow's work, of that peculiar, English trait of mind which (we think) the Count de Maistre calls, from its narrowness, "insular." One phase of that peculiarity is admirably portrayed, in the January number of the Edinburgh Review, in an article on "Dickens' American Notes." The writer says, "It is the nature of an Englishman, to think every thing ridiculous, which contrasts with what he has been used to; and it costs some effort of his reflective and imaginative powers, to make him feel that the absurdity is in himself, and not in the thing he sees." We fear that Mr. Borrow's defect goes deeper. It is rather an inability, growing out of an indisposition to see any good, where he has made up his mind, *a priori*, that every thing must needs be bad. Thus, there is scarce a Spanish author cited, without some disparaging qualification. They seem to be regarded, all as "mere carnal reasoners," incapable of throwing any light on the subject they treat—full of "absurdities"—possessing "understandings of the very lowest order." Every opportunity is sought to throw their reflections into ridicule, and their religion into contempt. For

instance, we have this very amiable piece of generalization gravely thrown out, as the result of the author's experience. "The Spaniard has no conception, that other springs of action exist, than interest or villainy!" In the same spirit, at the close of Part I. chapter x. he asks the following question:

"What steps did the government of Spain, *civil and ecclesiastical*, which has so often trumpeted its zeal in the cause of *what it calls the Christian religion*, which has so often been the scourge of the Jew, of the Mahometan, and of the professors of the reformed faith; what steps did it take toward converting, punishing, and rooting out from Spain, a sect of demi-atheists, who, besides being cheats and robbers, displayed the most marked indifference for the forms of the Catholic religion, and presumed to eat flesh every day, and to intermarry with their relations, *without paying the viceregent of Christ here on earth for permission so to do?*"

By way of answer, he details the following reasons, which he says that he derived from an aged ecclesiastic at Cordova, who was himself formerly an inquisitor.

"The Inquisition always looked upon them with too much contempt to give itself the slightest trouble concerning them; for, as no danger either to the state, or to the Church of Rome, would proceed from the Gitáños, *it was a matter of perfect indifference to the holy office, whether they lived without religion or not.* The holy office has always reserved its anger for people very different; the Gitáños having at all times been *Gente barrata y despreciable.*"—i. e. low and despicable.

Those of our readers, who can believe that a Spanish clergyman could or did make to Mr. Borrow, the statement which we have italicised, will find no difficulty in perceiving that the additional observations of that gentleman which we quote, are redolent of toleration, humanity, and Christian charity.

"Indeed, most of the persecutions which have arisen in Spain against Jews, Moors, and Protestants, sprang from motives with which fanaticism and bigotry, of *which it is*

* Vol. ii, p. 93, note.

true the Spaniards have their full share, had very little connection. Religion was assumed as a mask to conceal the vilest and most detestable motives which ever yet led to the commission of crying injustice; the Jews were doomed to persecution and destruction on two accounts, their great riches, and their high superiority over the Spaniards in learning and intellect. *Avarice has always been the dominant passion in Spanish minds, their rage for money being only to be compared to the wild hunger of wolves for horse flesh in the time of winter; next to avarice, envy of superior talent and accomplishment, is the prevailing passion.* These two detestable feelings united, proved the ruin of the Jews in Spain, who were, for a long time an eye sore, both to the clergy and laity, for their great riches and learning. Much the same causes insured the expulsion of the Moriscos, who were abhorred for their superior industry; while the reformation was kept down by the gaunt arm of the Inquisition, lest the property of the Church should pass into other and more deserving hands. The faggot piles in the squares of Seville and Madrid, which consumed the bodies of the Hebrew, the Morisco, and the Protestant, were lighted by *avarice and envy*, and those same piles would likewise have consumed the mulatto carcass of the Gitano, had he been learned and wealthy enough to become obnoxious to the two master passions of the Spaniards."—Vol. i. p. 153.

We pray the reader to observe the quiet nonchalance, with which Mr. Borrow denounces the "wild hunger" of "the Church" for its own possessions, as something wolfish beyond comparison, whilst the effort of the "other and more deserving hands" to lay hold of what, by no law of God or man, could belong to them, seems to be treated as commendably righteous! We will not embitter an article, mainly literary, by entering into invidious national comparisons, but we think that Mr. Borrow, if imbued with that Christian spirit which he professes so ostentatiously, might perhaps have found, in the history of his own dear native land, similar developments of "avarice and envy," on a scale horrible enough

to send him weeping into sackcloth and ashes. Were the fires of Protestant persecution, which illuminated the first years of the reformation kindled by flame from heaven—or did they catch intensity, from the breath of human passion—of love of gold, of bigotry and sin? Were the "other and more deserving hands," which divided the plunder of the English monasteries, moved altogether by the inspiration of faith, and the beauty of holiness? What is the moral, which is drawn by the philosophical Prescott, from the unhappy expulsion of the Moriscos from the Peninsula? It is not one of denunciation, of wrath, or of insult. It is the mournful question which he asks of humanity, and the answer whereof, in every man's heart, should humble instead of feeding our pride. "Where is the land, which can boast that the spirit of intolerance, which forms the very breath of persecution, is altogether extinct in its bosom?"* Can Mr. Borrow forget how the Jewish people were hunted down, during the reigns of Richard I. Henry III. and Edward I. of England? Does history tell no tales of torture, robbery and confiscation, of which these unhappy men were unceasingly the victims, until in the nineteenth year of the latter king, fifteen thousand of them, after having been plundered, were banished from the kingdom, where, as Hume says, few of them, down to his time, had afterwards lived?† Was it "avarice or envy," which did these deeds of shame? Were the wolves raging for the horse flesh to such a degree, in "enlightened England," that for three hundred and sixty-four years, down to the great rebellion,‡ the children of Israel remained in weary banishment? Alas! that men's prejudices should so weaken their understandings, and extinguish their better feelings, as to bid them ascribe to systems which they hate, the sins that are common to our nature—as to send them forth, with a pretence to heal in others, the wounds that fester in their own breasts! From Mr. Borrow, this atrocious libel on the Spanish people comes with an especially bad grace. Dur-

* 2 Prescott, 456.

† 1 Hume, 448.

‡ Jac. L. Dic. Tit. Jews.

ing the long years that he passed in the peninsula—prosecuting an errand contrary to the laws—a stranger too, and not over civil—he was made welcome to all that the humble hospitality of town and country could afford him. The roof of the poorest peasant sheltered him, as comfortably as its master, and though the bread was brown and scanty, the half of it was his. To these facts we have his own testimony.* Of these hungry wolves, he himself confesses, that “they always esteem it a privilege, to pay another person’s reckoning.”† Of these “Spaniards who have their full share of fanaticism and bigotry,” he himself affirms, that “strange as it may sound, Spain is not a fanatic country. I know something about her and declare that she is not, nor has ever been; Spain never changes!”‡ Where then is the truth? If Mr. Borrow were “a mere carnal reasoner,” we should say that he had involved himself, inextricably, in most disreputable contradiction. As it is, we suppose that what is true, must be so taken—what is false must be understood in a Pickwickian sense only! We will have charity at least, and leave Mr. Borrow—

We were going to say, we should leave Mr. Borrow to his conscience. Before we do so, we had better examine his notions of that tribunal.

“It has been said, that there is a secret monitor, or conscience, within every heart, which immediately upbraids the individual on the commission of a crime; this may be true, but certainly the monitor within the Gitanó breast is a very feeble one, for little attention is ever paid to its reproofs. With regard to conscience, be it permitted to observe, that it varies much according to climate, country, and religion; perhaps nowhere is it so terrible and strong as in England; I need not say why. Among the English, I have seen many individuals stricken low, and broken hearted, by the force of conscience; but never among the Spaniards or Italians.” Vol. i, p. 313.

If this be not the acme of absurdity, or something worse, we are at a loss to com-

prehend it. In the first place, it seems to us, to render the “still small voice” not only a very doubtful, but a very variable commodity, and may perhaps account for Mr. Borrow’s cavalier mode of treating it, when beneath the Spanish sun. But, in good earnest, where is this English monopoly to stop? Power, commerce, enlightenment, religion, and last of all conscience—

“Did you say all?

What, all my pretty chickens and their dam,
At one fell swoop?”

We should be pleased if Mr. Borrow would “say why.” We confess ourselves entirely unable to understand “why,” unless it be true, as Knowles has it, that

“Repentance is a grace, but it is one
That grows upon deformity.”

And the most natural way of accounting for the superabundance of the “grace,” is to suppose that there exists a large surplus of the “deformity.”

We have already extended this article, beyond the limits which we had appointed, and we shall close it, by a reference to our author’s views of the Spanish Gipsy legislation.”

“The first law issued against the Gipsies appears to have been that of Ferdinand and Isabella, at Medina Del Campo, in 1499. In this edict they were commanded, under certain penalties, to become stationary in towns and villages, and to provide themselves with masters whom they might serve for their maintenance, or in default thereof, to quit the kingdom at the end of sixty days. No mention is made of the country to which they were expected to betake themselves in the event of their quitting Spain. Perhaps, as they are called Egyptians, it was concluded that they would forthwith return to Egypt; but the framers of the law never seem to have considered what means these Egyptians possessed of transporting their families and themselves across the sea to such a distance, or if they betook themselves to other countries, what reception a host of people, confessedly thieves and vagabonds, were likely to meet with, or whether it was fair in the two Christian princes to get rid of such a nuisance at the expense

* Bible in Spain, preface p. 10. † Ib. ‡ Ib.

of their neighbors. Such matters were of course left for the Gipsies themselves to settle." Vol. i, p. 175.

Succeeding monarchs, down to Philip V, modified this law, and increased the severity of its provisions, confining the Gitáños to their particular cantonments, and making it lawful for the proper officers to arrest or slay them, under certain circumstances of disobedience to the many prohibitory enactments proclaimed against them. In the year 1783, Charles III being king, the whole system was revised, and a new code enacted, remarkable alike for its wisdom and humanity. Instead of persecution, which was found to have had its usual effect, of increasing the evil, an opposite method was adopted. All trades and professions were thrown open to the Gipsies, as to other subjects. They were united to the body of the people, by freedom of access to common pursuits, and by the enjoyment of equal rights. The law punished them, precisely as other offenders, and only resorted to severity, after a wilful and notorious violation of its provisions, and a determined manifestation of their hostility to society and civilization. Under the influence of this system, Mr. Borrow admits that the wild, wandering propensities of the Zíncali have been modified, and that they are now sinking into the bosom of the other race, their ultimate extinction being certain, if distant.

Now, one would think that in this happy result, there would be room for nothing but gratulation—that the errors of the old system would be forgotten and forgiven, through the merits of its successor. What says Mr. Borrow in that regard? Let him speak for himself.

"We should not have said thus much of Carlos Tercero, whose character has been extravagantly praised by the multitude, and severely criticised by the *discerning few* who look deeper than the surface of things, if a law passed during his reign did not connect him intimately with the history of the Gitáños, whose condition to a certain extent it has already altered, and over whose future destinies there can be no doubt that it will exert considerable influence. Whether

Carlos Tercero had any thing further to do with its enactment than subscribing it with his own hand, is a point difficult to determine; the chances are that he had not; *there is damning evidence to prove that in many respects he was a mere Nimrod, and it is not probable that such a character would occupy his thoughts much with plans for the welfare of his people*, especially such a class as the Gitáños, however willing to build public edifices, gratifying to his own vanity, with the money which a provident predecessor had amassed.

The law in question is dated 19th Sept., 1783. It is entitled, "Rules for repressing and chastising the vagrant mode of life, and other excesses, of those who are called Gitáños." It is in many respects widely different from all the preceding laws, and on that account we have separated it from them, deeming it worthy of particular notice. It is evidently the production of a comparatively enlightened spirit, for Spain had already begun to emerge from the *dreary night of 'monachism and bigotry*, though the light which beamed upon her was not that of the Gospel, but of modern philosophy. The spirit, however, of the writers of the *Encyclopédie* is to be preferred to that of *Torquemada and Moncada*, and however deeply we may lament the many grievous omissions in the law of Carlos Tercero (for no provision was made for the *spiritual instruction of the Gitáños*;) we prefer it in all points, to that of Philip III, and to the law passed during the reign of that *unhappy victim of monkish fraud, perfidy, and poison*, Charles II."—Vol. i, p. 188.

Were it not melancholy to see a man of intellect, pandering to the miserable prejudices which these paragraphs were obviously meant to foster, we should consider the weary cant which fills them, as a most amusing instance of the "*caput insanabile*."

It will have been observed that Mr. Borrow sneers at the law of Ferdinand and Isabella, for its cruelty in banishing the Gipsies without directing them where to go. The words "*two Christian princes*" are italicised in the original, to show, we suppose, that all the Christianity of Ferdinand and Isabella was in their title. Now it so

happens, that by statute v Elizabeth, ch. xx, passed in 1563, when England, it is to be supposed, had none of the leaven of Catholicity about her, (unless, perhaps, the Protestant Catholicity now revived at Oxford), when "monachism and bigotry" were out of the question—it was enacted that "if the Egyptians themselves remain one month in the kingdom, or if any person, being fourteen years old, which hath been seen or found in the fellowship of such Egyptians, or which hath disguised himself or herself like them, shall remain in the same, one month at one or several times, it is felony, without benefit of clergy;"* that is to say, loss of lands and goods, and punishment of death! Now, where were the English Gipsies to find a home, in foreign lands, with only half the time to seek it, which was allowed by the law of Ferdinand and Isabella? Was it at all more fair, in the Virgin Queen and Defender of the Faith, "to get rid of the nuisance at the expense of her neighbors," allowing the Gipsies, under no circumstances, to remain in the realm, than it was, in the "Christian princes," to banish them, only in default of their pursuing an honest livelihood? The Gipsies were, as the facts prove, either unwilling or unable to leave the kingdom, and accordingly Sir Matthew Hale informs us,† that, at one Suffolk assizes, at a late day—shortly previous to the restoration—thirteen Gipsies were executed under this statute. Even Blackstone's toriyism revolts at this barbarity.‡

By a singular coincidence, in the year 1783, the identical year of the reform by Charles III, the statute of Elizabeth was repealed, and not until then. The English reform was attended with no affirmative legislation, and the Gipsies were thrown back on the statute xvii George II, ch. v, which constitutes them, and all other "persons pretending to be Gipsies," *ipso facto* "rogues and vagabonds," liable to be publicly whipped or sent to the house of correction. If, therefore, our author, instead of raving about "monachism and bigotry," "wolves," and "horse flesh," in foreign

lands, had quietly turned his eyes homeward, he would have found every difference of legislation palpably and notoriously in favor of the wisdom and humanity of the Spanish government. He would have found that the repealing statute of 1783 (23 George III, ch. li), like its Spanish contemporary, made "no provision for the spiritual instruction of the Gipsies." Instead of denouncing Charles III, as a "mere Nimrod," and going out of his way to deprive that monarch of the glory of a wise law, he would have found occasion to lament that George III, ultimately a mere idiot, was never wise enough to have the merit of any great measure requiring the exercise of statesmanship. He would have discovered, that if he himself, Mr. George Borrow, "agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society," had, at any time prior to 1783, presumed to consort with the Gipsies of England for one-twentieth part of the time which he spent with impunity, among his friends, the Zincali, he would have been a felon, and would have died a felon's death! Finally, he would have seen, that down to the year 1825, when by statute v George IV, ch. lxxxiii, the statute of George II was repealed, he himself would have been liable to be whipped or sent to the house of correction, for "pretending to be a Gipsy;" and that, even now, his roaming with them, speaking their tongue, and partaking of their adventures, would make out against him a *prima facie* case, in virtue whereof, he might be sent, by a single justice, on the oath of a single witness, to hard labor for three months in the house of correction.* Yet in the face of all these facts, Mr. Borrow not only sets himself up to bring all things to the level of "enlightened England," but indulges in the following "screed of doctrine," all of which our readers will perceive, is not only truthful, Christian, and unprejudiced, but likewise remarkably germane to the matter in hand.

"Spain for many centuries has been the country of error; she has mistaken stern and savage tyranny for rational government; base, low, and grovelling superstition for clear,

* Blackstone's Com. 166. † 1 Hale's Pl. C. 671.
‡ 4 Bl. Com. 4.

* Stephen's Criminal Law, 110.

bright, and soul-ennobling religion; sordid cheating she has considered as the path to riches; vexatious persecution as the path to power; and the consequence has been that she is now poor and powerless, a pagan among the pagans, with a dozen kings, and with none. Can we be surprised, therefore, that, mistaken in policy, religion, and moral conduct, she should have fallen into an error on points so naturally dark and mysterious, as the history and origin of those remarkable people, whom for the last four hundred years, she has supported under the name of Gitáños?"—Vol. ii, p. 82.

Like a man bitten by a tarantula, Mr. Borrow removes the phrenzy of which the above is a trifling orgasm, by the musical strains of the following pleasant consolation.

"In England, of late, the Gipsies have excited particular attention, but a desire far more noble and laudable than mere antiquarian curiosity, has given rise to it, namely, the desire of propagating the glory of Christ among those who knew him not, and of saving souls from the jaws of the infernal wolf."—Vol. ii, p. 82.

Most sincerely do we trust that such a desire, if honestly entertained, may be gratified; but it appears that the Gipsies have already reached the highest point of hatred to their neighbors who are not of their class, and as this would seem to be the essence of what Mr. Borrow considers "soul-ennobling religion," we do not know that the jaws of the wolf are likely to be deprived of many victims by the "attention" which it is probable he would commend. At all events we do not anticipate much success from the adoption of Mr. Borrow's system as detailed in the following paragraphs. We rather opine that the "small glass of Malaga wine" was a more potent missionary than that gentleman, with all his eloquence. Our readers will perhaps concur with us, when they examine the uses to which our author's translated Gospels were applied. We commend to them the concluding story, which shows that Mr. Borrow in the absence of a good proselyte, could make out to gather a good joke for his book.

"Try them with the Gospel, I hear some one cry, which speaks to all: I did try them

with the Gospel, and in their own language. I commenced with Pépa and Chicharona. Determined that they should understand it, I proposed that they themselves should translate it. *They could neither read nor write, which, however, did not disqualify them from being translators.* I had myself previously translated the whole Testament into the Spanish Rommany, but I was desirous to circulate among the Gitáños, a version conceived in the exact language in which they express their ideas. The women made no objection, they were fond of our tertúlias, *and they likewise reckoned on one small glass of Malaga wine, with which I invariably presented them.* Upon the whole they conducted themselves much better than could have been expected. We commenced with St. Luke; they rendering into Rommany the sentences which I delivered to them in Spanish. *They proceeded as far as the eighth chapter, in the middle of which they broke down.* Was that to be wondered at? The only thing that astonished me was that I had induced two such strange beings to advance so far in a task so unwonted, and so entirely at variance with their habits as translation."—Vol. i, p. 318.

"The Gitáños of Madrid purchased the Gipsy Luke freely: many of the men understood it and prized it highly, *induced of course more by the language than the doctrine;* the women were particularly anxious to obtain copies, *though unable to read; but each wished to have one in her pocket, especially when engaged in thieving expeditions, for they all looked upon it in the light of a charm,* which would preserve them from all danger and mischance; some even went so far as to say, that in this respect *it was equally efficacious as the Bar Lachá, or load-stone,* which they are in general so desirous of possessing. Of this Gospel five hundred copies were printed, the greatest part of which I contrived to circulate among the Gipsies in various parts; I cast the book upon the waters and left it to its destiny."—Vol. i, p. 319.

"My little congregation, if such I may call it, consisted entirely of women: the men seldom or never visited me save they stood in need of something which they

hoped to obtain from me. This circumstance I little regretted, their manners and conversation being the reverse of interesting. It must not, however, be supposed, that, even with respect to the women, matters went on invariably in a smooth and satisfactory manner. The following little anecdote will show what slight dependence can be placed upon them, and how disposed they are at all times to take part in what is grotesque and malicious. One day they arrived, attended by a Gipsy jockey whom I had never previously seen. We had scarcely been seated a minute, when this fellow rising took me to the window, and without any preamble or circumlocution, said—"Don Jorge, you shall lend me two *barias*' (ounces of gold). '*Not to your whole race, my excellent friend*' (we fear that there was, here, a little of the 'wolf' and the 'horse flesh'), said I, 'are you frantic? Sit down and be discreet.' He obeyed me literally, sat down, and when the rest departed, followed with them. We did not invariably meet at my own house, but occasionally at one in a street inhabited by Gipsies. On the appointed day I went to this house, where I found the women assembled; the jockey was also present. On seeing me he advanced, again took me aside, and again said, "Don Jorge, you shall lend me two *barias*." I made him no answer, but at once entered on the subject which brought me thither. I spoke for some time in Spanish; I chose for the theme of my discourse, *the situation of the Hebrews in Egypt*, and pointed out its similarity to that of the *Gitános* in Spain. I spoke of the power of God, manifested in preserving both as separate and distinct people among the nations until the present day. *I warmed with my subject*. I subsequently produced a manuscript book, *from which I read a portion of Scripture, and the Lord's Prayer and Apostles' Creed in Romanly*. When I had concluded I looked around me. The features of the assembly were twisted, and the eyes of all turned upon me with a frightful squint; not an individual present but squinted—the genteel *Pépa*, the good-humored *Chicharona*, the *Casdamí*, &c. &c., all squinted. The Gipsy

fellow, the contriver of the *búrta*, squinted worst of all. Such are Gipsies."—*Vol. i, p. 321.*

We admire the candor of these disclosures. There is enough in them to make us regret that Mr. Borrow should have wasted in pestilent polemics, what would have made him famous as an observer and a humorist. We sincerely wish him better fortune, should he hereafter cease to mistake his roaming propensities (as we have hinted), for missionary zeal, and make up his mind patiently to delve in his own weedy vineyard.

We will not forestall the further views which we shall feel ourselves compelled to express in regard to Mr. Borrow, when we shall have come to his "*Bible in Spain*." The evils which flow from books of this sort are too obvious to require much comment. There are some strangely deluded people, who think that the whole duty of man consists, the one half in a holy horror of their neighbors' faith—the remainder in constantly giving that horror expression. This class, we hope, nay, we are sure, is gradually diminishing in our country, and must become less and less, as we slowly extricate ourselves from our ancient blind adherence to every thing—moral, political, philosophical, and religious—which we find in English books. The Athenian sophists, it is said, could not conduct a law-suit for the loss of a sucking pig, without introducing *Marathon and Salamis*.* It is just as impossible for English writers of Mr. Borrow's caste (and to that caste the majority belong) to believe that truth is truth, and to admit that they tell it of a Catholic people, without introducing the Inquisition and the horned beast of the Apocalypse. What has "*Popery*" to do with chiromancy? What relation between *Torquemada* and *Moncada*, and the wild horse-thieves of *Roma*? How is it possible that we shall ever see that mutual understanding and affection generated among nations, which it is alike the effort of civilization and Christianity to produce, if books of travel are to be thus tainted with fanaticism, and every little tourist is to read and determine na-

* *Sewell's Plato*, p. 167.

tional character, not by the unerring test of truth and candor, but according to the notions which he may draw from his own budget of locomotive theology? How can the jewel be found at the bottom of the well, if men like Mr. Borrow will be forever muddying the waters? It is strange that authors themselves should not see the impolicy of all this—to say nothing of its criminality. A few kindred spirits may go hand in hand with them for a time, but will any sensible man regard their partisan pages with confidence? When the fever of sympathetic passion shall have grown cool, will

posterity set its seal upon volumes, as classics of the language, when their authority as to facts and principles is utterly destroyed, by distortions naked upon every page? We should think that experience might be safely consulted for an answer to these questions. But alas! we fear that her wisdom will be of little avail, until weak heads and bad hearts shall have become more rare,—until bad education shall have ceased to pervert the better part of our nature, and interest shall have forgotten to corrupt the little that ignorance, malice, and perversion may have left unpolluted?

THE EPISCOPALIAN CHURCH A MODERN SECT.

Concluded from page 227.

"AT the period of the reformation," says Dr. Hook, "when Cranmer and Ridley flourished, there was a Church existing and established in England, and, as archbishop of that Church, Cranmer, our celebrated reformer, was consecrated. That Church had existed, as all parties admit, from the first planting of Christianity in England." Very good, doctor. But let us take the tail of the quotation first, and then the head, and see if he does not bite his tail, devour his own body, and then hatch a new progeny under his own ermine and that of the royal mantle. But first, may I not ask you, doctor, what difference was there, in genus or in right, between the reformer, Cranmer, and the reformers, Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, Beza or Knox? You repudiate these, just as if they had not as much right to be reformers of the different Churches, as Cranmer had of the ancient Church of this realm. You do well, however, to speak of Cranmer and Ridley only, for these seem to have been almost the only cogs in the wheel moved by the royal hand. The historians of those times tell us, that when the new worship was concocted by Cranmer, out of eighteen bishops eight were opposed to it totally, and only four gave it their cordial sanction. I will here present to the

reader an account of this affair, drawn up by a gentleman of great learning, talent, and research, which has just fallen under my notice. "The committee originally consisted of eighteen bishops, besides inferior clergy; eight of that number were against the book in the house of lords (vide *Lords' Journals*, 331). The archbishop of York, the bishops of London, Durham, and some others, refused to co-operate with Cranmer when his intentions became more apparent (*Scoones*, iii, 354). Day, of Chichester, would by no means have his hand in the subscription (*Heylin's Ref.* lrv, 460). He, with the bishops of Hereford and Westminster, protested against the bill when it passed the lords (*Strype*). Thus it seemed probable that, out of the whole bench of bishops, none remained, in the end, but Cranmer, Godrich, Holbeach, and Ridley, together with a few assistant divines, viz., May, Taylor, Haynes, and Cox (*Scoones' Hist. Ref.* iii, 356). The Bishops Gardiner, Tunstall, and Heath, in every respect Cranmer's equals in learning, and some of the most eminent theologians of the day, had no part in the undertaking, which, like the rest of the changes, was the work of a small knot of discontented, aspiring, and unscrupulous men, who had either fortunes to ac-

quire, or, like Cranmer, by violating their promise of celibacy, had rendered a secession from the ancient Church an object of personal interest and security. It ought never to be forgotten, that, at a time when to oppose the religious innovations was to run counter to the court, when the court was all-powerful, and these innovations were to the private advantage of all who supported them, only four bishops sanctioned the changes, and of these four, one, at least, had other affections, besides affection to his God, powerfully influencing his opinions and conduct." From this quotation it is evident that the liturgy was not reformed by any thing like a majority of the convocation; the far greater number opposed it in its first stages, and in its last stage, the house of lords; where opposition was known to be useless, and to oppose was likely to entail the highest disapprobation, eight bishops dared to oppose it, and Day of Chichester, and the bishops of Hereford and Westminster entered their protest against it. And when it is recollected that this book, after passing the houses of parliament, and receiving the royal sanction, as a work most godly, and inspired by the Holy Ghost, was found, three years later, so heterodox and imperfect, by the same men, that it was reformed again; and, after this, by Elizabeth; and again by Charles, every thinking man will see the rottenness of the whole reformation throughout; for the reformation of the liturgy was the prototype of the reformation of the Church. I now turn to the point before stated for consideration, viz., Cranmer's devouring his own body, &c. The doctor says, with some truth, that at the time of the reformation there was a Church existing, of which Cranmer had been consecrated archbishop, and that this Church had existed from the first planting of Christianity in England. I have said, *with some truth*, the doctor says this, for it is not altogether correct, nor will all parties acknowledge it to be so. I will sift the passage and give the corn, and scatter the chaff. Certainly there had always been a Church in some part of Britain. Whether the ancient British Church was founded by some of Christ's apostles,

or by others sent by them, such as Joseph of Arimathea, it is equally certain that there is no evidence of the general conversion of that people, and the formal establishment of the Church among them before Eleutherius, the Roman pontiff, sent two missionaries, Fugatius and Damianus, at the request of King Lucius, to convert the British nation (Vide *Lingard's Hist. Anglo Sax. Church*, pp. 1, 2, 3, with the notes). Now a Church was established in England. But the doctor ought to know that in the year 449, Hengist, the Saxon chief, accepted the invitation of Vortigern to aid him against the Picts and Scots; and that the Saxons, having got a footing in the country, conquered it, drove the Britons out of the country, afterwards called England, into Wales and other parts, and established their own idolatry over this land; and it continued brooding from about the end of the second century to nearly the end of the sixth (596), when Pope Gregory sent St. Augustine and his thirty-nine companions to preach the Gospel to the Anglo-Saxons, in the reign of Ethelbert, who gave them an ancient church of the Britons, dedicated to St. Martyn, in Canterbury, which was the royal city. A year later the king embraced the faith and was baptized. He now gave the missionaries the church of St. Saviour, originally built by the Britons, and removing his royal residence from Canterbury, gave them the city and surrounding country. Here they built a monastery, and their leader, St. Augustine, was consecrated bishop by the archbishop of Arles (in France). As Christianity spread, St. Augustine consecrated bishops, and he became the archbishop of Canterbury, the first of the title and the founder of the English Church. With the conversion of England it received the Catholic faith and worship, and was united to the see of Rome as the centre of unity. And the Catholic faith and worship was the same then as now, and the English Church became in all things Catholic, and continued such till the reformation, or deformation.* The

* They who maintain, that with the progress and duration of the Church the Catholic religion lost its spirit, and the faith its purity, have never duly

Church of the ancient Britons still existed; but, as they had (very naturally) a rooted antipathy to the Saxons, they would not submit to the archiepiscopal authority of a Saxon prelate, as ordered by the head of the Church, and thus became broken off from Catholic unity, and the Saxon Church had no connexion with the British, till with the Saxon arms was spread the empire of the Saxon Church. Now the amalgamation takes place, and the distinction is lost in the English Church. Some writers of the present day, more schismatical than wise, pretend to derive the English Church from the ancient Britons; and Dr. Hook mixes them up in a huddled, indiscriminate mass. But they ought to trace their origin either to the British or the Saxon Church—they cannot have it from both. If they choose the British, they must disclaim St. Augustine, and St. David's should be their metropolitan see, and not Canterbury. But they

considered our Lord's parable of the leaven among meal. The kingdom of heaven is evidently the Christian Church Catholic; the meal is the human race; the leaven is the truths of the gospel, which are the objects of faith, animated by the Spirit of God. This leaven, which was applied by Christ and his apostles, and at first small and insignificant in the eyes of man, was to operate, by progressive fermentation, till the whole mass was leavened, or is to be leavened. Here we see how the greater part of the world became Christian, and the whole is to become Christian. We see that it is the same leaven at the beginning, and the end of its operation; that it will never be lost or corrupted; that the whole Church was at first, is now, and ever will be, of one faith and one mass—one united whole. Here the unity of the Church, the immutability of her doctrines and spirit, her perpetuity and increase, are clearly described—the parable and the promises of Christ go together to establish this important truth. Hence are two corollaries: 1. When St. Augustine established the Roman religion in England, Rome was held the head of the whole eastern and western Churches, and was of the same faith;—the faith of the whole Christian world was therefore planted in England. England preserved the religion of St. Augustine and of Rome till the reformation. The same leaven operated in the English Church as leavened the rest of the world; and it was therefore a pure leaven, and leavened the whole country. The Church of God was "one bread and all partook of one bread." 2. The leaven of Cranmer was different from the leaven of the whole world, except the other Protestant leaven; nor did these agree together. All Protestant leaven is therefore spurious, and can never leaven the whole world. The leaven of the Church Catholic is heavenly; that of Protestants earthly; it is either frost-bitten, or weak in spirit, or manufactured by the art of man; and therefore we need not wonder that the English Church is a sad loaf of bad bread; it is not able to ferment one batch aright, much less could it leaven the mass of the world in all ages.

must then show the chain of succession through the British bishops down to Cranmer, and this they cannot do, and therefore never attempt it. It is the pretended glory of their archbishop that he sits in St. Augustine's seat. And the chain of succession is complete in the Saxon or English Church from St. Augustine down to Cranmer.

This was "the Church existing"—the body of which that unworthy prelate was the head (saving the king's supremacy). But what did he do with the body of the Church? Why he devoured it, so that nothing was left of it after his time, and he became the head without any body, or member of the Church Catholic, attached to him. This head laid the eggs of a new progeny with its polluted mouth, for from the mouth proceeded every evil thing. By and by was seen a slender tail, growing from this head, something like the tadpole's tail, and this monstrous head and diminutive tail ruled the rising progeny. If this little tail pleased him, he wagged it, and if it displeased him, he bit it; so that he was lord alone, or subject to none but to the old swollen frog and his hydra master. Thus, reader, was the new religion and new Church severed from the old; but I spare thee the recital of the cuttings, hangings, burnings, embowellings, and tormentings, by which it was accomplished. We now turn to other things. The doctor says Cranmer found that in his time the Pope had usurped an authority and an influence which he did not possess by right. "In his time." What, then, was the Pope's power greater in Cranmer's time than it had ever been? The meekest noodle in history knows better. I suppose by this the doctor means that the Pope had a right to establish the English Church (this, of course, must be granted, or Dr. Hook would not be preacher to the queen, or have any fat livings). But he had no right to exercise any authority over the clergy he sent, or the Church formed; at least it was right for the Pope's authority to cease when king Henry VIII wanted a divorce; and a new clergy wanted institution and induction. Well, be it so; I make my bow. But will the doctor controvert the position, that the bishop of Rome is

patriarch of the west, consequently of Britain; and, moreover, holds pontifical authority; and, as such, has the primacy of honor and jurisdiction over the whole Church Catholic? I throw down the gauntlet. If the Pope assumes more than his right, the Catholic people and clergy are free to resist him, and have resisted him; but the question is not about assumptions, but legitimate rights. No one ever denies the Pope's legitimate authority in spirituals over the whole Church Catholic, but he becomes, *ipso facto*, heretical and schismatical. The doctor now turns to doctrines, and says Archbishop Cranmer found that the ancient Church had become, in certain respects, corrupted, and many practices prevailed, some of them contrary to scripture, and some of them much abused to superstition, such as worshipping of images and saints, and the use of the liturgy in a language not understood by the people. What a clever man Dr. Hook is? He tells us the Church had become, in many respects, corrupted; but he does not tell us what doctrines the Church held that were corrupt: for an example, he goes directly to prove practices; but practices are not doctrines. I dare say if we were to point out certain corrupt practices in his Church, he would answer, that these were no proof of the heterodoxy of the thirty-nine articles. He comes to particulars, however, after playing about the bush a little longer. Some of these practices were contrary to scripture, and some abused to superstition, such as worshipping images and saints, and the liturgy in a language not understood by the people. But he does not tell us which of these were contrary to scripture, and which only abused. Pray, doctor, do give us some clear, definitive classification. I. What do you mean by worshipping images and saints? If you mean adoration given to them as gods, the Catholic Church never taught or practised this in England or any where else, and if Cranmer knew any thing of the religion of which he was so high a minister, he knew this: and if his people were not well instructed, he could have seen that they were so, without altering matters of Catholic faith. If you mean by worship, what you must

mean when you marry a couple, viz. relative honor, this is neither contrary to scripture, nor superstitious; and if it was, or is, Cranmer did not purge your Church from it, for it was preserved in the first reformation, under Edward, and, as may be proved in numerous instances, is existing in your Church now; and even on this point many of your divines have taught, and now teach, the same. Witness the hymn to the blessed virgin, by Dr. Pusey. The liturgy, in a language not understood by the people, is neither contrary to scripture nor superstitious. St. Paul only prohibits such prayers as are for public edification being said in an unknown tongue without interpretation. It is not necessary that the language of the mass should be in English for public edification. The priest is not addressing the people, but God; he is not performing an office that directly regards them, but Him to whom the sacrifice is offered; and if they join in the intention for which the sacrifice is offered, this is sufficient, and for this purpose any English prayer book adapted to the sacrifice is even better than the mass service translated: in fine, the language used in offering this sacrifice is peculiarly that of the officiator, and no one's else; yet the Catholic Church furnishes a translation of the missal to all who desire it, and English missals are in use in all our chapels. But I know many priests who, when they are not the celebrants, prefer any Catholic prayer book to the missal, as more consistent, and even more conducive to private devotion. The doctor ought to know, and does know, for he has been told it, the Hebrew language was used in the Jewish service after the captivity, when the people did not understand it; and our Lord attended that service, and did not condemn it. The ancient Greek is not known even to the common people of Greece, and yet the mass is said in the ancient tongue; and it is said in that tongue throughout the Greek Church, yet the Russians, &c. do not understand it. Your own Church forced the English liturgy on the Irish people, where not one in a hundred understood it. The ancient Separatists brought not this charge against the Latin Church, and nothing but ignorance can now

make it. And after all, we are not told whether these things were abused only to superstition, or are errors against truth; but abuses can never be alleged against the lawful use of a thing. The doctor adds:—"While opinions were prevalent, such as those relating to transubstantiation, decidedly erroneous, which the Church did not protest against, but rather seemed to sanction." Opinions!—But opinions are not faith, or of faith. If these were merely opinions prevalent, you cannot charge them upon the faith of the Church, nor would she need reforming in faith. Prevalent!—This would not make them universal, so that, if the opinions were false, they would not corrupt the body of the Church, and Cranmer need not have devoured it to destroy a prevalent opinion. What would you say to a man that would overturn and revolutionize your Church to destroy a popular erroneous opinion that was no matter of faith? But transubstantiation is not matter of opinion, but of faith, and was many long ages before Cranmer's time. And how happened it that the greatest lights, and most holy doctors and bishops, did not weed it out before Cranmer arose? Why they knew it to be truth. But lechery and blindness are congenial;—chastity and wisdom always go together. Neither was this dogma merely prevalent; it was and is the universal doctrine of God's Church. "The Church did not protest against it, but rather seemed to sanction it." What Church? He cannot mean the old Catholic Church of this kingdom, for how should she protest against a doctrine which every body knows she taught? Nor did she merely seem to sanction, but clearly and dogmatically propounded it. The doctor must mean the newly reformed Church. If so, what a trifle with truth, what a succumber to public opinion, what a hypocrite in grain, to seem to sanction error because it prevailed among the populace! Well might they reform and re-reform! But does not the Church of England seem to sanction it now? Does she not imprint on the tender mind of youth, that what is taken with the hand and received with the mouth, in the Lord's supper, is "verily and indeed the body and blood of Christ?"

Does she not hold it forth to the communicant as such real body and blood? She does! Does she not assert it in her homilies? She does! Why, doctor, after all her reforming, she wants reforming still. She is still seeming, and simulation is not the best quality for a reformed Church to cultivate. And if this dogma was erroneous, she ought to have protested against it, and not seem to sanction it. It is true the word transubstantiation regards the *modus* of the real presence in the eucharist, but this was of long standing as a decree of the Church's meaning; and as to the faith of the Church, it was of all ages since her establishment. But if the *modus* was all we had to settle, it might soon be done. The objection is *re ipsa*, the presence denoted by it; or why, if you dont like the prefix trans, don't you adopt that of con? If you will not be Catholics, why not Lutherans? The old English Catholics, however, should rise from their Popish tombs, and thank Dr. Hook for his bland complaisance. "They were not heretics because they believed the real presence a revealed truth." And yet he charges us with heresy, as if we do not believe it a revealed truth. Why may not our error lie in mere matter of fact? Oh! but you don't hear the Church of England now she has spoken! Well now, doctor, I will tell you candidly and honestly, if you will prove to me that the voice of your Church is infallibly true, I will hear, my dear doctor—yes, indeed I will—for I will never cease to hear the Church of God. But you all tell me she may err; yea, you tell me so in this very paragraph: "They were less cautious than we are now—we, who perhaps err on the side of caution." Ah! cautious souls! cautious of believing what the universal Church teaches as revealed truth. Cautious of all the holy maxims of mortification and self-denial proclaimed by the Scripture, and a million tongues in the Church of all nations and ages. Cautious of admitting the holy and wholesome thought of offering a prayer for the souls of the faithful departed, even for the founders of All Soul's college, or on the tomb-stone of a church yard. Cautious of losing the tithe of the pigs, or the anise,

and mint, and cummin of the gardens. Cautious of inhaling death from the sick man's couch, or of wearing yourselves out in the duties of a parish priest. There is, I grant, an excess of caution mixed up with all your other errors. But let the reader observe a discrepancy in the doctor's complaisance. He has just told us there was only an opinion prevalent as to the real presence which the Church seemed to sanction; and now he tells us that our Catholic forefathers believed it a revealed truth. It is really painful to follow the man, line by line, for there is scarcely a line in this hodge-podge of a sermon that is not full of inconsistency. And yet he boasts a doctor's cap! This is some encouragement to thee, reader. Perhaps thou wilt be a doctor sometime, and oh that thou mayest have a doctor's head with better bumps than these! The doctor now returns to the reforming prelates, and says, "They discovered that all the errors which they detected in their Church were innovations gradually and imperceptibly introduced, and not belonging originally or essentially to the Church of England." What a passage this is! Discover that errors are innovations! Why, who cannot discover that error is always an innovation on truth? And could not the bishops of former ages have discovered this? Could not Bishop Fisher, and Chancellor More, and Cardinal Pole, and the Tunstalls, Gardiners, Bonners, &c., have discovered this as well as Cranmer? But he discovered this just as he discovered that Henry was not lawfully married to Catharine, and that Anne Boleyn was a proper match, though reputed the king's daughter, and, as he afterwards discovered, that Anne Boleyn was not lawfully married to Henry, although he had married them himself. Oh blessed man! Oh sweet, orthodox, and profound archbishop! He discovered that these innovations had been introduced gradually and imperceptibly. Well then, as he was so lynx-eyed as to discover the gradus, he can tell the steps. Oh no! He discovered the steps, but they were imperceptible! Well, I never thought Cranmer a conjurer till now. But how could the worship of images and saints as gods, and

the liturgy in a language not understood, and the doctrine of the real presence and transubstantiation, &c., &c., come into the Church imperceptibly? Was the world tied up in a sack and dipped in the river Lethe, and, when dried, dipped again in the Tiber, and thus saturated with Roman compound; impregnated with its mixed alluvion? But this would be a remarkable event, and could scarcely fail to be observed; and, what is equally remarkable, this immersion took place at the conversion of all nations; and what Cranmer detected as imperceptible, was known and professed by all apostolical churches all the world over. But the doctor says those innovations and errors were not essential to the church! This is a truism certainly, which none but a doctor of the English Church could have found out. Error not essential. Very true! very true! But the doctor says, "In the seventh century, five councils were held in England, when the doctrines denounced by the reformers were unknown!" Reformers! I thought he had renounced and denounced the reformers; let us examine, however, the facts. St. Augustine with his missionaries arrived here at the close of the sixth century, and was sent from Rome by the then Pope Gregory; and, if he did not follow the doctrine and discipline of Rome, he would neither have been sent or acknowledged by the Roman pontiff. It was eighty years after this before the whole Anglo-Saxon nation was converted to Christianity, and it took a considerable time before the gospel penetrated any of the other kingdoms of the heptarchy. During the seventh century, therefore, the Anglo-Saxon Church was in its infancy; and, though synods and councils were held, the former twice a year, the latter not unfrequently, they were held for the regulation and support of discipline rather than doctrine. The faith of Rome, which was the faith of the whole Church Catholic, was the model and standard of the Anglo-Saxon Church; and this bond continued indissoluble down to Cranmer's time. And this fact will upset a thousand pretences of Dr. Hook that the faith of the Anglo-Saxon Church in the seventh century was

different from that of the English Church at the dawn of Cranmer's career (Vide Lingard's *Anglo-Saxon Church*, especially chap. v, as also chap. ii). The merest tyro in history knows, and all its monuments declare that the religion of England, from its conversion to Henry's reign, was Roman Catholic.* The doctor asks, "What then did the archbishop and his associates determine to do? They determined not to overthrow the old Church, and establish a Protestant sect in its place; but merely to reform, to correct abuses in the existing Church." I grant Cranmer did not overthrow the frame work of the old Church, but this he did;

* So tender and tenacious is Dr. Hook of the Catholicity of his Church, that he asserts it over and over again. "The present Church of England is the old Catholic religion reformed in the reigns of Henry, Edward, and Elizabeth; it is the old Catholic Church which was originally planted in this country, and which has descended from our British and Saxon ancestors. The founders of the Church of England—remember I do not mean the reformers—for nothing but ignorance the most gross will speak of them as our founders, ignorance which concedes to the Papist an argument of the very greatest importance—the founders of the Church of England, both Britons and Saxons, were bishops ordained by other bishops, &c. As such it possesses the same original endowments, which were never taken from one Church and given to another." As to endowments, I leave Dr. Hook to his fears; but, 1st. He ought to tell us whether the Church derives her succession from the ancient British hierarchy, or from the Saxon—they cannot be confounded. 2dly. He ought to tell us what bishop ordained the first British bishops, for this will lead us to Rome. 3dly. He ought to know, that if he could establish the succession of orders, this would not establish the succession of jurisdiction. Orders give the power of function, but not the power and right of governing, or of exercising those functions. These can only be exercised by legitimate rule, over, and in regard to, subjects or persons committed to their pastoral authority. Thus, supposing Dr. Hook a priest—he has the power and functions of a priest, but he can only exercise them where jurisdiction is given him, and not where he has no jurisdiction. Therefore, could he prove the succession of orders, which he cannot, this would be nothing, unless he could prove succession of jurisdiction also. But the right of jurisdiction is lost, as I have said, by heresy, schism, deprivation, excommunication; and I have shewn that both orders and jurisdiction, if not lost before, were certainly lost at Elizabeth's accession. The doctor says, "The Church, after it was reformed, remained the same as it was before, just as a man remains the same after his face is washed as he was before; or Naaman was the same man after being cured of his leprosy as he was before." These are old trite figures, but they will not serve his purpose. 1st. A man is a positive being, and the dirt on his face, or leprosy on his carcass, does not alter his person or change his nature; but the Church of God is a relative corporation, and is no longer the Church of God when fallen into heresy, idolatry, apostacy, or schism. And, as a body corporate, she loses all

he sapped its foundation, cut off its legs, and propped it up with a pair of stilts, marked with the initials H. and C. Moreover he completely gutted it, after the martyr fashion of this and other reigns. The regularly ordained clergy continued, but this was the only similarity left. But at the accession of Elizabeth even this relic was completely lost, and the present English Church clergy can only trace their pedigree to Archbishop Parker, who was consecrated himself by an ordinal that broke all apostolical succession—all connexion with the previous clergy; annulled the priestly character, and made the Church a new Church,

right of jurisdiction; and, therefore, the old Catholic Church, on this supposition, could not give jurisdiction to the reformed Church, till absolved from her errors on renouncing them. Nor was the dirt merely on the face of the Church, or her leprosy on her skin—they entered into her very constitution, and changed her nature and relative existence. Instead of being the Church of God, she was the synagogue of the devil. Dr. Hook's Church, therefore, must not only wash its face, it must be reconstituted; and he should rather boast of deriving his orders and jurisdiction from a different source, viz. from some Church that had preserved the faith and authority delivered by Christ to his apostles pure and valid through all ages. Cranmer was consecrated by an idolatrous bishop, according to the Church homilies; so was Barlow, if consecrated at all, of which there is great reason to doubt. How could they derive jurisdiction from a man that had none himself? In addition to this, let the reader bear in mind what I have said on Edward's ordinal. 2dly. Dr. Hook should rather have adopted the argument of the negro Methodist preacher, only reversing the order. "God," said he, "created Adam a black man; but when Cain slew his brother, God asked him what he had done, and he turned pale with fear and shame, and that paleness was the mark God fixed upon him. We are the children of Seth, and all these white men are sons of Cain." Now as all the Christian world was black before the reformation, Christ and his apostles must have created it so, or there would have been some pale tribes. But even Dr. Hook will acknowledge Henry VIII to be a sinner. Well, God reproved him, and he turned pale, and became the father of a white and spotless Church. This would be something like argument; and though Henry was a second Cain, what matters it if Dr. Hook can show that God changed his heart with his color, and adopted him and his progeny for his sons and daughters. We have Adam and Seth, and the negroes and antiquity, on our side; Dr. Hook has Cain, the murderer, with the novelty, the renovation of color at least, and the supposed adoption of God on the other. But however Dr. Hook may flatter himself that God has forsaken his firstborn sons, be they black or white, and adopted the offspring of Cain, the murderer, God has pledged himself to the contrary. The generations of the Church Catholic will never fail, nor will the mark of Cain ever be effaced from the brow of his offspring, till they are regenerated, and united to the great family of heaven. *O Domine, prospere, procede, et regna!*

both in doctrine, discipline, and order, and, indeed, in every sense of the word, and all bishops and priests were ordained by this ordinal for more than one hundred years.

The doctor says, "These reformers established their own independence as bishops against the usurped authority of the Pope, who had no more authority of right in England than the bishop of Canterbury had in Rome." The doctor is a complete independent, and would he carry his principle out to its legitimate results, he might easily go from his Church and preach in the Independent chapel at Leeds. But this assertion of his, though easily made, is not easily proved. It is in the teeth of all antiquity as regards the pontifical authority. It is in the teeth of all antiquity as regards the patriarch's authority in his patriarchate. It is in the teeth of all custom and right which gives the mother Church authority over the churches established by her missionaries. It is in the teeth of all order and subordination in the Church; for, by the same rule that Dr. Hook ought to be subordinate to his bishop and his bishop to the archbishop, so the archbishop ought to be subordinate to a superior spiritual authority in his Church. And the king is not that superior spiritual authority, as Dr. Hook admits in this sermon. Where is it then? It is in his patriarch—the archbishop of Rome, who has a two-fold authority over him, 1st, as patriarch, and 2d, as Pope, or pontiff over the whole Church, to which pontificate all simple patriarchs are subject. Has the Pope then no superior? No! He has no superior on earth, or equal in the Church on earth; he is the representative of Christ. But is he not responsible to any one on earth? Not to any one; but he is responsible to the canons and a general council, of which there is abundant evidence. The Church is a monarchy, not absolute, but limited; and she alone is the sure foundation and safeguard of every earthly monarchy. The doctor concludes his historical survey by saying, "Now, from this historical statement you see the absurdity of which the Papists are guilty when they accuse us of having deserted or dissented from the old Church, and of having reared a new Church

of human origin,—the absurdity of their speaking of theirs as the old Church and the old religion." By the doctor's leave, there is not much guilt in a mere absurdity. As to the term dissenters, it is evident to all disinterested persons that he and his Church are as much dissenters as any of the sects in this land. And they have claimed the same right as the sects have. He and his Church have dissented from the Church Catholic in doctrine and discipline; the result is, they have broken off all communion with her. The Church Catholic spoke, but they would not hear the Church. They acted upon an opposite principle to that which they maintain in regard to the dissenting sects. They proclaim liberty of conscience and the right of private judgment, and that the Scriptures are the rule and sole rule of faith; but when a man dissents from them, what do they say? Why, you have a right to judge, but you have no right to leave the Church; and Dr. Hook calls upon all to hear the Church. What nonsense! Did they act upon this rule? No! They judged, dissented, and left the Church, crying out to all, "Come out of her, that ye partake not of her sins and receive not of her plagues." It is in vain that Dr. Hook tells them there is not just reason; they say there is, and they are as convinced of it as Cranmer was, nay, much more so; it was not conviction in him, but lust of various kinds. When the Church spoke by the Catholic bishops under Elizabeth, they were sent to prison, and a new sect was formed that would not hear the Church; and this sect was established by parliament and the queen: it is of human authority only, and supported only by this authority. The Catholics have remained faithful to the religion and the Church of their ancestors. They obey bishops consecrated and authorized by, and in communion with, the whole Church Catholic, and can officiate in all the churches of Catholic unity. Whereas, the Protestant bishops are not acknowledged by any other Church throughout the world. Romish dissenters indeed! If, to reject Dr. Hook's new Church and cling to the old Catholic Church be to become dissenters, we repudiate not the term, however calumnious it may be.

The apostles were dissenters from Simon Magus. The Nicene fathers were dissenters from the Arians just as much as we are dissenters from the established sect. All the rest of the sermon is mere chaff, which a breath can dissipate; and, therefore, I conclude by directing the doctor's attention to the confession of his Church, and hoping he will say it from the heart:—"We have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep; we have followed too much the de-

vices and designs of our own hearts; we have offended against thy holy laws; we have done the things we ought not to have done, and we have left undone the things we ought to have done; and there is no health in us. But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders." Then, I trust, the Church will follow his example and be reformed back again; and peace, happiness, unity, and prosperity be established in the land.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF A DEAR FRIEND.

BY H. J. KEEFE.

WHAT though no marble marks thy place of sleep
To tell the stranger passenger thy name,
Yet o'er thy grave will widowed friendship weep,
And pay the tribute which thy virtues claim.

For thou wert gentle, generous, and kind,—
Thou hadst a heart to sympathise with wo;
In thy warm breast true honor was enshrined,
And virtue too which blesses all below.

Fair genius too, shed o'er thy gifted mind,
Its bright'ning gems to gild thy youthful name;
And learning's lamp above thy pathway shined,
To light thee on to knowledge and to fame.

Such was thy promise when the spoiler came,
And called thee hence to moulder in the tomb;
Alas! his dart, with too unerring aim,
Did crush the flow'r ere it had time to bloom.

But though on earth thy star is set, we trust
It brightly shines where tempests never come;
Where treasures are which never fade nor rust,
And where the pilgrim finds a happy home.

DISCOURSE ON THE RT. REV. JOHN DUBOIS, D. D.

LATE BISHOP OF NEW YORK.

BY REV. JOHN M'CAFFREY.

"Blessed is the man who hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stood in the way of sinners, nor sat in the chair of pestilence: but his will is in the law of the Lord, and on his law shall he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted near the running waters, which shall bring forth its fruit in due season. And his leaf shall not fall off; and all, whatsoever he shall do, shall prosper."—Ps. i, 1, 2, 3.

IT is not, my brethren, a temporal prosperity that is promised to those who avoid the ways of sinners and meditate continually on the law of God. All things which they do shall indeed prosper, but in that higher sense in which the inspired apostle assures us, that "for those who love God, all things work together unto good." (Rom. viii, 28.) The lot of the truly religious man may be obscurity and affliction; it may be disappointment in all his earthly hopes: still "the light of God's countenance shines upon him;" he is advancing in the path of Christian perfection; his soul abounds in spiritual riches, and, growing daily in favor with his heavenly Father, is daily more and more adorned with heavenly graces. Truly, therefore, is he "like a tree planted near the running waters," which hides its abundant fruit beneath its luxuriant foliage.

But, my brethren, there is a kind of temporal prosperity, which the greatest saints have prized and coveted, and which we all regard as a mark of divine approbation. I mean success in great undertakings begun for God's sake alone, and carried on through purest zeal for his glory, amidst continual sacrifices and self-denials, in the spirit of humble piety and incessant prayer. The Xaviers, the Ignatii, the Vincents of Paul, in their stupendous efforts to gain souls to Christ and benefit mankind, were animated by a hope that the divine blessing would prosper all their labors. The apostles, bearing the triumphant standard of Christianity from land to land, did not fail to sing canticles of victory to their heavenly leader, and as, when they were scourged by the Jews, "they rejoiced that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the

name of Jesus" (Acts v, 41), so, when thousands were converted by their preaching, they gave thanks to God, who crowned their ministry with such success. This kind of prosperity is given to none but the chosen servants of God. Our divine Redeemer intimates it when he says to the twelve, "I have chosen you and have appointed you, that you should go and should bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." (John xv, 16.)

Now, my brethren, called together by a common feeling of gratitude towards a common benefactor, lift up your eyes, look round about and tell me what you see! what but monuments of the pure religious zeal of Bishop Dubois clearly marked with the seal of divine benediction? Who reared to the honor of Almighty God the temple in which you are now assembled? Who set it beautifully on the mountain's brow, to crown our sacred hill, as with a diadem of glory? From this lofty height, enjoying a magnificent prospect which expands and elevates the soul,—with half of Maryland stretched before you, and a large part of Pennsylvania, and something of Virginia too,—tell me who has done most for the welfare, above all, the spiritual welfare of those who have pitched their tents upon the mountain's side, or in its fertile vallies, or on the plain below? Who adorned our neighborhood with that noble collegiate edifice? Who raised up in the tangled forest that abode of science and letters? Who dedicated to the muses that crystal spring gushing in wild music from the rock. Who taught the wilderness to bloom as a garden, and converted the rude forest into a paradise, in which study and piety might, like twin angels, walk hand

in hand, and from which it might be hoped that the tempting serpent of worldly dissipation would be effectually excluded? Who established that nursery of the American Church, from which so many priests and bishops have gone forth,—pastors according to God's own heart,—men whose talents, learning, and piety have reflected lustre on their *Alma Mater*, and rendered *Mount St. Mary's* "a bright and venerable name?" Who gave a still more enviable celebrity to St. Joseph's valley, and, like the prophet smiting the rock at Horeb, caused a perennial fountain of charity to gush forth, that the poor orphan might not, for want of the well-springs of religious benevolence, perish of thirst in the arid desert of human society? Who gave mothers to the motherless,—tender nurses to the destitute sick,—meek-eyed, soft-toned sisters to calm the raving maniac, and govern by gentleness and sweet affection the darkened being whom reason has ceased to rule? Who prepared and formed those Christian heroines, ready at any moment to fly to the seat of contagion, there to hover, like guardian angels, around the suffering and dying,—soothing every sorrow, relieving every pain, inspiring confidence by their calm intrepidity, inspiring piety by their beautiful example, inspiring the guilty soul with contrition and the despairing with hopes of mercy, and breathing their own faith, and charity, and humble trust into the spirit trembling on the verge of eternity? Who, in a word, nurtured the institution of the Sisters of Charity from helpless infancy up to a strong and flourishing maturity? What one man, I ask, has in this our day, and in our country done most for the good of souls, most for the relief of human misery, most for the benefit of society? You are all ready with one voice to answer: It is Bishop Dubois, the father of St. Joseph's, the founder of Mount St. Mary's. Yes, he was that "blessed man," of whom the psalmist speaks. He was "like the tree, planted by the running waters and bringing forth fruit in due season." All things whatsoever he did, were fertilized by the dews of heaven, were watered from the fountains of divine grace, and prospered under the blessing of the Most High God.

To us particularly, my brethren, his religious zeal was a fountain of blessings; and now that he hath gone to rest in the bosom of his Lord, like pious children who have lost a beloved and venerated father, let us seek consolation in the remembrance of his virtues, and strengthen all our good resolutions by the argument of his edifying example.

The ways of God are indeed mysterious, and admirable are the designs of his mercy, and beautiful it is to trace, where light is given us to do so, their progress and development. A foreigner, flung by the tempest of an impious and bloody revolution on our hospitable shores, boldly undertakes, with none of the ordinary means and no human prospect of success, and happily achieves the most important works of benevolence: a friendless stranger flying from the wrath of his brethren beyond the Atlantic, adopting customs and institutions quite new and strange, and lisping a language unknown to his youth, becomes the benefactor of the country which adopts him; as Joseph, sold into captivity, a sojourner in the land of Cham, received from Egypt's sons the glorious name of "Saviour." In studying the history of the good man, whose example it is my duty to unfold to you, I behold indeed a chosen instrument of Divine Providence; but I also behold the noble portrait which the royal psalmist has drawn with a skilful hand, of him who is truly pious, and therefore truly blessed,—one who flies the company of sinners, who gives all his affections to the law of God and meditates on it both day and night, that, knowing his heavenly Father's will, he may more and more perfectly accomplish it;—one who, in reward for this fidelity of mind and heart, in the midst of "an unbelieving and perverse generation," is inspired with high resolves and great designs, is endowed with vigor, fortitude and perseverance to execute them, and favored with manifest signs of divine protection in the signal success of his undertakings.

Mr. Dubois was born in Paris on the 24th day of August, in the year 1764. His parents were respectable, and appear to have been in easy circumstances. They knew,

that "it is good for a man to have borne the yoke from his youth" (Lament. iii, 27): they knew that if you train up a young man in the way in which he should walk, "even when he is old, he will not depart from it." (Prov. xxii, 6.) They were therefore, or rather his prudent mother (for he lost his father when very young) was especially careful to implant in his tender breast the seeds of every virtue. From the character of the man we learn the principles instilled into the soul of the child. He was educated at the college of Louis le Grand,—a college, which has given to France so many of her most illustrious sons, and which contributed to form the character of him, who longest remained among us, as a grand and beautiful specimen of that august assembly, which decreed our national independence. Among his preceptors were the famous poet, the Abbé Delille, and the Abbé Proyart, author of the life of Decalogue. The memory of that saintly youth, whose example, faithfully pictured in this little volume, has led so many students to give to God the flower of their days, was then so revered and cherished, that the greatest mark of confidence and affection, which the directors of the college could bestow on a deserving pupil, was to give him, at the opening of studies, the place which Decalogue had occupied. This honor was conferred on the young Dubois, and so highly appreciated by him, that even in old age, when his silvery locks gave dignity to all his words, he could not mention it without tears of joy and gratitude. In the examples of his professors and of many among his fellow-students, he found encouragement to the practice of every virtue; yet in the same school, and on the same forms with this pious youth, were some, who were soon to reach a bad pre-eminence and act a conspicuous part in the bloody tragedy, which his country was preparing to exhibit to the astonished and affrighted world. There, side by side, you might have seen John Dubois and Camille Des Moulins, the frantic instigator of the savage and ferocious mobs of Paris! or stranger still, the meek, benevolent founder of Mt. St. Mary's and protector of St. Joseph's, in contact with the

most execrable monster that France gave birth to even in the wild throes of her guilty revolution,—the blood-thirsty Robespierre! "I shall never forget," Mr. Dubois was wont to say to his collegiate pupils, "I shall never forget the looks and manners of him, who afterwards proved such a monster of ferocity: he was unsocial, solitary, gloomy, his head was restless, his eyes wandering, and he was a great tyrant towards his younger and weaker companions. I could literally apply to him," added this good old president, "the account, which St. Gregory Nazianzen gives of his fellow-student at Athens, Julian, the apostate. We might even then have exclaimed with this saint: What a monster our country is bringing up in this youth!" Between such fellow-students there could be no community of feeling. The one "walked in the counsel of the ungodly, and stood in the way of sinners, and sat in the chair of pestilence:" the other centred his will in the law of God, and made it his delight to learn and keep its precepts and imbibe its spirit. The one became the bloody scourge of his country: the other, the benefactor of ours. The one spoke the language of philosophy and philanthropy, and then filled France with widows and orphans: the other preached the gospel of charity, and dried the widow's tears and gave mothers to the orphans. The instrument and emblem of the one was the guillotine: of the other, the cross of Christ.

Of Mr. Dubois' success in his collegiate studies, I know little more than that he took the prize in Latin poetry, and among many useful acquisitions, made himself thoroughly acquainted with the noble Roman language, which he afterwards wrote with ease and elegance. His parents had destined him for the army; but his Father in Heaven called him to a more honorable service and a better warfare. Listening to the voice, which bade him "deny himself and take up his cross and follow his Redeemer" (Matt. xvi, 24), he resolved to consecrate himself entirely to God, and entered on his ecclesiastical studies in the seminary of St. Magloire, under the direction of the Oratorians. Here his time was altogether devoted to the ac-

quisition of that knowledge and the formation of those habits, which, like the columns of a majestic temple, are at once the supports and ornaments of the priestly character. From this time forth, his delight was wholly in the law of God, and on it he meditated day and night. In this calm retreat he laid the solid foundations of that beautiful edifice of Christian perfection, which all his life long it was his care to complete and adorn. Here he learned to regard himself as "a miserable sinner,"—the title, by which he loved to characterize himself, in his confidential communications with his pious friends. Here he acquired that ardent zeal and patient self-denial, which made him ever afterwards willing "to spend and be spent for souls, that he might gain them to Christ" (2 Cor. xii, 15.) Here he learned to live entirely by faith, that firm, unwavering faith, which does not deign to watch the flitting shadows of this life, but steadily contemplates those things, which though invisible to the eye of flesh, are alone substantial and eternal. (2 Cor. iv, 18.) Here piety grew up and flourished in his soul, and his heart was turned entirely to God and received all the sweet influences of divine grace, as the flower opens its bosom to the morning sun and catches the nurturing dews of heaven. He found kindred spirits among his brother seminarians, and with several of them contracted an intimate and lasting friendship;—with two particularly, whom he esteemed and loved until they were called away before him to receive the crown of their labors,—the Abbé McCarthy, who after the revolution became the first pulpit orator of France, whose eloquence in recommending virtue was surpassed only by his fidelity in practising it, whose fame is a bright gem even in the diadem of the illustrious society of Jesus;—and Cardinal Cheverus,—the most beloved of pastors, the most amiable of men, who in Boston wrung the highest praise from bigotry itself.

Ordained priest before the canonical age, by a dispensation, on the 22d of September in the year 1787, he first exercised the holy ministry in the parish of St. Sulpice in his native city, and was one of the chaplains of a vast establishment in the Rue de Sevre, in

which the sisters of charity had the care of a large number of insane patients and destitute orphans. But the revolution had begun, and the clergy were among its first victims. The archbishop of Paris, whose esteem and confidence were justly given to the young priest, had fled to Germany for shelter from the storm. The constitutional oaths, which could not be taken in conscience, were tendered and refused, and the firm independence of Mr. Dubois had rendered him especially obnoxious to the impious miscreants, who were grasping with bloody hands the powers of government. Like the great body of his clerical brethren, he preferred exile or death itself to any criminal compliance. Acquainted with the family of La Fayette, he obtained from him, not only a passport, but also letters of introduction to some of the leading men of the United States, and quitting Paris in disguise in May, 1791, he made his escape to Havre, accompanied by a trusty servant, and landed at Norfolk, in Virginia, in the following July. Bishop Carroll welcomed the faithful exile, and authorized him to exercise the functions of his holy ministry, first at Norfolk and afterwards at Richmond. Recommended by General La Fayette to the Randolphs, Lees, and Beverleys, to James Monroe and Patrick Henry, he received the kindest and most respectful attentions from these distinguished statesmen and their numerous friends, and for want of a Catholic chapel, said mass in the *capitol*, and there administered the sacraments to the few scattered Catholics, who could avail themselves of his ministry. This liberality, which even at the present day will appear astonishing, is still more surprising, when it is remembered, that his immediate predecessor in the pastorate of Frederick, Father Frambach, was obliged to disguise himself, when he visited the Catholics of Virginia, was in imminent danger the whole time, commonly on such occasions slept in the stable beside the beast that he rode, and once at least was so hotly pursued, that, had it not been for the fleetness of his horse, he would have been overtaken and killed before he reached the Potomac and found safety on the Maryland shore. Mr. Dubois supported

himself by teaching French, while he was studying and making himself familiar with English; and he used to acknowledge himself indebted to the eloquent Patrick Henry for many friendly lessons in our language. Fully prepared for taking an active part in all the duties of an American missionary, he was in 1794 called by Bishop Carroll to Frederick in this state, from which Father Frambach had retired on account of his great age and infirmities. In this town he found but few Catholics: there were some scattered through Montgomery county; a few on the Merryland tract, including the family of Governor Lee, a recent convert to our holy faith,—a handful in this neighborhood, consisting of the families of its original settlers, and a few more in the village of Emmitsburg. Hagerstown required occasional attendance, and both Martinsburg and Winchester in Virginia were included in his regular missionary visits. In a word, he was pastor of all western Maryland and Virginia, and for some time the only Catholic priest between the city of Baltimore and the city of St. Louis. Some among my present hearers can yet remember, how the scattered members of his wide-spread flock, from distances of twenty, forty, even sixty miles, came into Frederick, on foot, on horseback or in rustic wagons, on the eve of the Christmas or Easter solemnities, to have the happiness of assisting at the holy sacrifice and participating in the divine mysteries, celebrated with so much primitive simplicity and fervent piety in an upper room of their pastor's humble residence.

His labors for the salvation of souls were at this period immense. He had an iron constitution of body, and no man was ever more remarkable for energetic, persevering, indomitable resolution. He allowed himself no idle moments,—no respite from toil, or relaxation after fatigue; and it seemed to be his constant determination to compensate by his own personal exertions for all the disadvantages, under which the faithful, depending on his spiritual ministration, then labored. He was incessantly engaged in passing from station to station, hearing confessions, preaching the word of God, celebrating the divine mysteries, visiting the

sick, comforting the afflicted, helping the distressed, edifying all by his own good example, and infusing into the hearts of all a sincere love of "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are modest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are holy, whatsoever things are amiable, whatsoever things are of good repute." (Philip. iv, 8.) Not content with his sermons and other instructions on Sundays and festivals, during the week he visited the retired farmhouse, immediately summoned the children and servants to his presence, heard them repeat their catechism and recite their prayers, explained the mysteries of faith and their Christian duties in such simple and familiar manner as suited their capacity, gave some mark of approbation to those who answered best, some gentle reproof most sweetly administered and mixed with much encouragement to the negligent, and a kind word and amiable look to all. By his extraordinary attention to the children he was sure to win the hearts of the parents. He thought the catechising of the young a more important matter than preaching to the grown, and he was afterwards most careful to impress this maxim on the ecclesiastics whom he trained up to the duties of the holy ministry, so many of whom have since proved its correctness and experienced its blessed results. Highly systematic in his labors, he regarded punctuality to his engagements as a duty paramount to every personal consideration. "The shepherd," he used to say, "must never disappoint his flock: it would cause their dispersion and ruin, if he did." Hence, when he had once made an appointment, no matter what difficulties intervened, no matter how inclement the weather, how long the journey or how bad the roads, when the appointed hour came, Mr. Dubois was there. On one occasion he had just arrived at Emmitsburg much fatigued on a Saturday afternoon, and was going to the confessional, when a distant sick-call came. Before leaving Emmitsburg, he directed the usual preparations to be made for the celebration of mass on Sunday, saying that he would be back in time. He returned to Frederick and thence proceeded to Montgomery county; adminis-

tered the consolations of religion to the dying person, and, after a journey of nearly fifty miles, after twice swimming his horse across the Monocacy,—the last time at the risk of his life,—for wearied nature caught a snatch of sleep, while the noble animal was breasting the angry stream,—he was again in the confessional at nine o'clock on Sunday, without having broken his fast, and sung mass and preached as usual at a late hour in the forenoon, and with so little appearance of fatigue, that the majority of the congregation never even suspected, that he had stirred abroad in the interval. Efforts nearly as great as this were by no means uncommon with him. There was no species of hardship, no inconvenience or discomfort, which he did not cheerfully endure. For he knew how to turn all sufferings to good account. He was inflamed with zeal for the honor of God and salvation of souls, and choosing to be poor in this world, he was covetous of those riches, which men too often neglect and despise: he was determined to lay up treasures in heaven, where the thief cannot enter nor the moth consume. "Filled with the knowledge of God's holy will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding," he strove to "walk worthy of God, being fruitful in every good work and increasing in the knowledge of God, strengthened with all might, according to the power of his glory, in all patience and long-suffering with joy; giving thanks to God the Father, who made him worthy to be partaker of the lot of the saints." (Col. i, 9, 10, 11, 12.) Habituated to the elegant refinements of the most polished society in the world, he was, in the discharge of his pastoral duties, as much at home with the rude and illiterate, as if he had been brought up among them, and that without ever forgetting for a moment the sacred dignity of his character, or the true politeness of a Christian gentleman. He was affable, familiar, kind, but paternal: "He made himself all to all, that he might win all to Christ." (1 Cor. ix, 12.) All the members of his flock looked up to him with filial affection and with filial respect. His influ-

ence, as the pastor, the friend, the father of all, was very great: among you, my brethren, in this rural parish, it was almost unbounded.* You can bear witness, that it was exerted only to promote virtue and piety and domestic happiness and universal good will. Even in matters of a mixed nature, or which seemed to relate more to your temporal than to your spiritual welfare, how beneficial to you was that authority, which his virtues conferred upon him. You can remember, how strenuously and effectually he labored to preserve among you a proper simplicity of manners; how firmly he set his face against the introduction of the frivolous fashions, the follies and dissipations of the world; how vigorously he crushed the many headed monster of extravagance. Which of you dared, while he was your pastor, to bring the trappings of worldly vanity into the house of God? Mild and amiable as he was, yet how severe was his rebuke of the silly affectation of wealth, the show without the substance of prosperity! He was not a lecturer on political economy, and he moved in a sphere far above the low and selfish strife of party politics; but in recommending always economy, frugality and industry as virtues required in the Christian, and in denouncing, as I have heard him do most unsparingly, the cancerous system of contracting debt without a clear foresight of the means of payment, he was inculcating the true policy both for your temporal and eternal interest. Nor was his influence confined to those, who acknowledged him as their pastor. The upright Protestant referred his cause to him, as to one "clad with justice and who clothed himself with judgment as with a robe and a diadem." (Job xxix). For "he was an eye to the blind and a foot to the lame, and the father of the poor; and the cause which he knew not, he searched out diligently: and he sat as a king with his army standing about him, and as a comforter of them that mourned." (Job xxix.)

* This discourse was delivered at Mount St. Mary's, near Emmitsburg.

CATHOLIC MELODIES.

NO. IV.

A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER DAUGHTER TAKING THE VEIL.

Go, child beloved ! I dare not mourn
The choice thy heart hath made,
Although from mine bright hopes are torn,
And low in ruin laid.
For oft the quivering light that plays
In wild ambition's dream,
Has glanced around thy childhood's days,
And blessed me with its beam.

I will not mourn that at my side
Thy voice no more I hear,
With others in response allied,
When all unite in prayer.
I will not mourn though tears may start,
And dim awhile mine eyes ;
For ever in a mother's heart,
Love's living fountains rise.

I will not mourn that earthly love,
Allures not with its ray,
Thy gentle spirit far to rove
On life's uncertain way.
For oft the fatuous flame expires,
Its prism tints depart,
And blighted hopes, like smould'ring fires,
Consume the trusting heart.

I will not mourn that Folly's car,
And Fashion's train pass by,
Unheeded as the meteor star
That tracks the summer sky,
While fixed beyond the wide expanse,
Thine eyes unmoved appear,
Revealing in their steadfast glance,
Thy brightest hopes are *there*.

Yet daily from the festal board,
And from the cheerful hearth,
Where tears of sympathy are poured,
Or ring the notes of mirth,
I miss thee, dearest, miss thee ever,
In all the paths we've trod ;
But back to him, the great first Giver,
I yield thee to thy God.

*St. Louis, Mo.**MOINA.*

Translated and compiled for the U. S. Catholic Magazine.

HISTORY OF THE PAPACY.

NOTHING that is great has had a great beginning; it is not astonishing, therefore, that the Church has been developed with ages, and that we do not find her in her origin exteriorly constituted as she is at the present day. At the same time the essence of religion, the dogma and moral which form its substance, have not changed; they were in the first ages what they are now, after nearly two thousand years have intervened. This successive increase of the Church on the one hand, and on the other the preservation of the truths which she professes, in their integrity, have been effected, under Christ, through the instrumentality of his vicars, whose history we record. The papacy, from the time of St. Peter, who was first invested with the charge, to Gregory XVI, who so gloriously fills the pontifical chair, has been the object of so much invective that we cannot caution the historical inquirer too much against the falsehoods that have been put into circulation. We shall make use of the history of the Popes to prove the necessity and the benefits of the sovereign pontificate, which is the foundation of the Church of Christ, and without which religion could not be preserved. But at what epoch were the necessity and the benefits of the papacy more evident than during the first period, that is, from the establishment of the holy see to Constantine? The first ages were the most beset with difficulties; abroad, atrocious persecutions, at home, heresy and schism conspired to ruin the new born Church. Without a common pastor to encourage the persecuted flock, and always to preach the true doctrine, what would have become of the faithful, destroyed by the executioner, or led astray by false prophets. As the Church survived these trials which would have annihilated a purely human institution, we must attribute it to its unity, that is to say, to the Pope. On

the other hand, the Popes, during this period especially, were equal by their personal merit to the greatness of their mission. Few details, it is true, have been transmitted to us of the first thirty-six pontiffs who occupied the holy see, but what matters the absence of details! One word is sufficient to eulogise these Popes—they were all saints. Such a series of martyrs, headed by the prince of the apostles, is no ordinary spectacle.

ST. PETER.

St. Peter, born at Bethsaida, a city of Galilee, was called Simon, before his vocation to the apostleship; but Jesus Christ changed his name to *Cephas*, which signifies Peter, or a rock. Following this example the Popes have been accustomed, since 844, to change theirs when they are placed in the holy see; this custom serves to remind the sovereign pontiffs that they should become new men; besides they thus place themselves under the special protection of certain saints whom they propose to themselves as models. In the choice which our Lord made of his apostles, in the year 31 of the Christian era, he gave to Peter the pre-eminence, whence it comes that Scripture and tradition always place him at the head of the apostolic college. Hence also, St. Francis of Sales,* reviewing the different images which represent the Church, exclaims, "Is it a house? It is built upon a rock, and upon the ministerial foundation, *which is Peter*. Do you represent it to yourselves as a family? Behold our Lord who pays the tribute as chief of the house, and then after him St. Peter as his representative. Is the Church a *ship*? St. Peter is the true pilot, and the Lord teaches me so. Is the union wrought by the Church represented by the act of fishing? St. Peter is

* *Controverses* Disc. xlii.

first, and the other disciples fish after him. Would you compare the doctrine which is preached to us (to draw us from the *great waters*) to a net? St. Peter throws it,—it is he who draws it back again; the other disciples are but his aids. It is St. Peter who presents the fish to our Lord. Do you liken the Church to an embassy? St. Peter is at its head. Do you call it a kingdom? St. Peter carries the keys. Will you finally represent it to yourselves as a fold of sheep and lambs? St. Peter is the shepherd, the pastor general, under Jesus Christ?" Whence all these distinctions but from the appointment of St. Peter to the rulership of the Church?

St. Peter founded the metropolis of Antioch, where he resided from the year 33 to the year 40 of Jesus Christ. It was just, says St. Chrysostom, that a city where the faithful had first received the name of Christians, should have for its first pastor the prince of the apostles. But because this see was anterior to that of Rome, must we conclude that the Church of Antioch is more ancient than the Catholic Church? That would be giving to a *part* an existence independent of the *whole*, from which it is inseparable. Moreover the antiquity of the Catholic Church is estimated by the antiquity of its doctrine and ministry, not from the particular places where those doctrines were received.

It was in the year 40, seven years after the death of our Saviour, that St. Peter went to Rome for the first time, and dwelt there twenty-five years, except when called away by the functions of his ministry. Thus we see him in the year 44 at Jerusalem, where King Agrippa threw him into prison, from which he was delivered by an angel. In the year 49 he was again at Rome, whence he was obliged to depart when the emperor Claudius expelled the Jews and Christians. In the year 51, he presided at a general council, held in Jerusalem. We know that later, after his return to Rome, he confounded Simon the Magician, and that he perished a martyr in the first persecution under Nero. This Simon is the same who, after witnessing the effects which followed the imposition of the apostolic hands, en-

bling the faithful to speak divers tongues and work miracles, offered a sum of money to buy the power of communicating these gifts; whence arose the name of simony, which we attach to a traffic in holy things. Simon, become one of the most fearful enemies of the Church, insinuated himself into the favor of Nero, who was infatuated by the superstitions of the magical art. He even persuaded him that he would raise himself to the heavens, in imitation of the ascension of Jesus Christ; and he had already commenced his flight towards the clouds by the assistance of demons who supported him, when by the prayer of SS. Peter and Paul, the impostor was baffled in his attempt, and falling to the earth broke his limbs. The consequences of his fall, and his rage at having received this public affront, caused his death a few days after. This event, considered apocryphal by Pluquet, is attested by Pagan authors, as well as by Christian writers. From the favor which Nero showed towards Simon, we may judge how much he hated the Christians. A great fire having broken out in Rome, in the year 64, which lasted six days, the emperor, that he might enjoy this frightful spectacle, a fitting one to delight the eyes of a monster, mounted an elevated place, and in a theatrical dress sung the siege of Troy. This action caused him to be suspected as the author of the calamity; he threw the suspicion on the Christians, and under this pretext put to death a great number of them; their sufferings were for him as diverting a spectacle as the conflagration of Rome had been. Among other cruelties which he exercised upon them, historians relate that he caused them to be clothed in tunics saturated with pitch which were set on fire that the victims might serve as torches during the night. Nero ordered them to be placed in his gardens, through which he himself drove his chariots by the mournful light of these living flambeaux. We may easily suppose that the accident of his favorite served to excite this persecution, which was the first under the emperors, to a still greater degree. Alban Butler*

* *Lives of the Saints*, vol. v, p. 500.

refers to the year 65, the thirty-seventh after the death of Jesus Christ, and the twelfth of Nero, the martyrdom of the apostles, SS. Peter and Paul, who suffered together on the 29th of June. St. Paul was beheaded, and St. Peter was crucified, but with his head downwards, as he had expressed that desire, judging himself unworthy to die in the same manner as his divine Master had done. Thus perished from the earth, to use the language of St. Chrysostom,* the prince of the apostolic college, the mouth of all the apostles, the head and the chief of that holy family, the ruler of the whole world, the foundation of the Church. At present the heads of the two saints, enclosed in reliquiaries of silver, are preserved in the church of St. John Lateran. One half of the body of each apostle, was placed in that of St. Paul on the Ostian way, and the other half is in a magnificent subterranean chapel of the Vatican church, which is called the Confession of St. Peter, and which is visited by devout persons from all parts of the world. St. Peter wrote two epistles which the Church recognises as canonical. We have omitted, as not pertaining to our plan, such details as are not connected particularly with his pontificate. Nor shall we insist at length upon the objections which have been urged, only within the last three centuries, against the residence of St. Peter at Rome, as it is attested by all ecclesiastical writers, for fifteen hundred years after the commencement of the Christian era, beginning with St. Ignatius, his disciple.

The Rev. Adam Clarke, the learned Protestant commentator on the Bible, has the following liberal and judicious conclusions relative to St. Peter's martyrdom at Rome. "It is not needful to make any remarks upon this tradition; but it is easy to observe, it is the general, uncontradicted, disinterested testimony of ancient writers in the several parts of the world—Greeks, Latins, and Syrians. As our Lord's prediction concerning the death of Peter is recorded in one of the four Gospels, it is very likely that Christians would observe the accom-

plishment of it, which must have been in some place; and about this place there is no difference among Christian writers of ancient times. Never was any other place named besides Rome; nor did any other city ever glory in the martyrdom of Peter. There were, in the second and third centuries, disputes between the bishop of Rome and other bishops and Churches, about the time of keeping Easter, and about the baptism of heretics; yet none denied the bishop of Rome what they called the chair of Peter. It is not for our honor or interest, either as Christians or Protestants, to deny the truth of events ascertained by early and well attested traditions. If any make an ill use of such facts, we are not accountable for it. We are not, from the dread of such abuses, to overthrow the credit of all history; the consequences of which would be fatal."

ST. LINUS.

In admitting with the author of "*L'art de verifier les dates*,"* that the prince of the apostles suffered in 66, we must say that the same year St. Linus succeeded him. This Pope, son of Herculanius, and born at Volterra in Tuscany, had been ordained by St. Peter to discharge his functions during his absence. He governed the Church twelve years, to an epoch in which she was cruelly persecuted, and he watered it with his blood by a glorious martyrdom, the 23rd of September, 78. He was beheaded by Saturninus, consul, in the reign of Vespasian. We are informed that St. Linus ordained that women should be veiled in church; a custom which modesty has preserved in many countries, and which is perpetuated in the most elevated ranks, to the great profit of good morals. The pontificate of St. Linus was, moreover, marked by the destruction of Jerusalem, in which deicide found its merited chastisement. Titus, having been charged by Vespasian, his father, with the war in Judea, besieged the city in the year 70. The Christians, warned by the prophecy of Jesus Christ concerning the approaching ruin of Jerusalem, had withdrawn from it; but

* Hom. in 2 Tim. iii, 1; vol. vi, p. 962.

* Vol. i, p. 248.

there still remained so great a multitude within its walls that the famine which they suffered became most terrible. It constrained the besieged to go out armed during the night to look for herbs in the open country; here they only met with death,—and Titus crucified the prisoners to the number of five hundred a day. The Roman soldiers, amusing themselves with the sufferings of these miserable wretches, through derision nailed them to the cross, in all sorts of postures. Within the walls of Jerusalem, want carried the inhabitants to the most revolting extremities. Some guards one day passing a certain house, perceived the smell of roasted meat; they rushed in and surprised a woman who was about to eat a portion of her infant,—a sad accomplishment of that prediction of Jesus Christ

that *a day should come when they would account blessed the barren womb and the paps which had never given suck.* This desperate mother offered the hideous remains of her repast to the guards, but they turned away in horror, notwithstanding their cruelty and the hunger which pressed them. The deserters informed Titus that they had thrown from the gates six hundred thousand corpses; the remainder could not be counted. The temple was taken and burned on the 8th of August, and the upper city carried on the 8th of September. This, together with the lower city, was demolished by Titus, and levelled with the plough. So immense was the plunder that gold diminished one-half in value, in Syria. One million, one hundred thousand Jews perished in this siege, and ninety-seven thousand were sold as slaves.

TO BE CONTINUED.

INDIAN MISSIONS.

LETTER FROM FATHER DE SMEDT, JESUIT MISSIONARY AT THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, DESCRIBING THE COUNTRY AND THE CUSTOMS OF THE INDIANS.

Concluded from page 118.

WHAT I am going to add applies chiefly to the tribe that I have been lately instructing. Besides my escort of Flat Heads, I had also with me an intrepid Fleming, John Baptist de Velder, who formerly served as a grenadier under Napoleon. From the battle fields of Europe, he betook himself to the forests of the new world, where he has passed thirty years of his life in pursuit of castors and bears. During the missionary's journey, he was his devoted friend, and the faithful companion of his dangers. He has now taken the resolution to traverse the desert only as a guide to the apostles of the Gospel. He had almost forgotten his native language, except his prayers, and a hymn in honor of Mary, which his mother taught him when a child, and which he daily recited, when engaged in the adventurous chase.

I found the Flat Heads and the Panderas

assembled, to the number of sixteen hundred, in the beautiful Peter's Valley. You know already the reception they gave me, and I shall never forget it. The enthusiastic joy with which they welcomed my arrival—the exulting shouts of the young warriors—the tears of the aged, in returning thanks to the Great Spirit, for having granted them the favor to see and hear a Black Gown before their death—that scene, I repeat it, I can never forget. I shall not recount the religious exercises of my mission, as the consoling results of them have been already communicated to you.* You will, perhaps,

* The following is an extract from the Letter to which the author here alludes.

"A few days after we arrived at the camp of the Flat Heads and of the Panderas, or Ear Rings. I shall not attempt to describe the reception which these kind Indians had prepared for their Father; my entry into their village was a real triumph, in which the men, women, and children took part. The great chief, a venerable old man, who reminded

take an interest in reading the notes I have collected regarding the character and habits of my neophytes, during a sojourn of three months amongst them; living like them, by the chase and on roots, having only a buffalo's hide for my bed, passing my nights under the canopy of heaven, when the weather was calm, or taking shelter under a small tent against the fury of the tempest.

With regard to the character of these Indians, it is entirely pacific. They never

one of the ancient patriarchs, awaited my arrival surrounded by his numerous warriors, and would have at once abdicated in my favor his sovereign authority; but I observed that he had mistaken the object of my visit, and that the salvation of his people was the end of my ambition. We next deliberated upon the time most suitable to be set apart for religious exercises. One of the chiefs brought me a bell, which was to serve for calling the tribe together.

"At the fall of evening, about two thousand savages assembled before my tent in order to recite together the evening prayer. I cannot express the emotions I felt, upon hearing those children of the mountains singing, in praise of the Creator, a solemn canticle composed by themselves. Those two thousand voices, rising in chorus in the bosom of the desert, and with all the ardor of an incipient faith, asking of God the grace to know him better, in order to show to him more love, formed for me in the religious calm of that beautiful night a most sublime concert.

"Every morning at day break, the old chief went round the camp on horseback, and stopping before each cabin 'Come, children,' he would say, 'it is time to get up. Let your first thoughts be for the Great Spirit! Up, up; the Father is going to ring the bell for prayers.' If he perceived any disorderly conduct, or if the chiefs had made any unfavorable report to him, he addressed a paternal remonstrance to the delinquent, and while proceeding to the place of prayer, a promise of amendment usually followed the admonition.

"The strength of the missionary often fails; but the attention of this good people never grows weary. I have assembled them four times a-day, in order to explain the doctrine of our Divine Master; and yet, during the interval, my lodge is always filled with a crowd eager for instruction. 'Father,' say they to me, 'only we fear to fatigue you, we would pass the whole night here; we forget to sleep when you speak of the Great Spirit.'

"The Lord has blessed their religious earnestness. After the second meeting, I translated, with the aid of an interpreter, *Our Father*, the Apostles' creed, and the ten commandments. Having recited them for some days in the morning and evening, I promised a silver medal to whoever would know them first. Forthwith, one of the chiefs rose up, smiling, and said, 'Father, it is mine; and without any faltering, or mistaking a single word, he gained his medal. I embraced him, and on the spot appointed him my catechist. He set about his work with so much zeal that before a fortnight all the Flat Heads knew their prayers.

"The seed of the divine word sown under such favorable circumstances could not fail to produce an abundant harvest: six hundred Indians were admitted to baptism with the great chief of the Flat Heads and the chief of the Pandaras at their head."

fight, except in circumstances of lawful defence; but they are, unfortunately, often reduced to this sad necessity, in consequence of the warlike temper of the Black Feet tribe, who are their neighbors and implacable enemies. That marauding people appear to live only for murder and pillage. They are the terror of the savages of the west, who endeavor, as much as possible, to avoid their fatal encounter. But should the Flat Heads, notwithstanding such precaution, be forced to fight, their courage is as conspicuous as their love of peace; for they rush impetuously on their adversaries, whom they prevent from escaping, and generally make them pay dear for their cruel attacks.

It is a truth which has become proverbial in the mountains, that one Flat Head, or one of the Ear Rings, is worth four Black Feet. If the band of the latter meets a detachment of Flat Heads, of equal or superior numbers, they forthwith appear disposed for peace, unfurl a standard, and present a pipe, in token of friendship. The Flat Heads always accept these tokens of amity; but they take care to make their enemies sensible that the motives which influence their conduct on such occasions are fully understood. "Black Foot," they say, "I take your pipe, but be assured that I am aware that your heart is disposed for war, and that your hands are sustained with murder. Let us smoke together, as you desire it, though I am convinced that blood will soon be made to flow."

The greatest reproach that could be made to the Flat Heads was their excessive love for games of chance, in which they often risked all they possessed. The Indians of Columbia carried this passion to an almost inconceivable degree; for after losing their goods, they would stake their own persons, at first playing for one hand, then for the other; and if the game continued unfavorable to them, they played successively for every one of their limbs, and, lastly for their head, which, if they lost, they, together with their wives and children, became slaves for life.

The government of the nation is confided to chiefs, who have merited this title

by their experience and exploits, and who possess more or less influence, according to the degree of wisdom and courage they have displayed in council or battle. The chief does not command, but seeks to persuade; no tribute is paid to him, but, on the contrary, it is one of the appendages of his dignity to contribute more than any other to the public expenses. He is generally one of the poorest in the village, in consequence of giving away his goods for the relief of his indigent brethren or for the general interests of his tribe. Although his power has nothing imperious in it, his authority is not the less absolute; and it may, without exaggeration, be asserted that his wishes are complied with as soon as known. Should any mutinous individual be deaf to his personal command, the public voice would soon call him to account for his obstinacy. I know not of any government where so much personal liberty is united with greater subordination and devotion.

All the mountain tribes differ somewhat from each other in their dress. The men wear a long robe, made of the skins of the gazelle or sheep, with shoes and gaiters of doe or dog's skin, and a buffalo-hide cloak, covered with woollen cloth, painted in various colors. The Indian loves to add ornament to ornament: his long hair is decked with various kinds of feathers, and a great number of ribands, rings, and shells. In order to give suppleness to his limbs, he rubs his body with bear's grease, over which he spreads a thick layer of vermillion. Children under seven years of age are scarcely ever clothed except in winter; they are afterwards dressed in a sort of tunic, made of skins, which is open under the arms. They spend whole days amusing themselves in the water, and sometimes even in the very mire. The women wear a large pelerine, adorned with elks' teeth and several rows of pearls. Amongst the Arikaras, their grand dress consists of a fine chemise, with doe-skin shoes and gaiters, embroidered in brilliant colors. A quiver filled with arrows is suspended from the left shoulder; and a cap of eagles' feathers adorns the brow of warriors and huntsmen. He that has killed an enemy on his own land is

distinguished by having the tails of wolves tied on his legs; the bear-killer wears, for a trophy, the claws of that animal as a necklace; the privilege of a savage who has taken in battle one or more scalps, is to have a red hand painted on his mouth, to show that he has drunk the blood of his enemies. The Indian is not less proud of his horse, the companion of all his excursions and of all his dangers, and the friend to which he becomes extremely attached. The head, breast, and the flanks of the noble animal are covered with a scarlet cloth, adorned with pearls and fringes, to which are attached a multitude of little round bells. Cleanliness is a quality not possessed by the savage; nor are the women more particular in this respect than the men; for they never wash their pots or saucepans; and at their meals they often make use of their straw hats, which have no leaf, instead of bowls.

As I before mentioned, the only prevailing vice that I found amongst the Flat Heads was a passion for games of chance: it has since been unanimously abolished. On the other hand, they are scrupulously honest in buying and selling. They have never been accused of stealing. Whenever any lost article is found, it is immediately given to the chief, who informs the tribe of the finding, and restores it to the lawful owner. Detraction is a vice unknown even amongst the women; and falsehood is particularly odious to them. A *Forked-tongue* (a liar), they say, is the scourge of a people. Quarrels and violent anger are severely punished. Whenever any one happens to fall into trouble, his neighbors hasten to his aid. The gaiety of their disposition adds a charm to their union. Even the stranger is received as a friend, every tent is open to him, and that which he prefers is considered the most happy; and in the Rocky Mountains they know not the use of locks or bolts.

In looking at this picture, which is in nowise overdrawn, you will perhaps ask, are those the people whom civilized men call barbarians? We have been too long erroneously accustomed to judge of all the savages by the Indians on the frontiers, who have learned the vices of the whites. And even with respect to the latter, instead of

treating them with disdain, it would perhaps be more just not to reproach them with a degradation, of which an example has been given them, and which has been promoted by a selfish and deplorable cupidity.

The country inhabited by the Flat Heads is as picturesque as their lives are innocent. We often met in the neighborhood of the several encampments of the tribe, majestic torrents, forests with trees that have been growing for ages, and pastures covered with the *traveller's tea*, which, although trampled by numberless horses, embalms the air with its delightful fragrance. We continually beheld a grand succession of lofty mountains; some delighted the sight by their blooming verdure and the imposing appearance of the woods that crowned their summits, while others, as red as brick, bore the impression of some great convulsion of nature. At the base of the latter may be seen piled up layers of lava, and at their tops the ancient craters are easily distinguished. One day, as the tribe was proceeding towards the banks of the lake Henry, I felt a desire to ascend to the top of a mountain, situate between the waters of the Colombia and Missouri, in the hope of discovering the exact place where those two great rivers rise, and the distance between them. I succeeded in finding one of their sources: they form two torrents, which, being divided where they rise, by the distance of scarce a hundred paces, continually diverge as they descend towards the plain. Their course over the rocks presents an enchanting sight; they don't flow along, but roll from cascade to cascade: and nothing is comparable to the beauty of their bounding waters, except the distant noise of their fall, repeated by the echoes of the solitary mountains.

Finding it impossible for me to get to the highest top of the mountain that overlooks these sources, I stopped when I had reached an elevation of 5,000 feet, where my strength began to fail, and my guides had to hold me, lest I should be lost under the heavy flakes of snow, which a frightful storm was heaping around me. I then cast my eyes upon the immense region that lay extended at my feet; I represented to myself all the tribes upon the banks of the Missouri, from

Council Bluffs to the Gulf of Mexico; I thought on my dear colleagues, who are sent by Providence, like angels of salvation, amongst those savage hordes; and I considered, with mixed feelings of joy and of grief, their labors, consolations, and hopes, and how disproportionate is their number to the people requiring the aid of their ministry. Kind people, what futurity awaits thee? Holy missionaries, what recompense is reserved for your self-devotion? I remembered that they and I have in heaven a powerful intercessor, in the illustrious founder of our society; and in order to interest him in our dear missions, from the summit of that mountain from which I could nearly view them all, I placed them under his protection. I would fain persuade myself that he will not prove forgetful of his followers, who are endeavoring to plant the Gospel in those countries where it has hitherto been unknown. Additional apostolic teachers will come hither to assist us by their zeal, before the vices of civilization and the proselytism of error have multiplied the obstacles to the propagation of that faith which all the savages so anxiously desire to know, and which, like the Flat Heads and the Panderas, they would practise with gratitude and fidelity.

The 27th of August was the day I fixed upon for my departure. Seventeen warriors, chosen from amongst the bravest of the two nations, and under the command of three chiefs, arrived early in the morning before the entrance of my cabin.* The council of the ancients appointed them to serve as my escort while I should be in the country of the Black Feet and of the Crows. Of these two tribes, so hostile to the whites, the former never gives them quarter, and the

* Previous to the departure of the missionary, the Indians assembled to bid him farewell. "Grief was painted on their countenances, tears flowed from their eyes, and the old chief, pressing my hand, said, 'Father, may the Great Spirit accompany you on your long and perilous voyage. Every day, both morning and evening, we will pray that you may arrive safely in the midst of your brethren. We are now like trees stripped of their foliage by the breath of winter. When the snow shall have disappeared from the mountain tops, and we shall see the grass growing in the valley, joy will again spring up in our hearts; but when the flowers reappear our joy will be complete; for then will be the time of your return. Adieu, Father, adieu.'"

latter will sometimes spare their lives only to leave them, after having robbed them of every thing, to die of hunger in the desert. As we were liable, every instant, to fall into some ambush, we had scouts sent in all directions to reconnoitre the place and examine the defiles, and the smallest trace of a man having passed was minutely examined. And here we cannot sufficiently admire the wonderful sagacity with which Providence has endowed the savage: he will tell you, from the mere foot-marks, the exact day on which the Indian had erected his tent, on the spot, and how many men and horses had been there; whether it was a detachment of warriors, or a company of hunters, and the nation to which they belong. We selected, every evening, a favorable site for our camp, and raised around it a little fort with the trunks of dry trees, in order to protect ourselves against any surprise during the night.

This region is the retreat of grey bears, the most terrible animals of the desert, whose strength equals their daring and voracity. I have been assured, that by a single stroke of his paw, one of those animals tore away four ribs of a buffalo, which fell dead at his feet. He seldom attacks man, unless when he has been surprised and wounded. An Indian, however, belonging to my escort, in passing by a thick wood of willow trees, was assailed by one of these ferocious beasts, that sprung furiously upon his horse, fixed his formidable claws in his back, and brought him to the ground. The horseman fortunately was not mounted at the time, and having his gun in his hand, the bear instantly disappeared in the depths of the forest.

On the 5th of September we crossed a defile, which had been passed shortly before by a numerous troop of horsemen. Whether they were allies, or enemies, we had no means to discover. I shall here observe, that in these immense solitudes, although the howling of wolves, the hissing of venomous serpents, the roaring of the tiger and the bear, be calculated to affright; yet this terror is nothing in comparison with the dread excited in the traveller's soul, upon seeing the fresh tracks of men and horses, or columns of smoke rising in the neighbor-

hood. At such a sight, the escort at once assembles and deliberates; each one examines his fire-arms, sharpens his knife and the point of his arrow, and makes, in a word, every preparation for a resistance even to death; for to surrender, in such circumstances, would be to expose one's-self to perish in the most frightful torments. The path that we were following led us to a heap of stones, piled upon a small eminence; they were stained with blood, lately spilt; my escort examined them with a mournful attention. The principal chief, a man possessed of much sense, said to me in a solemn tone: "Father, I think I ought to give you an explanation of what we are looking at. The Crows are not far off: in two hours we shall see them. If I be not mistaken, we are upon one of their fields of battle: and here their nation must have met with some great loss. This monument has been erected to the memory of the warriors, who fell beneath the blows of their enemies. Here the mothers, wives, and daughters of them that died, have been weeping over their tombs. It is customary for the women to tear their faces, to make deep cuts in their legs and arms, and to water those tumular piles with streams of blood. Had we arrived sooner, we should have heard their cries and funeral lamentations." He was not mistaken, as we immediately perceived a considerable troop of savages at a league's distance. They were the Crows, who were returning to their camp, after having paid the tribute of blood to forty of their warriors, who were massacred two years before by the tribe of the Black Feet. Being at present the allies of the Flat Heads, they received us with transports of joy. There were groups of women with them, and so disfigured as to excite both pity and horror. This scene of grief is renewed every year, when they pass near the tombs of their relations.

The chiefs of the Crows wished to cement, by a great feast, their alliance with the tribe of our neophytes. As the language of the two nations is very different, the conversation was made by signs. I shall endeavor to describe this dumb language, by mentioning to you how a bargain, at which I was present, was concluded. A young

Crow, of gigantic size, and clad in his best garments, advanced into the midst of the assembly, leading his horse by the bridle, and placed him before the Flat Head, with whose horse he offered to make an exchange. The Flat Head took no notice of him, and kept in an immovable attitude. The Crow then placed, successively, at the feet of the seller, his gun, his scarlet mantle, his ornaments, his gaiters, and lastly his shoes. The Flat Head then took the horse by the bridle, picked up the clothes, &c., and the sale was concluded without saying a word. The Crow, though so divested, joyfully mounted his new courser, and rode several times round the camp, shouting in triumph, and putting his horse through all his paces.

The principal wealth of the savages of the west consists in horses, of which each chief and warrior possesses a great number that may be seen grazing about their camp. The horses of the Crows are principally of the Maroon race of the prairies. They have also many horses which they have stolen from the Scioux, the Sheyennes, and other Indians of the south-west, which they had in their turn stolen from the Spaniards of Mexico. The Crows are considered the most indefatigable marauders of the desert; they traverse the mountains in all directions, bringing to one side what they have taken at the other. The name of *Absharoké*, or Crow, has been given to them on account of their robberies. They are practised from their infancy in this sort of larceny, and they acquire a surprising dexterity in it; their glory augments with the number of their captures, so that a finished robber is in their eyes a hero. I accompanied these savages for two days, which I think was the finest weather I had in all my travels. They passed the whole time in rejoicings and feasting. You will not be scandalized, I trust, when I tell you that I was present at twenty different banquets; I was scarcely seated in one cabin, when I was called to partake of the festive entertainment in another.

We arrived, at last, at the first fort belonging to the Fur Company. The Americans, who form the garrison, received us most cordially. At this place I was to part

with my faithful Flat Heads. I said, then, that having before me a country still more exposed to the incursions of the Black Feet, the Assiniboinis, the Big Bellies, the Arikaras, and Scioux, all of whom are declared enemies of their tribe, I would no longer peril their lives on account of my personal safety; that as for my life, I placed it in the hands of God, and that I felt a persuasion that it would be preserved in order that, accompanied by new missionaries, I might immediately return to them. I exhorted them for the last time to remain faithful to the Great Spirit. We embraced each other, wishing, mutually, a happy return; and shortly after, accompanied by my faithful Fleming, I disappeared from their sight amidst the solitary defiles. We were to pass over several hundred miles of country, where no road is yet traced, and, like the navigator on the boundless ocean, with no other guide than the compass. For a long time we followed the course of the Yellow Stone, except when perpendicular rocks arrested our progress and obliged us to take a circuit. At every step we discovered forts, which the savages are in the habit of raising for defence, or for concealing themselves when they are at war, or waiting for their prey; perhaps at the moment of our passing they were not without enemies. What a solitude, with its horrors and dangers! but it possesses one real advantage: with death constantly before our eyes, we irresistibly feel, without the possibility of illusion, that we are entirely under the hand of God, without any support but him, without any other refuge than his paternal providence; it is then easy to make to him the sacrifice of a life which belongs less to us than to the first savage who wishes to take it, and to form the most generous resolutions of which man is capable. It was really the best retreat that I made in my life.

The second day of the journey, on awaking, I perceived, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, the smoke of a great fire; a point of a rock was all that separated us from a detachment of Indians. Without a moment's delay we saddled our horses and set off, galloping with all speed along the ravines and beds of dried up torrents. We

rode that day, without resting, more than fifteen leagues, and we did not encamp until two hours after sunset, lest the savages, having observed our track, should think of pursuing us. The same fear prevented us from lighting a fire, which obliged us to dispense with supper. I wrapped myself in my blanket, and stretched myself on the grass beside my companion, and having recommended myself to God, I endeavored to beguile hunger by sleep. My grenadier, more courageous than I, soon snored like a steam engine in full play.

The next morning we were on our way at day-break; we advanced with caution, for the country appeared full of danger. Towards mid-day we met a new subject of alarm: we found a buffalo which had been killed about two hours previously. We thrilled at the sight, when we thought that the enemy was not far off; and yet we had reason to thank the Lord for having prepared the food for our evening meal. The following night we encamped amongst the rocks, which are the retreat of tigers and bears. I have already said that the dens of the wild beasts inspire incomparably less terror than the hut of the savage: I this time slept heavily and well. We always commenced our journey early in the morning, and each day had new dangers to face, and to meet occasionally the fresh traces of men and horses. One day we had to cross a field of tents, which had been recently abandoned; the fires were not quite extinguished; but happily we met no one. At length we saw again the Missouri at the very place where, an hour before, a hundred families of the Assiniboina had passed over it. The foregoing is only a sketch of the long and perilous journey which we made from the fort of the Crows to Fort Union, which is situated at the mouth of the Yellow Stone river.*

* "From the 6th to the 15th of October, we met every day detachments of a considerable number of tribes, which had been represented to us as very dangerous, and which, far from doing us any harm, would not quit us without first loading us with provisions. We touched at last upon the country of the Blackfeet. Of all the Indians we were to meet on our journey, they were painted to us under the worst colors. The country they inhabited is all cut up by ravines, and intersected by rivulets, the

All the country watered by this river abounds in game; I do not think that there is in all America, another place better suited for hunting: we were continually amidst vast flocks of buffaloes; at every moment we discovered groups of majestic elks bounding over the plain, whilst clouds, if I may so say, of gazelles were flying before us with the swiftness of the wind. The Asbata, or Big-Horn, alone appeared not to

course of which we followed in silence, in order to avoid the observation of these formidable savages. A secret terror made us insensible to the charms which nature displayed before our eyes; but gradually recovering from our apprehensions, which no accident had justified, we remarked the beauty of the locality: the hour for dinner, the fatigue of a long march, and the neighborhood of a delicious spring, decided us to take some repose. We were hardly seated, when frightful cries resounded in our ears; and from the top of a hill the Black Feet rushed down upon us with the rapidity of lightning. 'Why do you conceal yourselves?' the chief demanded, in a menacing tone; 'are you afraid of us?' The sash which I wore, the crucifix which glittered on my breast, and which I always wear while travelling among the Indians, immediately fixed his attention. He asked my companion who I was: the latter replied, that I was a chief, a Black Gown, a man who speaks to the Great Spirit. Forthwith the savage became respectful, and ordered his men to ground their arms: they touched their hands and smoked their pipes in token of peace and friendship. I then pitched my tent in the middle of the next meadow, and I invited the new-comers to take a seat at our banquet, which they accepted with joy. As I was reciting the usual prayers before meals, the chief asked my interpreter what I was doing, and being told that I was addressing the Great Spirit, to return him thanks for the food that he had given us, he inclined his head to express his approbation. I remarked that the respect of the Black Feet for my person progressively increased. But I did not expect that it would proceed to the following proof of regard. Twelve men, dressed in grand, warlike costume, spread out at my feet a large buffalo-hide, and invited me to sit down in the middle of it. I thought at first that they wished to recommence the ceremony of smoking. But judge of my surprise, when I saw twelve savages lay hold of the ends of this sort of carpet, raise it from the ground, and, preceded by their commander, carry me in triumph to their village! The chief then had me brought into his tent, assembled his most select warriors, made me take the place of honor in the midst of them, and thus spoke to me: 'This is the happiest day of my life. It is the first time that we see amongst us a man that holds such an intimate communication with the Great Spirit. Black Gown, thou seest assembled before thee the principal warriors of my tribe: I have convoked them, in an extraordinary assembly, in order that the recollection of thy passage may remain for ever engraven in their memory.' He next begged of me to pray again to my God. I commenced by making the sign of the cross, and all the savages lifted up their hands towards heaven. When my prayer was finished, they stamped upon the ground. I asked the chief the meaning of this ceremony. 'When we raise our hands,' said he, 'it is to express that we are all dependent upon the Great Spirit, and

be disturbed at our presence; we saw them in groups, reposing on the edges of the precipices, or sporting together on the points of the steep rocks. The black-tailed roebuck, so richly dressed in its brown coat, frequently excited our admiration by its elegant shape, and abrupt, animated movements, in which it appears scarcely to touch the earth with its feet. I have already spoken of the grey bears which are here to be met with in abundance, as well as the wolves, panthers, badgers, and wild cats. At every instant the traveller sees the prairie hen and the cock of the mountain start up from the midst of the heath. The lakes and rivers are covered with swans, geese, and ducks: the industrious beaver, the otter, and the musk rat, together with the fishes, are in peaceable possession of their solitary waters.

The Arikaras and Big Bellies, who had been described to us as most dangerous, received us as friends, whenever we met them on our way. Before setting out for war, they observe a strict fast, or rather they abstain from all food for four days. During this interval their imagination is excited to madness; and either from the effect of weakness, or the warlike projects which fill their minds, they pretend that they have extraordinary visions. The elders and sages of the tribes are called upon to interpret these reveries; and they pronounce them to be more or less favorable to the undertaking: their explanations are received as oracles, according to which the expedition is scrupulously regulated. Whilst the preparatory fast endures, the warriors make incisions in their bodies, and bury in the flesh, under the shoulder-blade, pieces of wood, to which they attach leather thongs, by which they

that he provides for our wants; we then strike the earth, to indicate that we are, in his eyes, only vile creatures, like the insect that crawls in the dust.' He begged me to explain, in my turn, the doctrine of which I was the apostle. I regretted that I had so little time to instruct him. He listened to the holy word with great attention. What he learned of our religion inspired him with a great desire to be better acquainted with it. But we had to separate. He ordered his son, and two youths full of intelligence, to accompany me to Fort Peter, in order to learn some of the principles of our faith, and at the same time to serve as a safeguard against the Indians who might not be well-disposed towards us."

are suspended from a stake, fixed horizontally over the brink of a chasm a hundred and fifty feet deep: they even sometimes cut off one or two fingers, which they offer as a sacrifice to the Great Spirit, in order that they may return loaded with scalps.

In their most recent expedition against the Scioux, the Arikaras killed twenty warriors of the hostile tribe, and piled up the corpses in the middle of their village. The solemn dance of victory then commenced, at which men, women, the aged and children assisted. After having celebrated at length, the exploits of the brave, they rushed like wild beasts upon the mangled and bloody bodies of the Scioux, parcelled them amongst themselves, and fixed the hideous trophies to the end of long poles, which they carried in proud triumph around the village.

It is impossible to form an idea of the cruelty that presides over the barbarous revenge of those tribes which are constantly occupied in mutual destruction. As soon as the savages learn that the warriors of a rival nation have set out for the chase, they unexpectedly attack the enemy's defenceless camp, and massacre the women, old men, and children in the cradle. Wo to the men who are spared; their agony is deferred in order to render it terrible. At other times they lie in wait in their enemy's path, and allow the detachment to pass on until they have in their power such a portion of it as must infallibly become their prey; whereupon they raise the death cry, and pour upon the enemy a shower of balls, arrows, and pieces of rock; this movement is the signal of extermination: the battle becomes a massacre: the sight of horror, which would freeze the heart of any civilized man, serves only to inflame the fury of the savage: he outrages his prostrate rival, tramples on his mangled carcass, tears off his hair, wallows in his blood with the delight of a tiger, and often devours the quivering limbs of the fallen, while they have scarcely ceased to live.

Such of the vanquished as have not fallen in the combat, are reserved to furnish the triumph, and are conducted prisoners to the village of the conquerors. The women come

to meet the returning warriors, amongst whom they seek with anxious looks their husbands and brothers: if they discover them not, they express their grief by terrific howling. One of the warriors soon commands silence; he then gives the details of the fortunate expedition, describes the place selected for the ambuscade, the consternation of the waylaid tribe, the bravery of the assailants, and recounts the number of the dead and of the captives. To this recital, which is made with all the intoxication of victory, succeeds the calling over the names of the warriors: their absence tells they are no more. The piercing cries of the women are then renewed; and their despair presents a scene of frenzy and grief, which exceeds all imagination. The last ceremony is the proclaiming of victory. Every one instantly forgets his own misfortunes; the glory of the nation becomes the happiness of all; by an inconceivable transition, they pass in a moment from frantic grief to the most extravagant joy.

I know not what terms to use in order to describe the torments which they inflict on the wretched prisoners: one plucks off their nails, another tears away their flesh, and cutting it in shreds, puts it as tobacco into his pipe; red-hot irons are applied to every part of their bodies; they are flayed alive, and their palpitating flesh is devoured as food. The women, who, in other nations, are more accessible to the feelings of pity than the men, here show themselves more thirsty for revenge, and more ingenious in the barbarous refinement of cruelty. Whilst this horrible drama goes on, the chiefs are gravely seated about the stake at which the victim is writhing. The latter appears to be only intent on conquering his anguish: often has the prisoner been seen to brave his executioners, and with a stoic coolness exclaim, "I fear not death; those who are afraid of your torments are cowards; a woman of my tribe would despise them. Shame upon my enemies; they have not even the power to force from me a tear. In order to take me they supplied their weakness by stratagem; and now to revenge themselves, they have assembled an entire people against one man, and they are

unable to triumph over him the cowards! Oh, if they were in my place, how I would devour them, how I would sip from their accursed skulls the last drop of their blood!"

The great village of the Arikaras is only ten miles distant from that of the Mandans. I was surprised to see around their habitations large and well-cultivated fields of maize. The latter Indians still manufacture earthen vases, similar to those which are found in the ancient tombs of the savages of the United States, and which, according to antiquaries, are presumed to have belonged to a race much more ancient than that which now peoples the desert of the west. The jugglers of the Arikaras enjoy a good reputation, and exercise considerable influence over their credulous countrymen; they pretend to have communication with the spirit of darkness. They will fearlessly plunge their arm into boiling water, having previously rubbed it with a certain root; they also swallow, without any ill effect, substances on fire, as well as shoot arrows against themselves. The following is one of the most singular of their tricks, and one which the Indian sorcerer was unwilling to perform in my presence, because *my medicine* (meaning my religion) *was superior to his*; he had his hands, arms, legs, and feet tied with well knotted cords; he was then enclosed in a net, and again in a buffalo's skin. The person who tied him had promised him a horse if he extricated himself from his bonds. In a minute after, the savage, to the amazement of the spectators, stood before him perfectly free. The commandant of the neighboring fort offered him another horse if he would reveal to him his secret.

The sorcerer consented, saying, "Have thyself tied; I have at my command ten invisible spirits: I will detach three of them and put them at thy service: fear them not, they will accompany thee everywhere, and be thy tutelary genii." The commandant was disconcerted, or unwilling to make the trial, and thus the matter terminated.*

* Juggleries are much practised among the savages, although many of them consider them as so many impostures. Mr. Belcourt who witnessed a great many of them, always succeeded in discovering the deception. One of the most celebrated jugglers

The last observation which I have to make concerns the redoubtable tribe of the Scioux. Whoever, amongst these savages, dies in a quarrel provoked by drunkenness, or the victim of the revenge of a fellow-countryman, receives not the ordinary honors of burial; he is interred without ceremony and without provisions. The most glorious death for them is to expire in fighting the enemies of their nation. Their bodies are, in that case, rolled in buffaloes' skins and placed upon a raised platform, near their camps or highways. From some

acknowledged, after his conversion to Christianity, that all their delusion consists in their cleverness in preparing certain tricks, and in the assurance with which they predict to others what they themselves know not, and, above all, in the silly credulity of their admirers. They are like our own calculators of horoscopes.—*Extract from the Journal of a Missionary in Canada.*

conversations I have had with the chiefs of this tribe, I have every reason to believe that a mission would produce amongst them the most consoling effects.

I arrived, at length, at Council Bluffs. It would be vain for me to attempt to express what I felt, on finding myself again in the midst of my brethren: I had travelled two thousand Flemish leagues amongst the most barbarous nations, where I had no sooner escaped one danger than I met with another. From Council Bluffs to Westport, a frontier city of the Missouri, I pursued my journey without obstacle or accident. At Independence I took the public conveyance, and on the eve of the new year, I embraced my dear fathers of the University of St. Louis.

Recommending myself to your prayers,
I am yours, &c. P. J. DE SMET.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.—NEW CHURCH.

BY R. C. LONG, ARCHITECT.

THERE is nothing which the rapid advance of improvement in our country has more changed than our ideas of a Gothic church. Some score or two of years back, if it was proposed to build a church in this style, all that its proposers required was to have a plain square brick, or stone building of any convenient size or proportion, and to make the windows pointed at the top. This being done, the builder, or architect, as no doubt he called and considered himself, was at perfect liberty to use any, or all conceivable styles of arrangement and decoration for the other parts of the edifice, his church had pointed windows and was therefore Gothic, reminding one of the schoolboy's sophism, "a man is an animal with two legs; a goose has two legs, therefore a man is a goose." That an edifice which has pointed windows is therefore Gothic, because a Gothic building has pointed windows, this generation is too knowing to admit.

The style of building denominated Gothic was originated in the 11th century and is the most complex and scientific mode of architecture that has ever been known, since

in it is found every element of construction ever before invented, in a form of combination that belongs only to itself. We find in it therefore more variety of parts and a wider range of detail than in any other style. The architecture of Egypt, Greece, and Rome is the architecture of *form*, and depends for its expression upon accuracy of proportion, while the Gothic is the architecture of *detail*, and owes its beauty to the multiplication and variety of its parts. That such a style should be more difficult to understand is not at all wonderful, nor, that, in this country, where we possess no original buildings from which to correct our false impressions, our ideas on this subject should be exceedingly vague. It has been but a few years since architects, wearied out by the unvarying monotony of the Greek style, have made excursions among the long neglected remains of Pointed architecture, and brought away, piecemeal, as it were, one feature after another, here a pointed window, there a spire, till in this manner, battlements, turrets, buttresses, groinings, clustered pillars, and other features of the

style, have become familiar to our eyes long before their true relations to each other are at all understood, and while the correct expression of a perfectly Gothic building is a thing utterly unknown among us.

The great difficulty that has hitherto stood in the way of Gothic design is the smallness of the scale on which churches are constructed in the present day. When this great style was conceived "the whole earth was of one speech and one language," one faith was universal in the church, consequently fewer, but much larger buildings, were necessary for the accommodation of the religious public, while the obvious utility of one immense metropolitan church, in which, on great occasions, the whole population of a city could assemble, called forth those sublime and magnificent efforts of Gothic art, the old European cathedrals. In such buildings as these there is room for that infinite variety of design, that multiplicity of parts, and that majesty of proportion which, under modern circumstances, is unattainable. In this respect, Grecian art has offered much greater facilities. In this style the same proportions are observed, whether the building be large or small. Like the form of a man, which, whether colossal or lilliputian, has the same number of parts and the same general outline, so is a Grecian temple. Not so in the Gothic, which more resembles a form of vegetative life. The same number of parts, placed in a small church, that would be required in a large cathedral, would produce a dwarfed and diminutive appearance as little impressive as a stunted oak tree in a flower-pot. Hence the difficulty of preserving Gothic propriety in a small building without losing all that dignity and solemnity of aspect that belongs to the style. Sometimes, a tower is designed, of a size so disproportionate to the diminutive church to which it is attached, that it reminds us of Cæsar's question "who has tied you to that great sword?" The cruciform plan, universal in Europe, is almost unapproachable, since the whole interior of the building is needed for the congregation, and the altar must be visible from all parts.

Notwithstanding these and other difficul-

ties, Gothic churches are beginning to be called for, and some have been erected in different parts of the United States of very considerable pretensions. Trinity church in New York is to exhibit the style carried out at greater expense than any specimen hitherto attempted in this country, being built entirely of stone, except the roof or ceiling. This omission is greatly to be regretted, for, with unlimited means, the architect there had it in his power to execute, what has never been seen among us—a groined roof of stone. The buttresses and lofty pinnacles on the sides of the building have now no meaning, for their design and intention is to support the stone vaulting of the interior by providing an adequate resistance to the lateral pressure of the arching, and, having left out this desideratum, their use is gone, and, with their utility, their appropriate beauty. Durability and exemption from accidents, in case of fire, are things that ought not lightly to have been disregarded in a building that is to cost so much and which was intended to be a perfect specimen of the style, but which is thus shorn of the crowning glory of the Gothic style,—the stone vaulting. Trinity church is, we think, the only one in the country that has clerestory windows, or windows lighting the nave, above the roof of the aisles. This, though advantageous in a large and lofty edifice, requires, in so small a one as Trinity, such a sacrifice of façade, that the body of the church, when compared with the tower, will have a low and insignificant appearance, very different from any original specimen of acknowledged beauty.

In order to create and spread a taste for the Gothic style, the most appropriate one for religious buildings on many accounts which it is our intention hereafter to notice, the efforts now being made to introduce it should be exhibited under a critical examination. Much is now being done to restore the form of ancient sanctities. In England, the efforts of Mr. Pugin seem to have met with great and deserved success. The Gothic style is universally used in the churches and chapels now in progress of erection, of which there is a large number, and the efforts which have recently been

made towards the preservation and restoration of the long neglected and abused remains of the style show the importance that is now attached to every thing relating to art of Christian birth and growth. All sects are beginning to see beauty and fitness in a style of building generated by the genius of Christianity.

We have chosen for our first illustration a Catholic church now in progress of completion in our own city. We are thereby enabled to notice several characteristic points of arrangement, the beauty and propriety of which are too often disregarded, and a due observance of which is essential to just effect. We have other illustrations in view for the display of other features, so as to furnish by instalments a full and extended notice of this art, and of the different styles of ecclesiastical architecture that have been used in the Church, since the establishment of Christianity, down to the present day.

In every country where Gothic architecture has prevailed, there have been three periods or styles of the art, regularly succeeding each other, the first two of which have been common to all of them, while the third is a variety peculiar to each, of which it seems to be the indigenous growth; as if each people had shaped from the common stock a last and perfected style, impressed with its own genius and character.

The first of these periods is in each country distinguished by the lancet or acute-pointed arch, and hence this, first and earliest period of the Gothic is called the Lancet or Early-pointed style.

The second of these periods is marked by the use of the equilateral arch, or an arch very nearly approaching this form, and this outline and the manner of the divisions, called *tracery*, that fill up the arch, distinguishes the second period of the Gothic. With English writers this is called the Decorated style, while on the continent it has received the name of Rayonnant, from the radiating character of its divisions.

Lastly, in each country, a third style has arisen, indigenous and peculiar, in which the Gothic is found modified by the action of the mind of each people. In England this style is especially distinguished from

the preceding ones by the perpendicular manner of its tracery, and by the introduction of the flattened, four-centred arch, called the Tudor arch, from the fact of its introduction dating from the period of the Tudors. In France, this third style is known by a kind of flame-like tracery, whence it is called the Flamboyant, and throughout the Netherlands, the endless complications, interpenetrations and convolutions of its details mark the third period of the Gothic of Germany.

It is in the third period of the Gothic, as exhibited in England, namely, the perpendicular style, that the German Catholic church in Baltimore is designed. This may be considered as the finest style of the Gothic, it exhibits more prominently than any other, the peculiar and distinguishing characteristic of this mode of building,—the perpendicular line,—the vertical character is impressed upon every part of it, every portion of its details seems to partake of the impulse and to be *struggling* upwards towards heaven.

The church of the Immaculate Conception for the German Catholics, in Baltimore, is erected on the north east corner of Saratoga and Park streets, fronting on Saratoga street, and running back to an alley. Although the corner-stone was laid on the first day of May, 1842, the roof is now on, and the interior prepared for the plasterer to commence operations. It is expected that the interior and the spire, now only carried up as high as the roof, will be completed during the present year. The whole structure is built of brick, upon a stone foundation. The base course and steps, the door ways, cornices, weatherings, and copings are of dressed granite, and the window frames and sash, and the arch mouldings or labels that cover them, are of cast iron, of which material also, are to be the pinnacles and the upper section of the spire. The bricks and iron are intended to be painted to harmonise with the stone dressings, a mode of finishing preferable, as to beauty, durability, and cost, to rough-casting, especially so in the present instance, where the great number of corners, occasioned by the projection of the buttresses, would subject, in

more than an ordinary degree, the rough-casting to injury both from the weather and from accident. When once the surface of rough-casting is broken, its beauty as a covering, is gone. Unless the whole surface of the building is re-colored the unseemly patching stares you in the face like sore-spots than which, to every eye, nothing can be more offensive, and into this condition, sooner or later, all rough-casting is sure to come. There is too an *honesty* about painted brick which certainly recommends its adoption in a building sacred to the cause of truth, where all imitation and false appearance, in every respect, should be carefully avoided. It is greatly to be desired that some of our brickmakers would turn their attention to the making of bricks of some good neutral color, like the fire-brick, instead of their present intense and glaring red, so that the outside painting now necessary might be dispensed with; and that architects generally would endeavor to benefit their art by introducing, extensively, the use of moulded bricks of every shape and variety required for architectural forms. Great beauty, at but little additional cost, may thus be produced, and the expense of the Gothic style, the greatest difficulty in its introduction, by this means, conjointly with the use of cast iron, may be so much diminished, as to lead to its universal adoption for religious edifices, "a consummation devoutly to be wished," by every architect of just taste.

Ground Plan.—In calling attention to the different parts and divisions of this church, as shown in the accompanying plan, it is not to be supposed that we speak of them as in any way peculiar to this edifice or, in the slightest degree, original. In the Cathedrals and parish churches of Europe all these parts are found in expanded perfection, with many others not here included. Long established usages and venerable forms cannot exist without leaving their impress in architecture. These cathedrals and churches, erected at times when all Christendom formed but one vast and flourishing body, were the abode of the most exact order, every part of the building had its appropriate function and corresponding sanctity.

A study of the plans of the Christian

churches, their varieties and development during ten centuries, until, in the Gothic cathedral was attained the full measure of their perfection, is one of the deepest interest; and rather as a prelude to the subject than to any peculiarity or merit in themselves, the details of this church are specified.

The Vestibule.—The first benefit which Christianity obtained by the conversion of Constantine was the liberty of public worship, the second, that of a suitable place in which to conduct it. The first efforts of the apostles in the promulgation of their new creed were made in the synagogues. It was in a portico, called the porch of Solomon, that the faithful assembled, and, as the Scripture testifies, were "all of one accord." St. Paul, in his journeyings, entered in each city into the synagogues and declared to the assembled Israelites the fulfilment of the prophecies respecting the promised Messiah. In these synagogues the first conversions were made, and the first organization of the Christian Church was commenced.

The alarm of the Jews at the spread of the new doctrines soon interdicted the use of their places of worship for their dissemination, and the meetings of the converts had to be held in private houses. St. Paul, after his return from Ephesus, abode at Rome, in his own rented house, and there taught all who came to him inquiring of the new faith.

Under the succeeding persecutions the early proselytes were constrained to meet for worship in the rocky caves and hollows of the mountains, and wonderful indeed must have seemed to them the operations of that Providence which suddenly called them from their catacombs, the despised and persecuted of the age, to receive from a Roman emperor the offer of his largest edifices for the public performance of their religious rites and ceremonies.

In Rome, as in all the municipal cities of the empire, there existed a kind of edifice designed for the double purpose of an exchange and a court of justice. These, which were in the central part of the city, and were constructed of a size sufficient to hold a large concourse of people, were

called *basilicæ*, from the fact of the king dispensing justice there in person, the name being derived from two Greek words signifying a *royal hall*. These basilicæ were the first temples of Christianity, and the buildings afterwards erected by Constantine, expressly for the use of the Church, were copied after them, gradually changing some features of the plan, the better to adapt them to the service, until, in the Gothic cathedral, with its nave, transepts, and choir, we see the basilica plan perfected for the new use to which it was appropriated.

In all these early churches the main body of the building is preceded by a vestibule, generally the whole width of the front; this was called the *narthex*. Here, during the ceremony, the penitents and the catechumens waited in prayer, until the period of their initiation allowed them admittance into the body of the church among the faithful. In the narthex, in the earliest period, were placed fountains for ablution, which, by later ordinances, were changed into the *stoups* for the holy water, and placed in the body of the building. The marriage ceremony in the early churches was performed in the narthex.

Baptismal Font.—In the churches of the middle ages the baptismal font was an object of peculiar veneration, and upon its design and preservation the greatest care was bestowed, so much so that founts of the period of Norman design are still extant, in excellent condition. The earliest style of founts was usually a basin of square form, supported on legs or small pillars, large enough to immerse the infant; but following the changes of Gothic design their form was altered and they became more and more ornamented, till in the Perpendicular style, they assumed the greatest richness of design and splendor of ornament. In this period they were invariably of an octangular shape and had a pyramidal cover of wood, splendidly carved and richly gilt, corresponding in design to the font itself. By an early canon of the Church they were required to be of stone. The appropriate place for the font is at the west end, on the right side, near the entrance of the building; its location here being emblematic of

the entrance into the Church through baptism. It will be seen that this location is observed in the plan. The font is of Italian marble, richly carved, and is to be surmounted by a carved cover of elaborate design, gilt, and suspended from the ceiling in such a manner as to be raised when required.

The nave and aisles.—These constitute the body of the church, the central division between the columns being the nave, a word derived from the Latin *navis*, a ship, a figure often used with reference to the Church. The aisles are the spaces between the columns and the wall, derived from the French *aisle*, signifying wing. The term middle aisle, which we often hear used, is therefore an improper one, and side aisle is tautology. In the basilicæ first used for worship there were galleries on the sides and front end, approached by entrances entirely separate from the nave and aisles, and these were occupied by the women. At a later period the males and females all assembled below, the men on the north or Gospel side of the church, and the women on the south or epistle side, the galleries being no longer introduced. A large portion of the upper part of the nave was separated from the rest of the floor by a screen for the sanctuary.

The windows are to be filled with stained glass of rich color, but plain pattern, now being prepared in New York. Under each window marked on the plan will be a highly ornamented confessional. If each column will be a canopied niche filled with a statue, and over the side altars, and back of the high altar, similar niches of larger size will contain appropriate figures. The nave and aisle passages are to be paved with incrustated tiles, so that the whole coup d'œil of the church on entering it will be of a rich and imposing character, both in color and design, in the former of which so many churches are deficient.

The introduction of fixed seats into the church is a custom that dates no further back than the tenth century. They were then only open benches with backs and ends; at a later period these backs and ends were magnificently carved, the ends raised up considerably above the level of the back,

and shaped into flowers called *poppyheads*. The backs were low, and there were no doors to shut up the seat. Some of these seats are still found in the country churches of England, and are of great beauty. In one of them the Creed is carved in a string course on the back, and on the ends there is a representation of the crucifixion, of the Virgin Mary, and other mysteries, with the donors of the seats represented kneeling at prayer, with a scroll and a Scripture text. The introduction of doors, converting the seat into a pew or box, did not take place until after the Reformation; and, as a matter of taste alone, independent of other considerations, it is gratifying to see the efforts now making abroad to return to the simplicity and beauty of the original Gothic seats. In this church the seats are to be made with low backs and carved ends, like those of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

The Chancel.—The floor of the chancel is elevated three steps above that of the nave, from which it is separated by a railing. This is to be formed of small pillars supporting a continued top-rail, both of Italian marble; the rail made very wide on top to serve for a communion table. The spaces between the pillars will be filled by rich cast iron open panelling, bronzed. The floor of the chancel will be paved with different colored marbles, disposed in figures.

The plan of this sanctuary is precisely that of the Constantinian churches, being semicircular in its form. This was the tribunal part of the basilica, and the semidome with which it was covered, called the *apsis*, gave its name to the whole of this part.

In the Gothic churches, as we intend to show in some succeeding articles, this part of the ancient church underwent great changes, so great, indeed, as to lose all resemblance to the primitive arrangement.

In the middle of the chancel will stand the high altar, raised on three steps, agreeably to the rubric, above the sanctuary floor. During the first four or five centuries of the Christian era altars were generally of wood. Constantine, however, is said to have made seven altars of silver in the church called by his name, and that of St. John Lateran,

weighing two hundred and sixty pounds. Wooden altars were forbidden by St. Sylvester I, the only one retained being that in St. John Lateran, still existing, on account of St. Peter's having used it. The earliest altars of stone were in the form of a sarcophagus, in which were enclosed the relics of the patron saint of the church. Above the altar table four columns supported a canopy, decorated with richly embroidered curtains, forming a *ciborium*. From the conversion of Constantine up to the Reformation altars were made gradually more and more splendid, till, in the finest period of the Gothic, they were magnificent beyond description. They glowed with costly marbles, precious metals, and the richest stuffs, and often glittered with gems.

At the extremity of each aisle a side altar is to be placed against the wall, and over each, as well as in the back wall of the chancel, there is to be a large rose window, filled with richly stained glass.

The pulpit will be attached to the angle pillar on the epistle side of the altar, raised high above the sanctuary floor, and reached by steps from the sacristy. It is to be octangular in form, and richly carved, with niches for the Virgin Mary and the Evangelists. Two pulpits were placed within the enclosure of the sanctuary in the early churches, one for the reading of the Scriptures, on the north, hence called the Gospel side, and the other for the Epistles, on the other or Epistle side; the former of which was flanked by a small marble pillar for the paschal candle.

The sanctuary will be lighted by two windows, filled with richly stained glass, on each side of the altar, and an oratory for prayer, and a large sacristy, part of which only is shown on the plan, will be attached to it.

The ceiling of the nave, aisles, and chancel will be formed in groined vaultings, with transverse, diagonal, lierne, and ridge ribs, as shown by the dotted lines on the plan. The framings for them are now all prepared for the plasterer, and we are not aware of any church yet executed in this country that has a ceiling so elaborately ribbed as this will be. Those who have

not seen the vaulted ceilings of the Gothic cathedrals abroad, can have but the faintest idea of the effect of this glorious feature in Gothic design. Carved in stone, and suspended in the air, apparently by a miracle, these ceilings create an awe that fills the heart with an overpowering reverence. Even those whose religious creed has prejudiced them against any impression to be derived from art, connected with the services of the Catholic religion, have borne witness of the feeling of veneration which has come over them on entering one of these cathedrals, and looking up to its wonderful ceiling. The ceiling of a modern church is generally about thirty to thirty-five feet high from the floor; fancy, then, a stone vault, resting on mere points, as the capitals of the pillars seem to be, suspended at the height of one hundred and fifty feet from the floor; a church in which, with the exception of the statue and the pedestal on which it stands, you might place the Washington monument in this city, without its looking any larger too, in comparison with the surrounding extent, than a large size Nott's stove in a modern session room.

The Organ Loft is to be more than usually spacious in this church, being sixty feet wide by thirty feet deep. The organ will be so placed as to allow a space of nearly twenty feet between it and the gallery front, which is a great desideratum too frequently neglected in the plan of this portion of a church. The choir part of the organ will be attached to the front of the gallery, and the organist's table of keys placed between this and the grand organ, the movement being in the floor under his feet, so that he looks at once towards the sanctuary, to watch the process of the service, and can direct the movement of the choir around him with much greater facility than if his back were turned, as is usually the case. The organ loft is reached by the staircase from the vestibule on the left. The organ, which will be one of the largest size, is now being made by M. Schwab at Cincinnati.

The Spire.—This is the most striking and characteristic feature of the Gothic style; every part of its details tended to this con-

summation every line seems struggling heavenward, and in the spire the whole vegetative effort of the architecture is concentrated and pushed upwards to its efflorescence. Every Gothic church, therefore, should be provided with this essential mark of its destination. If funds are not sufficient to allow its erection at once, let the foundation for one be laid and carried up to the roof, trusting to future effort for its completion. The splendid cathedrals were built in this way. One general plan was adopted; the nave was first built by one bishop, another added the transepts, another the choir, another the towers, till the whole stood forth in all its intended completeness and glory, a theme for ages to admire and wonder at. The tower of this church when completed will be two hundred feet from the ground to the top of the cross. Its elaborate design is intended to suit it to the perpendicular style in which the rest of the church is compared. It is of the tabernacle kind; one section rising out of the other like the joints of a telescope. The church standing on high ground, nearly as high as the cathedral, this when finished will be a conspicuous object from all the approaches to the city.

The general dimensions of this church are as follows:

Length from street to street, .	150 feet.
Breadth, including buttresses, .	68 "
Height of ceiling of nave, .	50 "
Height of ceiling of aisles, .	40 "
Width of nave,	28 "
Height of spire,	200 "

In giving an account of this church, we have attempted to interest the reader not in it as one of the specimens of the Gothic style now in progress in this country, but in the subject of Christian architecture. With the formation of the Christian Church commenced the disintegration of heathen architecture, out of the separate elements of which new combinations had to be formed. The temples of the old faith were not suited to the worship of the new; the priest no longer entered alone into the *Episthodomos*, to offer up the sacrifice, while the people stood without waiting the announcement of the omen; the people must now assemble under one roof to receive instruction, and to

offer up in union their praise and adoration. Hence we find changes gradually occurring in the arrangement of the buildings appropriated to the new faith, so as to fit them for the ceremonial of worship, as it was from time to time established, until the building becomes by its arrangement, the exponent of the faith. A temple fulfilling the wants of a religion, must represent it in all its parts, and it is a matter of high interest,

therefore, to study, in the arrangement of these early structures, the form in which the Christian Church existed in its first organization, and to trace its growth in the development of its architecture until, having enlisted all Europe under its banner to fight its battles with the heathen for the recovery of the birth place, it exhibited its might and majesty in those wonderful structures, the Gothic cathedrals.

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY."

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

THOUGH the bright spots of life, like the far southern isles,
Glanced ever around me, in verdure and smiles;
Though the harp notes of angels, chimed on the sweet air,
And founts 'mid the blossoms made melody there,
I would not live alway.

Though the loved and the lost could return from their rest,
With light on each forehead, and peace in each breast,
And the tears that have mildewed our hearts to decay,
Should gleam like a torrent of gems o'er our way—
I would not live alway.

Though the glories of Eden my exile might cheer,
My spirit would languish and pine for its sphere
'Mid the high ringing notes of the seraphim bright,
Which ascend to the throne of ineffable light.
"Oh who would live alway?"

Where the blossoms we gather are covered with tears,
And smiles from yon heaven are shadowed by fears,
Where the soul ever struggles along through life's woes,
And sin, like a thorn, festers there till life's close.
Then who would live alway?

But with hope shining o'er me, I'd pass through the gloom,
And sweetly repose in the depths of the tomb;
Ah! I'd heed not the usury laid on death's trust,
Of ashes to ashes, and dust unto dust.
I would not live alway.

For my soul from her crucible deep in the clay,
Would spring from the ashes, the dust, and decay;
With her spirit wings glancing, in light she'd arise,
To kneel at the feet of her Lord in the skies.
Then who would live alway?

THE ROSARY.

BY E. U. CAMPBELL.

OF the many voluntary practices of devotion recommended by the Catholic Church, the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary is one of the most engaging. Sanctioned by the practice of the pious for centuries, and suited to persons in every state of life, it is eminently popular wherever fully understood. Combining the plainest and most excellent vocal prayers, with the exercise of the mind in meditation, on the leading mysteries of the birth, life, death, and glorious resurrection of our divine Saviour; and on the part his blessed mother bore in corresponding to her sublime vocation, it is suited to the capacity of the illiterate servant of God,—whose sentiments of humility and of confidence in the merits of the Redeemer, accompany every petition of the Lord's Prayer, and every expression of the Angelical Salutation,—as well as to the learned theologian, who, absorbed in the contemplation of the wonderful mysteries of religion, finds motives of love and gratitude, as his heart dilates in adoration of the omnipotence, mercy, and infinite love of God, displayed in the plan of man's redemption. The prayers of the Rosary are so arranged that they can be performed without a formal withdrawal from the ordinary pursuits of life, and are therefore well adapted to general use.

Although the custom of repeating the Lord's Prayer and Angelical Salutation many times,—especially by the illiterate, who were unable to recite the Psalter,—existed at a much earlier age, it was not until the twelfth century, that the arrangement of the prayers and meditations of the Rosary now in use was adopted.

The learned Alban Butler says, "St. Dominic, during his apostolic labors in Languedoc, instituted the celebrated devotion of the Rosary consisting of the recital of fifteen Our Fathers, and a hundred and fifty Hail Marys, in honor of the fifteen principal

mysteries of the life and sufferings of our blessed Saviour, and of his holy mother.

"The divine and most excellent prayer which our Redeemer, who promises to grant all that we request in his name, has drawn up as the form of our supplication, contains the petitions of all those things we are to ask or hope for of God, and comprises the exercise of all the sublime virtues by which we pay to him the rational homage of our affections. In the Angelical Salutation are comprised our praises and thanks to God for the great mysteries of our redemption, the source of all our good; and these praises are expressed in words of which the Holy Ghost himself was the author, which, though addressed to the Blessed Virgin, contain much more the praises of her divine Son, whom we acknowledge the cause of all ours and our happiness.

"The earnest intercession of this mother of God and of mercy, is also implored in our behalf, both at present and for the tremendous moment of our departure hence; and to move hers and her divine Son's compassion, we acknowledge our own deep sense of our miseries, which we display before the eyes of heaven under the extensive and most impressive humbling title of sinners.

"These prayers are so disposed in the Rosary as to comprise an abstract of the history of our blessed Redeemer's holy life and sufferings, the great object of the continual devotion and meditation of Christians; for each mystery whereof we praise God, and through it ask for graces and blessings for ourselves and others. The ignorance of many, and the blasphemies of others among the Albigenses, with regard to these most sacred mysteries, moved the zealous and apostolic servant of God to teach the people to honor them by an easy method equally adapted to persons of the weakest understanding, and to those that are most

learned, or the most advanced in the exercises of sublime contemplation, who find in it an inexhaustible fund of the highest acts of faith, hope, divine love, praise, and thanksgiving, with a supplication for succor in all spiritual and corporal necessities, which they always repeat with fresh ardor. St. Dominic afterwards established the same method of devotion at Bologna and in other places.”*

This devotion soon recommended itself to the pious in all Catholic countries; and was incorporated in the exercises of all religious orders. The learned Benedictines, whose achievements in literature have astonished the world, and extorted praises from Gibbon, Scott, and many Protestant writers; the indefatigable Jesuits, who, impelled by an unquenchable zeal for the conversion of nations, have planted the standard of the cross in the frozen north and the burning Indies;—as well as the humble Sisters of Charity, whose tender care of the helpless orphan, the sick, and the dying, are recorded in the grateful admiration of our own country;—all wear at their belt the chaplet of beads, which, like the pages of a book, directs them to the exact performance of this holy exercise.

The Rosary, which, as its name imports, is like a chaplet of roses—exhaling the perfume of holy thoughts, and pious aspirations—furnishes a practical exemplification of the doctrine of the communion of saints. For while it brings its votaries into communion with the queen of saints, the spotless Virgin whom “all generations shall call blessed” (St. Luke i), it also causes a communion in the same prayers and thoughts among devout persons throughout the world.

How consoling is the doctrine of the communion of saints, always taught by the Catholic Church! This undying Church, whose vitality, not limited to any time, or confined to any country, has survived the downfall of empires, the ruin of human systems, and the lapse of ages, still flourishes in every clime and under every form of government with untarnished beauty and

immortal freshness,—teaches her children that while they should walk as pilgrims and strangers upon earth, they may communicate with the angels of heaven, and those blessed saints who having passed successfully through the perils of time, now repose securely in eternal happiness; where, replenished with the spirit of divine charity, derived from its eternal source, they unite their suffrages in behalf of those who, having to run the same career of danger through which they have passed, solicit the aid of their prayers for the successful issue of the painful and dangerous conflict. “It is a sublime and beautiful doctrine,” says Washington Irving, “inculcated by the early fathers, that there are guardian angels appointed to watch over cities and nations; to take care of the welfare of good men, and to guard and guide the steps of helpless infancy. ‘Nothing,’ says Saint Jerome, ‘gives us a greater idea of the dignity of our souls, than that God has given each of us, at the moment of our birth, an angel to have care of it.’ What could be more consoling than the idea that affectionate and guardian spirits sat by our pillows when we slept, keeping a vigil over our most helpless hours!”*

It is gratifying to find that the belief of Catholics on this point, so much misrepresented, begins to be both better understood and well defended by learned Protestants. An article in the *British Critic* has the following just remarks: “The fear is as wholly chimerical and visionary of trust in the intercession of saints lessening the intensity of our trust in the mediation of God incarnate, as the fear would be of a similar effect resulting from trust in the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, or in the Providence of God the Father. But unthinking men will not bear in mind that the ancient Catholic system is not a congeries of detached parts, but one consistent and majestic whole: they join together *their own* doctrine of the intercession of Christ, with the *Catholic* doctrine of the intercession of saints, and then complain that the two do not happily consort together. The real wonder would of

* *Lives of the Saints*, August 4th.

* *Bracebridge Hall*, vol. i.

course be if they *did*." Calling upon the professor of high church principles to abstain from severe condemnation of the mediæval system, he continues: "He is justified, e. g. in saying that any such honor to saints as encroaches on the supreme and undivided allegiance due to God, is anti-christian; but then he would have St. Bernard, or St. Bonaventure, as zealous as himself in asserting this great and essential truth." Again, "Is it not quite a conceivable hypothesis, (to say the very least,) that holy and mortified men, whose conversation was in heaven, may have entertained feelings of devotion and love, e. g. towards the Blessed Virgin, which no human language can at all adequately express; and yet their feeling to our Lord should be altogether different in kind, and indefinitely stronger in degree. Yet what words could they find stronger than those already applied to the Blessed Virgin? What words can be stronger than the strongest?"*

The Catholic never permits his devotion to the saints to interfere with his faith in, and adoration of one only God, omnipotent, eternal, and infinite in all perfections; nor to believe there is any other name whereby he may be saved, but that of his divine Saviour Jesus Christ. And so far from prayers to the saints diminishing his reverence and homage to his Almighty Lord and Master, every such prayer is an act of humility, by which he declares his own unworthiness to address his Creator, and solicits those whom God has honored and taken to his bosom, to speak for him, as the Israelites at the foot of Mount Sinai, conscious of their own unworthiness, besought Moses to speak to God for them.

Nothing is more impressive to a stranger than the simultaneous prayer of the entire population of a Catholic city, when the bells toll for the prayer *Angelus Domini*, and all unite in soliciting the B. V. Mary to intercede for them, "now and at the hour of death." An American in Spain thus describes such a scene in Cadiz, on the *Alameda*, a long walk, lined with trees, fronting the sea:

* British Critic, Oct. 1842, "On Intercession of Saints."

"Here the whole city is seen, without any discrimination, as to rank or character; and this general place of rendezvous affords to a stranger, at one view, all that is attractive, fashionable, or elegant. They meet in summer about six o'clock, and the crowd increases until dark. At the going down of the sun the bells from all the churches chime the *oraciones*; the crowd stops, the loud laugh and the hum of voices are instantaneously suspended, the air of gaiety gives place to unaffected and pious looks, each person crosses himself, and says a short prayer, to return thanks to the Disposer of all good, that another day has passed in peace. The bell stops in a minute, each person passes the compliment of the evening to the other, the crowd moves on, and again all is life and animation. No religious ceremony is so solemn, and at the same time so wholly commendable. Millions pausing at the same moment, suspending the hilarity of conversation, the gaiety of thought, the tender sentiments of love, to give place to pious reflections and grateful acknowledgments."*

A stranger in passing through Austrian Tyrol is often edified by the peasants returning home at evening from their labor, saying the prayers of the Rosary aloud in unison,—the most ancient of the company reciting the mysteries and the first part of every prayer, while all the others respond in the concluding sentences of each prayer. The pastoral inhabitants of the mountains of Spain and Italy tell their beads, and meditate upon the subjects proposed to them, while watching their flocks. The rural population of France form confraternities, each member of which performs his devotions for the common benefit, and all unite with the priest on Sunday, after vespers, in reciting the Rosary aloud in the church. The Genoese or Venitian sailor, who watches the fading day while floating on the purple Mediterranean or Adriatic sea, thinks not of sleep until he has said his Rosary. In Florence the fair,

"Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps,"

* Travels in England, France, and Spain, by M. M. Noah, p. 86-87.

and in the polished circles of Catholic courts, female taste has contrived that a chaplet of beads, whether of gold or precious stones, shall be the ornamental necklace of the fair: doubtless that they may be reminded of the virtues enjoined upon those who wear the Rosary, and that amid the gaieties of life they may imitate the royal knight Fitzjames:

"His midnight orison he told,
A prayer with every bead of gold;
Consigned to Heaven his cares and woes,
And sunk in undisturbed repose."

Within the last few years, in many places, societies have been formed by the organization of the faithful in bands of fifteen persons, each of whom engages to recite every day, for a month, one decade, and meditate on one mystery; so that the whole Rosary is performed by each little society every day. This organization, called the **LIVING ROSARY**, has been approved by the present pontiff, and favored with many indulgences.

The practice of repeating the same prayers so often has led some to regard the Rosary as a monotonous exercise. But it must be remembered that, besides the vocal prayers, every decade has a subject proposed for meditation—that while the voice is employed the thoughts may be engaged in the contemplation of subjects well calculated to inspire devotion towards God. Thus, the attention being fixed, the mind may be occupied with the historical facts presented; the affections moved by contemplating the divine love and mercy exhibited; the imagination will contribute to excite proper sentiments, and the heart glow with gratitude. All the powers of the soul will be employed,

"While fancy revels on her golden wing."

For example: in the mystery of the incarnation, the devout Christian may transport himself in spirit to the humble abode of Mary at Nazareth, and witness the annunciation by the angel Gabriel to the Blessed Virgin, hear the salutation "Hail, full of grace," and mark the modesty of Mary, who is troubled at so extraordinary

a salutation; and admire her fidelity to her vow of perpetual virginity as she exclaims, "How shall this be done, because I know not man." He may then hear the angel's answer, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee. And therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." Hearing the sweet voice of the "blessed among women," as she promptly expresses her submission to the divine will, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done unto me according to thy word" (Luke i), he may contemplate and adore the wonderful mercy of the eternal God, who condescends to be born in time, and, by a miracle incomprehensible to human reason, unites the human with the divine nature.

The sacred passion of our Lord has been a favorite subject of meditation for the most eminent saints. At that furnace of divine love they kindled a flame of charity that consumed all that was earthly in their nature; and learning from the "Man of sorrows" to despise the vanities of this life, abandoned wealth, pleasure, fame—all that the world esteems most, and took up their cross every day to follow him. Many are the gushing affections that will arise in the Christian's heart, as he contemplates in detail the various circumstances presented to his consideration in the five dolorous mysteries of the Rosary. Placing himself near the Son of God at every stage of his passion, he will behold the excess of suffering and humiliation endured by the Saviour to atone for the sins of man. Scourged by brutal soldiers, crowned with thorns, loaded with his cross when exhausted with loss of blood and barbarous usage. The contemplatist may join himself to the Virgin Mother in her participation in the sufferings and sorrows of her divine Son. What must have been her affliction when she beheld him whom she knew to be the Lord of glory insulted and dishonored, spit upon and blasphemed by his own people, and conducted to Calvary by those whom he had loaded with favors, and for whose salvation he was then going to shed the last drop of his sacred blood.

In the contemplation of the crucifixion, that mystery which will astonish men and angels for all eternity, the heart will find scope for the exercise of its warmest affections, while the mind is employed in the awful scene when darkness covered the whole earth, the earth quaked, and the rocks were rent, and the graves were opened, and the bodies of the saints arose. His apostles had deserted him, his disciples were dispersed, but the evangelist says: "Now THERE STOOD BY THE CROSS OF JESUS HIS MOTHER." While considering her agony at the sufferings of her adorable Son, the prophecy of Simeon, made thirty-three years before, "Thy own soul a sword shall pierce" (St. Luke), will teach the Christian heart how intense must have been the sufferings of Mary during the whole life of her blessed Son, now consummated by his most painful death,—and some faint idea may be formed of the efficacy of her powerful intercession in behalf of sinners.

The five glorious mysteries, the third and last part of the Rosary, present subjects for meditation that fill the Christian with joy. In the first mystery, for example, the resurrection, he beholds the triumph of his Lord, the great evidence of his divinity, and the foundation of the Christian's hope. "Christ died for our sins, and rose again for our justification." Many are the subjects presented for meditation by the short history which the Scripture gives of the life of our Lord during the forty days he remained on earth after his resurrection. Jesus, whom we saw expire on a cross, now breaks the bonds of death, by his own power resumes life, and bursting open the rock-hewn sepulchre, rises in the same body, but in a glorified state—"The first fruits of them that slept." How affecting is the history of the meetings of Jesus with his disciples, and of his interviews with his apostles. The awe with which they were penetrated when he first appeared among them, "the doors being shut," with the loving salutation, "peace be to you." His condescension to St. Thomas, his gentle, but impressive rebuke, and his benediction on him who believes on the authority of the divine word, rather than on the tes-

timony of his own senses. "Blessed are they that have not seen and have believed." (John xx.) The twenty-fourth chapter of St. Luke will furnish matter for many reflections while reciting the Rosary. On the evening of the day of his resurrection, as two of his disciples were walking to a town about eight miles from Jerusalem, engaged in conversation on "all these things which had happened," talking and reasoning together, Jesus, drawing near, walked with them, but without allowing himself to be known. He inquired the subject of their conversation which made them sad. They asked him if he alone was ignorant of the extraordinary things done in Jerusalem within the preceding days. He inquired, "what things?" They described to him Jesus of Nazareth, a mighty prophet who had been condemned to death and crucified, and stated that they had entertained hopes that he was the Messiah, but that now the third day since his death had passed. Yet that reports of his resurrection had been spread, that some going to the sepulchre discovered that the body was not there—"but him they found not."

Then Jesus, upbraiding them for their hesitation to believe the prophecies concerning him, asked them if it was not necessary for Christ to have suffered, and so to enter into his glory? And then, beginning at Moses, he explained to them all the prophecies in the Scripture relating to the Saviour, in such manner as inflamed their hearts. Could any eloquence equal that of Jesus Christ expounding the numerous prophecies relating to himself, showing their connection during four thousand years, and their fulfilment in the wonderful acts of his then recent passion and death! On approaching the termination of their journey, "he made as though he would go farther." But they pressed him to accept their hospitality, as it was then late in the afternoon; and he consented. "Whilst he was at table with them he took bread, and blessed, and brake, and gave to them." They immediately recognized him, "and he vanished out of their sight." Then the two disciples were able to account for the deep interest excited in them by the dis-

course of their late companion, and they said one to another, "was not our hearts burning within us whilst he spake in the way, and opened to us the Scriptures?" And they immediately returned to Jerusalem, and told the apostles what had happened, "and how they knew him in the breaking of bread." (St. Luke xxiv.)

The Rosary, far from being a dry or monotonous devotion, will be found by those who faithfully practise it in its true spirit, to be most interesting and attractive. There are few who cannot spare time enough to perform a third part every day. It is said the renowned Marshal Turenne said his beads in martial camps; and many persons whose cares and employments leave them little leisure for retirement, make the devo-

tion of the Rosary the companion of their evening walk.

The following testimony in favor of devotion to the Immaculate Mother will not be without its effect upon those who knew, either personally or by reputation, the first American bishop of the Catholic Church.

On his death-bed, a very short time before he expired, Archbishop Carroll said to Rev. F. Grassi, who attended him during his last illness: "Of those things that give me most consolation at the present moment, is, that I have always been attached to the practice of devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, that I have established it among the people under my care, and placed my diocese under her protection."

THE CALENDAR.

BY REV. A. VEROT, A. M.

Concluded from page 53.

IT is proposed in the conclusion of the article on the calendar, to explain briefly, and as plainly as the nature of the subject will admit, the words used in ecclesiastical computation, and generally found in the first pages of almanacs. We will first observe that the preceding article being a translation from a book written in French towards the close of the last century, the difference existing then between the old and new style was eleven days, as there stated; but the year 1800 added one day to that difference, for, according to the general rule which makes every fourth year bissextile or leap year, 1800 should have been such; yet those who lived then may remember that it was not, its suppression being one of the provisions of the new reformed calendar. The Russians, however, counted 1800 as bissextile, and hence there is now a difference of twelve days between the two calendars, so that the 22d of April, 1843, for instance, is for the Russians the 10th of April. This difference will remain the

same till the year 1900, which will not be bissextile for us, but being so for the old calendar, will make the difference amount to thirteen days.

The rules admitted by Pope Gregory in the reformation of the solar year, and which consist, as has been explained, chiefly in suppressing three leap years in the course of four centuries, were the plainest. In this very intricate question which has exercised the sagacity of very learned and talented men, another point was to be settled which offered far greater difficulties. The question was to find a period after which new and full moons would recur in a regular order in the solar year, a problem extremely difficult and complicated, because the motions of the sun and moon differ greatly. It was this difficulty principally, which caused the Pope to call to his aid all the learned men of Europe, and which reflects the greatest credit on that reformation of the calendar, the necessity of which had been long felt, and which the council of

Trent had recommended to the solicitude of the Roman Pontiffs. One will be surprised to hear that huge folio volumes have been written on the subject, and still, in spite of all the talent and application which have been bestowed on it, the reformation adopted is not one which presented *no* inconvenience, but that which presented the *least* inconveniences; such is the difficulty of reconciling the motions of those two bodies, the sun and moon.

In order to understand the part which the sun and moon have in the ecclesiastical calendar, the reader must recollect that the festival of Easter, which at all times has been considered by Christians as the chief solemnity of the year, is to be kept in the spring, and at about the time of the full moon, because such was the time at which the Jews kept their passover, as is found in the Old Testament; such too were the circumstances in which our Saviour accomplished the mysteries commemorated at Easter. Now the spring depends on the motion of the sun, and that season begins when that luminary enters the equator, or in other words, is precisely half way between its greatest height in summer, and its least height in winter. The council of Nice, held in 325, after having consulted the astronomers of Alexandria, who enjoyed then the highest reputation for knowledge of this kind, regulated that the twenty-first day of March would be considered in ecclesiastical reckoning as the beginning of the spring, so that the first full moon on or after the 21st of March, would be the paschal or Easter-moon, and that the Christians should celebrate that festival, not on the day itself of the full moon as the Jews do, but on the following Sunday. It must now appear evident that the festival of Easter depends on the motion of the sun, that of the moon, and also on the day of the week. We will now explain the various words used in reference to these motions.

The *golden number* is a period or cycle of nineteen years, after which the sun and moon have, with regard to each other, the same position *nearly*. For instance, if the moon be full in any year the 25th day of March, it will be full again on the same day

after the lapse of nineteen years, the moon having then performed two hundred and thirty-five revolutions; for two hundred and thirty-five lunar months make nearly nineteen years. This period of nineteen years was known by the Greeks; and such was the enthusiasm with which the discovery of this coincidence was received, that the Athenians ordered it to be engraved in letters of gold in the temple of Minerva, a circumstance to which the *golden number* owes its appellation. If this period were perfectly accurate, nothing more would have been required for the perfection of the calendar; having ascertained, once for all, the day of the full moon for nineteen consecutive years, these days would be the days of the full moon during the whole course of ages; and nothing then could be easier than to assign the Easter day on any year. But unfortunately this period of nineteen years is inaccurate by about one hour and a half; or, in other words, if at the present hour and minute the sun and moon occupy a certain position with regard to each other, say, are in a line with one another, a circumstance which produces eclipses of the sun, in precisely nineteen years the sun and moon will not be altogether in the same position, but be distant from one another by one hour and a half, that is, the moon will have progressed to this distance beyond the point where the two bodies were nineteen years before. This imperfection of the cycle of the golden numbers, called also *lunar cycle*, had caused an error of four days between the age of the moon as determined by observation, and its age as determined by the cycle at the time of the reformation of the calendar. The impossibility of avoiding the like errors for future ages by means of the lunar cycle, induced a learned astronomer, whose aid the Pope had asked, to contrive another cycle, which will for ever give the age of the moon on any day, not with absolute accuracy, for this could not be done, but with as few irregularities as possible. This new cycle, which required a great many combinations and very profound researches, is called the cycle of the *epact*.

The *epact* is the age of the moon at the

beginning of the year; for instance, in the present year, 1843, the epact is nothing, and is marked *. This, then, shows that the moon was new on the 1st of January of the present year: next year the epact will be 11, that is, the moon will be eleven days old on the 1st of January, 1844: these eleven days show that twelve lunar months do not make the twelve ordinary months, and fall short of it by eleven days. On the following year the epact will be twice 11, or 22, that is, the moon will be twenty-two days old at the beginning of 1845. Knowing the epact of any year, it is easy to find the time of the new moon, and, by adding fourteen days, that of the full moon: by counting the first full moon falling on or after the 21st of March, we find the Easter full moon, and the following Sunday is Easter day. For instance, in the present year the moon was new on the 1st of January, therefore it was new again on the 31st, new again on the 1st of March, new again on the 31st of March: this latter is the Easter moon, because it is the first that becomes full after the 21st of March. If we count fourteen days from the 31st of March, we will come to the 14th of April, which was the day of the full moon, and this year it was Good Friday, and therefore the following Sunday was Easter Sunday, the 16th. The days as determined above are the ecclesiastical new moons, that is, new moons as determined by the regulations of the Church. These new moons in the present instance differ very little from the new moons as determined by astronomers; still there is some difference, for astronomers give the new moon in March on the 30th, 7 h., and not on the 31st. The difference here is not very considerable, but in other instances it may amount to two days: still these cannot be a serious objection against the ecclesiastical cycle of the epact; for, on adopting another plan, greater inconveniences would have arisen. (See Delimbre's Astr. p. 645.)

The *Dominical letter* which is found in all calendars, placed at the beginning of most Catholic prayer-books, indicates the days of the year which will be Sundays.

In the present year it is A, and therefore all days of the month marked A will be Sundays throughout the year. In leap year there are two Dominical letters, one to be used as far as the 25th of February, the other serving for the remainder of the year. The necessity of using this double letter arises evidently from the addition of a day to February in those years.

The *solar cycle* is a period of twenty-eight years, after which the dominical letters return to the same order. If there were no leap year, the dominical letters would recur in the same order after the lapse of seven years: as two are used in leap years, which return every four years, it will require four times seven in order that the same days of the week should return on the same days of the month in the same order. Hence he that would keep almanacs for twenty-eight years might in some measure dispense himself with buying new ones, at least for civil purposes and for immoveable festivals; for the moveable festivals do not return in that order. Again, the regularity of the solar cycle is interrupted by the suppression of a leap year at the beginning of a century.

The *Roman indiction* is another cycle or period of fifteen years, which forms a part of the ecclesiastical computation, but has no connection with the feast of Easter. This cycle was first employed by the Roman emperors, and has been kept by the Roman pontiffs in their bulls. The Roman indiction is 1 this year, or, in other words, the present year is the first one of a period of fifteen years, forming the afore-said cycle. It would be easy to find how many such cycles there have been from the beginning of the Christian era.

The *Julian period* does not form a part of the ecclesiastical computation in chronology, but has been used by some as introducing a sort of regularity. It is a cycle of 7980 years, formed by multiplying together, 15, 28, and 19, that is, the cycle of indiction, the solar and the lunar cycle: the product is 7980, a number of years which is greater than that which the common opinion attributes to the world. The first year of the Christian era occurred on

the 4714th year of that period, which it shows to have commenced seven hundred and ten years before the creation of the world, according to a probable opinion. We are now in the 6556th of the same period.

The *reformation* of the calendar took place in 1582, at a time when minds were greatly preoccupied with ideas of *reform*. The Church is not, then, adverse to reform, and she is the first to adopt it in those matters which admit of and require reformation, such as *human* periods and cycles, which, received at one time as correct, have proved incorrect by the accumulation of errors arising from the accumulation of centuries: thus the Church has reformed the place of the seasons, and the times of the conjunctions of the sun and moon; but she cannot think of reforming the laws,

dogmas, and practices handed down to us by the apostles and by Christ himself. Such, however, were the subjects on which certain men at the same time exercised their zeal for reform. Time has shown the solidity of the two reformations: the reformation of the calendar has been admitted by all Protestant countries, whilst their pretended reformation, far from having made further progress, has been falling, and is still daily falling to pieces. The Greek Church is the only part of the civilized world which has not admitted the Gregorian reformation of the calendar: thus, according to the satirical but just remark of a judicious writer, they choose to the present day rather to be at variance with the sun, the moon, and the whole heavens, than to agree with the Roman pontiff.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

From the Tablet.

ENGLAND.—*Conversions*.—A letter to a friend in Dublin, received a few days since, announces the conversion of another lady in York. It appears that she was much influenced by the conduct of Mrs. Wood. The new convert was also connected with theatrical pursuits.—*Corres.*

—On Sunday, seventeen persons at Taunton were admitted into communion with the Catholic Church; the whole of them had formerly been Protestants. A numerous congregation witnessed the interesting ceremony of their recognition as members of the Romish faith.—*Sherborne Journal*.

Cheadle.—An old man, who had passed a great part of his life in dissolute habits, being seized with a fatal illness, requested the attendance of the Protestant rector to afford him such consolation as the awful circumstances of his condition necessarily demanded. The reverend gentleman accordingly waited upon him, but, instead of endeavoring to administer consolation to him, sternly reproached him with the iniquities of his past life, and told him he would assuredly go to hell. Upon this the old man, by the advice of a friend, called in the Rev. F. Fairfax, Catholic priest of Cheadle, who happily succeeded,

by dint of mild exhortation, and by reading the heart-melting devotions for the sick in the "Garden of the Soul," in receiving the penitent old man into the bosom of the true Church at the eleventh hour of life, and closed his eyes in that sweet peace of soul which, we fervently hope, will continue to all eternity. The poor old man begged, as a last and dying favor, that the Rev. F. Fairfax would follow his remains to the grave; which request so exasperated and annoyed the rector and curate, that, on the day of the funeral, they sent to the Protestant friends of the deceased convert a most insulting and uncharitable message, stating that the grave would be ready by a certain hour, but that they were determined not to bury the corpse. On this being made public, the novelty of such a proceeding—and the horror of such a novelty to the people of Cheadle—caused a complete commotion in this otherwise dull town. The Catholic priest was immediately applied to, and solicited to inter the corpse, he having previously performed the funeral service over it in the house, according to the Catholic ritual. Taking with him, therefore, some blessed mould, he preceded the bier, which was attended by an immense concourse of people, and, on arriving at the grave, he repeated to himself, whilst the coffin was

being lowered into it, a fervent *De Profundis* for the repose of the departed soul, and sprinkled the blessed mould upon the coffin. The rector and curate were both present, escorted, it is said, by the constabulary and police of the town, for the purpose of arresting the Catholic priest if he dared to say a prayer aloud. But the humble and zealous pastor, having finished his secret prayer, bowed respectfully to the corpse, and retired peaceably to his home, overwhelmed with the benedictions and thanks of the immense multitude of spectators, who, at the same time, heaped execrations in no measured language on the heads of the Protestant ministers.—*Corresp.*

New Work.—The venerable and learned Dr. Fletcher is engaged, it is said, upon a new work, in which the validity of Anglican orders will be fully, and we have no doubt, fairly discussed.—*Ibid.*

IRELAND.—*St. Patrick's Day.*—It is impossible to say too much in praise of the manner in which the festival of Ireland's apostle was observed in Dublin on the 17th of March. Although occurring in the holy season of Lent, it has always brought joy and gladness to the heart of millions, as the anniversary of our deliverance from superstition and idolatry. Owing, however, to barbarous laws and unchristian customs, it was too long desecrated by riotousness and drunken revelry, to the disgrace of our nature as men, and our character as Christians! Thanks to the Eternal, and under him praise to the apostle of our day, piety and peace, temperance and love have succeeded the contrary vices. Whether we look to fairs or markets, to our houses of worship, or places of recreation, prudence, order, and sobriety now prevail. In the morning of St. Patrick's day we find our churches filled with old and young, devoutly assisting at the most holy sacrifice, and attentively listening to their respective pastors delivering the words of eternal life. In the midday we see them in their various processions, enjoying the benefit of air and exercise; and in the evening we view them again in the sacred temples listening to the panyric of their illustrious patron and apostle. In the city of Dublin, where perhaps fifty thousand congregated in the band-procession, I did not see one single individual intemperate, much less intoxicated. In past years it would not be easy to count the numbers of persons who would be found guilty of violating public and private peace on a similar occasion. The Temperance Societies of Dublin, Kells, Trim, Drogheda, and various other parts of the kingdom had grand *soirées* in the evening of St. Patrick's day attended by thousands.—*Correspondent.*

SCOTLAND.—*Dundee.*—The manufacturing town of Dundee contains (says the *Cork Examiner*) 65,000 inhabitants. The number of Catholics now in that large community amounts to 10,000. Twenty-five years ago the number of Catholics in Dundee was only 25. This increase is chiefly to be attributed to Irishmen, who, expatriated from their own country by poverty or bad laws, propagate religion and the Irish name all over the world. This numerous congregation includes also several Scottish families and converts. To meet the religious necessities of this large flock, which every day is adding to its numbers, the pastors were obliged to erect a large church for their accommodation, by which they have become involved in debt. The vicar apostolic of eastern Scotland, Dr. Carruthers, has therefore deputed the Rev. John Gillon, an Irishman, but attached to the Dundee mission, to receive, from the faithful in Ireland, donations and subscriptions in aid of the religious instruction of their countrymen in Dundee.

FRANCE.—*Propagation of the Faith.*—It is a most cheering reflection to every sincere Catholic, anxious for the promotion of the faith, to think on the success which has crowned the thrice hallowed work of this association. The gross receipts by the central committee in France, for the year ending March, 1843, have exceeded three millions of francs, or above £120,000; being about £10,000 more than the receipts of the preceding year, ending March, 1842.—*Correspondent.*

—The commissary of police of the Faubourg St. Martin has removed the seals from the French Catholic church directed by the Abbé Chatel, on the assurance of the abbé that he would never again attempt to exercise his worship in that district.

—The bishop of Amatha (*in partibus*) had arrived at Toulon, where he was to embark in the frigate *Uranie* for the Marquesas islands. Nine *Sœurs* de Vincent de Paul had sailed for the Sandwich islands to instruct the children of the natives.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—The rage for ascendancy (says the *Newfoundland Indicator*) is observable in every thing around us; and in every thing around us we find something as if—mark, we do not say it is intended—but looking, for the very life, as if intended to insult the religion of the people. Look at the very terms of the official invitation addressed to the clergymen to attend the governor on the occasion of the opening of the session of the legislature on Monday next! There we have it, not only given that we have

an "Established Church" in Newfoundland, but we are actually told officially that the Catholics of Newfoundland are but a congregation—the Presbyterians only a congregation—the Methodists only a congregation; but a handful of Episcopalian Protestants are "A CHURCH!" These may be the official opinions, but we must say that this parade of these offensive opinions would be in wisdom avoided; their exhibition is ill-judged, ill-advised, imprudent, impolitic, and vexatious!

JAMAICA.—The following information regarding the progress of Catholicity in Jamaica, we gather from the *Propagateur Catholique* of New Orleans.

Ten or twelve years ago, there was but one church in the island of Jamaica, and one priest, Rev. B. Fernandez, who resided in the city of Kingston. The Catholic population scattered through the country were deprived of all religious succor, and were driven to the lamentable evil of requesting the rites of marriage and baptism at the hands of Protestant ministers. For the first communion of the children, there was no other resource than to send them to Kingston, where catechetical instructions were delivered every year, during lent, by the Catholic pastor, preparatory to the performance of that solemn duty. This clergyman, whose vernacular tongue was the Spanish, soon qualified himself to preach also in the French language; but the services of one pastor, however efficient, were far from being adequate to the wants of the people, and as soon as circumstances permitted, the assistance of another clergyman was obtained. Soon after additional help was procured by the arrival of two Jesuits, one of whom was named Duperron. At the request of Dr. McDonald, vicar apostolic of the English Antilles, the holy see appointed the Rev. B. Fernandez vicar apostolic of Jamaica. Since that period the face of things has been renewed, and it may be truly said that the *finger of God* is visible in the labors of the missionaries. Father Duperron traverses the island, from village to village, and has every where the consolation of admitting into the Church crowds of converts, particularly from the sect of Baptists, the most numerous and influential in the country. There are now two churches in Kingston, one in San Iago de Vega, or Spanish Town, the seat of government, and several in the country. Many others are to be erected shortly.

Father Duperron, in his apostolic excursions, is every where received with joy except by the Methodist and Baptist ministers. Preparations are making to build a church in the village of Montigua Bay, a district almost exclusively in-

habited by Protestants, who are very zealous, however, in their efforts to build a Catholic church, and secure a Catholic priest among them. Although such a disposition may appear a little singular, it may be accounted for by the following extract from a letter written by a Protestant to a friend in Kingston.

"If the people knew their real interests, they would erect Catholic chapels in every parish and village. Since our district has been visited by a respectable Catholic clergyman, a most wonderful change has been wrought among the colored people. They quit by hundreds the Baptist ranks, to receive religious instruction from the Catholic priest; and it is delightful to observe that those who are converted in this way become more submissive and more respectful towards their masters, more active and laborious, do twice as much work, and are no longer addicted to thieving. They are remarkable for their moral and correct deportment."

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALT.—*Circular.*—The next provincial council will be opened on the fourth Sunday after Easter. I earnestly recommend to the prayers of the reverend clergy and the faithful of my diocese the important business which will engage the attention of the assembled prelates. For which purpose I request the reverend clergy, from the 29th of April to the 21st of May—1. To add daily at Mass the collect of the Holy Ghost. 2. To say weekly one mass of the Holy Ghost. 3. To solicit the faithful under their spiritual charge to offer up their prayers, and, once at least, to receive holy communion with the intention of invoking the light and grace of heaven on our proceedings.

Religious communities are requested to offer up for the same object such special acts of devotion as may be approved of by their spiritual directors.

† SAMUEL, *Archbishop of Baltimore.*
Given at Baltimore, on Thursday, }
in the 4th week in Lent, 1843. }

Another Circular.—I hereby establish the U. S. Catholic Magazine my official organ of public communication with the clergy and laity of the archdiocese of Baltimore. Should it become necessary to address them on any subject, before the regular period for the publication of the Magazine, an extrasheet will be issued, corresponding in dimensions and style with those of the periodical.

† SAMUEL, *Archbp. Balt.*

Feast of St. Mark, 1843.

Blessing of the Holy Oils.—On Maunday Thursday, 18th of April, the day appointed in the Ro-

man pontifical, for the blessing of the oils used in the administration of the sacraments, and in other rites of the Church, the Most Rev. Archbishop officiated, attended by the Very Rev. Dr. Deluol as assistant priest, Rev. W. Blenkinsop, as deacon, and Mr. J. Parsons, as subdeacon. All the parochial clergy of the city were present, with most of the reverend gentlemen and students from St. Mary's seminary. Twelve priests, the complement required by the ritual for the solemnity of the occasion, were habited in the richest chasubles that could be procured, and with the rest of the clergy rendered the sanctuary the scene of a most imposing ceremony. Our readers will find a detailed explanation of this impressive rite, in the *Religious Cabinet*, vol. i, p. 151.

DIOCESS OF NEW ORLEANS.—We learn from the *Propagateur Catholique* that a spiritual retreat for the laity was held in New Orleans during Passion week, and was attended with the most consoling results. Many persons who had been for a long time astray from the path of duty approached the sacraments. Several conversions to the true faith were also witnessed, among which was that of a distinguished member of the senate.

DIOCESS OF ST. LOUIS.—The following is an extract of a letter from the Right Rev. Peter Kenrick to the Very Rev. P. Dowley, St. Vincent's, Castleknock.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Feb. 7, 1843.

Very Rev. Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in informing you of the safe arrival of the nine excellent candidates for the missions of the far west, whom you have so zealously selected, in compliance with my pressing request. Before their arrival our seminary numbered but six candidates for the ministry, and, with the largest diocese in the union, we had the least prospect of a supply of missionaries. You will please accept of my best and warmest thanks for this new proof you have afforded me of your kindness and zeal. Since I had the pleasure of writing to you last year, I have had ample opportunity of seeing the spiritual destitution of the vast region comprised in this diocese, and I must confess that my heart often failed me when I beheld the extent of the wants to be supplied, and reflected on the apparent absence of adequate preparations to meet them. Little did I then imagine that my application to you would be crowned by such signal success; indeed I had almost despaired of receiving any aid from a quarter where I knew applications of a similar and probably still more urgent character were so frequently made. During my visitation last year I must have gone over considera-

bly more than five thousand miles; and I had the consolation of administering the sacrament of confirmation to two hundred and eighty-four Pottowattomie Indians, whose piety and faith are indeed worthy of primitive times. They are placed about six hundred miles west of St. Louis. In the Rocky Mountains, and between them and the Pacific Ocean, there are vast numbers of Indians, about two thousand of whom have been converted to the faith by Jesuit missionaries from this diocese, or rather from this city, as the diocese may be supposed to extend to the Pacific. The number of converts to the faith among the Americans is considerable; everywhere have I found a great desire to hear the Catholic doctrine explained, and all that is wanted to reap a rich harvest is a plentiful supply of laborious and disinterested priests. In order to provide for this daily increasing want, I have removed the seminary from Perryville to St. Louis, where I have placed it under the care of your excellent congregation, four members of which are at present occupied in it.

DIOCESS OF VINCENNES.—The Roman Catholics are preparing to build a very large monastery and College within two miles of South Bend, Ia. It is to be brick, three stories high, two hundred feet by forty, and will cost about fifteen thousand dollars. The Roman Catholic Church owns a large quantity of real estate in St. Joseph's county, which property is to be used towards defraying the expenses of building this large monastery. There are seventeen monks and two priests there now.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

DIOCESS OF BOSTON.—The Catholics of Boston, with the friends of civil and religious liberty, among all denominations, held a meeting lately in that city, to express the indignation which, as citizens of the United States, they were bound to feel, at the recent disgraceful proceedings of the Massachusetts Legislature. Among the resolutions unanimously passed at the meeting were the following:

"Resolved, That the hour has come when the friends of just and impartial legislation should fall back upon the common privilege of every citizen, and at the BALLOT-BOX, in the attitude, and with the fearlessness of INDEPENDENT VOTERS, bestow their suffrages upon those only who are pledged to do them justice in this matter, and that no predilections or preferences for party, shall for a moment induce them to forget their wrongs or forbear the remedy.

Resolved, That we are pledged to vote for such men only, in whatever party we find them, who are the known friends of religious toleration and indemnification, and that we will use

every possible diligence and exertion to ascertain who are the opponents of this measure, and that we pledge ourselves to the use of all honorable means to prevent their election to any office in this commonwealth."

The spirit of these resolutions reflects the highest honor upon those who adopted them, and shows to a demonstration that the fanaticism of a certain portion of the Protestant community, is conferring greater favors upon their Catholic fellow citizens than they had any right to expect. Unmeasured opposition to our religious faith has long been known to be an efficacious means of disseminating it; but that the Catholic body should be called upon, by the reckless disregard of impartial legislation on the part of their adversaries, to rise up as the special guardians of the spirit for which our forefathers pledged their lives, and which is the only safeguard of our national institutions, is a privilege for which we ought to be deeply grateful to the genius of bigotry, however fearful otherwise in its treacherous gifts.

Statistics of Lowell.—The city of Lowell, in Massachusetts, stands upon the Merrimack river, upon a point of land formed by the Concord river, at its confluence with the Merrimack, and a bend in that river, from which its direction is at a right angle with its former course.

Lowell is not only one of the most important, but, on many accounts, one of the most interesting cities in the United States. It was the first, and is still the principal manufacturing city in the union; and, as the spirit of our institutions, and the feelings of our countrymen have often been thought adverse to those corporate bodies, which alone can carry on a manufacturing business on an extensive scale, it has been watched with a jealous eye; and, as was very natural, some fault has been found. In the creation of Lowell two interests have been employed, the resident and non-resident interests. The capitalists who have here invested their property, and laid the foundation of a city, are many of them non-residents; while the operatives, of whom the majority are not owners, and without whom no such plan could have been carried out, are the residents, though many of them but temporary citizens. There is thus, at times, some conflict between the two interests, but as we are neither tax-payers, nor politicians, we understand too little of the matter to form an opinion with regard to it.

When manufactures were first established here, the objection often urged against them was, that it would soon, like all manufacturing places, become "a nucleus of ignorance," and,

of course, of depravity. This might be one cause of the vigilance with which the department of education has been superintended; and our schools may now compete with any in the commonwealth. We doubt whether any public school surpasses our high school, and its teachers are well fitted for the guardianship of youth. As long as our mills are wrought by operatives from the country, or from the common schools of Lowell, they will not be filled with a depraved and ignorant class.

The great preponderance of a youthful female population here is another characteristic of the city; but those who, reasoning from analogy, have supposed them the degraded beings who are said to form a majority of the operatives in the manufactories of the old world, have been mistaken in their opinions. The number of religious and charitable societies supported here are the best testimonials of their public and private character. There are now in this city three Trinitarian Congregational societies, three Calvinist Baptist, three Methodist, two Episcopalian, two Universalist, two Roman Catholic, two Christian Baptist, two Freewill Baptist, one Unitarian Congregationalist. There is also a society of Latter Day Saints, or Mormons. The third Calvinist Baptist and the second Christian Baptist societies worship in halls. The other societies have handsome and commodious churches, except the second Freewill Baptist society, which meets in a small chapel. The school-houses are handsome and commodious buildings; the high school house is beautiful. Among the other public buildings are a city hall, city market, and court-house, a large and splendid hospital, and seven hotels.

There are two tri-weekly newspapers, the Lowell Courier and the Lowell Advertiser. The vicinity of Boston, which by railroad is but an hour's distance, renders the establishment of a daily paper here unnecessary. There are also the Lowell Journal (Whig), the Lowell Patriot (Democratic), and five or six other weeklies. There are two monthly periodicals, the Lady's Pearl, and the Lowell Offering and Magazine. The first is written *for* and the latter *by* the female operatives.

There is also an Institute, the object of which is to furnish the citizens with cheap and popular lectures; and we have libraries, reading-rooms, temperance rooms, two banks, and a savings institution.

There are benevolent societies, libraries, and Sabbath schools connected with nearly every religious society; in short, all that can indicate an active, moral, and intelligent population.

The principal corporations are the Locks and Canals, Merrimack, Hamilton, Appleton, Lowell, Middlesex, Suffolk, Tremont, Lawrence, Boott, and Massachusetts; the first incorporated in 1792, the Merrimack in 1812, and the Massachusetts in 1839.

The capital stock invested in Lowell is \$10,700,000. There are thirty-two mills, exclusive of print works, etc. The number of females employed is 6,875. (In 1841 there were 7,430.) Males employed, 2,345. Number of yards wove per week, 1,351,450. The kinds of goods made are calicoes, sheetings, shirtings, drillings, broadcloths, cassimeres, carpets, rugs, and negro cloth.

The mills are warmed with hot air and steam. In the factories are used 80,189 gallons of oil per annum; 3,090 cords of wood; 12,300 tons of anthracite coal; 600,000 bushels of charcoal; 800,000 pounds of starch; and 4,000 barrels of flour, for starch in mills, print works, and bleachery. The average wages of the females, in 1842, was \$1.75 per week, exclusive of their board. But the pressure of hard times is now felt here; though, if the accounts of our papers are correct, we suffer very little in comparison with many cities of the union. For many years manufactures have enjoyed more or less of the protection of government, and we believe Lowell has been one of the most uniformly prosperous places in New England.—*Lowell Offering*.

OBITUARY.

DIED on the 14th of March, in the island of Santa Cruz, EUGENE H. LYNCH, Esq., in the twenty-eighth year of his age; and on the 19th, EDWARD A. LYNCH, Esq., his brother, aged thirty-two.

It is not our practice to note the deaths which occur among the laity; but as conductors of this Magazine, and apart from considerations of personal esteem, we owe a tribute of gratitude to the Messrs. Lynch, whose friendly feeling and valuable services to our periodical can never be forgotten. Seldom will it fall to our lot to record intelligence of so melancholy a nature as the decease of these two brothers. Having been gifted with talents of a superior order, and having availed themselves of the best opportunities for their cultivation, they seemed evidently destined to a career of eminent usefulness. Edward had already acquired distinction in the profession of the law, and filled with honor the place to which

he had been called in the Maryland Legislature. In the halls of justice his eloquence was listened to with rapture. Eugene was not less favored than his brother in point of genius and varied acquirements. Having entered upon the practice of law, circumstances soon induced him to exchange its harassing duties for the more peaceful pursuits of agriculture. Amiable manners and a generous disposition gave to both of these gentlemen an additional hold upon the esteem of all who had formed their acquaintance.

Some two or three years ago Mr. Edward Lynch was attacked by a hemorrhage from the lungs, and his family and friends having prevailed upon him to seek in a milder climate the improvement of his health, he started last fall for Santa Cruz, leaving among those behind him a fond hope of his recovery, but, as he had assured us himself, "with a melancholy foreboding on his part that he would die among strangers." Alas! how quickly were his anticipations realized, and how inscrutable the ways of Providence in preparing so sorrowful an event! Eugene who had accompanied his brother, to assist and comfort him in his enfeebled state, himself fell a victim to disease, and in a few short days Edward followed him to the grave! In the eyes of human wisdom the circumstances of their departure hence, at a distance from relatives and friends, must appear distressing in the extreme, but it is a powerfully consoling reflection, and due to the memory of those devoted brothers, "who were united in life, and in death were not divided," that their last moments were brightened by the sweetest comfort that can soothe the dying pillow of the Christian. They had studied deeply and understood fully the sublime excellence of religion, and fortified by its holy ministrations they were ready, "with their loins girt and burning lamps in their hands," to answer the call of God.

—When the great and good depart
What is it more than this—
That man, who is from God sent forth,
Doth yet again to God return?

WORDSWORTH.

Died on the 8th of April, at the Visitation Convent, Baltimore, Sister MARY ROSE, (Hurley) in the 26th year of her age. The deceased was distinguished for her amiable disposition and exalted virtue, which had won for her the universal esteem of the sisters and pupils of the institution.

R. I. P.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Encyclopédie Catholique, Répertoire universel et raisonné des sciences, des lettres, des arts, et des métiers, &c. Paris, Parent-Desbarres, Editeur. 8 vols. 4to.

It is gratifying to witness the countless and voluminous publications, in every department of knowledge, that are issued from the press in France. Always holding a prominent rank in the cultivation of science and literature, and ever conspicuous for her adherence to the true faith, France has contributed her full share to the general stock of learned and useful works: and it has been of late years a special object among her erudite and numerous writers to rectify the errors which a false philosophy has so industriously attempted to propagate, and to exhibit science, as it really is, the invariable and stanch ally of religious truth. Among the publications that have been recently undertaken with this view, as well as for the diffusion of general information, are two *Encyclopedias*, one of which, bearing the above title, we have had an opportunity of inspecting as far as the fourth volume;—and from the distinguished names under whose direction it is published, we were induced to believe that it would fully develop its comprehensive title, and offer what it promises, “a universal repertory of science, literature, the arts, trades,” &c. Naturally desirous to learn what a foreign encyclopedia would say of what immediately interests ourselves, we turned to the article *Baltimore*, when, lo! we discovered to our astonishment that in the port of Baltimore the tide commonly rises five or six feet!—that Fell’s Point is a piece of land stretching into the ocean, and containing one thousand houses, which are one mile and a half from the city!!!—that in the summer season the richer portion of the inhabitants retire to the country on account of the noxious vapors that infect the town!—that the city contains thirty-one churches, Presbyterian, Methodist, &c., no mention being made of a Catholic church!—that the most remarkable monuments are a Presbyterian Church, the Public Library, the Catholic Seminary, the Academy, and the Bank!! In reading this account there arose within us mingled emotions of merriment and disgust; but these feelings were immediately succeeded by a sentiment of deep regret that an article betraying so lamentable a carelessness should have appeared in a work of such magnitude and pretensions. The publication of the gross errors which we have noticed, is the

more deplorable, as an accurate description of our city could have been easily obtained from various authentic sources in Paris. The statistical account of it in the *Encyclopédie* was partly correct thirty years ago; but it is now entirely and egregiously at variance with the real state of things. Fell’s-point is a part of the city, and is at least one hundred and fifty miles from the ocean. There are eighty churches in Baltimore, eight of which are Catholic, and the most remarkable monument is the Catholic cathedral, which, in point of extent and architectural grandeur, is perhaps unequalled by any other church in the United States. Baltimore is as healthy as any city in the world. The article on Boston is accurate enough; but the geographical inquirer will look in vain for an account of *Arkansas*, one of our federal states, for *Annapolis*, the capital of Maryland; and what is still more surprising, no notice has been furnished of archbishop Carroll, the first prelate that occupied the metropolitan see of Baltimore, and whose venerable name is so intimately and gloriously connected with the progress of religion in this country. When a biographical sketch of so distinguished a man is to be found in a work of a purely scientific character, (the American edition of the *Conversations Lexicon*,) we cannot overlook its omission in one that is *professedly Catholic*. We fear much that the ponderous undertaking of the *Encyclopédie Catholique*, will prove a *parturiunt montes*.

Modern History from the coming of Christ and the change of the Roman republic into an empire, to the year of our Lord, 1842. By P. Fredet, D.D. Baltimore: Metropolitan Press. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 365.

When the first volume of this work was issued, we alluded to it in terms of unreserved commendation, as a most valuable accession to historical literature. Now that the second volume has appeared, we hasten to renew our acknowledgments to the writer, and our congratulations to the public, for the completion of what has been so long an important desideratum in our colleges and schools. As a text-book it is distinguished for its comprehensiveness, methodical arrangement and impartial spirit. For sale by John Murphy, 146 Market street.

A Memoir on Ireland, native and Saxon. By Daniel O’Connell, M. P., vol. 1, New York, Casserly & Sons, 18mo, pp. 312.

The publishers have politely favored us with a copy of this extraordinary work, printed and

bound in a handsome style. We call it extraordinary, because it would be impossible for a man, with the powerful mind of O'Connell, and with the same intimate knowledge and deep feeling of Ireland's wrongs, to produce a history of her sufferings without stamping it with the impress of a great genius. The reader will find

in it an admirable epitome of Irish history, from the period of the English dominion, written in an interesting style and with a peculiar power of conviction. We must add to this necessarily brief notice that the edition of the work by Messrs. Casserly & Sons, is the only American one recognized by the illustrious author.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

We acknowledge the receipt of "*Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches, &c.*," being a review of a most interesting work with this title, from the pen of Rev. F. Faber, of University College, Oxford, England.

We have received also a review of *The Bible in Spain*, from the accomplished author of the article which commences the present number of the Magazine. The avidity with which this work is actually devoured by the Protestant community, entitles the review to a place in our next number. The poison should be quickly followed by the antidote. In the *Zincali* our readers will find ample evidence of Mr. Borrow's fruitless mission among the Gipsies of Spain, if we can call a mission fruitless which has produced such a tissue of falsehoods as he puts forth in the *Zincali*. *The Bible in Spain*, although a work with a holier title, will be found to convict him still more palpably, of the unholy practice of slander, so unworthy of a man who undertakes to distribute among his fellow beings the word of God.

The *Catholic Advocate* contains a note from Rev. Mr. Murphy, disclaiming the authorship of the *Mammoth Cave*, an article which appeared in our March number and was attributed to him. The article was written by Rev. Mr. Thébaud, professor in St. Mary's college, Ky.

We welcome to our pages the beautiful effusion of Mrs. Dorsey, whose poetical talents are extensively known. The dedication of her muse to the illustration of topics connected with the sublime teachings of the Gospel, will always meet with a grateful reception in the Catholic Magazine.

The attention of the reverend clergy is particularly requested to the judicious and learned observations of Mr. Long in his article on Gothic architecture and the style of the new German church in Baltimore. Mr. Long is a gentleman of acknowledged taste and considerable expe-

rience in his profession; and by his design and superintendence of the building just mentioned will enhance, in no small degree, a reputation already solidly established. We have the pleasure of announcing that he will favor the readers of the Magazine with other articles and illustrations upon the same interesting topic.

The agreeable author of "*Desultory Sketches*" has again made his appearance, and, we have no doubt, much to the satisfaction of those who perused his former communications. His excellent remarks on the Rosary will convey instruction to every class of persons, but to the pious votaries of Mary, they will afford a peculiar gratification, especially at this season when the month of May invites them to increased manifestations of respect and devotion to the Mother of God. Now that *the winter is past and the flowers have appeared in our land* (Cant.), when all nature is reviving and assuming an aspect of beauty, we look up spontaneously to that eminent sanctity in which all the charms of virtue were concentrated, to seek encouragement to our weakness in the example and intercession of Mary. The dedication of this month to her honor is attributed by some to Father Lalonia, by others to St. Philip Neri, towards the middle of the sixteenth century. Pius VII has enriched the devotion with several spiritual favors.

✠ We invite the particular attention of the reverend clergy and the faithful in the archdiocese of Baltimore, to the honor conferred upon our Magazine by the most reverend archbishop, in adopting it as his official organ of communication with his diocese. From the commencement of the periodical he has graciously given it his approbation, and now that he has been pleased to place it in a relation peculiarly interesting to the clergy and laity of the archdiocese, we shall feel an additional encouragement to render it worthy of his distinguished favor, and the patronage of our brethren in the faith.

THE
UNITED STATES
CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1843.

THE BIBLE IN SPAIN.

The Bible in Spain; or, the journeys, adventures, and imprisonments of an Englishman, in an attempt to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula. By George Borrow, author of "The Gipsies of Spain." Philadelphia: Campbell, 1843. 1 vol. 8vo.

"MY poor mother," says the hero of one of Dr. Lever's amusing stories, "by simply introducing the word 'Providence' into all her worldly transactions, thought she was discharging the most rigid of Christian duties." There are many people in real life, who entertain a notion not very unlike the one thus ascribed to poor Lady Charlotte Hinton. They seem to think that there is something talismanic in the word "Bible," something mysterious about the title of the Holy Scriptures, existing over and above the food of life therein contained, and its profitable digestion. In the eyes of such people, the frequent pronunciation of that sacred title confers, *ex vi termini*, a degree of sanctity which may not be disputed—a reputation for holy living which needs no illustration from their daily walk. To them Mr. Borrow's uncompromising bigotry, his egotism, exaggeration, absurdity, cant, and uncharitableness, will all be hallowed by the simple fact that his book has "Bible" in its title—on its pages—every where but in its spirit. At the outset then, we cry

such readers mercy. We look upon the book before us, as a mature development of all the bad qualities of head and heart which make their appearance in "The Zíncali," rendered dangerously attractive by literary merit incomparably higher. The grossest misrepresentation of facts and principles, goes hand in hand with romantic adventure and glorious description. We see a bold and manly personal character doing the bidding of an iron fanaticism; we find every where a most singular union of enthusiasm and malice, intelligence and perversion. If the book were stupid and droning as books of cant generally are, it would be its own antidote. Its great popularity, however, is proof that it cannot be trusted with its own overthrow for some time to come; though there can be no rational doubt of the condemnation which awaits it, ultimately, at the hands of posterity. Our limits will permit us to touch but cursorily, the multitude of morbid spots which invite the knife. The attention of candid readers once directed to the examination, will, without difficulty, supply our omissions.

As has heretofore been said, Mr. Borrow was the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society for the dissemination of the Scriptures in the Peninsula. In that capacity, principally, he writes. His other performances, from time to time dwelt on with

sufficient emphasis, are all collateral to this his leading business. The jockey, philologist, saint, hero, and martyr, are tributary to the propagandist. The chief merit which he claims for his book is that it is "the only one in existence which treats of missionary labor in Spain."* Over this, his mission, he believed that Providence was ever watching. In spite of civil war he "had full confidence that the Lord would open the path before him to Madrid."† At the close of his career his heart was "filled with gratitude to the Lord,"‡ for having in some degree blessed his enterprise. The question, therefore, presents itself at the threshold—what was the nature of his mission, in plain English, without delusion?

Was it simply to circulate the Scriptures among the people, leaving them open to the conclusions which they themselves might draw from the sacred writings? Let Mr. Borrow's own language afford a response to the inquiry. At Evora, in Portugal, he sat down by a fountain for several successive days, and harangued the muleteers and water-carriers about "their eternal welfare." The following is a specimen of the winning eloquence to which he resorted.

"I found that most of them were *bigoted Papists*, and Miguelites at heart. I therefore, when they told me they were Christians, denied the possibility of their being so, as they were ignorant of Christ and his commandments, and placed their hope of salvation on outward forms and superstitious observances, which were the invention of Satan, who wished to keep them in darkness, that at last they might stumble into the pit which he had dug for them. I said repeatedly that the Pope, whom they revered, was an arch-deceiver, and the head minister of Satan here on earth, and that the monks and friars, whose absence they so deplored, and to whom they had been accustomed to confess themselves, were his subordinate agents."—P. 22.

Again, the washerwomen on the banks of the Guadiana, afford him a hint for expanding the same sentiments into metaphor and immortal verse.

"As I approached I could distinguish

Guadiana, Guadiana, which reverberated far and wide, pronounced by the clear and strong voices in chorus of many a dark cheeked maid and matron. I thought that there was some analogy between their employment and my own: I was about to tan my northern complexion by exposing myself to the hot sun of Spain in the humble hope of being able to cleanse some of the foul stains of Popery from the minds of its children, with whom I had little acquaintance, whilst they were bronzing themselves on the banks of the river in order to make white the garments of strangers: the words of an eastern poet returned forcibly to my mind:

'I'll weary myself each night and each day,
To aid my unfortunate brothers:
As the laundress tans her own face in the ray,
To cleanse the garments of others.'—P. 41.

In another place he characterises the ignorance which his mission was designed to remove, as the result of "*Popery*, a delusion which, more than any other, has tended to debase and brutalize the human mind."

And finally, not to multiply examples, which start from every chapter, we have the following apostrophe, inspired by the sight of his book shop in Madrid.

"'How strangely times alter,' said I, the second day subsequent to the opening of my establishment, as I stood on the opposite side of the street, leaning against the wall with folded arms, surveying my shop, on the windows of which were painted in large yellow characters, *Despacho de la Sociedad Biblica y Estrangera*; 'how strangely times alter; here have I been during the last eight months running about old Popish Spain, distributing Testaments, as agent of what the Papists call an heretical society, and have neither been stoned nor burnt; and here am I now in the capital, doing that which one would think were enough to cause all the dead inquisitors and officials buried within the circuit of the walls to rise from their graves and cry abomination; and yet no one interferes with me. Pope of Rome! Pope of Rome! look to thyself. That shop may be closed, but oh! what a sign of the times that it has been permitted to exist for one day. It appears to me, my father, that the days of your sway are num-

* Preface, p. 9.

† P. 71.

‡ P. 193.

bered in Spain; that you will not be permitted much longer to plunder her, to scoff at her, and to scourge her with scorpions, as in bygone periods. See I not the hand on the wall? See I not in yonder letters a 'Mene, mene, Tekel Upharsin'? *Look to thyself, Batuschea.*"*—P. 153.

Add to all this the confession in the preface, that he "was sent into Spain more to explore the country, and to ascertain how far the minds of the people were prepared to receive the truths of Christianity, than for any other object" (p. 11); and the conclusion is irresistible, that Mr. Borrow went, as a sectarian, to upset other men's creeds and substitute his own; to propagate Protestantism, not Christianity. It is true, that in another place he asserts—"I now told him that I did not come to Portugal with the view of propagating the dogmas of any particular sect, but with the hope of introducing the Bible, which is the well-head of all that is useful and conducive to the happiness of society,—that I cared not what people called themselves, provided they followed the Bible as a guide."—P. 23.

But it will be found, every where, that he loses no opportunity to denounce Catholicity, and proclaim the doctrines of the reformation. It will be seen that he has no scruple to leave the people to all the wild buffetings of opinion,—faithless, churchless, without anchor of doctrine,—rather than to permit their adherence to the religion which their fathers, from unnumbered generations, have handed down to them. He boldly asserts that "Rome is fully aware she is not a Christian Church" (p. 173), and does not hesitate, in language as disgraceful as his sentiments are odious, to elevate the religion of Mahomet above the Catholic worship of the crucified God. Our readers may judge from the context whether we speak harshly.

"As we passed the mosque (at Tangier) I stopped for a moment before the door, and looked in upon the interior: I saw nothing

* Batuschea, it seems, is the Russian for "old fellow." Mr. Borrow would do well hereafter to translate his book, as well as the Scriptures, into the vernacular. Perhaps, however, he may be right. Billingsgate sounds better in an unknown tongue.

but a quadrangular court paved with painted tiles and exposed to the sky; on all sides were arched piazzas, and in the middle was a fountain, at which several Moors were performing their ablutions. I looked around for the abominable thing and found it not; no scarlet strumpet with a crown of false gold sat nursing an ugly changeling in a niche. 'Come here,' said I, 'Papist, and take a lesson; here is a house of God, in externals at least, such as a house of God should be: four walls, a fountain, and the eternal firmament above, which mirrors his glory. Dost thou build such houses to the God who has said, 'Thou shalt make to thyself no graven image?' Fool, thy walls are stuck with idols; thou callest a stone thy Father, and a piece of rotting wood the Queen of Heaven. Fool, thou knowest not even the Ancient of Days, and the very Moor can instruct thee. He at least knows the Ancient of Days who has said, 'Thou shalt have no other gods but me.'"

"And as I said these words, I heard a cry like the roaring of a lion, and an awful voice in the distance exclaim, '*Kapul Ud-bagh*' (there is no God but one).

"We now turned to the left through a passage which passed under the tower, and had scarcely proceeded a few steps when I heard a prodigious hubbub of infantine voices: I listened for a moment, and distinguished verses of the *Koran*; it was a school. *Another lesson for thee, Papist.* Thou callest thyself a Christian, yet the book of Christ thou persecutest; thou huntest it even to the sea-shore, compelling it to seek refuge upon the billows of the sea. Fool, learn a lesson from the Moor who teaches his child to repeat with its first accents the most important portions of the book of his law, and considers himself wise or foolish, according as he is versed in or ignorant of that book; whilst thou, blind slave, knowest not what the book of thy own law contains, nor wishest to know; yet art thou not to be judged by thy own law? *Idolmonger, learn consistency from the Moor*; he says that he shall be judged after his own law, and therefore he prizes and gets by heart the entire book of his law."

Not content with this, he joins the Jew

with the Mussulman in his preference, exclaiming in devout admiration: "They do not place tapers before pictures!" (p. 225.) Finally, to prevent the possibility of mistake or misconstruction, he reasons out his proposition elaborately, and to his own mind, conclusively, in the paragraph which follows.

"'What do you mean,' said I, 'by asserting that the Moors know not God? There is no people in the world who entertain sublimer notions of the uncreated eternal God than the Moors, and no people have ever shown themselves more zealous for his honor and glory: their very zeal for the glory of God has been and is the chief obstacle to their becoming Christians. They are afraid of compromising his dignity by supposing that he ever condescended to become man. And with respect to Christ, their ideas even of him are much more just than those of the Papists;*' they say he is a mighty prophet, whilst, according to the others, he is either a piece of bread or a helpless infant. In many points of religion the Moors are wrong, dreadfully wrong, but are the Papists less so? And one of their practices sets them immeasurably below the Moors in the eyes of any un-

* We were somewhat surprised to find the same idea very freely expressed in a series of articles by the Rev. George B. Cheever, entitled, "Granada and the Alhambra," which appeared in the February, March, and April numbers of the New York Knickerbocker, for 1842. "The mosques of the Moors," says this Christian minister (April No. p. 242), "rose in honor of the false prophet whose followers have contested the religious empire of the world with the legions of the Man of Sin. And the churches that now rise in their stead are dedicated to a worship, quite as idolatrous and more superstitious in its ceremonies." In other parts of the series the author mourns over the prostration of the Moors and the triumph of the Spaniards. It is certainly to be lamented that "the Man of Sin" cannot be put down! There is no sure method to be devised, unless it be the institution, under the direction of Mr. Borrow and Mr. Cheever, or other heavenly-minded persons, of a missionary society at Constantinople, for the circulation of the Koran in "benighted" papal lands! We are disposed, however, to pardon any thing to the oranium which could direct Mr. Cheever in the composition of the following, at page 124 of the February number. "We entered the church (at Loxa). . . . The worshippers gazed at us with a strange inimal sort of scrutiny, that seemed to say, 'you are heretics, and we should like to burn you!'" If Mr. Borrow had been present, we should certainly have his certificate that he positively overheard some "Popish priest" propose to eat the heretics when they should be reasonably roasted! If respectable men will write nonsense and cant—why should periodicals, calling themselves respectable, publish them?

prejudiced person: *they bow down to idols, Christian idols if you like, but idols still, things graven of wood, and stone, and brass, and from these things, which can neither hear, nor speak, nor feel, they ask and expect to obtain favors.*"—P. 231.

We apprehend then, that no sensible or enlightened man, Catholic or Protestant, can need any thing further to show that Mr. Borrow's errand in the Peninsula was one of the most rabid propagandism, and that far from being merely the disseminator of the Scriptures or Scripture-truth, he was prepared to tread down "Popery" at all hazards, even though every sanction of religion should fall with it, and the smoke of Mahometanism should rise from its desecrated altars. Hereafter we shall speak more fully of the colors, in which the passages thus faintly quoted present the personal character of their author, as a man of intelligence, candor, and Christian spirit.

What then had Mr. Borrow, as a Protestant propagandist—the paid agent of a foreign association, to expect from the Spanish government or people? The constitution of 1812 and 1820, which was the fundamental law during Mr. Borrow's sojourn in the kingdom, declares in its twelfth article, that "The religion of the Spanish nation is and shall perpetually be, that of the Roman Catholic, Apostolic, and only true Church. The nation protects it by wise and just laws, and prohibits the exercise of every other." Now whatever may be the unquestioned right of the citizens of a nation, or any number of those citizens, to resist the establishment of a national Church, as oppressive to their consciences, there can certainly be no doubt that where such an establishment is the unanimous choice of the whole people, it stands before God and man on an impregnable basis of justice. No foreigner who enters the nation, and is bound to know its laws, has a right to invade their binding force. Like every other law for internal government, the law of the establishment, being made by the competent authority, demands obedience from all who tread the soil of its jurisdiction. To the constitutional provision above cited, there was not a voice of objection in the whole Spanish realm.

There are no Protestants in Spain among Spanish citizens, and therefore the provision could work as a grievance to no one. The whole people regarded it as wise and just—as the bulwark of their national security. It was sustained by no bloody penal code, and was administered with mildness, approaching almost to neglect, as Mr. Borrow's experience demonstrates; but still it was the constitutional law of the kingdom, and as such, binding upon all officers of government, and all judicial tribunals. Of the existence, however, of this law, Mr. Borrow nowhere makes mention, although he must have been familiar therewith; but he is careful on the contrary, in all places, to assert or insinuate, that the resistance with which his enterprise was met, was the result of individual perverseness in the ministers of state, or selfish and bigoted persecution in the Catholic clergy.* As a member of the established Church of England, he certainly could entertain no doubt as to the propriety of enforcing restrictive laws, and preventing instruction from being sought at any other fountains than those prescribed by government. He could not have forgotten, that in the reign of "the mighty and gracious Elizabeth," (whom he recognizes in his letter to the editor of the London Times, as the founder of the Church to which he owes allegiance) it was made† forfeiture of lands and goods, with imprisonment at discretion, for any person to import any "Agnus Dei, crosses, beads, or other superstitious things, pretended to be hallowed by the bishop of Rome." Could he have been ignorant, that by further legislation, in the days of the same beneficent monarch,‡ the same penalties were affixed to the maintenance of a Catholic seminary abroad, or a Catholic priest at home; and that a Catholic priest being found for three days in England, was guilty of high treason, while all persons harboring him, were felons without benefit of clergy? Does not the memory of man run back to the days of his merciful majesty, the Protestant William, under whose benign and Christian

administration* every priest who should presume to teach his creed—every parent who should permit his child to receive instruction from a Catholic, was made subject to perpetual imprisonment, and forfeiture of civil rights? Can any one shut his eyes to the historical fact, that all the disabilities and cruel punishments, thus decreed against those who should dare to maintain their faith or procure its advancement, continued to disgrace the British statute-book until the year 1778, when they were partially modified, and at last, in 1791 rescinded, in many odious particulars, leaving still the many intolerable burdens, and the privation of civil rights, which were finally removed by the emancipation act of 1829? Did it not then require a considerable degree of faith in human credulity, with no small portion of indifference—we must say it—to the truth, for Mr. Borrow to inform a Spanish gentleman, and repeat it to his readers, "that where the Scriptures were read, neither priestcraft nor tyranny could long exist, and instance the case of his own country, the cause of whose freedom and prosperity was the Bible, and that only; as the last persecutor of this book, the bloody and infamous Mary,† was the last tyrant who had sat on the throne of England."—P. 23.

He could not have been ignorant of the doctrines of his Church at home at this very hour, as set forth by one of its ablest supporters, "that the religion which is established according to the conscience of the state, is the only true religion; therefore it is inconsistent with principle, that the state should encourage or aid, in any way whatsoever, any schools or establishments for education, in which the religion of the established Church is not exclusively taught."‡ He must have had before him, the principles which Oxford has lately put forth, through the pen of her able and eloquent professor of moral philosophy, and which run thus—"I have said, what many will think strange, that

* 11 and 12 William III, ch. 4.

† Our readers will not fail to remember in this connexion, the wise opinion of honest John Grubby, in *Barnaby Rudge*, "That unfort'nate bloody Mary, has done a deal more harm in her grave, than she ever did in her lifetime, I believe."

‡ Gladstone's Speech, *Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1839, p. 93.

* Vide p. 173, et passim.

† Stat. 13, Eliz. ch. 2.

‡ 27, Eliz. ch. 2.

man, by himself, is unable to educate man. I add now, what many will think stranger, that *without the Church*, (meaning of England) *he has no right to educate him.*"* Further too:—"If either parent or state attempt to educate men without the co-operation, of the Church—without giving to it its due predominance and precedency—without allowing, nay requiring the exercise of all the powers committed to it—they are flying in the face of their Lord and Master, and must take the consequences."† What right then we ask again in all honesty and fairness, had Mr. Borrow to anticipate a favorable reception, when he thus flew in the face of the Church established by the Spanish national conscience as the only true one? Could he, or could any man of sound intellect, imagine that the laws of a whole kingdom were to be broken down on demand, and a road opened for him, a foreigner, ruthlessly insulting the national religion, to march with drums beating against it, under pretence of distributing the Scriptures? Above all—had he any shadow of justification for traducing and vilifying the whole nation, because it would not bend its will to his? Did Spain deserve the epithets which he so liberally heaps upon her, of "barbarian, ignorant, benighted, debased, and brutalized," when during his long spiritual Quixotism, the words "felony and præmunire" were never once whispered in his ear, and his only imprisonment was, as we shall show, a voluntary scheme to secure the success of a political intrigue? Let him imagine the reception which would greet a Catholic priest, who should solicit Sir Robert Peel to dispense with some law of the realm—for the advancement of "Popery"—and he or any one may readily decide, as to the relative merits of British freedom, and the slavery of "Batuschka!" Let any rational man reflect, moreover, that the toleration which he met, was accorded in the midst of a furious and desolating civil war, when, if ever, the bonds of society are broken loose, and the worst passions forever prompt the strong hand to crime. Let it be remembered that his path was over

mountain and desert—among the lowest classes in the wildest scenes—and the surprise must be, not that he was now and then thwarted by ignorance or malice, but that his life did not pay, as other lives quite as valuable have paid before, the price of temerity in the midst of revolution.

In order that it may not be said, that we have done to Mr. Borrow any manner of injustice, we shall proceed to examine the justification which he presents, of his pragmatical interference with matters so entirely out of his jurisdiction. It is contained in the assertion that the Spanish people were utterly and profoundly ignorant, not merely of the contents of the Scriptures, but even of the fact of their existence. Supposing this assertion, for one moment, to be true, the question presents itself, whether, even then, Mr. Borrow has made out his case. If Parliamentary commissioners and credible writers speak the truth, there are tens of thousands of miserable laborers in England, as profoundly ignorant as savages, of the very name of the Saviour. The Quarterly Review,* certainly no willing witness, details the examination of some, who declare that they have never heard of Christ. Other sources inform us, that Christ was held by some of those poor wretches, to have been the immediate son of Adam.† All concur in proclaiming the spiritual condition of the English productive classes, as miserable and hopeless, almost beyond belief. If then, the hearts of Mr. Borrow and his employers were swelling only with that good will to man, which is to be inferred from their professions, where was there a nobler field for its exercise, than that which lay around their homes? Men of their own kindred were dying yearly among them, in utter ignorance of the simplest truths of revelation, and it would seem strange indeed, if not absurd, that they should go forth to pluck the mote from a stranger's eye, with such a beam in their own. More singular and more absurd, if possible, was it, for Mr. Borrow to hold up the "freedom and prosperity" of a nation stained with such a sin, as a mirror

* Sewell's Chr. Morals, 37.

† Id. 39.

* June No. 1842, p. 95.

† Cond. and state of England, vol. i. pp. 273, 274.

‡ Id. vol. ii. pp. 56—70.

to all the world, and a model to the people whom he had vowed to teach against their law and will.

But setting all this aside, is Mr. Borrow's allegation of ignorance of the Scriptures among the Spanish people true in any shape? We shall give the specifications in his own words.

"The children of Spain would thus be brought to know that such a work as the New Testament is in existence, a fact of which *not five in one hundred were then aware*, notwithstanding their so frequently repeated boasts of their Catholicity and Christianity."—P. 90.

"But Rome is fully aware that *she is not a Christian Church*, and having no desire to become so, she acts prudently in *keeping from the eyes of her followers the page which would reveal to them the truths of Christianity*. Her agents and minions throughout Spain exerted themselves to the utmost to render my humble labors abortive, and to *vilify the work which I was attempting to disseminate*."—P. 173.

"I am not a military man, but a Christian, and I go not to shed blood, but to endeavor to *introduce the Gospel of Christ* into a country where it is not known."—P. 34.

"Till within a few months previous to the time of which I am speaking, *the very existence of the Gospel was almost unknown in Spain*."—P. 114.

"The Catholic *unused to Scripture reading*, finds a thousand things which he cannot possibly understand in the New Testament."—P. 197.

On his way from Madrid to Seville he meets a clergyman who informs him that "He had been a professor of philosophy in one of the convents (I think it was San Tomas) of Madrid before their suppression, but appeared to be *grossly ignorant of the Scriptures*, which he confounded with the works of Virgil.—P. 194.

In Leon, Mr. Borrow says that the clergy "went from house to house, *banning and cursing, and denouncing misery to whomsoever should either purchase or read 'the accursed books,'*" which had been sent into the country by heretics for the purpose of perverting the innocent minds of the population."—P. 100.

In Salamanca, he affixed advertisements to the walls, in order that the people might have "*continual opportunities of learning that a book which contains the living word was in existence, and within their reach.*"—P. 94.

These statements, taken from among a multitude equally unqualified, which may be seen by any one who cares to turn over the leaves of the book, are certainly as positive as need be. Have they the shadow of foundation in fact?

There is a singular delusion abroad in Protestant communities, which sectarian writers carefully encourage. We refer to the idea that the translation of the Scriptures into the vulgar tongues, was an effect of the Reformation and its principles, and that the Bible has ever, by the Catholic Church, been kept carefully from the people. Within the narrow scope of this article, we could not enter generally upon the large historical field which this question would cover. That the Catholic Church does not recognize the right of every man to interpret the Scriptures for himself, and to substitute individual infallibility with its thousand resulting absurdities and contradictions, for the unity which is necessarily inherent in truth, is matter of familiar knowledge. It is a natural corollary from such principles, that she does not encourage the reading of the Scriptures, except in connexion with her teachings, and that she rejects as inadmissible the idea of their leading *per se*, by spontaneous illumination, the way to holy living and orthodox doctrine. Further than this, however, it cannot, for one moment, be effectually contended that she has ever gone. All history rebuts such a conclusion. It is notoriously true that the Italian translation by the Benedictine Malermi, published in 1471 at Venice and Rome, had gone through thirteen editions, all bearing the formal sanction of the Inquisition, before the translation by Luther in 1534;* and that the version by Bruccioli, which appeared in 1532, passed ten times through the press in the twenty succeeding years.† Independently too of these publications, in the very heart

* Dublin Review, No. ii, p. 377. 1 Hallam, Hist. Lit. 105. 1 Le Long, Biblioth. Sac. 354, 355.

† Id. lb.

of Catholicity, it is equally incontrovertible that the anonymous German translation of 1466, had likewise, previously to Luther's version, gone through sixteen extant editions.* The Catholic version of Dietenberg, contemporaneous with that of Luther, passed also through twenty separate editions in the succeeding century.†

Not to wander, however, from our immediate topic, it will be seen by an examination of the history of the Scriptures in Spain, that a state of facts exists there, equally strong and unquestionable. Perhaps the oldest extant translation of the Bible into a modern language, will be found in the Catalanian dialect. It was written in the twelfth century and was carried from Barcelona to Paris, where it now exists in the Royal Library, in three volumes folio, cod. 9631.‡ Another Catalanian version of almost equal antiquity, exists in the Biblioth. Colbert. of Paris, in quarto, cod. 3821.§ Le Long mentions still another to be found in the last mentioned collection, cod. 181, and bearing date, 1407.¶ We learn from Mariana¶ that Alfonso the Wise, who died in 1284, caused a translation of the Bible into Castilian, to be made during his reign. We must infer that its circulation was as wide as the times and circumstances would allow, for the historian proceeds to say, that Alfonso, by this movement, and by causing the vernacular to be adopted in all legal and official documents, intended to polish and perfect the language, and to improve the intelligence of his people. The first Spanish translation after the invention of printing was that of Ferrer, published at Valencia, in the language of that province, in 1478, under the auspices and direct supervision of the Valencian inquisitor.** It was reprinted in 1516. Le Long†† adds further, upon authority to which he refers, that the remaining Spanish provinces had, almost all of them, translations of the Scriptures in their several dialects. In 1512,

Montesino published a version of the Epistles and Gospels in Castilian which passed through six editions in the ensuing century.* The celebrated Complutensian Polyglot of Cardinal Ximenes, though unconnected with the history of vernacular editions, is worthy of attention in this place, as illustrating the course of the Spanish Church in relation to the Scriptures. It appeared in 1517. It was the first successful attempt at a Polyglot edition, and was executed with wonderful care, learning, and expense. At the close of an interesting notice of its publication, Mr. Prescott remarks that it must be regarded as "a noble monument of piety, learning, and munificence, which entitles its author to the gratitude of the whole Christian world."† In 1553, a Castilian edition of the whole Bible was published at Ferrara, from a version, which, if we may believe its preface, "*Romana Curia placuit plurimum.*"‡ In 1567 another Castilian edition made its appearance.§ In 1569 the edition of Casiodoro de Reyna came from the press, and, if Valera is to be credited, two thousand six hundred copies were put in circulation.¶ The learned Le Long¶ seems to have fallen into a singular error, when, without explanation, he treats this edition altogether as Calvinistic. There is before us a copy in perfect preservation, from the library of St. Mary's college, Baltimore, which, although unaccompanied by the name of the translator, is identified by the frontispiece—a bear destroying a bee hive. The book is correctly and beautifully printed, and the language remarkably elegant for its epoch. In the "Amonestacion," the author expressly declares that he publishes his work in conformity to the decrees of the council of Trent, which he prints on the first leaf, and upon the enactment of which he congratulates the Christian world. He then goes on to say: "The author of this translation is a Catholic, and simply and faithfully believes and professes all that the holy mother, the Catholic Church of Christ, believes, holds, and maintains. . . . Catholic he is and manifest wrong will they do

* Dublin Review, ubi supra, p. 379. 1 Hallam, 97, 98, 105.

† Dub. Rev. 880.

‡ Amat, Disc. Prel. 13. 1 Le Long, 369.

§ Amat, 14.

¶ Lib. 14, ch. 17, p. 693, edit. in Balto. Library.

** Amat, 13. Dub. Rev. 378. 1 Le Long, 362.

†† Ib.

* Dub. Rev. 378. 1 Le Long, 362.

† 3 Prescott, 326. ‡ 1 Le Long, 365.

§ Id. 363.

¶ Id. Ib.

¶ Id. Ib.

him who should not hold him so to be." He professes also, chiefly to have followed the translation of Pagnino, which the Ferrara publisher mentions, as above, to have received the high approbation of the court of Rome. All the evidences which can be drawn from the text are in accordance, fully, with his declarations. Brunet* mentions two subsequent editions of this version, bearing the dates of 1586 and 1622. In 1602 Cipriano de Valera published a version at Amsterdam,† principally based on that of De Reyna. Of Valera's work Le Long mentions three or four other editions.‡ No new translation is believed to have been afterwards published until towards the close of the eighteenth century. In the meantime, however, as previously, a multitude of versions of separate books of both Testaments flowed from the press—among which must be included many learned publications by the Spanish Jews; of which, and of the Catholic publications, a detailed account will be found in Le Long, at the places to which we have heretofore referred. Poetry also, in its loftiest walk, was made tributary to revelation. The translations of Fray Luis de Leon from the Psalms and the book of Job, are among the noblest lyrics in the language. The Psalter of Olavide is too, one of the recognized Castilian classics. Not less distinguished is the version of all the poetical books of the Bible by Carvajal, which has been published within the last fifteen years, and has acquired extensive circulation and popularity.

In 1794, the Padre Scio, afterwards bishop of Segovia, published his celebrated translation. By decree of the supreme tribunal of the inquisition,§ in 1782, it had been expressly declared that vernacular versions, made according to the requisitions of the Church, were "in no wise to be understood as prohibited," so that "repeated and copious editions"¶ of Scio's translation were printed and "spread over the whole vast territory of the Spanish monarchy."¶ From this translation Mr. Borrow's edition was taken, as were those which have been printed

in this country by the American Bible Society. Mr. Borrow asserts that Scio's translation was never intended for general circulation.* Those who will read the preface of its author, will find that on this point he and our missionary are directly at issue. In 1807 Don Francisco Torres Amat, afterwards bishop of Barcelona, a distinguished theologian and deeply versed in the languages of antiquity, was induced by the government to commence another version; the style of his predecessor having been rendered harsh and unattractive, by his too strict adherence to the literal sense of the text. In 1823 he published the New Testament, a copy of which he forwarded to Rome, receiving in return the acknowledgments and approbation of the Pope, in a letter from Cardinal Somaglia, published in the edition before us. In 1824 the publication of the Old Testament completed his labors. This version is admitted on all hands to be the most correct and elegant in the language. It has left nothing for the taste or learning of future times to supply, and having been prepared and published with the co-operation of all the Bishops of Spain, it furnishes of itself a singular refutation of Mr. Borrow's unfounded asseverations. Bishop Amat expressly declares in his *Advertencia*, that the charge industriously propagated against the Church, of prohibiting and suppressing the circulation and translation of the Scriptures is "a notorious calumny and falsehood." He avers that he has produced his version under the advice and by the earnest solicitation of the whole government, ecclesiastical and civil, and that he sends it forth "to promote the splendor of religion, the purity of life, and spiritual good of all the faithful." After drawing most favorable augury from the success and extensive circulation of his edition of the New Testament, he publishes a list of near twelve hundred subscribers to the whole work, whose patronage was extended before its publication. Among them will be found all whose names were prominent in the religion, literature and politics of the kingdom. Seven arch-

* 1 Manuel du Libraire, 208.

† Le Long, ubi supra.

§ Amat, 6. ¶ Id. 7.

‡ 363, 364.

¶ Id. p. 1.

* Bible in Spain, p. 85.

bishops, sixteen bishops, with a long line of canons, priors, and parish priests are there, to attest their coincidence with the translator's view and their willingness to further its success. From all these facts then, which we have been able hastily to accumulate, in the absence of those facilities for investigation which a well stored library of Spanish literature could alone supply,—it will be seen that Mr. Borrow's statements are composed of little but the most palpable misrepresentation. It certainly requires a reasonable credulity to imagine that the Spanish Church should, by the hands of its most distinguished prelates, produce version after version of a work which it was, at the same time, anxious to keep "from all mankind, if possible."* Not smaller either, must be the degree of blind faith which could induce a candid man to believe that a nation which had produced the first vernacular translation of the Scriptures, and had continued their publication assiduously for so many centuries, should require the advent of Mr. Borrow to proclaim that those Scriptures were in existence! Let us add the fact too, that, at the time of Amat's publication, ten thousand copies of the New Testament had just been published in Barcelona by a foreign society,† and that a further edition of thirty thousand was in preparation—besides others of which Amat takes notice as already in circulation,‡ and our readers may form some idea of the attempt which Mr. Borrow has made to impose on popular ignorance and the good faith of more enlightened readers, in asserting that his edition of five thousand threw the first "Gospel light" over the sad wilderness of the Peninsula. It is impossible, therefore, that any intelligent Spaniard could have spoken as Galiano and Oliban§ are made to speak when they assert that "the Gospel had always been sedulously kept" from the Spanish people. It is impossible that they could have been ignorant of what we have detailed—just as impossible as that a priest could have mistaken for "the works of Virgil," the Scriptures, of which a portion formed the daily reading of his

office, and which he must have held in his hands in the daily sacrifice of the altar. It is highly improbable, moreover, that Mr. Borrow himself could have been ignorant of Amat's translation and its extensive diffusion, and it is certainly impossible that, with such knowledge, he could have put forth the assertions which cover his pages, without a reckless or intentional violation of truth.

Assuming ourselves then, to have proven the emptiness of the pretext set up by Mr. Borrow for his interference with the religion of Spain, in opposition to her laws, it remains to be inquired whether the mode which he adopted for the furtherance of his scheme, was any improvement upon its principles. By way of accommodating himself to the prejudices of a people who proverbially connect the deportment and associations, with the character of a gentleman, he selected, especially, for his companions, on the road and wherever he resided, the very lowest class of Gipsies, smugglers, and thieves. For this he gives a somewhat singular justification :

"Why should I be ashamed of their company when my Master mingled with publicans and thieves?"—P. 159.

The Spaniards, however, were "benighted" enough to think that there might, by possibility, be some slight difference between Mr. Borrow and his "Master," and deeming, as we do, that the defence was nothing short of rank blasphemy, they continued to adhere to their ancient and truthful proverb, which determines a man's character by that of his company. Nevertheless, Mr. Borrow persisted in his course and his cant. Supposing that the seeds of the Gospel, like those of the garden-basil,* would spring up the more readily and fruitfully for having been planted with curses, he continued on every occasion to revile the religion of the people whose hospitality he daily enjoyed—to insult their public functionaries—to denounce their government, and in the guise of a saint, with the passport of "an Englishman," insolently to charge down every obstacle of law, custom, and opinion.

* Bible in Spain, 173. † Amat, vi. ‡ Id. 30.
§ Bible in Spain, pp. 64—67.

* Ocimum—supposed by the ancients to have the property mentioned in the text.

We have already given some specimens of the style in which our author harangued the peasantry at Evora. No one, certainly, could have been surprised if they had tossed him in a blanket as high as Sancho Panza, after he had told them that they could not, "by possibility," be Christians—that the Pope was "head minister" of the devil, and that their clergy were his subordinate agents! Mr. Borrow himself is evidently astonished, at the philosophy with which his auditors listened to these amiable and complimentary announcements.* We are persuaded that any such communications, made to a crowd of the same classes in "enlightened England," would have secured to the missionary (we shall not say how justly), the reward bestowed by the elder Mr. Weller on the "shepherd" who persisted in calling him a "wessel of wrath."† The Peninsular peasantry, nevertheless, permitted him to go on his way rejoicing, and he proceeded towards Badajoz without any interruption, save from a disorderly band of Portuguese soldiery, the dangerous off-scourings of civil commotion, whom he thought it prudent and Christian-like to laugh at,‡ and who contributed two bullets, fortunately harmless, as their share of the entertainment. After a somewhat wearisome journey, in the course of which, he expounded, by turns, the truths of the Gospel and the extent of Peninsular obligation to England,§ he reached Badajoz. In that city he formed his first acquaintance with the Zíncali, and after a stay of three weeks proceeded towards Madrid, under convoy of a most notorious Gipsy thief and murderer. At Merida, on his route, he stopped for three days at a Gipsy den, and had some difficulty in escaping the "soft impeachment" of a Gipsy mother who designed to wed him with her fair daughter—but his zeal having overcome his gallantry, he wended his way, without important incident, to the capital.

On arriving at Madrid, Mr. Borrow's first

step was to secure the co-operation of Mr. Villiers, the British ambassador. Our readers will be surprised, perhaps, at this new construction of the duties of diplomacy;* but, in such a volume, it is not worth while to wonder at small matters. By the introduction of Mr. Villiers, he had an interview with Mendizabal, then prime minister. That officer, however, did not manifest any very great willingness to further his views, and he consequently receives his portion of charitable insinuation. A short extract from the minister's remarks, will show how kindly the English propagandists were then busying themselves with the salvation of Spain.

"As I was going away he said, 'Yours is not the first application I have had: ever since I have held the reins of government I have been pestered in this manner by English, calling themselves Evangelical Christians, who have of late come flocking over into Spain. Only last week a hunch-backed fellow found his way into my cabinet whilst I was engaged in important business, and told me that Christ was coming.'—P. 59.

The following was the conclusion of the interview:

"*Myself*.—There will be no end to the troubles of this afflicted country until the Gospel have free circulation.

"*Mendizabal*.—I expected that answer, for I have not lived thirteen years in England without forming some acquaintance with the phraseology of you good folks. Now, now, pray go; you see how engaged I am. Come again whenever you please, but let it not be within the next three months." *Id. Ib.*

After this repulse our author waited, with as much patience as so choleric a person could well command, until a ministerial change drew the reins of government from Mendizabal's hands. His successor, Isturitz, was favorable to Mr. Borrow's project, although some difficulty was opposed by an Arragonese Secretary, who presumed to think that the decrees of the council of Trent†

* P. 22.

† "He called me a wessel, Sammy, a wessel of wrath, and all sorts o' names. So my blood being regularly up, I first gave him two or three for himself, and then two or three more to hand over to the man with the red nose, and walked off."

‡ P. 36.

§ P. 39.

* At page 88 it will be seen that Mr. Villiers caused Mr. Borrow's Scriptures to be distributed by all the British consuls! A new consular function, certainly!

† Pp. 63—65.

were of higher authority than "an Englishman's" *ipse dixit*. Notwithstanding this, however, and the opinion of the duke of Rivas, a man of some literary celebrity and a member of the cabinet, who considered our author a "plaguy pestilent fellow"—consent was obtained to print the Scriptures after Mr. Borrow's fashion. In less than a week there occurred the revolution of the Granja, the banishment of the Isturitz ministry, and the elevation of the constitution of 1820. Mr. Borrow then returned to England, to plan his "biblical campaign."

In the fall of the same year, Mr. Borrow returned to Spain. The Carlist war was then in full blast, and the whole nation in terrific commotion.

"The minds of the people had been so engrossed with politics, that they found scarcely any time to think of the welfare of their souls."—P. 71.

Nevertheless, Mr. Borrow determined, as far as in him might lie, to embroil them in religion, as extensively as they were troubled in politics. He landed at Cadiz. In that city he inquired how the New Testament would "sell"—but did not receive any satisfactory information from the trade. At Cordova he meets an aged ecclesiastic, formerly an inquisitor, who gives him some singular information.

"'With respect to sorcery,' said I, 'what is your opinion of it? Is there in reality such a crime?'"

"'Que sé io?' said the old man, shrugging up his shoulders. 'How should I know? The Church has power, Don Jorge, or at least it had power to punish for any thing real or unreal; and as it was necessary to punish in order to prove that it had the power of punishing, of what consequence whether it punished for sorcery or any other crime?'"—P. 81.

And again—in relation to the Holy Virgin:

"'And, between ourselves, what is your own opinion of the adoration of this same Maria Santissima?'"

"'What is my opinion! Que sé io?' said the old man, shrugging up his shoulders still higher than on the former occasion; 'but I will tell you: I think, on consideration, that it is quite right and proper; why

not? Let any one pay a visit to my church, and look at her as she stands there, tan bonita, tan guapita—so well dressed and so genteel—with such pretty colors, such red and white, and he would scarcely ask me why Maria Santissima should not be adored. Moreover, Don Jorgito mio, this is a Church matter and forms an important part of the Church system.'"—*Id. Ib.*

We leave it to our readers to decide how far the facts stated are true, and whether, by any possibility, a Spanish clergyman could have been guilty of the absurdity and falsehood which are here attributed to him. It needs but little familiarity with such matters to know that the whole story has the genuine "anti-popery" stamp of pious slander upon it. In three months after his return to Madrid, Mr. Borrow had printed five thousand copies of the New Testament, without consulting the new government. He proceeded by the advice of Mr. Villiers, who promised his protection. His subsequent plan of operations was the following.

"I had determined, after depositing a certain number of copies in the shops of the booksellers of Madrid, to ride forth, Testament in hand, and endeavor to circulate the word of God amongst the Spaniards, not only of the towns, but of the villages; amongst the children not only of the plains but of the hills and mountains. I intended to visit Old Castile, and to traverse the whole of Galicia and the Asturias; to establish Scripture depôts in the principal towns, and to visit the people in secret and secluded spots; to talk to them of Christ, to explain to them the nature of his book, and to place that book in the hands of those whom I should deem capable of deriving benefit from it. I was aware that such a journey would be attended with considerable danger, and very possibly the fate of St. Stephen might overtake me; but does a man deserve the name of a follower of Christ who would shrink from danger of any kind in the cause of Him whom he calls his Master? 'He who loses his life for my sake shall find it,' are words which the Lord himself uttered. These words were fraught with consolation to me, as they doubtless are to every one engaged in propagating the gospel in sincerity

of heart, in savage and barbarian lands."—P. 85.

It might be inferred from this precious piece of devotion that Mr. Borrow was going to sow the Scriptures, broadcast, "without money and without price," among the barbarians and savages about him. No such thing. Wherever he bent his steps—over mountain and valley—in town and country—the pass words of his mission were "buy and sell."* Where the market was good, the people were "intelligent" and the country was agreeable. Where there were no purchasers, the people were "brutal, stupid and uncivil."† Where there was no money the Scriptures were bartered for provisions.

"It very frequently occurred that the poor laborers in the neighborhood, being eager to obtain Testaments, and having no money to offer us in exchange, brought various articles to our habitation as equivalents; for example, rabbits, fruit, and barley, and I made a point never to disappoint them, as such articles were of utility either for our own consumption or that of the horses."—P. 180.

In another place, where coin was very scarce, he observes: "However we managed to dispose of a few copies, in exchange for barley or refreshments." (P. 187.) Except in two or three extraordinary cases, no instance will be found, throughout the history, in which the hero of this singular, pecuniary apostolate, allowed a volume to pass from his hands, without a corresponding valuable consideration. On the contrary there is no scarcity of incidents such as the following.

"An old peasant is reading in the portico. Eighty-four years have passed over his head, and he is almost entirely deaf; nevertheless, he is reading aloud the second of Matthew: *three days since he bespoke a Testament, but not being able to raise the money, he has not redeemed it until the present moment. He has just brought thirty farthings.* As I survey the silvery hair which overshadows his sunburnt countenance, the words of the song occurred to me, '*Lord,*

now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'"—P. 180.

We do not know what others may think—but it seems to us, that true charity would have returned to the poor old man his farthing pittance, and said nothing at all about the poetry. We must say that there is something rather incongruous to our mind, in the idea of converting a nation at "thirty farthings" per head. Such may be, for aught we know, the orthodox notion of an apostle's duties in the nineteenth century. They were understood differently, we are inclined to think, when the Gospels were written—but this is the age of improvement.

After his pilgrimage to the northern provinces was over, Mr. Borrow returned, in the fall of 1837, to Madrid, where he established his office and put up the sign, which gave rise to the "*Batuschca*" apostrophe, quoted in the commencement of this article. In a little trip to Toledo, he found a bookseller, who fell into his views and assured him that "between them, they would make the clergy shake." On his return to the capital, he published his translations of the Gospel of St. Luke, in the Basque and Gipsy tongues; but his course was destined to a somewhat serious interruption. It will be remembered, that he had published his edition of the Testament, and had opened his shop for its sale, without consulting the new government, but relying merely on his ambassador's promise of protection. The Count Ofalia was now minister, and having given no assent to Mr. Borrow's movements, he permitted the fundamental law of the kingdom to have its course. Early in 1838, our missionary received peremptory commands to stop his sales. Mr. Villiers presuming, of course, on the right of a British minister to settle the municipal regulations of the country to which he might be sent "had various interviews with Ofalia on the subject, and in these he expressed to him his sense of the *injustice and tyranny* which had been practised in this instance towards *his countrymen*."—P. 160.

All this, however, was unavailing. Ofalia could see no injustice or tyranny, in ex-

* Vide pp. 73, 93, 95, 111, 153, 173, 187, 188, et passim.

† P. 104.

‡ P. 144.

cutting the laws he was sworn to enforce. Besides, Mr. Villiers was not at that time in favor. He had been dabbling in the making of cabinets, as well as the diffusion of Bibles.

"Unfortunately at this time he had not much influence, *having opposed with all his might the entrance of the moderado ministry to power, and the nomination of Ofalia to the presidency of the cabinet.*"—P. 159.

Mr. Borrow nevertheless, insisted upon continuing his sales, whether the Spanish government would consent or not. Naturally enough, therefore, the law was compelled to enforce the obedience which would not be peaceably yielded. Mr. Borrow was arrested; yet, in order to vilify, as much as possible, the ministers of the religion against which he was crusading, he would have his readers believe, that this natural result of the operation of all laws, was brought about by the clergy. They thought there was magic on foot!

"'Sorcery!' said one bishop. 'There is more in this than we can dive into,' exclaimed a second. 'He will convert all Spain by means of the Gipsy language,' cried a third."—P. 160.

Mr. Borrow, however took the imprisonment all in good part. It was rather a favor than otherwise. He wished to have a chance of preaching a little, as well as learning the robber language.

"I rather rejoiced then in the opportunity which was now about to present itself of entering the prison, *not in the character of a visitor for an hour, but as a martyr, and as one suffering in the holy cause of religion.*"—P. 161.

His kind landlady was in great dread for him.

"'Be under no apprehensions, good Maria,' said I; '*you forget that I am an Englishman, and so it seems does the corregidor. Whenever he catches me, depend upon it, he will be glad enough to let me go.*'"—P. 162.

Mr. Villiers remonstrated with the Corregidor; but all in vain. That functionary persisted in sending even "an Englishman" to jail. Accordingly, Mr. Borrow was safely deposited in prison, in the buildings formerly occupied by the Inquisition. This last fact serves as an introductory to

another apostrophe to "Batuschea." On the very night of his incarceration, he was visited by Mr. Southern, the British secretary of legation. The following account of their interview, proves beyond reasonable question, that the whole affair was a disgraceful diplomatic contrivance on the part of the British minister, to secure for himself the influence he had lost, by his insolent interference with the creation of the Spanish cabinet. Mr. Borrow it seems, had no scruple to aid in the enterprise—throwing his weight as a Gospel agent, into the scales of a base intrigue, by which the government of a distracted nation was to be embarrassed, and confusion, worse confounded, scattered through her despairing councils.

"He then informed me that Sir George had already sent in an official note to Ofalia, demanding redress for such a wanton outrage on the person of a British subject. 'You must remain in prison,' said he, 'to-night, but depend upon it that *to-morrow, if you are disposed, you may quit in triumph.*' 'I am by no means disposed for any such thing,' I replied. 'They have put me in prison for their pleasure; and I intend to remain here for my own.' 'If the confinement is not irksome to you,' said Mr. Southern, 'I think, indeed, it will be *your wisest plan; the government have committed themselves sadly with regard to you; and, to speak plainly, we are by no means sorry for it. They have on more than one occasion treated ourselves very cavalierly, and we have now, if you continue firm, an excellent opportunity of humbling their insolence.* I will instantly acquaint Sir George with your determination, and you shall hear from us early on the morrow.' He then bade me farewell; and flinging myself on my bed, I was soon asleep in the prison of Madrid."—P. 164.

In prison then, our "martyr" continued for three weeks, "suffering for the holy cause of religion!" On the second night of his stay, he was visited by a judicial officer, who informed him on the part of the government, that the doors were opened, and he was free. His answer presents a disgusting mixture of insolence and cant. Having previously likened himself to the Saviour, it was a small matter to

stand in St. Paul's shoes—as, afterwards, in those of the prophet Elijah.

"Myself.—'But Paul said unto them, they have beaten us openly uncondemned, being Romans (q. v. d. Englishmen), and have cast us into prison; and now do they thrust us out privily? Nay, verily: but let them come themselves and fetch us out.'

"I then bowed to the juez, who shrugged his shoulders and took snuff. On leaving the apartment I turned to the alcaide, who stood at the door: 'Take notice,' said I, 'that I will not quit this prison till I have received full satisfaction for being sent hither uncondemned. You may expel me, if you please, but any attempt to do so shall be resisted with all the bodily strength of which I am possessed.'—P. 165.

He prevailed. The Spanish government were too weak to risk a quarrel with England. They were forced to say that Mr. Borrow had been improvidently imprisoned, and thus the minister of a mighty and professedly philanthropic people, had the satisfaction of safely insulting a nation, whose broken energies, he knew, precluded effectual resentment. What shall we say of a professing follower of the meek and humble Jesus, who, for personal pride, and a small ambition, would have embroiled two nations—who, with the book of God in his hand, and its words on his lips, went abroad scattering malice and all uncharitableness?

Upon his release, Mr. Borrow visited the archbishop of Toledo, the primate of Spain. He announces himself thus—"I am he whom the Manolos of Madrid call Don Jorgito el Ingles; I am just come out of prison, whither I was sent for circulating my Lord's Gospel in this kingdom of Spain."—P. 174.

The archbishop of course gave him no encouragement, no doubt presuming upon his own capability of governing, without Mr. Borrow's assistance, the Church committed to his care. His interview with Ofalia had a similar result. The minister informed him that he must put a stop to his business. "I shall make the attempt, however," was Mr. Borrow's reply. Accordingly, he consulted his landlady, and the following were his conclusions in defiance of Ofalia.

"'It is useless tarrying,' said I; 'nothing, however, can be done in Madrid. I cannot sell the work at the despacho, and I have just received intelligence that all the copies exposed for sale in the libraries in the different parts of Spain which I visited, have been sequestered by order of the government. My resolution is taken: I shall mount my horses, which are neighing in the stable, and betake myself to the villages and plains of dusty Spain. *Al campo, al campo: 'Ride forth because of the word of righteousness, and thy right hand shall show thee terrible things.'* I will ride forth, Maria.'"—P. 175.

Forth he rode, and the remainder of the book consists of the terrible things which his right hand showed unto him. We do not see, however, that they are at all more terrible than what we have already referred to. After a small journey through the centre, and to the south of Spain, he was taken ill and returned to England.

Towards the close of 1838, Mr. Borrow again returned to the Peninsula. In the neighborhood of Madrid, he scattered a good many copies of his Testament, and we suppose preached his doctrines. Soon, however, "Providence, which had hitherto so remarkably favored us in these rural excursions, now withdrew from us its support, and brought them to a sudden termination; for in whatever place the sacred writings were offered for sale, they were forthwith seized by persons who appeared to be upon the watch; which events compelled me to alter my intention of proceeding to Talavera and to return forthwith to Madrid."—P. 190.

He then turned his attention to the capital, where he says, he circulated thirteen hundred Testaments—a small supply one would think, for a population of two hundred thousand! However, our author informs us, that with this illumination it was "dark Madrid" no longer! It must be confessed that if every thing asserted were true, which we have shown to be false, in regard to the spiritual midnight of the Peninsula, it required a very moderate light to remove an awful darkness. The reason, however, of this limited allowance, will speak for itself.

"By the middle of April I had sold as many Testaments as I thought Madrid would bear: I therefore called in my people, for *I was afraid to overstock the market, and to bring the book into contempt by making it too common.*"—P. 144.

We have no doubt ourselves, that the sacred volume, is very frequently brought into contempt by being made too common. We had not expected nevertheless, to hear such a confession from one who lived by its diffusion, and who scrupled not to retail it to Gipsies, who used it as he knew, and says, for a talisman on their expeditions of plunder. We shall conclude our notice of his life in Madrid, by an extract from his conversation with the Corregidor, who again summoned him before his tribunal. It will serve as a fair specimen of his mode of dealing with the constituted authorities.

"If I have obeyed your summons, it was *simply because I had a curiosity to know what you wanted with me, and for no other motive whatever.* As for imprisoning me, I beg leave to assure you, that you have my full consent to do so; *the most polite society in Madrid is to be found in the prison,* and as I am at present compiling a vocabulary of the language of the Madrielenian thieves, I should have in being imprisoned, an excellent opportunity of completing it. There is much to be learnt even in the prison, for, as the Gipsies say, 'The dog that trots about finds a bone.'"—P. 194.

Such an address, to any respectable tribunal in this country or in England, would have given our missionary the law of attachment for contempt, as a subject of meditation. The dog would have found that bone.

From Madrid, Mr. Borrow passed to Seville, without more than his usual incidents of travel, except some information which he acquired in the latter city, "respecting the very different manner in which the Protestants and Catholics keep the sabbath; *the former being in their own houses reading good books, and the latter abroad in the bull-ring, seeing the wild bulls tear out the gory bowels of the poor horses.*"—P. 201."

The conclusion from this is incontrovertible, that bull-fighting is a part of Ca-

tholic doctrine! At any rate, the inference approaches very near to demonstration! From Seville to Cadiz he takes the Guadalquivir steamer. Even in steam, he finds the seeds of doctrine. We will put the annexed passage against any other in the language for absurdity.

"Much has been said of the utility of steam in spreading abroad civilization, and I think justly. When the *first steam vessels were seen on the Guadalquivir, about ten years ago,* the Sevillians ran to the banks of the river, crying '*sozcery, sozcery,*' which idea was not a little favored by the speculation being an English one, and the boats, which were English built, *being provided with English engineers, as, indeed, they still are; no Spaniard having been found capable of understanding the machinery.* They soon, however, became accustomed to them, and the boats are in general crowded with passengers. *Fanatic and vain* as the Sevillians still are, and *bigoted* as they remain to their own customs, they know that good, in one instance at least, can proceed from a foreign land, and that land a land of heretics; inveterate prejudice has been shaken, and we will hope that this is *the dawn of their civilization.*"—P. 205.

Such paragraphs ever and anon recurring, almost create a doubt of the *mens sana* in our author, or, at least, impress us with a deep sense of his abiding confidence in the fatuity of the public. Not one man in Spain, capable of acting as engineer of a steam-boat! Shade of Blasco Garay, inventor of the art,* can it have come to this!

From Cadiz, Mr. Borrow departed for Gibraltar, where all the pent-up enthusiasm of his character bursts into expression. Every thing in nature is grand, in man admirable. Every object is "in the nicest English order." The common soldiery, "the rural sons of old England" are superior to all others. The officers, in appearance and manners, "bear the palm from others of the same class over the world." Not being able, of course, to hear

* For an account of Garay's successful experiment in the harbor of Barcelona, with his steam vessel of two hundred tons burthen, in 1543, before Charles V and his court.—Vide 1 Year in Spain, 46. 1 Narvarrete Col. xxvii.

an oath or abusive expression from any of these interesting models of humanity, he is awfully shocked at a cross-fire of hard words from some Genoese mariners. In the simplicity of his heart, the good man exclaims, "Oh the infirmities of human nature!"—adding the question, which we are afraid he will not soon be able personally to answer—"When will man learn to be truly Christian?" Among the other foreign anomalies which break the harmony and beauty of his visions at Gibraltar, our author meets a young American, who informs him that it is his habit to "flog half a dozen niggers, before breakfast, merely for exercise." This valuable fact, Mr. B. shrewdly suspects to have been communicated, "more from fun than malice." His American friend is a deist—and here, to our amazement, all Mr. Borrow's propagandism suddenly deserts him. He has no desire to make Christians of any but the Spaniards! The infidels may be left in their folly—but God forbid there should be any toleration for "Popery." Accordingly we have no account of our missionary's having informed the Carolinian that he was in any way related to or connected with Beelzebub or his agents—none, of his having "vended" him a testament, or "managed to dispose" of one to him, for "barley and refreshments!" Here we have the reasons in full:

"As the believer has no carnal arguments to address to carnal reason upon this subject, I thought it best to avoid disputation, which I felt sure would lead to no profitable result. *Faith is the free gift of God*, and I do not believe that ever yet was an infidel converted by means of after-dinner polemics."—P. 219.

How singular that the truths of this paragraph should not have occurred to Mr. Borrow at an earlier stage of his journey! How strange that faith should be the free gift of God, only to save the unbeliever from after-dinner polemics! A famous conclusion, this, to the narrative of four or five years' unrelenting effort to force upon a nation, in spite of its laws, and in defiance of its government and opinions, that faith which no man can force, and which, at last, is discovered to be the free gift of

his Maker! There were no "carnal arguments" for the infidel—but there was "fool" and "savage," and "barbarian," and "blind slave," and "idolater," for the "bigoted papist." To him, neither faith nor the testament was a free gift. The one was to be swallowed on the authority of "an Englishman"—the other was only to be had for "thirty farthings," or "rabbits and fruit." Apostolates are these indeed, and this is Christianity! "When," it is our turn to ask, "will man learn to be truly Christian?" When will he forget his own petty vanities—his pride of opinion—his lust of proselytism? When will he cease to mistake a blind propagandism for sanctity, and the lip-service of the Gospel for that heart-warm charity, without which all is hollowness and farce? Will man never learn that impiety is at its height, when he—worm that he is—pretends to cast out in wrath, the neighbor, with whose frailties even Omnipotence can bear?

If any thing further were needed to establish, on a permanent basis, Mr. Borrow's reputation for humble, loving faith—it would be found in the following "part of a broken prayer for his native land, which, after his usual thanksgiving, he breathed to the Almighty, one Sunday night at Gibraltar."

"O England! long, long may it be ere the sun of thy glory sink beneath the wave of darkness? Though gloomy and portentous clouds are now gathering rapidly around thee, still, still may it please the Almighty to disperse them, and to grant thee a futurity longer in duration and still brighter in renown than thy past! Or if thy doom be at hand, may that doom be a noble one, and worthy of her who has been styled the *Old Queen of the waters*! May thou sink, if thou dost sink, amidst blood and flame, with a mighty noise, causing more than one nation to participate in thy downfall. Of all fates, may it please the Lord to preserve thee from a disgraceful and a slow decay; becoming, ere extinct, a scorn and a mockery for those self-same foes who now, though they envy and abhor thee, still fear thee, nay, even against their will, honor and respect thee," &c.—P. 210.

We trust that Mr. Borrow is mistaken—that this extraordinary production was a freak of his rhetoric—not an aspiration of his soul! If he did, in reality, presume to mingle apostrophes to the “old Queen” with petitions to his God—if he did, in truth, pray to the Father of mercies, for “blood and flame with a mighty noise,” and for the “downfall” of nations—then, indeed, the Koran is the book of his spirit, and Mahomet is the prophet for his adoration! We leave him embarked for Africa. May the breezes speed him to congenial shores!

We have already gone so far in discussing the merits of this volume, that we must leave untouched a host of minor matters which we had marked for observation. We had designed by a few specimens, to illustrate our author's egotism—his ostentatious display of his accomplishments as a linguist—to refer to his eye of fire, which now stems the fierce onset of a furious animal*—now terrifies an Alguazil†—his personal appearance “six foot two, without his shoes,”‡ together with the “most remarkable physiognomy” which kindled the ecstasy of Baron Taylor, at meeting his “cherished and most respectable Borrow.”§ We had intended still further to expose his heartless and most deplorable cant, and to cite instances of his uncharitableness more glaring, if possible, than those already given. Our limits, however, preclude the execution of this design, and we refer our readers confidently to the volume itself, satisfied that they will find on almost every page, something which will shock their sense of propriety, or run counter to their knowledge of facts. With a few words of general remark we shall leave the book in their hands.

For several years, there has been an ardent and anxious contest at Madrid, between the French and English governments, for the supremacy of influence in the Peninsula. As a matter of consequence, the variations of the political barometer have caused material changes of opinion in France and Britain, as to the merits of the Spanish nation. The people have gone through all

the gradations from heroes to barbarians, and the country has ranged between Paradise and Pandemonium, according to the interests and feelings of the parties, from whose pencil the portraiture may have come. At present it seems, by a critique on Borrow in the last *Edinburg Review*, that the “King Cambysses vein” is ruling in England, at least among the Whig party, to which we infer that Mr. Borrow belongs. It is the fashion, in that quarter, to say all the ill of Spain that can be dreamed of. Her condition—prostrate though reviving—gives ample scope to realize the merciful heroism of the Castilian proverb—*a Moro muerto, gran lanzada*—a brave thrust at a dead Moor! The article of the *London Quarterly* manifests a different spirit among the Tory councils, but gives token, nevertheless, by the tenor of its commentary on Mr. Borrow's religious movements, that candor and partisanship are born enemies. There is something in the developments of “*The Bible in Spain*,” which compels us to believe that the attempted diffusion of “gospel privileges,” covered deep political design under the cloak of religion, as the garlands of sacrifice were made to conceal the sword of Harmodius. The opposition of Mr. Villiers to the elevation of the moderate ministry and of Count Ofalia—the employment of his consular agents in the extraordinary duty of circulating Bibles—the combination of Mr. Borrow with his ambassador to endure imprisonment, in order that the legation might “humble” the Spanish cabinet—taken in connexion with Mr. Borrow's continual discourses to the people, on the happiness, freedom, greatness and glory of Protestant England, and the fact, that wherever his cause was embraced, it was “down with superstition!—long live England—long live the Gospel!”*—all these things, we say, are pregnant with evidence that the whole scheme was planned and executed, in order to strengthen the prestige of Great Britain. *Prima facie*, the union of diplomacy and missions is of itself sufficient proof, to show that politics had made an instrument of religion. But when

* P. 33. † P. 161. ‡ P. 53. § Pp. 73, 74.

* P. 183.

we add, on the best authority,* that the downfall of Toreno and elevation of Mendizabal, the overthrow of Isturitz, the revolution of the Granja, so pathetically discoursed on by Mr. Borrow, together with many of the other revolutions which have cursed the Peninsula with continual change, were instigated and abetted by the intrigues of Britain, it will be conceded that the mingling of state policy with the Bible cause, is no great matter of surprise! Hence then, the indignation of Mr. Villiers at the "tyranny and injustice" of Ofalia, in causing the missionary's shop to be closed; hence the wrath of Mr. Borrow himself, and his shaking off the dust of his shoes at the misguided land, which held him as no prophet; hence, finally, his denunciation of the Church and the system, which would not lay down their faith and their laws in obedience to his dictation, in order that the introduction of the religion of Britain might pave the way for those other blessings, which that mighty, but unscrupulous nation has always in store, for those countries whose destiny she controls.

Of the Spanish clergy, whom Mr. Borrow so unsparingly visits with opprobrium, it is needful to say but little. Every man familiar with Castilian literature, must know that they are now, as they have ever been in its first ranks. The names of Amat, Reinoso, Lista and Gallego, prominent in the letters of the day, recall the memory of Lope de Vega, Calderon, Herrera, Leon, Rioja and Valbuena, sons of the Muses and of immortality. In graver learning, in history, criticism and philosophy, Mariana, Masdeu, Andres, Florez, Feyjoo, Bayer and Marina, with crowds of their ecclesiastical brethren, have become recognized as classics.† To the devotion and energy of the clergy, are due the monuments of charity, which are scattered without stint throughout the Peninsula.‡ To their wisdom and liberality, European civilization is indebted for those first steps towards an enlightened polity, which have won from Mr. Guizot§ for the clergy of the

councils of Toledo, the title of "philosophers of the age." To a Spanish priest, humanity owes the invention of the system of instruction for the deaf and dumb,* which now scatters so many blessings through all the civilized world. The Journals of the Cortes of 1812 and the debates of those of 1820, &c., bear living testimony to the eloquence, learning and taste of the clergy, not less than their devotion to the principles of rational liberty. An English historian† of reputation, does not scruple to confess that the secular priests of Spain, (and there were none other during Mr. Borrow's visit) will sustain, honorably, a comparison with the clergy of the established Church of England. Mr. Borrow himself, with strange inconsistency, admits of the Jesuits, "brutalized" as they are by "Popery"—"that there are no people in the world better qualified, upon the whole, to be intrusted with the education of youth. Their moral system and discipline are truly admirable. Their pupils, in after life, are seldom vicious and licentious characters, and are in general men of learning, science, and possessed of every elegant accomplishment."—P. 31.

And to crown the whole, Mr. Villiers, now Lord Clarendon, declared in the house of lords in 1839,‡ that during his embassy, he had heard in the Cortes of Spain, "from the lips of Catholic prelates in that assembly, sentiments of Christian charity, as pure, and dictated by as entire a spirit of toleration, as he had ever heard in their lordship's house." Upon such facts and opinions then, we think that we may safely rest the vindication of the Spanish church, leaving our readers to extend to Mr. Borrow that charity which he is so unwilling to practise towards his neighbors.

The effect of the "Bible in Spain," as a whole, is to impute to the Spanish people in general, a degradation, lower in proportion, if possible, than that which is ascribed to their clergy. We speak of the book in the main, notwithstanding the semi-laudatory bearing of detached passages. The

* *Revista de Madrid*, Tom. 3. p. 306.

† *Rev. de Madrid*, vol. 2, p. 244.

‡ 1 year in Spain, p. 180. § *Hist. Civil*, 77.

* 1 year in Spain, 180. 4 Feyjoo Cart. 7.

† *Hist. Spain*, Cab. Cycl. vol. 5, p. 258.

‡ *Littell's Museum*, vol. 7, p. 609.

author, however, has selected a singular mode of securing our confidence for his views of national character. He contumeliously declares that he avoided acquaintance with the nobility and upper classes,* and he proves abundantly by his adventures, that he was in no way more particular as to the morals of his associates, than their rank. Peasants, thieves and rabble, therefore, constitute the whole circle, of whose character he could speak from knowledge. Out of such limits then, he is beyond his depth, and a few casual exceptions, do not weaken the force of the fact. But even as to those of whom he might be supposed to know something, his deductions are ever at variance with his facts. "The Spaniard is ignorant of course,"† and "Batuschca" is to blame for it, yet, strange to say, Mr. Borrow finds schoolmasters and scholars in the meanest hamlets among the hills, and all the poor peasantry, young and old, who become his customers, are able to read his books before his eyes!‡ Without their possession of that degree of education, Mr. Borrow's mission would have been an absurdity, and perhaps, to this, we owe the mention of the fact. Spain, again is "the chosen land of the two fiends, assassination and plunder"§—nevertheless, in spite of tales of horror which he hears from others, and which lose no awfulness in his repetition, he never once, with the law silent amid civil discord, finds the pistol of the highwayman at his breast. He says that "Spain is not a fanatic country,"|| and that her bigotry is the creation of Roman influence, yet he sets up for a martyr to Spanish fanaticism, proclaiming in the same breath that "the club of Batuschca has degenerated into a crutch,"¶ and that Rome has influence no longer! He admits that "the Spaniards are to a certain extent, a highminded and great people,"** yet he asserts, in his former work, that they have no conception of any springs of action, but "interest or villainy,"†† and he informs the Corregidor, in the present volume, that "the most polite society of Madrid is in the pri-

son."** These and an hundred similar instances which might be cited, display the shameless recklessness with which Mr. Borrow has thrown himself into the arms of the prejudices to which he panders. Beyond all doubt unsuccessful in his mission, obviously no niggardly steward of the means of his employers, he has felt bound to balance the account in some way; and accordingly he strives to swell the value of his services by the inflation of his story, and to compensate for the paucity of his conversions by the fury of his denunciation. Sorry are we to say he is an adept in his trade. The sale of the work both at home and here, proves how many there are, to whom, next to the making of a proselyte, the abuse of a "Papist" is most dear. Fortunately we have the authority of Lord Clarendon upon some of the points in dispute. "How," said his lordship, in his speech in the house of lords above referred to, "how had the Spaniards used the liberty which they had gained? They were fully alive to the blessings of a representative government. All classes of men were represented in the Cortes; and all the public business was discussed there in a manner that would have done no discredit to their lordships' house. He had seen the government met there by a vigorous opposition, such as there ought to be in the representative assembly of a free country; and on the other hand, he had also seen that opposition, in the season of danger, rally around the government, as one man, in defence of the constitution and of the national interests. For these reasons it was that he expressed his conviction that the Spaniards were imbued with that spirit of constitutional freedom, which qualified them to exercise the powers, exercised by them in a representative government." If these things be just, and Mr. Borrow, at least, cannot gainsay them, they lose no force from having been uttered before the late change in the tone of the Whig organs. If they put to shame our author's unmanly libels upon a noble though unfortunate people, it certainly is no fault of theirs or ours. If

* Pp. 9, 61.

† Pp. 180, 182, 187, et passim.

‡ P. 10.

¶ P. 163.

†† See ante, 262 of this Magazine.

† P. 61.

§ P. 100.

** P. 10.

* P. 192.

they be true, as who shall doubt—then “debased and brutalized,” “savage and barbarian” Spain—“a pagan among the pagans”—“the country of error” and “benighted” ignorance, has an issue made up before posterity, from the dilemma where-

of Mr. Borrow cannot escape. Criminal ignorance is his one alternative—wilful misrepresentation the other. Let his choice be as it may, the event must redound most wofully to his disparagement, as a gentleman, an author, and a Christian.

ARCHBISHOP CARROLL.

Biographical Sketch of the Most Rev. John Carroll, first archbishop of Baltimore. Edited by John Carroll Brent, Esq. 12mo. pp. 321. Baltimore: Murphy, 1842.

THE memory of men who have adorned high stations by their genius and virtues becomes a species of property in which posterity has a large and important interest. Like the precious fragments of ancient painters and sculptors, their works endure as specimens for our admiration, models for our imitation, and subjects for our profound study; and he who devotes his labors to the perpetuation of a truly great man's fame, lays his own and after generations under a heavy debt of gratitude. In this view we regard the publication of the volume before us as imposing upon the public in general and the Catholics of this country in an especial manner, a lasting obligation to its author. A biography of the Most Rev. John Carroll, first archbishop of Baltimore, had been long and loudly asked for, by the American Catholic community. Proud of his merits, we were anxious to see them spread before the world as something most pleasant to contemplate, and as relieving us from a debt long due and unpaid. To have been the first, therefore, to essay to rescue the name of our distinguished hierarchy from the fading memories and musty records of a race now nearly extinct, is an enviable honor, and a reward of itself sufficient to compensate for the toil it cost.

The more prominent traits of our archbishop's life are set forth in the work before us in a manner to interest and instruct the reader; and yet there are many important

omissions in it, occasioned, not by any want of industry in the author, but by the impossibility of obtaining timely access to official records. The volume has the modest cognomen of “Biographical Sketch,” and the author no doubt hopes to see his work followed up by a more detailed and circumstantial memoir of the life and writings of the Most Rev. John Carroll. In that hope we unite with him, but shall in the meantime cherish his work as a precious boon, that has greatly enlightened us, in all the leading characteristics of a brilliant and virtuous career from its earliest dawn to its happy termination.

After acquainting us with the country of his birth, which as Marylanders we are proud to claim, in common with him and with his ancestry, which was eminently distinguished in the early annals of our colony, the author introduces us to the embryo archbishop in 1747, at the age of twelve, at a grammar school at Bohemia manor, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. There he is represented to us as remarkable for talent and docility, and as giving evidence of those interesting qualities which were so necessary for the part he was to enact in after life. Though a century has nearly elapsed since our prelate's initiation into this grammar school, its walls still stand, as also the very bench on which he sat, and both are shown and venerated in the vicinity as precious relics of his boyhood. From this school young Carroll was removed after a very short time, and sent across the Atlantic to the Jesuit college of St. Omer's. It was at this last institution that his early promise of piety and erudition began to be more fully developed, and as he advanced

to maturity, led him to embrace the study of theology, and the profession of the priesthood. Such a step was of itself indicative of that bold and lofty spirit that characterized his after life, and showed him to us in the first years of his manhood as determined to encounter the most bitter toils for the advancement of his holy religion. For we must remember that to devote one's self to the ministry of the Catholic religion in this colony, in the days of its Protestant ascendancy, was a self-immolation but little short of martyrdom itself; and required a courage and resolution much stronger than would be necessary for the exercise of the same pious functions in our peaceful age. To be convinced of this we need only glance at the condition of our Catholic ancestors in those far-back days that dawned on the ecclesiastical career of our venerable hierarchy. The colony of Maryland, although remarkable in those times among the British dependencies, for refinement, intelligence, and polished hospitality, was nevertheless a most cruel and resentful step-dame to her Catholic subjects. The journal of the house of delegates as far back as 1697 is disgraced by the following specimen of its regard for "Popish priests."

"*Lower House, March, 1697.*—A letter to his excellency the governor, written by a minister of the Church of England, giving an account of the presumptions of Popish priests, in Charles county, in visiting dying and phrantic persons, and endeavoring to make proselytes of them, and also administering the sacraments to them in such dying and phrantic condition, was read.

"Whereupon put to the question, if a bill shall be drawn up to restrain such their presumptions or not, and carried by the majority of voices in the negative.

"But resolved, *nem. con.*, that his excellency be addressed to issue his proclamation to restrain such their extravagances and presumptions."

"Resolved, That the following address be presented to the governor.

"By the house of delegates, March ye 21st, 1697.

"Upon reading a certain letter from a reverend minister of the Church of England

which your excellency was pleased to communicate to us, complaining to your excellency, how that *the Popish priests in Charles county do of their own accord, in this violent and raging mortality in that county, make it their business to go up and down the county to persons' houses when dying and phrantic*, and endeavor to seduce and make proselytes of them, and in such condition boldly presume to administer the sacraments to them. We have put it to the vote in this house, if a law should be passed to restrain such their presumptions, and have concluded not to make such law *at present*, but humbly to entreat your excellency that you would be pleased to issue your proclamation to restrain and prohibit such their extravagant and presumptuous behaviour."*

The Catholics of this day would ask no higher compliment to the zeal and devotion of their colonial priesthood, than is contained in the above remonstrance. The *sinful extravagance* of the good fathers of those days, consisted of a love for their race which inspired them with the *presumption* of periling their lives in the midst of a raging epidemic, for the consolation of the dying and the salvation of souls. A *presumption* which the Protestants themselves of this century would declare a virtue, and would honor, even in an adversary, with their special commendations.

But it was only during epidemics that the rulers of the colony contented themselves with remonstrances. At all other times they plunged into the most open and wanton persecutions of their Catholic brethren. Whenever a law contemplated some general benefit it was sure to have an amiable saving clause, shutting out from its advantages, negroes, Jews and Popish recusants! When a burden was to be imposed for the support of the colony, the Catholics' shoulders were saddled with a double tax. Even their own churches they required the Catholics to pay for, at double the rate they paid themselves; and, as if this tyranny was not enough for their endurance, after their means had built churches with which their hearts had no sympathy, they were

* *Ridgely's Annals of Annapolis.*

required to show themselves within them every Sunday. The odious test oaths of England were adopted and revived, which disqualified the Catholics from all political participation in the affairs of the colony. The numerous fines, forfeitures and restrictions with which they were oppressed, reduced many Catholics from affluence to want.

"The personal animosity of the Protestants against the Catholics of Maryland, was at one period carried to such an extent, that, as we are informed, the latter were excluded from all social intercourse with the former,—were not permitted to walk in front of the state house, and were actually obliged to wear swords for their personal protection."^{*}

In the face of all these wrongs, complaints were transmitted to the lord proprietary, setting forth that the Catholics of the colony demeaned themselves in such a manner as to create great alarm and uneasiness, and requesting that they might be subjected to still greater rigors. Governor Sharpe, who administered the affairs of the province with a liberality and independence that did honor to his heart and head, was directed to inquire into the truth of these grievances; and after a most diligent investigation, he assures the lord proprietary that the charges were idle and unfounded and sums up his beautiful and luminous letter, with the following remarks: "The Roman Catholics among us continue to behave as behooves good subjects. And upon the whole, my lord, I must say that if I was asked whether the conduct of the Protestants or the Papists in this province hath been most unexceptionable, since I have had the honor to serve your lordship, I should not hesitate to give an answer in favor of the latter."[†]

In the midst of these animosities young Carroll resolved to embrace the priesthood, and return to his native country invested with those sacred functions which were to expose him to the reproach and persecutions of his rulers,—to make him a hobgoblin in every dissenter's nursery, and which were so odious to the Protestants that they sought

to revive against the priests all the bloody enactments of the Tudors and the Stuarts, and were only restrained by the milder intolerance of Queen Anne. The pious and learned Carroll, like a true soldier of Christ, marched up to these difficulties, resolving to be a comforter to his suffering brethren of the colony, and to share with them in their many and bitter persecutions. He found the Catholics on his return less patient than when he left them. Worn out with the indignities that were heaped upon them, the more influential of the laity had assembled at the call of the venerable Carroll of Carrollton, and resolved to dispose of their property and effects, and remove to the far south west. Their plans were matured and ripe for execution, when the American revolution burst out, and with its bright promises infused fresh life into the broken spirits and exhausted hopes of the persecuted Catholic. The very first fruit of this glorious struggle was an extinction, as if by magic, of all religious animosity, throughout the colonies. And in the "old Maryland line," stood Catholic and Protestant, shoulder to shoulder, in social brotherhood, and purchasing for it with their mingled bravery and blood unfading laurels and imperishable fame.

The arduous warfare to which the revolution gave rise, exhibits to us the venerable Carroll in a new and interesting character. His fervor as a patriot becomes now as remarkable as his zeal as an apostle. From the first outbreak of the American revolution, his heart and judgment were both enlisted in its success. He watched its actors and its progress with the most intense anxiety, encouraged his flock to sustain the cause, and sent forth his prayers and his tears to heaven, for its fortunate issue. His letters, written while the events of the revolution were still fresh in every heart, attest his devotion to his country, and his joy at her prosperity. To the Rev. Charles Plowden, of Stoneyhurst, England, whose British prejudices induced him to give a passing jeer to his old schoolmate, Carroll, upon the then condition of our country, he writes with the courtesy of a high bred gentleman, and the candor of a staunch republican.

^{*} Ridgely's Annals. McMahon's Maryland.

[†] Annals of Annapolis.

"You have adopted the language of some of the prints on your side of the water, by representing us under imperious leaders and the trammels of France; but alas! our imperious leaders, by whom I suppose you mean the congress, were at all times amenable to our popular assemblies, elected by them every year, often turned out of their seats, and so little envied, that, as their expenses were often unavoidably greater than their profits, it has at all times been a difficult matter to get men disinterested and patriotic enough to accept the charge. And as to the trammels of France, we certainly never have worn her chains but have treated with her as equals, have experienced from her the greatest magnanimity and moderation, and have repaid it with an honorable fidelity to our engagements. By both of us proceeding on these principles, the war has been brought to an issue; with which, if you are pleased, all is well, for we are certainly satisfied."*

Much about the time of the date of this letter, our venerable patriarch presented to the "Father of his country" an address, congratulating him on his elevation to the presidency of our republic, signed by himself on behalf of the Catholic clergy of the United States, and by the most distinguished of his lay brethren on behalf of their body. He speaks of the event with all the enthusiasm of a true republican and an extravagant admirer, and rejoices on Washington's "being called by a unanimous vote to the first station of a country in which that unanimity could not have been obtained, without the previous merit of unexampled services, of eminent wisdom, and unblemished virtue."†

His warm and cordial appreciation of the rare endowments and eminent merits of the illustrious Washington, were further and more feelingly manifested in his touching and beautiful funeral panegyric, delivered in the chapel of St. Peter, on the 22d of February, 1800. Coming from a servant of Christ who loved truth and hated iniquity, from a minister who had no ties of religion in common with the saviour of his

country, the following extract must be received as a powerful testimony to the genius and virtues of the immortal Washington. "Whether we consult our own experience, by bringing into comparison with Washington any of our cotemporaries most eminent for their talents, virtues, and services, or whether we search the pages of history to discover in them a character of equal fame, justice and truth will acknowledge that he stands supereminent and unrivalled in the annals of mankind; and that no one before him acting in such a variety of new and arduous situations, bore with him to the grave a reputation as clear from lawless ambition, and as undefiled by injustice or oppression; a reputation neither depressed by indolence, nor weakened by irresolution, nor shadowed by those imperfections which seemed to be essential appendages of human nature till Providence exhibited in Washington this extraordinary phenomenon."*

The panegyric throughout overflows with patriotic piety, and created, at the time of its delivery, a great sensation throughout Baltimore, winning the applause of all who heard or read it. No commentary could be more appropriate than that furnished by the biographer himself, from the pen of a most gifted writer of this day, which shows with what great favor the discourse was received by those who had the happiness to hear it. "We have heard from some of the most intelligent and observant of his auditors, when he delivered his masterly funeral panegyric on Washington, in which he recited the terrors, the encouragements, the distresses, and the glories of the struggle for independence, that he appeared to be laboring under intense emotions correspondent to those topics—to be swayed like the aged minstrel of the poet, with contagious influences, by the varied strains which he uttered." So marked was the love of country in our eminent hierarch that no cotemporary has ever attempted to give in conversation an idea of his life without dwelling with particular emphasis on his extraordinary patriotism. The many beautiful obitu-

* Biographical Sketch, p. 44.

† Id. p. 144.

* Biographical Sketch.

aries which his death occasioned all testify to this prominent characteristic of our archbishop's career. "He loved republicanism, and so far preferred his own country, that if ever he could be excited to impatience, or irritated, nothing could have that effect more certainly than the expression of the slightest preference by an American friend, of foreign institutions or measures. He had joined with heart and judgment in the revolution; he retained without abatement of confidence or favor, the cardinal principles and American sympathies and hopes upon which he then acted."

Even in the very dawning of the American revolution, his decided feelings for the cause, combined with his elegant address and great erudition, attracted the notice of the continental congress, and together with Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, he was entrusted with a delicate and hazardous mission to the people of Canada, to procure, if possible, their active co-operation, and, as far as the Rev. Mr. Carroll was concerned, at least their neutrality, during our contest with the mother country. This mission, like that confided to St. Leo the Great, who was sent into Gaul by Valentinian III, to compose the differences between Ætius and Albinus, although unsuccessful, confirmed him in the love and regard of the Catholic clergy and laity of our country. They reasoned of him as did the people of Rome of the great St. Leo, and wisely concluded that a prelate, whose capacity and virtue gained him the confidence and respect of his rulers, so far as to be entrusted with an important embassy, would be eminently fitted by those same qualities to preside over the Catholic Church of this republic. In accordance with these conclusions, so fortunate for the establishment of our infant Church, the Catholic clergy, so soon as the affairs of the nation had settled down in peace and order, solicited his holiness, the Pope, to establish for America, an episcopal see, and recommended as their unanimous choice for that responsible station, their distinguished brother, the Rev. John Carroll. This wise selection, which spread a general joy among the Catholic members of this confederacy, was to

our reverend prelate alone, a subject of serious meditation and deep regret. But the very unanimity with which he was chosen was proof of his peculiar fitness for the station, and to use his own language, addressed to Washington, "could not have been obtained without the previous merit of unexampled services, of eminent wisdom, and unblemished virtue."

He thus deploras the choice that had fallen on him in a letter to his intimate and reverend friend, Mr. Charles Plowden. "The event is such as deprives me of all expectation of rest or pleasure henceforward, and fills me with terror with respect to eternity. I am so stunned with the issue of this business that I truly hate the hearing or mention of it; and therefore will only say, that since my brethren, whom in this case I consider as the interpreters of the divine will, say I must obey, I will even do it, if by obeying I shall sacrifice henceforth, every moment of peace and satisfaction." In the true spirit of Christian humility he says, in another letter to the same inestimable friend: "My own knowledge of myself informs me better than a thousand voices to the contrary, that I am entirely unfit for a station in which I can have no hopes of rendering service but through *His help* and continual direction, who has called me to it, when I was doing all in my power to prevent it."

How differently every one else thought we all know, and the joy occasioned by the selection was felt even across the wide Atlantic, and was hailed with delight by many of the Catholic nobility and gentry of England, who had received instructions from the lips of our hierarch, enjoyed his companionship in their continental tour, or learned to estimate his worth in their collegiate days at St. Omer's. His consecration took place in England, and its ceremonies were performed by special invitation at Lulworth castle, the splendid mansion of one of the friends of his early youth, and the hospitable seat of one of the most distinguished, liberal, and exemplary of English Catholics. In the elegant chapel of this munificent friend, his consecration took place. There he was met by the flower of the Catholic nobility and by the associates and

friends of his earlier years, rejoicing to see him once more, and particularly on an occasion of so much interest. But among the many near and dear ones present, he met none with more pleasure than the companion of his boyhood, the constant and confidential friend of his riper years—his esteemed correspondent, Father Charles Plowden. This reverend friend was most appropriately selected to deliver the address which usage and propriety requires on so solemn an occasion. From the pious intimacy which these good and great prelates had so long cultivated, we must conclude that the address was most feeling and sincere. Looking at the vast field which this great father and founder of a new Church was to have for his holy labors, and remembering the friendship so long subsisting between them, the preacher exclaimed, in the fervor of his heart: "Glorious is this day, my brethren, for the Church of God, which sees new nations crowding into her bosom. Glorious for the prelate elect, who goes forth to conquer these nations for Jesus Christ, not by the efforts of human power, but in the might with which those weapons have ever triumphed in this divine warfare. He is not armed with the strength of this world; but he is powerful in piety, powerful in zeal, powerful in evangelical poverty, and firm reliance on the God who sends him. Glorious is this event for his numerous spiritual children, to whom his virtues have long endeared him. Comforting is it to us who have long been connected with him by the virtuous ties of education, profession and friendship."^{*}

The short sojourn of our distinguished prelate in England, which followed his consecration, was sedulously and successfully employed in providing for the wants of his new flock. Many of those apostolical exiles whose peaceful homes had been desecrated and demolished by the demons of the French revolution, had sought an asylum in Protestant England, about the time of Dr. Carroll's consecration in that country. The dispersion of these holy men so disastrous to France and themselves, was to England

and America a most auspicious event. Bishop Carroll seeing so favorable an opportunity to strengthen his infant Church lost no time in endeavoring to avail himself of it. He profited by a correspondence with Father Emery, the saintly superior of the Sulpitians, and the great bulwark of the Gallican Church. Through his powerful influence he procured several eminent auxiliaries of that truly apostolical order, to aid him in planting his new Church. Like the Goths of old who received the light of the Gospel through the captive Christians whom they carried into bondage, the Goths of revolutionary France enlarged the sphere of Catholicity in America by the holy exiles whom their barbarity forced into our territories.

To our illustrious pontiff this ecclesiastical reinforcement from the order of St. Sulpice was most important,—not less on account of the great learning and activity, than the exemplary piety of its members, who have continued, from their establishment in Baltimore to this hour, to be the pride of the Catholic, and the admiration of all unprejudiced men.

'Tis true, as we have already intimated, that the services of this eminent body were secured for us at a dear and bitter rate. The pious Carroll, while yet in London, thus writes, in a mingled strain of joy and sorrow, of the important aid he had obtained from Father Emery. "This is a great and auspicious event for our diocese, but it is a melancholy reflection, that we owe so great a blessing to the lamentable catastrophe in France."

His return to his native country, which occurred very soon after the above arrangements were completed, spread universal joy through Catholic America. "At my arrival," says the archbishop in a letter to his friend in England, "as my friends in Baltimore got notice of the ship's being in the bay, I was met by a large body of Catholics at the landing and conducted to our house. On the following Sunday, you may believe, the concourse of all sorts of people to our church was very great, though the day proved unfavorable. Five of my brethren were with me. They, with the trustees, or wardens of the Church, received me, vested

^{*} Biographical Sketch, p. 117.

in my pontificals, at the door, and walked into the church, processionally. After the Asperges, and whilst the *Te Deum* was singing, I was conducted to the foot of the altar, and after it was finished, to the pontifical seat or throne, where I received the obeisance of the clergy and some of the laity, in behalf of the rest, they approaching to kiss the episcopal ring."

Guided by the influence of his wisdom and example, his infant Church advanced rapidly in numbers and importance. There was not in the whole range of the United States when Dr. Carroll first entered it as an humble missionary, a convent for the seclusion of holy women, a college for the instruction of Catholic youth, or a single theological seminary. Yet there sprung up around him as his administration progressed, many seminaries, colleges, and convents, all of which owed much to his encouragement and assistance. His ecclesiastical jurisdiction, stretching from Maine to Florida, oppressed him with heavy responsibilities; yet his watchful and paternal eye was ever turned to the wants of his scattered flock, and to the extent of his slender means he cheerfully supplied their spiritual cravings. The Indians that dwelt on our north eastern frontier had, many years before our archbishop's reign, been converted to the true faith by the pious fathers of the Society of Jesus. For a long time they had been deprived of all spiritual comfort, having no priest to attend to their religious wants. When they learned that the American Catholic Church had an independent organization, they addressed a most edifying petition to its chief, asking for religious assistance. The zealous bishop charmed at the good dispositions manifested by them, responded promptly to their memorial, and gave them the consoling assurance that he would soon send a "black gown" to live with them and direct their spiritual affairs.

His anxious solicitude for the integrity of religion induced our active prelate to call a diocesan synod to provide for the discipline of the Church, and to take such measures as would prevent any "schismatical separation from the centre of unity."

The growth of religion which a few

years brought about, together with the multiplying necessities of his flock, appeared to our bishop, active and indefatigable as he was, too onerous for any one pontiff's attention. He applied to Rome for the creation of new bishoprics to relieve him from a part of the burden and responsibility which was daily thickening upon him. The petition of the hierarch and his clergy was favorably received by the sovereign pontiff; and he was so far blessed, ere his holy race was run, as to see four flourishing dioceses formed from his own.

These are some of the very interesting facts portrayed in the work before us. But still we believe that in that part of the author's "Sketch," which has reference to American Church history and which is intimately blended with our archbishop's life, there is a wide hiatus to be filled up. We mention the circumstance rather to lament it, than to impute to the biographer any blame. We know that without any neglect on his part, his means of information were circumscribed. There are many, many facts—deeply interesting to the Catholic—important in our ecclesiastical history—and illustrative of the wisdom and sanctity of our pontiff, yet un-narrated and unfortunately within reach and knowledge of but few among us. Archbishop Carroll's spiritual reign lasted about a quarter of a century; and though perhaps, as prosperous and peaceful as any thing human could well be, it was nevertheless chequered by occasional intervals of trouble and disturbance. He had some turbulent spirits to deal with, some public scandals to rebuke and correct; and though on some occasions he had to proceed with great caution and delicacy, yet such was his firmness and wisdom, that all the disturbances that occurred under his administration were happily and triumphantly suppressed. Many of the details connected with these proceedings we may hope are destined at some future day to be given to the public, that the good may profit by, and all may admire the good sense and great experience of our first archbishop.

Many instances, however, are presented by the author, of the tenacious regard which Dr. Carroll manifested for the civil rights

of his children ; many examples of his paternal anxiety for the soundness and integrity of their religious principles, and of the respect which he claimed for episcopal dignity. "Thanks," writes our patriarch, in reply to one of these insidious alarmists, who would have revived the disabilities from which Catholics had just escaped, "thanks to the genuine spirit of Christianity, the United States have banished intolerance from their systems of government, and *many* of them have done the justice to every denomination of Christians, which ought to be done to them in *all*, of placing them on the same footing of citizenship, and conferring an equal right of participation in national privileges, freedom and independence, acquired by the united efforts and cemented with the mingled blood of Protestant and Catholic fellow-citizens. The Jersey state was the first, which, in forming its new constitution, gave the unjust example of reserving to Protestants alone, the prerogatives of government and legislation. At that very time the American army swarmed with Roman Catholic soldiers, and the world would have held them justified had they withdrawn themselves from the defence of a state, which treated them with so much cruelty and injustice, and which they then actually covered from the depredations of the British army. But their patriotism was too disinterested to hearken to the first impulse of even just resentment."

To this pastoral regard for the social happiness of his brethren, was added a still greater solicitude for their spiritual welfare ; and when a Rev. Mr. Wharton, who had been a Catholic priest and a college associate of our archbishop, renounced his religion in a published address to the Catholics of Worcester, in England, who had been under his spiritual charge, our venerable hierarch lost no time in warning his people of the dangerous tendencies and gross misrepresentations contained in Mr. Wharton's pamphlet. His pastoral letter on that occasion gave rise to a religious controversy between him and Mr. Wharton, remarkable, as far as our prelate was concerned, for its force and dignity. The "Biographical Sketch" before us, gives us but a few

interesting extracts from this celebrated discussion, and only enough to provoke a most impatient longing for so much of it as has been withheld.

Though one of the most approachable of men, the presence of our venerable pontiff always commanded respect and deference ; and he expected from all a due regard for his station and his title. He thus replied to an officious alarmist, who, under the signature of "Liberal," took fire at his title of "John, archbishop of Baltimore." "We read of Clement, bishop of Alexandria, Ignatius, bishop of Antioch, and Alexander, bishop of Alexandria. Where lies the greater difficulty which cost 'Liberal' so much time before he could ascertain the person meant by John, archbishop of Baltimore."

The renegade bishop of Autun, Talleyrand, falling into disgrace at one period of the French revolution, sought refuge in America, and Baltimore became the asylum of his few years of banishment. The fame of this prince attracted all eyes to him ; he was courted by the wealthy, caressed by the learned, and an object of curiosity to the populace. Carroll was among the few that rejected all fellowship with the recreant pastor of Autun, and this he did, though this famous prince struck as most men were by the majesty of his appearance, expressed a wish to have an interview with him. He would hold no communion with a man who had disgraced his ecclesiastical character, and was rather offended than flattered by his advances.

This is but one of many instances of a loftiness of purpose worthy of the days of an Ambrose or a Gregory. His amiability, however, was not less remarkable than his decision and firmness, and when a pious and most excellent priest in a moment of hastiness addressed him harshly in the presence of a large company, his subdued nature bore the unjust reproof with meekness, and so happy was the effect of his forbearance, that so soon as the sober second thought could return, the noble priest was kneeling at his feet, and publicly soliciting his pardon—the impulse of the man had been succeeded by the impulse of the Christian ; and two spirits as high-toned as

were ever implanted in the breast of man, were softened down by the precepts of the Gospel into beautiful examples of meekness and humility.

There was a frankness and purity so palpable in every act of Archbishop Carroll, that no one could mistake or impugn his motives, which always seemed to flow from that charity which has its source in the divinity itself, and which true religion always brings to her votaries. While we have represented our pontiff with all the sober attributes of a good and great man, we must not forget to remark, that he was equally cherished for his social qualities. He had his hours of relaxation and innocent enjoyment in which his conversation and his pleasantries were so agreeable, as to make his society widely courted. And why should he not at times have sought to smile away a social hour? For who can better appreciate than one whose spirit knows no reproach, the poet's assurance "*Dulce est desipere in loco*?" Yet let it not be imagined, that even in the hour of harmless mirth our righteous pontiff could be made to forget what was due to his omnipresent Maker or his own apostolical character. No,—that interior recollection which holy men so well understand, was always manifested by him, even in his intervals of greatest relaxation. "Sir," said he to an eminent Protestant divine who observed to him a few days before his happy dissolution, that his hopes were now fixed on another world, "Sir, my hopes have been always fixed on the cross of Christ." A very short time before he expired, he made a similar declaration to Father Grassi, who attended him in his last illness.* "Of those things that give me most consolation at the present moment is that I have always been attached to the practice of devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary; that I have established it among the people under my care, and placed my diocese under her protection."

Thus have we from the lips of our pontiff himself, the assurance that Jesus and Mary were the constant theme of his love and meditations. Well has our holy prelate

earned by his virtues all that was said of him in the public journals of his day. "The character of Archbishop Carroll," says one of them, "seemed to be filled up with wonderful care. He viewed the manners of different nations, saw the courts of kings, and the meetings of philosophers, and added the liberality of a true philosopher, and the accomplishments of a gentleman, to the apostolic dignity of his calling. Temptation drew forth the purity of his virtue, and like Shadrack he walked erect in the flame." "No being," says another cotemporaneous journal, "that it has been our lot to admire, ever inspired us with so much reverence as Archbishop Carroll. The configuration of his head, his whole mien bespoke the metropolitane. We cannot easily forget the impression which he made a few years before his death, upon a distinguished literary foreigner, (of Scotland), who conversed with him for half an hour immediately after the celebration of the mass, in his parlor, and had seen the most imposing hierarchs in Great Britain. The visitor seemed on leaving the apartment to be strongly moved, and repeatedly exclaimed 'that is indeed a true archbishop.'" The same eulogist assures us that "he bore his superior faculties and acquirements, his well improved opportunities of information and refinement abroad and at home, his professional rank and his daily honors, we will not say meekly, but so courteously, happily, and unaffectedly, that while his general character restrained in others all propensity to indecorum or presumption, his presence added to every one's complacency, and produced a universal sentiment of earnest kindness towards the truly amiable, and truly exalted companion and instructor."

If to such concurrent admiration and eulogy, we find the saintly Cheverus adding his eloquent voice, we shall know at once how richly they were earned. His pious salutation of Archbishop Carroll addressed to him from the pulpit of St. Peter's church in Baltimore, was said by those who heard it to have been most touching, eloquent, and happy. Modesty prevented the good and learned Cheverus from allowing the address to be published; yet we can all unite in the

* See article "The Rosary," by B. U. Campbell, Esq., p. 310, of this Magazine.

closing apostrophe he is said then to have pronounced; and feeling that Dr. Carroll was indeed the father of the American faithful; the charioteer whom God had set over the car of the American Church, we can say to his departed memory, what Cheverus said in his living presence: "*Pater mi, Pater mi, currus Israel et auriga ejus.*"

If the brilliant reputation of our most reverend archbishop, had been the offspring of worldly ambition or had had its origin in worldly intrigue, or the love of popular applause, his name must long ago have been forgotten as unworthy of his station. But his fame being a consequence and not a cause of his actions, having followed where it was not sought, being but a radiation of his unobtrusive virtues, his charity, his modesty, his dignity, and his erudition, it will heighten with time and become dearer as generation succeeds generation. His toils and his services in the cause of religion, the fruits of his apostolical labors which are yet multiplying around us, will forever embalm his memory in the hearts of American Catholics, and future annals will rank his pious efforts with a Patrick in Ireland, and an Austin in England.

Many remarkable virtues of our venerable archbishop have not been specially set forth in this article, because it is already swelled beyond the limits designed for it. His tender regard for the poor and the afflicted, which might be illustrated by nu-

merous and most affecting examples must on this account be passed over, with the subjoined testimony of a general character furnished by his biographer. "His charities were only bounded by his means, and they fell around him like the dews of heaven hidden and unseen. To those who stood not in need of the comforts of life, he administered the consolation of his counsel. The veil of mourning which hid the tears of the afflicted, covered many a heart not of his own particular flock, which felt that it lost in him an inestimable friend."*

The remains of this great man were followed to their last earthly resting place by as great and orderly a concourse of people as Baltimore had ever before that occasion witnessed together at one time. Business was stopped, schools were closed, and young and old, clergy and laity without distinction of sects mingled in the sorrowing train to pay the last sad tribute to one whom all had loved and esteemed. His death occurred on the 3d of December, 1815, in the year that closed the "late war." Thus it would seem that God rewarded alike the purity of his patriotism and the sanctity of his life. For he was suffered *to live* to rejoice over the glorious termination of our second struggle with England, and to die by a most happy coincidence on the festival day of the most exalted of modern apostles, St. Francis Xavier.

* Biographical Sketch, p. 216.

THE MASS.

BY WILLIAM GEORGE READ, LL. D.

THE following lines were the fruit of an effort to express in verse some of those feelings which crowd on the soul of a Christian who assists, understandingly, at the mystic rite by which the Saviour commanded his apostles to "show forth" the tremendous expiation on Calvary, till his second coming. Short as human language must ever fall of the object, in such attempts, the indulgent comments attracted by a former

publication of the little poem, if it may aspire to so high a name, have induced this reprint, in the hope that it may possibly excite the curiosity of some separated brother to investigate the deep meaning of every circumstance connected with what, through want of information, he is, perhaps, accustomed to denounce as senseless "mummery," or soul-destroying idolatry.

It was impossible, in such a form, to exhibit more than a very general outline of the subject. The author's sole endeavor was to throw light on the more prominent points of the divine ceremonial; but he hopes the little that has been done may invite to more profound examination into that most important department of theological science,

indicated by the familiar rule, "*lex orandi—lex credendi*." Those who would follow this suggestion could hardly be referred to a more interesting or instructive work than the "Explanation of the Mass," by the late lamented Bishop England, prefixed to his translation of the Missal, which, it is to be regretted, is nearly out of print.

THE deep-toned bell hath rung its warning peal,
And joyful Christians throng the lofty dome;
Before the sacred signs they reverent kneel;—
Here the Good Shepherd bears his wanderer home;
There the pure Virgin clasps her Infant God,
And there he bleeds on high beneath his Father's rod!

Thy tabernacles, Lord of Hosts! how fair!
For thy bright courts our spirits faint and long;
The wounded heart and wearied flesh may there
Pour to the living God a joyful song.
Yea! to thine altars hath the swallow hung
Her nest—and there the sparrow hides her callow young!*

Now heaves the organ with its tuneful breath,
And plaintive voices wake a solemn strain;
While to the "dulcet symphony," beneath
Moves, with infantile grace, a white-stoled train;
Them following slow, with measured step sublime,
The holy feebleness of age, or manhood's virgin prime.†

Type of our great High Priest he pausing stands,
With many an emblem in his vesture shown;
The robe of purity—subjection's bands—
The yoke of Christ athwart his shoulder thrown—
While the bright cross upon his back displayed
Tells how the priceless debt of fallen man was paid.

Armed with that sign of grace he dares to call,
In humble trust, on God's most holy name;
Then lowly bending, for himself and all
Breathes the sad accents of remorse and shame.
Ye who rejoice repentant man to see
Your prayers in heaven unite to set the sinner free!‡

Lo! to the "holiest place" the priest ascends,
As seen by faith its mystic veil expands;
Before the mercy seat he humbly bends;
The golden censer loads his sacred hands;
Then smokes the incense, curling toward the skies—
So let our prayers, O Lord! before thy throne arise!§

* Psalm lxxxiii.

‡ Luke xv, 7. Apoc. v, 8.

† Apoc. xiv, 4.

§ Psalm cxi, 2.

Now from the sacred founts of truth he draws
 Or consolation, hope, or holy joy ;
 But in the view of God's infracted laws,
 Loud cries for mercy still our tongues employ—
 Till the angelic song proclaims again,
 Glory to God on high ! and peace to willing men !

We praise, O God ! we bless thee, we adore
 Almighty Father !—Sole begotten Son !
 O Lamb of God ! thy mercy we implore ;
 Hear from the right hand of thy Father's throne !
 For thou art holy ! thou alone art Lord !
 In his own glory with the Paraclete adored !

Then warning all their hearts with him to raise,
 The Priest, like Moses, heavenward lifts his hands ;
 For health, and peace, and innocence he prays,
 Increase of faith, and light to darkened lands.
 Loud peals the echo of the deep " Amen !"
 And next is heard the law, from some inspired pen.

The book removed now shows departed sway
 From elder Sanhedrim to Christian fold ;
 The taper's flame commemorates the day
 When fire-baptized the twelve their message told,—
 Lights of the world ! " Cleanse, Lord ! my lips and soul,
 As erst thou didst Isaiah's with a burning coal !"

So prays the priest, devoutly bowing low,
 Ere he presumes the Gospel to proclaim ;
 Repeating next the symbol, framed to show
 Christ's changeless Church in every age the same ;—
 In every clime, wherever shines the sun,
 " One Shepherd and one fold ;"—" Lord, faith, baptism—one !"†

In secret, now, believers ! breathe your prayers !
 Attentive earth ! profoundest silence hold !
 For now the priest the sacrifice prepares—
 That " offering clean,"‡ by Malachi foretold ;
 Presenting first, by institute divine,
 Thy mystic rite, Melchisedech ! in bread and wine.§

The clouding censer yet again he heaves ;
 Washed are his hands from every earthly stain ;
 A brighter glow his kindling faith conceives,
 Till rapt in prayer he joins the seraph's strain !
 Thee, Lord of hosts ! thrice holy they proclaim ;
 Hosanna ! blessed is He that cometh in thy name !

Now, rescued man ! restrain thy struggling breath !
 Ye powers of darkness ! bow the trembling knee !
 For now the Church " shows forth " her Saviour's death !
 His words are spoken !—God of mercy ! see,
 Thy Lamb lies slain in mystic sacrifice !
 While angels prostrate fall—archangels veil their eyes !

* John x, 16. † Ephes. iv, 5. ‡ Malachi i, 11.
 § Genesis xiv, 18. Psalm cix, 4. Hebrews v, 6, 7.

Now may we call thee "Father," free from fear;
 Thy kingdom come! hallowed be thy name!
 Thy will be done by feeble mortals here,
 As in thy heavenly courts on earth the same!
 Feed us! Unharm'd, untempted let us live!
 Forgive us our sins, as others we forgive!

In penance washed, ye faithful, now draw nigh,
 With grateful love partake your heavenly food!
 Unless you eat your Saviour's flesh you die!
 "His flesh is meat indeed," and "drink his blood!"*
 Let awful joy inflame each glowing breast,
 "Our Passover is slain—come let us keep the feast!"†

The mysteries are ended; Christians, now
 Depart with blessing!—but before ye go,
 Your knees and hearts once more in homage bow—
 "The Word incarnate dwelt with us below!"‡
 We leave thy temple, Lord! but not thy sight;
 Vouchsafe, through life's dark ways, to guide our steps aright!

* John vi, 54—56.

† 1 Cor. v, 7, 8.

‡ John i, 14.

AD POPULUM.

IS IT SAFER TO BE A CATHOLIC, OR TO BELONG TO SOME OTHER COMMUNION?

NO. I.

IF it is a principle of our nature to adopt the safer of two ways that may chance to lie open before us, and if the obligation of selecting the more secure is infinitely greater when our souls are concerned, than when there is question of our corporal welfare only, then we cannot hesitate a moment in our choice between Catholicity and any other existing form of Christianity. The more closely we examine this proposition, the more firmly shall we be persuaded of its truth.

We might appeal to the admissions of the most learned and most candid of our separated brethren in proof of our assertion. We might appeal to the unanswerable arguments derived from a plain and simple comparison between Catholic and anti-catholic doctrines and practices. We might appeal to facts with which every Catholic missionary is perfectly familiar,—we allude to those innumerable cases in which we are

called upon to minister, in the hour of death, to those who were born and educated, and who have lived all their lives in other communions. How is it that the Catholic clergy are so frequently, nay, incessantly summoned to receive dying Christians of other denominations into the Catholic Church, whilst not a single instance can be adduced of a Catholic wishing to die in any other communion than his own? The question is easily answered. It is owing to a conviction which sober reflection and observation have produced and are daily producing upon the minds of many of our separated brethren,—that though it is more *pleasant* to *live* under the more indulgent auspices of other denominations, it is *safer* to *die* in the Catholic religion. A moment's reflection will enable us to account for the circumstance that so many are daily coming to this conclusion, and are acting upon it.

In the first place the Catholic religion

possesses all the advantages—all the security possessed by any or all of the other denominations; and besides these advantages and this security, common to all, the Catholic religion possesses many great advantages and much important security, of which all other denominations are destitute. The truth of this remark will become apparent if we bear in mind that the difference between Catholicity and the doctrines of those other denominations is, that the former is a *positive*, the latter a *negative* system. Those different denominations hold nothing that the Catholic Church does not hold; but the Catholic Church holds many things that are not taught by any of those denominations or by all of them together. Hence it is that the divines of those other denominations admit, and are forced to admit, that salvation is attainable in the Catholic Church; but Catholic divines can never admit that salvation is attainable in those other systems, except in the case of invincible ignorance. Why so? because Christ declares that faith is necessary to salvation; and he also declares that by *faith* he means the admission, not of *some*, but of “all things whatsoever” he revealed.

Besides this, the Scripture informs us that “whosoever shall observe the whole law, but offend in one point, is become guilty of all;” so that he who refuses, except in the case of invincible ignorance, to admit one single article of faith revealed by Christ, does not hold the faith of Christ, and consequently, since faith is necessary to salvation, is out of the way of salvation. What, then, must be the dreadful insecurity of those who offend, not only in one point, but who reject *five sevenths* of the doctrine held by the Church of Christ in all ages? we mean *five* of the seven sacraments. For each of the five sacraments rejected at the time of the reformation, had always been held in the Catholic Church, as of divine institution, no less than the two retained by those who left the Church at that period. This, then, is one of the many reflections which are constantly operating so powerfully in convincing our dissenting brethren of their alarming insecurity—one of the many reflections which are constantly

inducing them to *dis* Catholics, after having *lived* separated from the Catholic Church. They know that in making the exchange they are getting *more for less*. They know that at all events, according to the concessions of their own divines, they can lose nothing in point of security, and that they *may* secure much, even the salvation of their souls.

Another powerful consideration arising from the circumstance that Catholicity is a *positive*, and the other a negative system, is this—that even supposing some points of Catholic doctrine *wrong* (which, however, is an impossible supposition, since it is a plain historical fact that every point of Catholic doctrine has been taught in every age from the time of Christ and his apostles), the worst and only consequence would be, according to the acknowledgment of divines of other communions, that the Catholic Church holds some things *more* than are necessary to salvation; things, however, which all acknowledge to be good in themselves. But supposing, on the other hand, the Catholic doctrine *right*, what is the consequence? The consequence is, that those other denominations *reject* some things necessary to salvation.

Let us take an example. Suppose the Catholic Church *wrong* in holding that *baptism*, for example, is necessary to salvation. What would be the consequence? The consequence would be that the Catholic Church would require one thing *more* than is necessary to salvation; a thing, however, which our separated friends, no less than ourselves, acknowledge to be good in itself. But suppose, on the other hand, that the Catholic Church is right in holding that baptism is necessary to salvation. The consequence is, that those who neglect to be baptized, omit something essential to salvation. Is not this true? and is it not as startling as it is true? Is it strange, then, that those who feel a proper solicitude for the salvation of their souls, should be daily seen leaving that less secure for a more secure way?

A similar argument may be used in relation to every one, not only of the *five* sacraments rejected at the time of the refor-

mation, but in relation to each of the *seven* sacraments; for, at the same time that the so called reformers deprived their followers of the use of the *five* sacraments, they took away all substance from the two which they retained. They abolished five, and gave only the shadow of the other two. The holy eucharist was no longer what the whole Catholic world had always held it to be, the true body and blood of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, it was nothing more than bread and wine. Baptism, the other sacrament retained, was no longer the means of the remission of sin, whether original or actual; it was a bare "rite," to use the very words in which it has been defined, "no more than a representation of our entrance into the Church of Christ." But we cannot occupy more space, just now, in shewing the extreme meagreness, barrenness, and poverty of every form of Christianity, separated from the Catholic Church. We wish to show how the argument just applied to *baptism*, applies also to the other sacraments.

Let us suppose, for example, that the sacrament of *penance*, as taught in the Catholic Church, is not essential to salvation (though the Catholic world has always held it so)—what would be the consequence? Simply that the Catholic Church requires her children to do one thing more than is necessary to salvation; a thing, however, which our separated brethren, without number, regard as a most admirable and a most useful institution. But let us suppose, on the other hand, that the doctrine of the Christian world up to the time of the reformation is correct, and that the sacrament of penance, of which *confession* is an essential part, is necessary to salvation—what is the consequence? The consequence is that our separated brethren live and die in the omission of something necessary to salvation. Now, in the absence of all other considerations, which is the safer of these two systems? According to the concession of even the enemies of the Church, there is no risk in belonging to the Catholic religion; but unless the whole Christian world up to the time of the reformation, and the whole Catholic world since that period, be in error,

there is the most imminent danger, nay, absolute certainty, of the most dreadful consequences to those who, except in the case of invincible ignorance, take upon themselves the responsibility of living and dying in the disregard of those necessary means of salvation appointed by Christ.

The same argument may be applied with the same force in the cases of the sacraments of the eucharist and holy orders. And even with respect to the three remaining sacraments, confirmation, extreme unction and matrimony, what is the state of the case? According to the constant doctrine of the Church, they are not, indeed, necessary to salvation as the other four sacraments are, but still they are sacraments; that is, they are rites by which, in virtue of the institution of Jesus Christ, most important graces are conveyed to our souls, and without which our souls remain destitute of those invaluable graces. Now of those three sacramental rites, *one*, that is, extreme unction, exists not at all, except in the Catholic Church, and the other two, matrimony and confirmation exist not as *sacraments*, that is, they are not regarded as *conferring grace*, except in the Catholic Church.

Though this argument, when applied to these three sacraments, must be less cogent, less calculated to strike the mind than when applied to the other four sacraments,—less strikingly demonstrative of the incomparably greater security furnished in the Catholic Church, still much might be said in relation to even these three. And the spiritual aid derived from these three sacraments is so great that even if the Catholic Church possessed no other advantage over other denominations, this alone ought to suffice to make every person who is really solicitous about his salvation, resolve upon entering her communion.

Passing over in silence the important graces received through the mediums of the sacraments of confirmation and matrimony, we come at once to extreme unction. This sacrament is not, indeed, *necessary* to salvation; but are we to despise every thing that is not *necessary* to salvation? Is it not possible that an institution may be not abso-

lutely *necessary* to salvation, and still contribute greatly towards insuring security? Yes, and so it is with extreme unction. Did our Saviour lose his time when he instituted this sacrament? Might he have been better employed? Say not that the *Scripture* does not pronounce it an institution of our Lord and Saviour. The *Scripture* *does* declare it, at least equivalently: "Is any man sick among you? Let him bring in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: And the prayer of faith shall save the sick man: and the Lord shall raise him up: and if he be in sins, they shall be forgiven him." (St. James v.) The *Scripture*, therefore, describes it as an outward rite doing good to the soul or conferring grace. Now we know that it is not in the power of *man* to attach to an outward action or visible sign the power of doing good to the soul, and of conferring grace; therefore it was God who invested it with that power. The *Scripture* does not declare it in *so many words*. Why if we are to discard every doctrine for which the *Scripture* does not vouch in *so many words*, we shall have to discard the majority of the great truths of religion, and very many practices and observances which all Catholics as well as Christians of every communion, hold to be obligatory. We cannot now stop to give all the arguments by which extreme unction is proved to be a sacrament. Suffice it for us at present that the whole Christian world from the days of the apostles up to the commencement of the sixteenth century, held it as such, and that for eighteen hundred years the dying Christian has always regarded it as one of its divinely instituted channels, through which the saving blood of Christ was to be communicated to his soul in that most awful hour—the hour of his death.

But let us suppose the Catholic Church wrong in this doctrine—what is the consequence? The consequence is that she does one thing *more* than is necessary to salvation; a thing, however, which is not only innocent but which the *Scripture* positively commands, and which the *Scripture*

prescribes to be administered in the *very manner* in which it has always been, and is still daily administered in the Church. "Is any man sick among you? Let him bring in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him: anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord," &c. But on the other hand, let us suppose the Catholic Church *right*, and what is the consequence? The consequence is that all except Catholics *die* without the assistance of a sacrament which Christ appointed with the express view of assisting us in that dread hour.

If it is safer to be baptized than not to be baptized at all, or than to be carelessly or improperly baptized, then it is safer to belong to the Catholic Church than to any other. And why? because according to the principles of *some* of those other denominations, it is not only unnecessary, but improper to baptize, and, therefore, they do not baptize at all. The ministers of some other denominations are willing to baptize in order to comply with the wish of parents or of individuals; but not that they attach any importance, or any great importance to it, whilst even those who hold in *theory* with the Catholic Church, that baptism is necessary to salvation, frequently baptize in such a way, that their baptism is either certainly invalid, or at best extremely doubtful; so that upon receiving into the Catholic Church persons thus baptized, we always re-baptize. Therefore, again it is safer to be a Catholic.

If *confirmation* is a sacrament, as the Catholic world has always taught, it is safer to be a Catholic, because in only one denomination besides the Catholic Church does it exist at all, and nowhere except in the Catholic Church is it a sacrament, or the means of imparting grace to the soul. And even if the Catholic doctrine on this point were incorrect, there can still be no harm in our doing as the "Acts of the Apostles" tells us, that the primitive Christians did; that is, in permitting "the bishops of our souls" to impose hands, and to pray over us, that the Holy Ghost may descend upon us.

It has been said, and with perfect accuracy, that custom is a second nature. We

can accustom ourselves to any thing—to any omission or neglect, no matter how criminal or how fatal. Most foreign and abhorrent is it to our nature to utter or write a word which may wound the feelings of any one, or recall unpleasant recollections; but our duty is a sacred one, and one from the discharge of which we may not shrink; and where the salvation of immortal souls is at stake, we must be permitted to express a plain truth in plain terms. Those then, who are born and educated in a communion separated from the Catholic Church, are all their lives accustomed to attach comparatively little importance to those external acts of religion, which our Redeemer so imperatively commands as necessary to salvation. They can sit by the couch upon which is extended the enfeebled, emaciated, and almost exanimate form of some beloved relative or acquaintance—they can see the ghastly spectre, death, approaching inch by inch—one moment more and the soul will have taken its departure, and yet the question “Has he ever been baptized?” is frequently omitted. Indeed it often happens as we ascertain by subsequent inquiry, that not even the thought of putting such a question ever entered the mind of any in-

dividual present. How different is the case where Catholics are concerned? and what solicitude is evinced that not only baptism, but all the sacraments be duly received? but upon this branch of the subject, we can now say nothing.

Is it safer to be a Catholic or to belong to some other communion? With the recollection of what has been said, particularly of the sacraments of baptism and penance, fresh upon our memories, can we wonder that the Catholic clergy are incessantly called upon to receive dying Christians of other denominations into the Catholic Church, whilst not a single instance can be adduced of a Catholic wishing to *die* in any other communion than his own? The fact is certainly a remarkable one—the explanation which we beg our readers to bear in mind is simply this:—that even on the impossible supposition that the Catholic errs, he errs by doing some things more than are absolutely necessary to salvation—things, however, which our dissenting brethren acknowledge to be innocent and good in themselves; but if the Catholic doctrine is right, those of all other communions live and *die* in the omission of many things essential to salvation. C.

DISCOURSE ON THE RT. REV. JOHN DUBOIS, D. D.

LATE BISHOP OF NEW YORK.

BY REV. JOHN M'CAFFREY.

Concluded from page 283.

MR. DUBOIS had that bold and sanguine spirit, which is required in the founder of important institutions or the leader in arduous enterprises. When he undertook to build the first Catholic church in Frederick, he no sooner exhibited his plans and an estimate of the expenses, than every body predicted that the undertaking must fail. “We all thought,” to repeat the words of one of his parishioners, who now fills with honor the first judicial station in our government, “we all thought, that the means could never be raised to pay

for such a building, that the church would never be completed, and if it were completed, it would never be filled with Catholics.” Mr. Dubois thought differently, and he persevered. He built the church, paid for it, and lived not only to see it filled, but to celebrate the divine mysteries in that much more spacious and more splendid temple, which has been erected by his present worthy successor in the pastorate of that congregation. In like manner, when he spoke to the people of the great plan, which he was revolving in his active mind, of estab-

lishing a college for the education of their children and the supply of the holy ministry, there were few, if any, who could enter into his views. Most persons listened with looks of surprise or smiles of incredulity, and some privately pronounced him crazy; and many a laugh and jeer went round, when, amid difficulties, which we can scarce conceive, he was bringing together, in the midst of a dense, miry and almost inaccessible thicket, the rude materials of his first humble school house. Need I now ask, who was right—the bold, indefatigable, heaven-inspired projector, or the idle, short-sighted scoffers? After all, both were right. They took the natural view of things: he viewed the matter in the light of divine faith. They said: it is humanly impossible. He said: this thing is indeed impossible with men, but it is not so with God. “He,” to use the beautiful language of the psalmist, “He dwelt in the aid of the Most High; he was overshadowed by his shoulders, and in his wings he trusted.” (Psalm xc.) Yet while he trusted entirely in the help of God, he labored, as if all depended on himself. It was a curious spectacle, to see this polished gentleman and dignified ecclesiastic sharing with the hardy sons of toil the roughest drudgery, to further his humble improvements; following the ponderous wain over difficult and dangerous roads; cheering the woodman, whose axe made the forest ring; plying the spade with hands more fit to wield the crosier, and presiding at the rural fête in honor of the successful raising of a log building, with manners that would have graced the saloons of his native city. But it was by such means that he commanded success, when another would have yielded to despair.

During the fourteen years that he resided at Frederick, he was accustomed to visit this neighborhood once a month, celebrating mass alternately at Emmitsburg and in the old chapel, which was but a room in the farm-house of the first settler here; for after the Protestant revolution in Maryland, a Catholic church could not be erected in the province. He had improved and decorated the little church in Emmitsburg,

erected a short time before by a zealous priest from the “Island of Saints,” liberally seconded by a few Catholics of that village. He had selected, in the midst of a dense forest, a site of unrivalled grandeur and beauty, and on it reared, by immense personal exertions, the church, in which we are now assembled. The time had come, when his great project of establishing a college was to be carried into effect. A friendless foreigner, lisping “a language which he had not known,” an exile flying from the sword of persecution, a penniless priest, undertakes alone to do that, which the authority and treasures of the state of Maryland have scarcely been able to accomplish. And, my brethren, he succeeds. By his own exertions, without one dollar of endowment or donation from the state, with no munificent grant, no rich bequest, nothing but his own energies and the help of God to rely on, he triumphs over every difficulty and succeeds beyond all expectation. Go back in fancy to the year 1809, when the first log building stood there below, with a very narrow clearing in front and the wild fox and wolf howling in the distance. Contrast that with the present state of things,—and look at the corresponding increase of blessings and advantages derived from the toils and struggles of Mr. Dubois, and then, if you can, refuse your tribute of gratitude to this distinguished benefactor to the cause of education, of charity, and of religion. Do you ask the secret of this wonderful success? Simply this, my brethren—the divine blessing prospering all his labors. Yes, “the finger of God was there:” (Exod. i 19.) he was but the instrument of Him, who “chooses the foolish things of this world, that he may confound the wise, and the weak things of this world, that he may confound the strong;” “for that which is foolish of God is wiser than men, and that which is weakness of God is stronger than men.” (1 Cor. i.)

His primary object was to establish a seminary for ecclesiastical education. The Catholic church in the United States was as yet almost entirely dependent on Europe for the education of its missionaries. Bishop Carroll, consecrated to the see of Baltimore,

which then comprised the entire Union, in the year 1790, immediately set himself about establishing a seminary, and called from Europe those learned, pious, and venerable members of the Society of St. Sulpice, to whom our country at large and this diocese in particular, are so greatly indebted. Mr. Dubois wished to associate his labors with theirs, and for a time conducted his little institution, as a branch of the Sulpitian seminary. But difficulties rather than advantages growing out of this union, the parties, who had a common object, though they might differ as to the means, agreed, like Paul and Barnabas, to go their several ways in peace; and the divine blessing attended them both. It was most signally bestowed on Mr. Dubois' undertaking. From the little nursery, which he had planted by the mountain's side, he was able soon to present to his bishop, as the first fruits of his zeal, several pious youths fully prepared for the study of theology and destined to shine among the ornaments of the sanctuary. Ere long he is surrounded by a crowd of aspirants to the holy ministry. The queen of sciences is enthroned at Mount St. Mary's and counts a larger retinue of suitors here than in any other institution in our country. He is seconded by a brother priest from France, of spirit akin to his own,—a man, who unites the most profound and varied learning to the highest genius, but whose genius and learning are surpassed by his piety and zeal,—need I name the saintly bishop of Vincennes, the lamented Bruté,—the memory of whose virtues in the minds of all who knew him, is like a bank of fragrant flowers in Spring, whose character was truly "as a massy vessel of gold adorned with every precious stone." (Eccles. 1, 10.) Thus supported he was able to supply the missions of our country with many pious and enlightened pastors, including a fair proportion of our present hierarchy. Before he left Mount St. Mary's, he could count more than forty priests, who were chiefly, if not entirely, indebted to him for their ecclesiastical education: and to him surely, if to any one, it was given to view with enviable feelings the progress of true religion in our country,—episcopal sees created, churches

and altars rising, and congregations springing up in every part of the land; as a watcher of the skies, when twilight fades away, sees at first but a few dim stars, then another and another shining forth, until the heavenly host by their number and brightness gladden his sight and illumine the vast firmament with their glory.

He was no less attentive to the education of those destined to secular pursuits. He selected the retired site of his college, then much more difficult of access than it is at present, partly from considerations of health and of the importance of a vigorous development of mind and body; but still more, as I have already intimated, in the hope of shutting out the demon of worldly dissipation and the seductions of vicious example. He knew that piety is the safeguard and ornament of every state of life, that "it has the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." (1 Tim. iii, 8.) He knew that without piety there can be no solid virtue, religion being the only foundation, on which the moral edifice can be securely erected. He therefore made piety the basis of his system; and what he did for the education of boys at Mount St. Mary's, he powerfully co-operated in doing for female education at St. Joseph's. Experience is daily proving which is the right system—the worldly, or the Christian one. The teachings of reason, of analogy, and of the law of God may not be despised with impunity. The young steed that has been trained and disciplined, may fling his rider and rush madly to danger and destruction; yet he feels the old impression of the bit and will return to subjection; but the wild horse of the prairie—who will tame him? Who will curb his fiery neck? And who will subject to the yoke of the law of God the spirit that has not known the early discipline of heavenly wisdom?

Knowing that the first fruits of life, even its opening buds and vernal flowers, are the most acceptable present to heaven, he was peculiarly careful to secure the offering of the youthful heart to God. Who that ever witnessed it can forget his mode of preparing children for their first communion, and rendering the impressions of that happy day

on which they first opened their hearts to let the King of glory in, decisive of their destiny for life? What eye was tearless here, when the sweet voice of childhood's piety was heard reciting that beautiful act of atonement and of consecration of the soul to God, which he prepared for this interesting occasion? What heart so hardened that it was not moved when this venerable priest addressed his simple, pious, persuasive exhortations to his children, who with angelic countenances listened to his words, as they would have listened to the voice of an angel, and, like little angels themselves, knelt before the table of the Lord that they might receive the bread of angels from his hands? Oh! you may find a sinner hardened in guilt, apparently insensible to every motive of virtue, and dead to every feeling of piety; but, if he made his first communion at Mount St. Mary's under the direction of Mr. Dubois, be assured that there is yet one chord in his heart which will vibrate to the touch of religion. Speak to him of that happy day; remind him of the pure joys he then experienced, and the vows he then made to heaven from an innocent heart,—and you will see the tear drop starting in his eye, and you will justly hope that he may yet prove the returning prodigal and give joy to heaven by his conversion.

Anxious to neglect no means of inspiring and preserving youthful piety, he was particularly eager to infuse into the young breast his own tender devotion to the Mother of God. To *her* he dedicated his church, his college, and his seminary. The hill, the spring, the woods,—every thing around him was sacred to Mary. To *her* honor his labors and his life were devoted,—and beautiful were the lessons, which he taught us by word and example, of respect for the exalted virtues and prerogatives of our most blessed lady,—of love for this purest and most tender of mothers,—of confidence in the intercession of our most powerful advocate and protectress. O Mary! spotless Queen of Heaven! most gracious patroness of our mount! may we never cease to practise his admirable instructions!

He spared no pains to give the youths entrusted to his care all the literary and sci-

entific advantages which his means enabled him to compass. To exhibit all that he did for this end would be to relate the early history of the institution which he founded. I will only remark that amid his other duties, however numerous and burthensome, he found time to teach not a little himself. Sole pastor of this congregation, chief pastor of Emmittsburg, confessor or superior of St. Joseph's, and sometimes both at once, president, procurator, and treasurer of the college,—building, gardening, farming, directing great improvements and projecting new ones, giving a personal attention to every thing,—he was yet teaching daily a class of Latin, and sometimes one, sometimes two of French, and in the absence of Mr. Bruté, filling the chair of theology. He was the life and soul of the establishment over which he presided—holding with a firm hand the reins of discipline, approving the best, encouraging the good, urging the tepid, and spurring or correcting the indolent or the unruly,—as a mild, but watchful and determined father in the midst of a numerous family, governing each and extending equal care and affection to all.

And while his own immediate family seemed to engross his time and toil, there was another wide spread family, looking up to him on a hundred different occasions, as their common father. You, my brethren of the congregation, did not pronounce an unmeaning word, when you gave him that respectful and endearing name. Not only was he your spiritual director into whose sympathetic bosom you could pour the sorrows of a repentant soul; but which of you was in trouble, that did not come to him for consolation? Which of you in want, that did not apply to him for relief? Where was the afflicted father or heart-broken mother that did not call on him to reclaim the ungrateful, wandering child? If servants were unruly, did not the master refer them to him? If the master was hard-hearted, to whom could the servant go for redress, if not to the pastor, the father of all, in whose kind and charitable heart there was no respect of persons, no regard to fortune or color—all alike were his children,—and while he pointed out to each the

duties of his station and required him to do them, what other desire had he, than to lead all alike to heaven, and on the great accounting day, to present you all, not one soul missing from your number, to his and your heavenly Father,—able to say: “Lo, here am I, and the children whom thou gavest me!”

Time will not permit me, my brethren, to speak to you as I would wish, of his large instrumentality in establishing in this country the admirable society of the *Sisters of Charity*. He was, as I have heard Mr. Bruté express it, “the true father of that institution from the beginning.” When Mother Seton first came to this neighborhood, he gave her a home upon this very hill. He freely shared his limited means with them: he supported them when other support they had none. He was their confessor and director during the first years of their existence as a society. To him Archbishop Carroll entrusted all that related to them. He instructed, trained, directed, formed them all. He initiated them into the practice of the rules laid down by St. Vincent of Paul. He consoled, encouraged, and sustained them amid trials and difficulties which would have shaken souls less generous than theirs or his,—and from the scanty stores of his own poverty he supplied them with bread, when, but for him, they had no alternative but to abandon their undertaking and disperse, or to perish for want of food. Tell me not, my friends, of heroism on the battle field; tell me not of that wonderful man who, at this very time, was leading half a million of slavish followers to the cannon’s mouth, and exercising such a strange ascendancy over their maddened minds, that, while blood was spouting from their death wounds, they would stifle the groans of agony and summon all their remaining breath to shout “long live the emperor!” There was more true heroism then exhibited in St. Joseph’s vale, when this man of God had taught that delicately reared and softly nurtured mother and her little band of resolute associates, to suffer without complaint day after day and month after month the gnawing pains of hunger, confident that He who

feeds the ravens would not forget them, and in the hope that they might yet grow up into a community and one day be able themselves to feed the hungry, to rear the forsaken orphan, to nurse the destitute sick, to throw themselves like tutelary angels between the raging pestilence and its trembling victims. That hope has been realized! Yes, departed benefactors of the poor—Dubois! Seton! thousands of orphans, rescued from want, and misery, and death, or worse than death, have raised their grateful hands to heaven imploring blessings on you—a thousand orphans will this night remember you in their prayers!

I have spoken of the rude beginnings of Mount St. Mary’s college. In a few years the scene had changed, as if by magic. The thicket was cleared; the stumps of trees removed; the grounds enclosed and broken into terraces. The water, “taught a better course,” flowed through artificial channels to the spot where it was needed; the garden bloomed with flowers and presented to the eye the fruits of many climes; there were shady walks along the mountain’s side or on the margin of the murmuring brook; the rude arbor, the moss-grown rock, the rippling stream, the wild notes of warbling birds allured the lover of books, and, with the grand, and beautiful, and halloved scenes around, converted him into a lover of nature and of God. The adjacent village had largely improved; the neighborhood was gladdened with signs of increasing prosperity. The two institutions, the seminary and sisterhood, like brother and sister, had grown up together, or, sister-like, the latter was maturing the faster. Scholars had gone forth from both mountain and valley to tell their friends, what beautiful things were adorning in a wild sequestered spot by the foot of the Blue Ridge mountain.

A noble edifice, the fruit of so many years’ unparalleled exertions, was on the point of completion, and a hundred youthful students were ready to occupy it. The feast of Pentecost, on the sixth day of June, 1824, came and passed away. The last rays of a bright sun, ere it set behind St. Mary’s mount, had gilded the cross which

rose from the cupola of this majestic structure. When that sun again appeared in the east, it threw its cheerless beams on blackened walls and smouldering ruins. Startled by alarming cries, at the dead of night, from the tranquil slumbers which visit the good man at the close of a well spent day, Mr. Dubois beheld at a glance the ruin of his hopes. What, think you, my friends, were the first words that escaped his venerable lips? Did he impeach the justice of heaven? Did he call down vengeance on the head of the cruel incendiary? Ah! it was a beautiful sight to see, even by the light of a disastrous conflagration, that good old man, heart-broken, as you may suppose, arming himself deliberately with the sign of the cross, meekly bowing his head in token of submission, and exclaiming with patient Job: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." (Job i, 21.) His spirit quailed not through that dreadful night. His characteristic fortitude did not forsake him. Conquering the agonies of despair, he calmly gave directions or observed in silent grief the progress of destruction. Soon he pointed out some defects in the plan of the flaming edifice, *which he would remedy in the next*;—and this too, though the snows of sixty winters had whitened his head, and he had gone beyond his present means in erecting the building which was destroyed. And again he realized his prediction. He had the public confidence and sympathy. God prospered all his labors; and a new college arose, like the fabled Phoenix, from the ashes of its predecessor. He not only finished it, though he remained but two years longer here, but he also presided over the erection of a still more spacious academy at St. Joseph's.

He was then called to the vacant bishoprick of New York. It was hard to leave his dear mountain and beautiful valley,—to tear himself away from the spot which he had found a wilderness and made a paradise. It was hard to enter on new and untried fields of labor, when declining years and increasing infirmities entitled him rather to seek repose amid the beautiful creations of his own religious zeal and charity. But

he was never known to shrink from toil or hardship, and he bowed to the decision of that authority, which forms the very keystone of the grand arch of Catholic unity. He was consecrated to the see of New York in the autumn of 1826. His career as a bishop was one of unostentatious, but active and untiring benevolence. He visited frequently every portion of the vineyard entrusted to his care. He was a kind father to his clergy, a friend and benefactor to the poor, a pastor full of solicitude to supply abundantly the spiritual wants of his extensive diocese. He won the hearts of many by his paternal kindness and the charm of his engaging manners. He edified all by the regularity of his pious conduct, his pure disinterestedness, his charity and fervent devotion. Many obstacles he had to encounter; but he overcame them by patient meekness and unconquerable resolution. And if this good prelate was forced to witness scenes which wounded his paternal heart; he also saw much, when he looked over his great field of labor, to console and gratify him—new congregations arising, religion continually advancing, institutions of charity multiplying around him,—the co-operation of many zealous laborers in the vineyard, and, among them, of gifted and exemplary priests whom he himself had educated. He saw Sisters of Charity, whom he himself had trained, laboring in their angelic vocation in the asylum, in the school-room, in the hospital. He saw continually some hundreds of orphan children, to whom he had been a provident benefactor: and this good and holy bishop, though far from his native country and kindred, was encircled by a numerous, devoted, and affectionate family, depending on his spiritual care, looking up to him for counsel and direction, and imploring the divine goodness to scatter blessings on his path and prolong and brighten the evening of his days. When the charge of his great and populous diocese had become too weighty for his shoulders bent by age and weakened by infirmities, he sought a coadjutor among his children of the mountain, and placed the heavy burthen on shoulders that are able to bear it. There too he had erected a college

for ecclesiastical and secular education, and seen it ruined by devouring flames. Yet he lived to behold his fond hope realized in the establishment of an institution founded on the plan, governed by the rules, and directed by the children of Mount St. Mary's.

Which of you, my brethren, will ever forget the scenes which you witnessed when Mr. Dubois revisited the spots ever dearest to his heart, the mountain and valley? How did the whole population of the country around pour forth to welcome their benefactor, and to ask a father's blessing from him! It was as if a patriot hero were returning in triumph to his country delivered by his arms. When he was last among you during the summer that is past, you saw indeed but the wrecks of that vigorous constitution, that unbending will, that noble resolution to do good to men and promote the glory of God, which, in his better day, appeared in his firm step, his erect bearing, his quick, commanding eye, his countenance stamped with energy and firmness, yet beaming with benevolence; but you still recognized and were delighted to behold that paternal look and gracious smile, that desire to make every one happy, that prompt politeness and amiable manner, which made him at all times the perfect model of a Christian gentleman; and you were edified too to observe the lamp of charity burning brightly to the last and throwing its rays on that humble piety and tender devotion which ever marked his character.

I find that character, my brethren, briefly, but accurately sketched on the page of sacred Scripture. It is in the description of the just man conducted by heavenly wisdom. "Wisdom hath delivered from sorrow them that attend upon her. She conducted the just when he fled from his brother's wrath, through right ways; and showed him the kingdom of God and gave him the knowledge of holy things; made him honorable in his labors and accomplished his labors." (Wisdom x, 9, 10.) Yes, this divine guide delivered him from all his dangers, and trials, and sorrows, and turned them all into occasions of merit; led him by the hand, when he fled from the wrath of his impious brethren, who, in the

name of reason and philanthropy established the reign of Atheism and terror; opened to his view the kingdom of God, by making known his holy will and choosing him to be the interpreter of his oracles and "dispenser of his mysteries;" employed him in the most useful, the most charitable, the most honorable labors—in labors which will cover him with fame, and glory, and benediction for all eternity; and brought all his labors, no matter how arduous or unpromising, brought them all to a happy issue and crowned them with complete success.

Need I tell you that such a life was closed by a tranquil and happy death? Patient, resigned, and devout to the end,—the last object that caught his eager gaze was the sign under which he "had fought the good fight" and won his victories,—the image of his crucified Redeemer; the last words that trembled on his lips, were the holy names which in infancy a pious mother had taught him to lip,—Jesus, Mary, and Joseph! As ripe and mellow fruit falls in due season to the ground,—as the flower hangs its head and droops and dies,—as the sun at evening's close sinks calmly into ocean's bed, leaving tracks of glory behind,—so did he quit this earthly scene, without a struggle and without a sigh,—with a prayer on his lips and a sweet hope of heavenly rest in his heart, and a sweet thought of the mercy of Jesus, whom he had loved and served all his life, hovering like an angel over his departing spirit.

He has gone, we trust, to that blest place where many souls saved by his ministry joyously awaited his coming. Shall we accompany him thither? Shall we dispel those fears which ever qualify our strongest assurance, and follow him to "the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and the company of many thousand angels, and to God the Judge of all and to the spirits of the just made perfect?" (Heb. xii, 22, 23.) Shall we fancy the rapturous greetings given by his numerous children in Christ to their welcome father, and attempt to conceive the re-union in bliss and glory and in the bosom of their Saviour of the kindred spirits of a Dubois, a Bruté, and a

Seton! But, no; it is not given to us to lift the veil which hides from mortal eyes the mansions of the blest. We are not privileged, as was the valiant Machabeus, when in heavenly vision he beheld the high priest Onias, "a good and virtuous man, modest in his looks, gentle in his manners and graceful in his speech, and exercised from a child in all virtues, holding up his hands" before the throne of God, "and praying for all the people." (2 Machab. xv, 12.) We rather pray for him; we offer to God for him the Lamb that was slain to take away our sins; because perhaps he may need the assistance of our prayers and sacrifices, and if he need them, he is most clearly entitled to our grateful remembrance before the altar of God; and because, whatever the case may be, the charity which wishes to help a suffering soul will not go unrewarded. He is entitled to our gratitude; for though he died as he had lived,—poor in the goods of this world, rich only in spiritual gifts and graces,—though he left no earthly property or wealth to be divided; yet hath he bequeathed to us a precious inheritance, a legacy of inestimable value, to make us bless his memory and be mindful of him in our prayers. He has left us our college and seminary. He has left you this church and all the blessings of a constant pastoral attendance. He has left bishops to the church, pastors to the faithful, instructors to the ignorant, mothers to the orphans, sisters, kind, devoted sisters to all that need the ministering hand of charity. Can any honor that Christians may pay to the departed be too great for such a benefactor? And if all the world beside forget him, will Mount St. Mary's be ungrateful to his memory? God forbid, my brethren, that we should merit such a reproach! But he has left us something more—the beautiful example of his virtues. To you

most particularly this rich inheritance belongs. For thirty-two years he was your pastor; for eighteen years he lived in the midst of you, the pattern, as well as the leader of his flock. For if he showed you the road to heaven, he also led the way: he was always "as the eagle enticing her young to fly and hovering over them." (Deut. xxxii, 11.) Remember, therefore, his virtuous conversation, and take to heart the lesson which his life conveys. Shun the counsels of the ungodly; walk not in the ways of sinners, and never sit in the chair of pestilent impiety, blaspheming what you do not understand and with silly weakness scoffing at the wisdom of your Creator. But give your heart to the law of God: meditate thereon by day and by night: seek his will, to know and to do it. Clinging with devoted loyalty to the old, hereditary faith of Christendom, show forth in your lives the spirit which has animated, and the virtues which have adorned in every age the saints and heroes of the Church. "Remember," according to the advice of the Holy Ghost, "remember your prelates, who have spoken to you the word of God, and considering well the end of their conversation, imitate their faith." (Heb. xiii, 7.) If you imitate the faith of Mr. Dubois, his lively, active, generous faith; you will imitate all his virtues. You will imitate his zeal, his charity, his humility and self-denial, his ardent piety, his spirit of continual prayer. And you too shall be "like the tree, which is planted near the running waters: you shall bring forth fruit in due season; your leaf shall not fall off,—and all things, whatsoever you do, shall prosper:" for whatever may be your lot in this life, every thing which you shall do in the state of grace and for the love of God, will add a gem to the crown, with which "the Prince of pastors" will wreath your brows in heaven.

Translated for the U. S. Catholic Magazine.

HISTORY OF THE PAPACY.

Continued from page 268.

ST. LINUS was succeeded by St. Cletus, a Roman, the son of Emilian and disciple of St. Peter. Fleury has remarked that when the apostles established the seven first deacons at Jerusalem it did not appear that they had ordained priests; on the contrary, they reserved to themselves alone the functions since communicated to priests. St. Paul giving his orders to Titus and Timothy for the regulation of the new churches, spoke only of bishops and deacons. Yet we are assured that St. Cletus ordained twenty-five priests for the districts of Rome. He was probably the first who made use in his letters of these words, "*Health and Apostolic benediction.*" He governed the Church twelve years, seven months, and two days. He laid down his life in defence of the faith in the year 91, during the second persecution under Domitian. The Church honors him as a martyr, as well as St. Linus. But some authors have supposed that neither one nor the other ended his days by a violent death, and that their attachment to the faith alone won for them this glorious title.

St. Clement I succeeded St. Cletus in the apostolic chair. This Pope, son of Faustin, a Roman by birth, but a Jew by descent, as he himself declares by calling himself of the race of Jacob, was attached to St. Paul, who calls him his fellow-laborer, and whom he followed to Philippi where he participated in his sufferings. He afterwards received episcopal ordination from St. Peter, either to govern the Roman Church during his absence, or as an apostolic bishop who, without being attached to any particular see, was destined to assist the apostles in their ministry, or to preach Jesus Christ to those who were strangers to his name. Some authors have been of opinion that St. Peter had designed St. Clement to succeed

him, but that Clement did not wish to receive the pontificate till after St. Linus and St. Cletus, who had been coadjutors of the first vicar of Jesus Christ, either through humility, or from fear that this nomination would be a pernicious precedent. The persecution of Domitian against the Church induced Clement to establish seven notaries at Rome to collect the acts of the martyrs, and to preserve the memory of their triumphs. A schism having arisen among the faithful of Corinth on account of two priests being unjustly deposed, this Pope wrote to that Church, in the name of that of Rome, an admirable letter, which, with the fragment of another epistle, is the only work of his production extant. There is some foundation for the supposition that St. Clement was the first Pope who sent bishops into Gaul. These bishops were St. Trophimus of Arles, St. Gatian of Tours, St. Deny of Paris, St. Paul of Narbonne, St. Austremoine of Clermont, and St. Martial of Limoges. Thus France owes to his memory a particular debt of gratitude. Under the Emperor Trajan, Clement was exiled to Taurica-Chersonesus. Rufidian, by the order of the emperor, threw him into the sea with an anchor attached to his neck. He had held the see nine years, six months, and six days. With him closed the first age of the Church,—that age when the faithful had but one heart and one soul, that age which beheld the Author of sanctity and the secondary founders of his kingdom. We must observe that from the establishment of the Church the bishops had adopted some exterior marks of their dignity; thus the apostles, St. John and St. James, and the evangelist, St. Mark, wore a plate of gold upon their heads, in imitation, undoubtedly, of the chief priests of the old law, whose foreheads were bound

with a fillet of gold upon which the name of God was written.

The second age of the Church opens with the pontificate of St. Anacleto. Some authors do not make any distinction between this Pope and St. Cletus, of whom we have spoken; but others who admit this distinction, say that Anacleto a native of Athens, governed the Church nine years, three months, ten days. He finished building in honor of St. Peter, a church which he had commenced while a simple priest. He decreed that a bishop should be consecrated by three other bishops; also that ecclesiastics should wear their hair short. The third persecution under Trajan and Adrian commenced in his time during the year 106, and he himself finished his life by martyrdom the 13th of July, 110. This second age of the Church which Anacleto had commenced, is one of blood. The only return the emperors made to those who prayed continually for their prosperity was constant persecution. All the provinces of the empire were stained with the blood of the Christians; but we see the wisdom of the world confounded by the folly of the cross, philosophy disarmed by simplicity, tyranny astonished by submission, cruelty vanquished by patience, the number of Christians augmented by death, and the Church become triumphant by its losses. At the same time, the oracles by which the demons had been accustomed to deceive men, ceased.

If St. Evaristus was the immediate successor of St. Clement, he saw the persecution of Trajan attack the Church without, while the heretics under the chiefs, Basilides, Elxai and Saturninus, distracted it within. Evaristus, born in Syria, or according to some, a Greek by birth, and son of a Jew, divided among a certain number of priests, the stations of Rome; he ordained that seven deacons should assist the bishop while he preached, he recommended that salt should be put into holy water, and that the faithful should keep it in their houses. He governed the Church nine years and three months, and died for the defence of the faith under the Emperor Adrian, the 26th of October, 119.

St. Alexander, first of the name, a Roman by birth, openly preached Christ. He instituted the mixture of water with the wine in the sacrifice of the mass, to represent to us the union of the Saviour and the Church. Beheaded in the year 130 during the reign of Adrian, he was interred near the road to Nomentum, seven miles from Rome. He had reigned ten years, six months and twenty days.

After him, St. Sixtus I, also a Roman, regulated by a decree the fast of Lent established by the apostles in imitation of that of Jesus Christ in the desert; he prohibited the laity from touching the sacred vessels, and ordered, it is said, that the *Sanctus* should be sung at mass; his pontificate of nine years, ten months, and nine days ended by the glory of martyrdom with which he was crowned, April 6, 140.

The regulation of the fast of Lent is attributed by some historians, to St. Telesphorus, his successor, who decreed that for the clerks Lent should endure seven weeks; this Pope also composed the hymn, *Gloria in Excelsis*, and established the custom of saying mass at midnight on the eve of the nativity of Jesus Christ. St. Telesphorus, born in Greece, quitted the solitary life to which he was vowed, for the government of the Church which he preserved eleven years, and nearly nine months; his martyrdom is dated the 5th of January, 152.

St. Hyginus succeeded him in the holy see for four years. Born at Athens, he had been a philosopher by profession. In his time, the famous heretics Valentine and Cerdon came to Rome. Hyginus explained the rank of the ecclesiastical orders, and all the subordination of the hierarchy already marked so clearly in the Acts of the Apostles and in the writings of the fathers of the first age; he ordained, besides, that the consecration of oratories should henceforth be accompanied by the celebration of mass, and that objects which had been once employed there should not be applied to profane uses. His martyrdom took place on the 11th of January, 156.

Hyginus had scarcely obtained the palm, when St. Pius I, a native of Aquila, commenced his reign which was prolonged nine

years, six months, twenty-five days. Pius decreed that the feast of Easter should be celebrated on the Sunday after the fourteenth day of the moon of March, according to the custom which had descended from St. Peter and St. Paul, and was followed by all the Churches of the west. During his pontificate the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, although endowed with a character of gentleness and moderation, commenced in the year 163 the fourth persecution against the Church; but this mild prince piqued himself on his philosophy, and the Christians had no greater enemies than those philosophers who saw their worldly wisdom—their proud poverty, and their other pagan virtues, totally obscured by the simple and irreproachable lives of the least disciples of Jesus Christ: the persecution, therefore, was so much the

more violent. The amphitheatre resounded with the cries of “Away with the Christians!” “Away with the impious!” It was a delightful spectacle for the people to see men, often even women or even young girls, perish in tortures, or delivered to the fury of beasts, or to the sword of those whose charge it was to give the fatal stroke to the victims in whom the beasts had left some lingering remains of life. The use of lights in the Church during divine service, seems to be derived from the custom of the Christians in the first ages, who were frequently obliged on account of the persecutions, to assemble during the night or in dark places, which it was necessary to enlighten. St. Pius had the glory of dying for Jesus Christ on the 11th of July, 165.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PASTORAL LETTER

OF THE MOST REV., THE ARCHBISHOP, AND THE RIGHT REV., THE BISHOPS, OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, ASSEMBLED IN PROVINCIAL COUNCIL AT BALTIMORE, IN MAY, 1843, TO THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THEIR CHARGE.

Venerable Brethren of the Clergy and Beloved Brethren of the Laity:

Grace to you, and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ.

ENCOURAGED by the assurance of our Divine Redeemer: “Where there are two or three gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them;” we have assembled in council, according to the most ancient practice of the Church, and having humbly invoked the Holy Ghost, we have deliberated on various matters appertaining to the good order of ecclesiastical affairs, and the advancement of piety. Before separating we feel impelled to address you, with a view to impart to you some spiritual grace to strengthen you, and stir you up by admonition to labor the more, that by good works you may make sure your vocation and election. We can add nothing to the divine deposit of revelation committed to the special guardianship of Peter and the other apostles, and preserved

in the Church of God, which is the pillar and ground of the truth; nor dare we take away an iota from it; but it is our duty to exhort you to stand fast in faith, and to beware, lest, being led away from the error of the unwise, you fall from your own steadfastness. God requires you to captivate every understanding in obedience to Christ, and not to be wise more than it becometh to be wise; but to be wise to sobriety. The pride of man is always ready to revolt against the truth of God. Confidence in the strength of our intellectual faculties, leads us to scan the depths of heavenly mysteries, and investigate the works of God; but he that is a searcher of majesty, shall be overwhelmed with glory. The homage of humble faith is required of us, when evidence is presented of the fact of

divine revelation, and we must adore all that God reveals, however it surpass our comprehension. Of all the errors that assail divine truth, the most dangerous, because the most insidious, is that which appears to respect it, while it holds it in question, as if it were impossible to ascertain it with certainty. It were unworthy of God to have made a revelation, and left it without such marks of its origin as would satisfy the sincere inquirer, acting under divine influence; and it is absurd to suppose that we can with impunity reject any thing of which we have evidence that God is its author. There is one Lord, one faith, one baptism. Without faith it is impossible to please God. Beware then, brethren, of preferring in the least point the dictates of your erring reason to the truth, wisdom, and authority of the Most High.

It is your duty to make public profession of the faith whenever the divine honor, or the edification of your neighbor is in question, for "with the heart we believe unto justice, but with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Public worship and private devotion must be regulated by the revealed law of God, as declared by his Church; for God must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. You should, therefore, never make acts of religion mere matters of courtesy, wherein the good pleasure of your fellow-men might be regarded rather than the sovereign will of God. It is on this account, and to avoid all participation in error, that the Church commands her children not to communicate in spiritual things with those who are out of her fold. It has nevertheless come to our knowledge that the consciences of many in dependent situations are aggrieved by vexatious measures adopted to coerce them into conformity, under the penalty of wanting bread, and that in various public institutions attendance at Protestant worship is in many instances exacted of Catholics, notwithstanding the liberty of conscience which is guaranteed by the constitution to all citizens. We are aware that mere considerations of order have induced this custom, but as it is repugnant to the genius of our institutions, as well as to the spirit of our religion, we

trust that the proper authorities, on respectful remonstrance, will afford relief to afflicted consciences.

The transmission of faith to their children was a special object of the solicitude of our fathers: for which they thought no sacrifice too great. It must be your care, brethren, to let the precious inheritance descend without diminution. You must, therefore, use all diligence that your children be instructed at an early age in the saving truths of religion, and be preserved from the contagion of error. We have seen with serious alarm, efforts made to poison the fountains of public education, by giving it a sectarian hue, and accustoming children to the use of a version of the Bible made under sectarian bias, and placing in their hands books of various kinds replete with offensive and dangerous matter. This is plainly opposed to the free genius of our civil institutions. We admonish parents of the awful account they must give at the divine tribunal, should their children, by their neglect or connivance, be imbued with false principles, and led away from the path of salvation. Parents are strictly bound, like faithful Abraham, to teach their children the truths which God has revealed; and if they suffer them to be led astray, the souls of the children will be required at their hands. Let them, therefore, avail themselves of their natural rights, guaranteed by the laws, and see that no interference with the faith of their children be used in the public schools, and no attempt made to induce conformity in any thing contrary to the laws of the Catholic Church.

We would have you, brethren, most condescending in every thing that principle and duty will allow, in order the more effectually to cement together, and unite all classes of citizens in mutual affection. Yet we cannot dissemble that faith and morals are exposed and endangered by objectionable associations. All societies are to be shunned by whatsoever name they may be called, the objects whereof are not distinctly declared, and wherein the solemnity of an oath, or any corresponding engagement, is employed to veil the ends of the association, or its proceedings, from the public eye. It is plainly a rash use of the name of God, where

the object for which it is employed is not distinctly understood : and since all just objects may be openly avowed and pursued, the mantle of secrecy is needlessly thrown around them. We would not judge unkindly of any body of men, or of any individuals, professing to have in view objects of philanthropy and mutual aid ; but we cannot conceal our apprehensions that by assuming mere natural principles as their guide they insensibly prepare themselves for discarding revealed religion, so that some find themselves divested of faith, before they were conscious of the tendency and influence of the society with which they connected themselves. We, therefore, feel ourselves bound to renew thus solemnly our admonitions to all who claim to be members of the Church, and to remind them of the several decrees of the sovereign pontiffs in regard to secret societies, and to declare anew that sacramental absolution cannot be lawfully or validly imparted to persons continuing to profess themselves members of such societies. We conjure all our children in Christ by his tender mercies, to shun all such associations, and through no consideration of interest or fear, to continue in a connexion so opposed to the positive laws of the Church, and so dangerous to the integrity of faith. The privileges of membership in the great society of the faithful are granted on condition of obedience to the laws of the Church ; and are forfeited when acts are done to which the penalty of privation is attached.

In calling on you, brethren, to avoid these dangerous associations, we mean not to weaken, but rather to strengthen your social relations to your fellow-citizens generally. No difference of religious sentiment varies the eternal rules of justice : no errors, or even crimes, deprive any one of his claims on your charity, in virtue of the law of Him who said : " love your enemies ; do good to them that hate you ; bless them that curse you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you." " If it be possible," says the apostle, " as much as in you lies, have peace with all men." " Do good to all men," and if especially to those who are of the household of the faith, yet to

others likewise, with sincere, effectual beneficence. To you we trust for the practical refutation of all those atrocious calumnies which deluded men, severally or in odious combinations, constantly circulate by every possible means against our holy religion. Your strict integrity in the daily concerns of life, your fidelity in the fulfilment of all engagements, your peaceful demeanor, your obedience to the laws, your respect for the public functionaries, your unaffected exercise of charity in the many occasions which the miseries and sufferings of our fellow-men present ; in fine, your sincere virtue will confound those vain men whose ingenuity and industry are exerted to cast suspicion on our principles, and evoke against us all the worst passions of human nature. Let then, your entire deportment be good, " that whereas they speak against you as evil doers, considering you by your good works, they may glorify God in the day of visitation. For so is the will of God, that by doing well you may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." Whilst you justly prize the civil rights which you enjoy in common with your fellow-citizens, be mindful of the allegiance which you owe to the King of kings and Lord of lords. Give to God what belongs to God, the homage of enlightened faith, and the cheerful obedience of your wills. " As free, and not as making liberty a cloak of malice, but as the servants of God." (1 Peter ii, 16.)

The enormous evils of intemperance, which no tongue can portray, have given occasion to the adoption of a remedy apparently extreme. Millions in Ireland, and many thousands in this country have publicly pledged themselves to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors. We cannot but approve the determination thus taken by such as have had the misfortune to contract this dreadful vice ; for we have rarely seen the drunkard reclaimed, except by the total abandonment of the occasion of his sin : we also highly applaud the generous charity and zeal of such as through compassion for the unfortunate have stepped forward to share with them the privation, but we deem it right to guard against the possible abuse of so excellent an institution. It must be dis-

tinctly understood and avowed that the moderate use of wine, or any other liquor is of itself perfectly lawful, since "every creature of God is good, and nothing is to be rejected which is received with thanksgiving, for it is sanctified by the word of God and prayer." (1 Tim. iv, 4.) It would not be advisable to impose or to assume generally the obligation of total abstinence, since, considering human frailty, it might become a snare of souls, and change a lawful act into sin, and add to the sting of conscience the terror of despair. We will, therefore, that the pledge usually made be regarded as a resolution, which whilst it affords to those who take it the advantages of mutual examples and prayers, imposes no new moral obligation, so that the person who should fail in its observance, sins only by excess, or by exposing himself to danger in consequence of his peculiar frailty. Let each one at the same time remember that it is only through the grace of Jesus Christ that we can effectually overcome temptation and practise virtue unto salvation. "Unless the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it: unless the Lord keep the city he watcheth in vain that keepeth it." (Psalm cxvi.) Let no man presume on the strength of his determination, or on the restraining influence of public opinion. The torrent of passion easily sweeps away these human barriers. Prayer, vigilance, the reception of the sacraments, the flight from the occasions of sin are necessary in order to give effect to our good purposes, which themselves must proceed from the inspiration of divine grace, for "we are not sufficient to think any thing of ourselves, as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is from God." (2 Cor. iii, 5.) It is on this account we warn you against uniting in societies not based on religious principles, nor directed by the ecclesiastical authority, or otherwise organised in such a way as may suppose mere human influences and means.

These things, beloved brethren, we have thought necessary to place before you that you may proceed in all things with enlightened faith, and trusting in God who strengthens the humble, resist with untiring efforts every temptation. "And that know-

ing the time: that it is now the hour for us to rise from sleep; for now our salvation is nearer than we believed. The night is passed, and the day is at hand. Let us, therefore, cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armor of light. Let us walk honestly as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and impurities, not in contention and envy. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh in its concupiscences." (Rom. xiii, 11.)

We deplore the enormous scandal of some who, having already contracted marriage, enter into new engagements during the life time of their lawful consorts. Others, though few in number, have sought from the civil authority a divorce from the bond of matrimony, and have ventured to pass to a second marriage, notwithstanding the indissoluble character of the marriage-tie,—God having prohibited the separation of those whom he has united. We are determined to employ the severest authority of the Church against persons guilty of so heinous a crime, and to cut them off from her communion, delivering them over to Satan, that by humiliation in time, their spirit may be saved in the day of Christ.

We give thanks to God for the wonderful blessing which he has vouchsafed to his Church in these United States, where within half a century the number of bishops has increased from one to seventeen, and the faithful are daily seen to advance in piety as well as numbers. One or two painful instances of insubordination to ecclesiastical authority, which have recently occurred, are exceptions to the general docility and obedience of our flock; and we trust that the parties concerned will use all their efforts, by affectionate submission, to cause the scandal of resistance to be forgotten. Our power is given us by the Lord for edification, not for destruction; we lord it not over you, by reason of your faith; we seek your salvation, not the display of authority. The deluded men who occasionally resist the divine ordinance, and violate the order which God has established, disturb the peace of the faithful, and spread scandal and disorder, under the pretext of defend-

ing popular rights, whilst in reality they deprive the faithful of those spiritual privileges which are their most precious inheritance. It has been already declared and defined, in the first provincial council, that the appointment and removal of pastors are the rightful prerogative of the bishop, and that it is the duty of the congregation to make a reasonable and just provision for the support of the pastor so appointed; the resistance to which right would force the bishop to a severe exercise of the ecclesiastical authority.

We cannot withhold the expression of our consolation at the success which has crowned the apostolic labors of missionaries of the Society of Jesus in the vast regions occupied by Indian tribes, especially in the Oregon territory west of the Rocky mountains. With zeal worthy of the brightest ages of the Church, they have gone to these children of nature to civilize them, and impart to them the knowledge of salvation, and God has confirmed their word, and made it fruitful. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings and that preacheth peace: of him that showeth forth good, that preacheth salvation, that saith to Sion: Thy God shall reign. The voice of thy watchmen: they have lifted up their voice, they shall praise together: for they shall see eye to eye when the Lord shall convert Sion. Rejoice and give praise together, O ye deserts of Jerusalem: for the Lord hath comforted his people: he hath redeemed Jerusalem. The Lord hath prepared his holy arm in the sight of all the Gentiles: and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God." (Isa. lii, 7.) Whilst the sons of Ignatius emulate the apostolic labors of Xavier, two devoted ecclesiastics from two of our dioceses have generously consecrated themselves to the salvation of the colored emigrants from the United States in Africa and the natives of Western Africa. Foregoing all the comforts of civilized life, they have resolutely encountered all the difficulties of an undertaking that presents no flattering prospects of success. Pressed forward by the charity of Christ, they only consider the degraded condition

of man in the country marked out for their labors, and they hasten to afford him the succors of religion, content with whatever measure of success it may please God to grant to their efforts. Let us pray, beloved brethren, that a blessing may be given to the apostolic prelate now charged with this mission, and the faithful band associated with him in the arduous undertaking. Your prayers should ascend to God for this end, and your alms cannot be better applied than in enabling ministers of religion to meet the heavy expenses of their journeys and missionary establishments among the Indians and Africans. We recommend both missions to your generous charity and zeal.

Whilst we exhort you to extend your charity to the distant children of our common Father, we would not have you neglect more immediate objects. It is by placing the ecclesiastical institutions in the respective dioceses on solid foundations that you will secure for yourselves and your children the perpetuity of the blessings wherewith it has pleased God to enrich you in Christ Jesus. Those to whom the wealth of this world has been given cannot better employ a portion of it than in providing for the education of ministers of the altar. We are far, however, from meaning to undervalue the offerings which faith may inspire for the erection of temples to the glory of God, or charity may present for the clothing and maintenance of the orphan. We exhort you, brethren, to follow the impulse of the Holy Ghost in the various good works for which your charitable co-operation is solicited, and to remember in the day of your abundance that whatever you set apart to the glory of God, in the exercise of charity, is so much secured against the caprice of fortune. Be not then high-minded, nor hope in uncertain riches, but in the living God (who giveth us abundantly all things to enjoy;) do good; be rich in good works; distribute readily; communicate; lay up in store for yourselves a good foundation against the time to come, that you may obtain true life.

We cannot conclude without expressing our gratitude to God for the admirable change which his grace has wrought in the

minds of many in England, and the effects whereof are seen even in this country. We are not disposed to exaggerate this moral revolution, or to form sanguine calculations as to its immediate results. It is not for us to know the times or the moments which the Father has placed in his own power, but we love to hope that the days of perfect unity may be not far distant, when the nations whom the violent passions of men have torn from the bosom of the Church, will return repentant, saying to each other: "Come and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob, and he will teach us his ways, and we will walk in his paths." (Isaiah ii, 3.) At all events it is our duty to pray for so desirable an object, conformably to the example of our divine Redeemer, who at his last supper prayed that all who believe in him might be one, even as He and the Father are one. Brethren, if you ask the Father any thing in his name, he will give it you. "If two or three of you agree together on earth concerning any thing whatsoever, it shall be granted you." How much more, then, if from the two hemispheres the supplications of fervent faith and charity ascend from innumerable multitudes to obtain light for those who wander amidst errors, that they may see the whole truth, and courage that they may confess it, that with one mind and with one mouth they may with us glorify God

and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. "We beseech you, brethren, rebuke the unquiet; comfort the feeble-minded; support the weak; be patient towards all men. See that none render evil for evil to any one; but always follow that which is good towards each other, and towards all men." "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen."

Given at Baltimore, in the fifth Provincial Council, on the fifth Sunday after Easter, in the year of our Lord, MDCCCXLIII.

✕ SAMUEL, *Archbishop of Baltimore.*

✕ BENEDICT JOSEPH, *Bishop of Boston.*

✕ MICHAEL, *Bishop of Mobile.*

✕ FRANCIS PATRICK, *Bishop of Philada.*

✕ JOHN BAPTIST, *Bishop of Cincinnati.*

✕ GUY IGNATIUS, *Bishop of Bolena, and Coadjutor of the Bishop of Louisville.*

✕ ANTHONY, *Bishop of New Orleans.*

✕ MATHIAS, *Bishop of Dubuque.*

✕ JOHN, *Bishop of New York.*

✕ RICHARD PIUS, *Bishop of Nashville.*

✕ CELESTIN, *Bishop of Vincennes.*

✕ JOHN JOSEPH, *Bishop of Natchez.*

✕ RICHARD VINCENT, *Bishop of Richmond.*

✕ PETER PAUL, *Bishop of Zela, and Administrator of the Diocese of Detroit.*

✕ PETER RICHARD, *Bishop of Drasis, and Coadjutor of the Bishop of St. Louis.*

✕ JOHN M. *Bishop of Claudiopolis, and Vicar Apostolic of Texas.*

RICHARD S. BAKER, *Administrator of the Diocese of Charleston.*

From the German.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

Good and pleasant 'tis to see
Brethren dwell in unity,
When the law which Jesus taught
Rules each word, and deed, and thought.

God has promised there, we know,
Blessings richly to bestow,
Life on earth with all its store,
Life in heaven for evermore.

Sun of righteousness arise!
Shine on our benighted eyes,
To thy Church thy light unfold,
That the nations may behold.

Bring them back that go astray,
Heavenly shepherd! to thy way;
'Neath thy favor and thy light
All thy pasture sheep unite.

Bind together heart and heart,
Let no strife the union part;
With thine own almighty hand
Knit the sacred brother-band.

Let this band of brothers love
Here on earth, in heaven above,
Love, and praise, and rest in thee,
Here and through eternity.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

ROME.—The *Gazette des Postes* of Frankfort, of the 28th ult., gives the following letter from Rome, dated March 12th :—"The religious differences arisen between the holy see and the Russian cabinet, are daily becoming more serious, and a rupture would have long since taken place had not a catastrophe been feared. Russian diplomacy is making incessant efforts to justify the measures adopted in Poland and Russia against the Catholics, and to show the holy see that the emperor of Russia has no intention to infringe on the rights of its Catholic subjects. Nevertheless, the holy see is nearly out of patience, and will take care not to make any concession which might be construed into an implicit approval of the proceedings of the Russian government. Consequently, there is some talk of the intention of his holiness to address an allocution to the cardinals in consistory, in order to expose to them the grievances of the holy see, and thus prevent the reproach of culpable negligence of the interests confided to his holiness. It is easy to conceive that, in such circumstances, the negotiations commenced have been without any result. The holy see demands the restitution of several bishops, the restitution of the property of the clergy, the churches given up to the schismatic Greeks, and the admission of a nuncio at St. Petersburg, with freedom of correspondence. The Russian cabinet will never give its assent to such pretensions. On its part, the Russian cabinet demands the confirmation of the bishops which it has nominated. In justification of the measures with respect to the Polish Catholics, it alleges the existence of Jesuitical societies of a nature to compromise the internal safety of the state. The Russian cabinet desires earnestly to keep on good terms with the holy see, at least in the eyes of the world, but it will not succeed. The Catholic academy of Wilna has been transferred to St. Petersburg. This news has caused the deepest concern to the holy see; for this measure may be considered as the last blow struck at the independence of the clergy, and the Catholic Church in Poland. The Russian Government says that this is merely an administrative measure; but it is easy to perceive that it wishes to palliate the evil it has done, and that its real intention is to confound Catholicism with the reli-

gion of the state, in the same way as it has destroyed the nationality of Poland by incorporating it in the Russian empire."—*Tablet*.

ENGLAND.—A pamphlet has been printed and extensively circulated at Brighton, by one of the dissenting churches, which contains a rarity for these days. It is a prophecy, foretelling that Popery will be re-established in Great Britain in the year 1845. But our readers need not be very much alarmed. The dominancy of the "Lady of Babylon" is to last only two years—that is, to 1847, when the Pope is to be dethroned, and the Millennium, we believe, is to commence. A fiery persecution is, however, to rage during the two years; and the sufferings of the "saints" will be extreme.—*Brighton Herald*.

LYNN.—Puseyism.—A few Sundays ago, the Anglican clergyman of this town preached a sermon on "*Confession*:" amongst other things that were inculcated by the Rev. preacher, it is said, on good authority, that he exhorted the people "*to come to him at Easter for confession, and he would absolve them!*" As we may easily imagine, the sermon was considered to be quite "Popish" by most of his anti-Catholic audience: several have refused to attend the church when the Rev. gentleman preaches, giving as a reason, their dread of being made "Roman Catholics." The Dissenters here, on the other hand, are most violent in their invectives against the poor establishment; and what with Puseyism, and what with the new Catholic chapel about to be erected when sufficient funds can be raised, the whole town seems greatly agitated.

Mrs. Wood, alias Lady William Lennox.—The *York Courant* of Thursday contains the following—

"A paragraph is at present going the round of the London and provincial papers, stating that Mrs. Wood has returned to her husband's residence at Woolley-Moor. This we are enabled and authorized to say is not correct. Mrs. Wood has left the convent near Micklegate-bar, in this city; but instead of returning to her husband, she has retired to a small, secluded cottage near Barnsley, where she intends to pass the remainder of her life free from the cares and anxieties of the world, in order that she may have more leisure to devote herself to the duties of religion.

We are also informed, on the best possible au-

thority, that since Mrs. Wood's conversion to the Roman Catholic tenets, she has not acknowledged, and cannot recognize or consider Mr. Wood as her husband, the Church to which she has allied herself not allowing of any divorce; and therefore, that she at the present moment considers herself in strict equity as Lady William Lennox; and under these circumstances, as we have just stated, she never can again associate with Mr. Wood. She would not have left our convent, but she could not be allowed to join the sisterhood so long as her husband survives. What she may do in the event of Lord William Lennox's death, of course we are not in a position to say."

With reference to the above, the following letter appears in the *Wakefield Journal*:

"Sir,—In answer to a paragraph in the *York Courant* of this day, I beg to state that Mrs. Wood is now at her own home at Woolley-moor. In thus troubling you, I am actuated by two motives—first, a desire to bury in silence the painful circumstances to which that paragraph alludes; and next, to assure my friends that my wife is now at home, I hope in the enjoyment of that happiness which I feel it to be not less my duty than my pleasure to afford her.

I am, sir, yours truly,

JOSEPH WOOD.

WOOLLEY-MOOR, April 20, 1848."

Catholic Education.—The zealous editor of the *Tablet*, is manfully defending the freedom of education against some who from timidity or mistaken liberality are ready to betray it. In England as well as here, the Protestant version of the Scripture is being obtruded on Catholic children, contrary to the professed principles of the national system of education, and in direct violation of the religious rights of Catholics. Mr. Lucas has called to his support the authority of the former vicar apostolic of the London district. We commend his solemn testimony to those who may be tempted to continue at this abuse.—*Catholic Herald*.

"It is no other than that of Dr. Poynter, in his examination before the committee of the house of commons on education in 1816.

Do you consider that it is any objection to sending children to those schools, that portions of the Scripture are taught without comment?—*May I beg to ask, whether the Committee speak of the Catholic version, or any other?*

No, the Protestant version; but supposing the selection to be made of passages which are the same in both versions?—*I answer that I could not in any manner approve of any Catholic children reading the Protestant version of the Scriptures.*

Suppose the version is taken of those passages in which the two do not differ?—Even in that case I should think it contrary to my duty, and the constant discipline of the Catholic Church to permit it.

For what reason?—The reason is, that the Catholic Church considers the Sacred Scriptures as a precious deposit, which was originally committed by the apostles to their immediate successors, and that the Catholic Church has always carefully preserved it, as it were in its archives, and has never permitted the faithful to read any other edition or version which is not duly sanctioned and authenticated by the authority of the Catholic Church; *consequently I should act contrary to the constant discipline of the Catholic Church*, if I were to approve of the Catholic children reading a version of the Sacred Scriptures, which emanates from a body of Christians not in communion with the Catholic Church. Those are the principles of my answer.

Suppose passages were taken, which are exactly the same in the two versions, would the objection still occur? If the passages be taken from a version made by any body of Christians not in communion with the Catholic Church, the objection would be the same.

Then if the Roman Catholics have not the means of giving instruction to their own poor, could the parents of those children conscientiously allow them to attend a school, the master of which is a Protestant, where the spelling book and the Protestant version of the New Testament are the only school books used, and where a clear assurance is given that a child would hear nothing against his own religion!—Without answering directly to the conscientious part, which is a point of extreme delicacy, considering the situation I hold, and as every decision relating to conscience requires that the whole case, with all its circumstances and variations, should be considered; *I beg to say that the reading of the Protestant version of the Bible is a point to which I could never give my approbation.*

Then as vicar apostolic you could not by any means consent for Roman Catholics to be taught the Protestant version of the Scriptures?—No, certainly not.

Could you allow any portions of that version to be selected for the use of Catholic children? No.

Mark now, good reader, that the last extract gives exactly the case now before us, with every conceivable limitation that can be applied to the present case. We can give in our brief compass no notion of the close and home manner in

which in various questions put to Dr. Poynter, the committee pressed upon him the degraded state of many of the children under his pastoral care, and the importance of allowing an imperfect education if no better could be had. But to all the questions his lordship's answer was the same—"No Protestant Scriptures under any conceivable form or shape." One more extract from this evidence we must find room for.

Do you know of any school lately established at Shadwell for the instruction of both Catholic and Protestant children?—I have heard of such a school.

Was any question proposed to you whether Roman Catholic parents could conscientiously send their children to that school?—Yes, such was proposed by Mr. Charles Butler.

What was your reply to that inquiry?—*Considering that the reading lessons were to be taken from the Protestant versions of the Scriptures, I answered Mr. Butler, that he knew that I should act in direct repugnance to the constant and universal practice of the Catholic Church, were I to approve of the reading by Catholic children in a public school of a version of the Sacred Scriptures emanating from a body not in communion with the Catholic Church.*

IRELAND.—*Progress of Religion in Ulster.*—Some ten or twelve years ago, in the old chapel of Killaghtee, county Donegal, the ruins of which are still standing, there would not be more than two hundred persons upon a Sunday (generally) assisting at the sacred service of the mass. The old building could not contain more than five hundred persons within its walls, and very seldom used to be filled. Within the last six years, however, a new chapel has been erected, and made to afford accommodation, upon the ground floor, for *two thousand persons*. Every Sunday it is densely thronged, and there is now required a gallery for the convenience of the multitude. The new chapel is situated in the centre of the parish of Killaghtee, on the banks of a river, near to the seashore, and, commanding, as it does, so rich a prospect of coast and mountain scenery, it is very much noticed by strangers passing to Killybegs. It is in the Gothic style of architecture, and owes its erection to the exertions of the Rev. Mr. Stephens, Killybegs (the resident clergyman), and the Rev. Mr. Drummond, assisted as they have been so well by the generous contributions of the faithful flock of the parish of Killaghtee. It is expected that the bishop of the diocese will consecrate this new chapel during the summer months, when the necessary funds may be procured for the erection of the gallery.

TRINIDAD.—"In the apostolic vicariate of Trinidad *alone*, there are upwards of one hundred and forty thousand 'Roman Catholics,' that is to say, 'nearly one out of every ten professing Christians, supposing the total population of the Swedish, Dutch, and British colonies to be one million and a half,' or about the ratio of three to two, *in comparison with the United States.*"

In the year 1828 there were only twelve Catholic clergymen on that mission, within its present boundaries; the number of Catholic clergymen now on it amounts to fifty, exclusively of the bishops of Olympus and Agna, or one missionary for about every three thousand souls. There are, besides, twenty-four students in colleges in Ireland and on the continent, reading for the same mission. Seven of these will have completed their studies at Pentecost next, when they will, it is hoped, be ordained priests. Arrangements are making to establish new missions on their arrival; the remaining seventeen are studying philosophy or theology.

A splendid cathedral, of the second order of Gothic, has been lately erected; it is two hundred and forty feet in length; one hundred and twenty feet in width in the transepts, eighty feet wide in the nave, and eighty feet in height to the ridge of the roof. It has cost about fifty thousand pound sterling, sixteen thousand pounds of which were munificently contributed by the government, besides the grant to take from the government quarry, all the stones necessary for the walls; and to cut, on crown lands, all the cedar and other timber required for the roof and the interior decorations of the sacred edifice. A suitable college and a large and commodious convent have been established, which are doing incalculable good. The religious ladies are now educating about two hundred and fifty pupils in their boarding school, day school, and poor school: there is nearly an equal number in the college and poor boys' school.

Since 1828, twenty-two new chapels, and several new school houses have been built; there are, at present, six new churches and chapels building. The progress made in a spiritual point of view, on the Trinidad mission is still far more consolatory.—*Tablet*.

RELIGION IN GIBRALTAR.—The following details from a letter in a recent number of the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* will be read with interest; the greater that the town has for a long time been in a state of frightful moral desolation by the workings of the trustee system, carried out to its extent by an infamous Junta of Infidels, Jews, Protestants and bad Catholics, unworthy of the name.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

"Having already given a sketch of the question between the Catholic clergy of Gibraltar and the so-called 'Catholic' Junta of Elders, I send you the following details connected with the present state of religion here. There are about ten thousand Catholics in the fortress, and the vicar apostolic, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hughes, is assisted in the care of the Church by the Very Rev. Dr. M'Laughlin, as vicar general, the Rev. Padre Felix, as "cura" (parish priest), and seven other clergymen. Since the arrival of Dr. Hughes the progress of religion has been wonderful, and instead of the church being empty as in preceding times, it is now quite full during all the religious ceremonies, and is attended by great numbers during the whole day. It is indeed impossible to enter the church at present without edification; and I need only state that the annual number of communions at present is twenty thousand, whilst formerly they did not exceed fifteen hundred. Some time ago, few, if any, persons attended evening prayers or at masses on week days, but at present the numbers on those occasions are very great. Clergymen are continually engaged in hearing confessions. The bishop and his clergy are late and early engaged in the labor of the vineyard, and the worldly recompence which they receive is poor and uncheering indeed. All the clergy diet and lodge with the bishop in his small and inconvenient house, some of them occupying rooms scarcely larger than their beds, and the bishop's own apartment being fully as uncomfortable and cheerless as the cell of a monastery. Some of the doors have not yet been repaired since they were broken in by the junta, and I have seen one of the sledges with which the work of destruction was carried on by those good 'Catholic' elders, it having been left behind in mistake in the bishop's bed room. Besides their meals the bishop cannot afford to give the clergy more than a few dollars a month to pay for clothing, washing, &c., and every thing, in fact, in his lordship's establishment, is conducted with the most rigid, but, unhappily, the most necessary economy.

"Dr. Hughes has caused a very spacious school house to be erected, and has besides, taken leases of two houses which he has got fitted up for the same purpose, being thus enabled to give gratuitous instruction to about seven hundred poor children of both sexes. The erecting of those establishments has cost upwards of five thousand dollars, a part of which is still unpaid.

"One fact more I will mention before I take leave of Gibraltar. Confraternities and other religious congregations have been formed by

Dr. Hughes, and have been productive of the most edifying and salutary effects. The number of members amounts at present to nearly twenty-five hundred.

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—*Fifth Provincial Council.*—The fifth provincial council of Baltimore opened its first public session in the metropolitan church on Sunday, the 14th of May. The clergy assembled at an early hour at the residence of the Most Rev. Archbishop, and at 11 o'clock the procession moved from the house, passing round the south side of the church and entering the front door. The *coup d'œil* which it presented, as it advanced along the nave towards the sanctuary, was the grandest and most impressive spectacle of the kind ever witnessed in this country. The cross was borne before, followed immediately by a youthful band of clerks and the ecclesiastical students from St. Mary's seminary, nearly forty in number. Thirty-six priests came next, habited in chasubles, and then the right reverend bishops, to the number of fifteen, in mitres and copes, followed by the most reverend archbishop, with his assistants. As the procession advanced towards the entrance of the church, the fiftieth psalm was chanted to implore in a spirit of humility and contrition, the merciful regard of heaven upon the proceedings of the council that was about to be opened. As soon as the reverend clergy had entered the inner door of the Cathedral, the chant ceased, and a solemn march was commenced in the choir by the orchestral band, which continued until the prelates had reached their respective places in the sanctuary. At the request of the most reverend archbishop, Dr. Portier, bishop of Mobile, celebrated the pontifical high mass; immediately after which Dr. Fenwick, bishop of Boston, delivered a sermon on the trials and triumphs of the Church of Christ. When the sermon was ended, the most reverend archbishop presided at the prayers which were recited for the opening of the council, as prescribed in the Roman pontifical, while the prelates were ranged on either side, according to priority of consecration, and the priests were stationed along the railing of the sanctuary.

The officers appointed for the council were, the Rt. Rev. Bishops Portier and Chanche, *Promoters*; the Rev. Edward Damphoux, D. D., and Rev. Charles I. White, *Secretaries*; the Rev. Francis L'homme, *Master of Ceremonies*, and Messrs. Thomas Foley and Oliver Jenkins, *Assistants*; the Rev. Wm. Bleunkinsop and Mr. Wm. H. Parsons, *Chanters*.

The prelates attending the council were:
The Most Rev. Samuel Eccleston, Archbishop of Baltimore.

The Rt. Rev. Benedict Joseph Fenwick, Bishop of Boston.

The Rt. Rev. Michael Portier, Bishop of Mobile.

The Rt. Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, Bishop of Philadelphia.

The Rt. Rev. John Baptist Purcell, Bishop of Cincinnati.

The Rt. Rev. Guy Ignatius Chabrat, Bishop of Bolena, *in part.* and Coadjutor of the Bishop of Louisville.

The Rt. Rev. Anthony Blanc, Bishop of New Orleans.

The Rt. Rev. Mathias Loras, Bishop of Du-buque.

The Rt. Rev. John Hughes, Bishop of New York.

The Rt. Rev. Richard Pius Miles, Bishop of Nashville.

The Rt. Rev. Celestin R. L. G. de la Hailandière, Bishop of Vincennes.

The Rt. Rev. John Joseph Chanche, Bishop of Natchez.

The Rt. Rev. Richard Vincent Whelan, Bishop of Richmond.

The Rt. Rev. Peter Paul Lefevère, Bishop of Zela, *in part.* and Administrator of the diocese of Detroit.

The Rt. Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick, Bishop of Drasis, *in part.* and Coadjutor of the Bishop of St. Louis.

The Rt. Rev. John M. Odin, Bishop of Claudiopolis, *in part.* and Vicar Apostolic of Texas.
The Very Rev. Richard S. Baker, Vicar General and Administrator of the diocese of Charleston.

Of the superiors of the religious orders, there were present:

The Very Rev. Lewis Regis Deluol, D. D., Superior of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

Very Rev. John Timon, Visiter of the Congregation of the Mission in the United States.

Very Rev. Peter Joseph Verhøgan, Provincial of the Society of Jesus in Missouri.

Very Rev. Patrick E. Moriarty, Commissary General of the Order of St. Augustin in this country.

The following clergymen were invited as theologians:

Rev. Gilbert Raymond, D. D., Rev. Peter S. Schreiber, and Rev. Joseph Fey, C. S. R., theologians of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore.

Rev. Henry B. Coskery, theologian of Dr. Fenwick.

Rev. John Hickey and Rev. Claude Rampon, theologians of Dr. Portier.

Very Rev. Thomas Heyden, theologian of Dr. Kenrick, of Philadelphia.

Very Rev. John Henni, theologian of Dr. Purcell.

Rev. John B. Randanne, theologian of Dr. Chabrat.

Rev. Augustine Vérot, theologian of Dr. Blanc.

Very Rev. Samuel Mazzuchelli, theologian of Dr. Loras.

Rev. Anthony Penco, C. M., theologian of Dr. Hughes.

Rev. Eugene H. Pozzo, O. S. D., theologian of Dr. Miles.

Rev. Terence J. Donaghue, theologian of Dr. Hailandière.

Rev. James M. Lancaster, theologian of Dr. Chanche.

Rev. James Ryder, S. J., theologian of Dr. Whelan.

Rev. Clement Hammer, theologian of Dr. Lefevère.

Rev. J. B. Tornatore, theologian of Dr. Kenrick, of St. Louis.

Rev. John B. Gildea, theologian of Dr. Odin.

Rev. Patrick N. Lynch, D. D., theologian of Very Rev. R. S. Baker.

On Sunday afternoon, the bishop of Drasis preached in the Cathedral on the unity of the Church; on Tuesday evening, a sermon was delivered by the bishop of New York on devotion to the B. Virgin; on Wednesday evening, Rev. Dr. Ryder preached on the apostolic commission; on Thursday evening, Very Rev. T. Heyden preached on the Church; on Friday, a discourse was delivered by the bishop of Cincinnati on the real presence; on Saturday, the same prelate preached on the justice of God.

During the week, the right reverend prelates held their private congregations in the morning of each day, the secretaries only being present, for the decision of the questions previously reported on by the committees of theologians, and discussed at the public congregations, which were held in the afternoon, in the Cathedral, and consisted of the prelates, the secretaries, and the theologians.

On Thursday the 18th of May, the second session of the council was held in the Cathedral, when a solemn pontifical mass of *requiem* was celebrated by the right reverend bishop of New Orleans. After mass, a discourse was delivered by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hughes, in which he sketched for the edification of the clergy and laity, the principal traits in the lives of the pre-

lates deceased since the last provincial council ; Dr. David, coadjutor of Bardstown ; Dr. England, bishop of Charleston ; Dr. Conwell, bishop of Philadelphia ; and Dr. Dubois, bishop of New York.

On Sunday, the 21st of May, the third and last session of the council was held in the Cathedral. The clergy proceeded as on the fourteenth from the archiepiscopal residence to the church where the pontifical mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Chanche, bishop of Natchez. The holy sacrifice being ended, Bishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, preached on the spiritual supremacy of the bishop of Rome, and at the close of his remarks the third session of the council was opened, at which the most reverend archbishop presided. After the prayers prescribed in the pontifical were recited, the Very Rev. Dr. Deluol, archpriest, read the titles of the decrees enacted by the fathers of the council. The decrees were then signed by each of the prelates, after which the praise of God and the invocation of his blessing upon the sovereign pontiff and the clergy and laity of this ecclesiastical province, were chanted by the archpriest, the rest of the clergy responding to every verse. This ceremony was followed by the *Tu Deum*, in thanksgiving for the divine favors, after which the kiss of peace having been mutually given and received by the prelates, the archbishop gave the solemn benediction, which being done, the clergy moved in procession towards the front entrance of the church and thence to the house of the archbishop, where the ceremony ended. During the vesper service on the same day, at which the bishop of Cincinnati officiated pontifically, many of the prelates were present, and a sermon was delivered by the bishop of New York, on the characteristics of the true minister of Christ.

Thus terminated a week which we may justly style a week of glory and consolation for the Catholic Church of the United States. The number of prelates and of the subordinate clergy that were assembled within the metropolitan sanctuary, was larger than on any previous occasion, and gave evidence of the steady and prosperous growth of our holy religion since the preceding council. Strangers from a distance and the faithful of Baltimore who flocked to the Cathedral to witness the imposing spectacle, never so impressive at any former period, were filled with admiration at the magnificent solemnity that was displayed to their senses, while from the grandeur of the scene their minds formed some idea of the high character and exalted mission of the Catholic hierarchy, and of the importance which the Church attaches to its min-

isterial functions. Every evening during the session of the provincial council, the Cathedral was crowded with listeners to the eloquent discourses that were delivered within its walls ; nor did the precious seed of divine truth fall upon an ungrateful soil. Among our dissenting brethren the most favorable impressions were produced, and the Catholic population of the city, while they were edified by the instruction dispensed to them, enjoyed an unusual gratification in the variety of distinguished clergymen who successively occupied the pulpit.

The council adjourned to meet again on the fourth Sunday after Easter, in the year 1846.

St. Peter's Church.—Laying the Corner Stone. The ceremony of laying the corner stone of St. Peter's church, at the corner of Poppleton and Hollin streets, Baltimore, took place on Monday, the 22d of May, in the presence of several thousand people. The immense crowd which had collected about the building, were joined about four o'clock by a long line which marched from St. Vincent de Paul's church, consisting of the Calvert Beneficial Society, the German Catholic Beneficial Society, the St. Patrick's Temperance Society, and the Young Catholics' Friend Society, with music and banners, together with the national flag. The Rt. Rev. Bishops Hughes, Kenrick, and Whelan, the Very Rev. Dr. Deluol, the Rev. Messrs. Gildea, Elder, Schreiber, McColgan, Dolan, and other clergymen from St. Mary's seminary, had previously arrived on the ground. The line being formed, moved in procession to a platform erected for the purpose, on which, however, room only was found for those immediately engaged in the ceremony. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Kenrick addressed the multitude in an address of an hour's length, of the merits of which we have heard but one opinion, and this was one of universal delight. The ceremony of blessing the corner stone was then performed by Bishop Hughes, after which it was carried to its place of deposit—the clergy following. In an appropriate niche, the following archives were deposited :—May 22d, 1843 ; Gregory XVI, Pope of Rome ; Archbishop Eccleston ; Dr. Deluol, vicar general ; Rev. Edward McColgan, pastor of St. Peter's church ; Robert Carey Long, architect, with the names of the building committee, and copies of the American, Sun, Patriot and others. This part of the ceremony over, the bishops and clergy made the circuit of the church and closed the exercises of the afternoon. The length of the building will be one hundred and twenty feet ; breadth, sixty-seven feet, and height to the top of belfry, ninety-two feet.

Cathedral.—Pursuant to announcement, a meeting of the congregation of the Cathedral was held at Calvert Hall on the evening of the 4th of May, to take into consideration the financial embarrassments of the church and to provide against future emergencies. The Most Rev. Archbishop presided at the meeting, which consisted principally of the pewholders of the Cathedral, and after a brief address, in which he made known the inability of the church to meet the claims that were then urged against it, a resolution was offered and passed, to open a subscription list, *instantly*, for the purpose of raising the funds required. The readiness of those present to enroll their names upon the catalogue of contributors, was truly edifying. The following schedule will shew the result of the meeting.

Charles A. Williamson, Esq.....	\$100 00
Basil R. Spalding.....	100 00
James W. Jenkins.....	100 00
Michael Stillinger.....	100 00
Dr. P. Chatard.....	100 00
Edward Jenkins.....	100 00
M. Courtney Jenkins, Esq.....	100 00
Edward A. Jenkins.....	100 00
Alfred Jenkins.....	100 00
Austin Jenkins.....	100 00
Thomas C. Jenkins.....	100 00
Wm. Kennedy.....	100 00
Thomas Meredith.....	100 00
Mark W. Jenkins.....	100 00
Cash.....	100 00
Cash.....	100 00
Cash.....	100 00
Henry Pike.....	100 00
Thomas Hillen, Esq.....	100 00
Thomas Hillen, Jr.....	100 00
Mrs. John E. Howard.....	50 00
John Daley.....	50 00
Wm. A. Tiernan.....	50 00
Edward Boyle.....	50 00
Frederick Crey.....	50 00
T. P. Scott, Esq.....	30 00
Joseph H. Clark.....	25 00
Francis W. Elder.....	25 00
Joseph E. Elder.....	25 00
Lorenzo Dorsey.....	25 00
A. H. Durocher.....	25 00
Francis Neale.....	25 00
Edward Chassaing.....	20 00
Jonathan Mullan.....	20 00
John McKevin.....	15 00
P. Tiernan.....	10 00
A. A. White.....	10 00
J. Esender.....	10 00
Joseph Gegan, Esq.....	10 00
Caroline M. Pinckney.....	10 00

G. A. Heuister.....	\$10 00
Cash.....	10 00
T. J. Meredith.....	10 00
R. McConn.....	10 00
James Dougherty.....	5 00
William Murray.....	5 00
D. J. Foley.....	5 00
Thomas Murray.....	5 00
Philip Walsh.....	5 00
Chas. E. J. Gebhard.....	5 00
A. Boursaud.....	5 00
A. McCollum.....	5 00
Thomas Agnew.....	5 00
James Fortune.....	5 00
Basil J. Elder.....	5 00
Basil S. Elder.....	5 00
Henry Bogue.....	5 00
Nicholas Tracey, Esq.....	5 00
Mrs. Caulfield.....	2 00
James Brussnan.....	1 00
Wm. P. Karr.....	1 00
James Lynch.....	1 00
George Robinson.....	1 00
Edward Queen.....	1 00
Cash.....	1 00
Mrs. McKuan.....	50

\$2,653 50

More than two thousand dollars of this sum were subscribed at the meeting, and nearly the whole sum has been paid. The pious liberality evinced by the donors on that occasion cannot be too much commended, and although the amount obtained is not sufficient to meet the actual wants that are pressing upon the church, it reflects a bright lustre upon the zeal of those who effected it, and, we have no doubt, will animate to the performance of the same good work, those persons whom circumstances did not permit to attend the meeting at Calvert Hall, or who have not yet been appealed to in behalf of the church.

On the 8th of May another meeting was held at the same place, for the purpose of establishing a sinking fund to diminish the debt of the church. Rev. Mr. White, rector of the Cathedral was called to the chair, and Outerbridge Horsey, Esq. elected secretary. After a few remarks by the president, in which he represented the financial condition of the Cathedral, the duty of the congregation to protect it as their property, and the necessity of unanimous action on their part, to give efficacy to any plan they might adopt, T. P. Scott, Esq. arose and in a very lucid and persuasive strain moved the establishment of a society with the following constitution:

I. This society shall be known and called, "The Society for the payment of the debt of the Catholic Cathedral Church of Baltimore."

II. The officers of the society shall be a president, a vice-president, a secretary, a treasurer, and five directors. The reverend rector of the Cathedral shall, *ex officio*, be the president of the society; and the other officers shall be elected by the members annually at a meeting to be held on the first Monday of May in every year.

III. The society shall meet monthly at Calvert Hall on the first Monday of every month; and the board of managers shall report to the society at the monthly meetings held in February, May, August, and November in every year.

IV. Every person who shall subscribe his or her name to these articles, and pledge him or herself to collect and hand over to the board of managers the sum of two dollars at each monthly meeting, shall be considered a member of the association entitled to vote for officers.

V. The board of managers shall apply all of the monies collected and paid over to the treasurer, to the payment of the stock debt of the Cathedral as soon as practicable after its reception.

VI. The names of the contributors with the amount paid by each one, shall be published monthly in the United States Catholic Magazine.

The articles of the constitution were successively adopted, and about fifty-three individuals pledged themselves in writing, to produce two dollars at each monthly meeting of the association.

On motion, the following gentlemen were elected officers of the society for the ensuing year: Rev. H. B. Coskery, *Vice President*; O. Horsey, Esq., *Secretary*; Charles A. Williamson, Esq., *Treasurer*; T. P. Scott, Esq., M. C. Jenkins, Esq., Basil R. Spalding, Timothy Kelly, Thomas C. Jenkins, *Directors*.

A meeting of the association will be held in Calvert Hall on Monday evening the 5th of June, when it is proposed to increase the number of directors to ten. The members of the Cathedral congregation and the Catholics of the city generally are invited to attend.

Colonization of Maryland.—This memorable event was duly commemorated on the 10th of May, by the Calvert Beneficial Society of Baltimore, whose extensive arrangements for the celebration evinced a high degree of patriotic fervor. The procession that had been contemplated was prevented by the inclemency of the weather; but in the evening the members of the society, with appropriate badges, and a large concourse of citizens, assembled at Calvert Hall, which had been suitably decorated for the

occasion, to hear the oration of the Hon. John C. Legrand. The address portrayed in lively colors the superior excellence of those great men who first raised the standard of civil and religious liberty on these shores; and the moral lessons which it conveyed seemed to be justly appreciated by the audience, who listened with profound attention to the speaker.

A similar celebration took place on the same day in Philadelphia. "Although the inclement weather," says the U. S. Gazette, "had the effect of diminishing the audience, still there was a goodly gathering of people, who were well rewarded by the address delivered by Wm. George Read, LL.D. of Baltimore, of which we have only space to say this morning that it was marked throughout by lofty eloquence, enhancing the high reputation which his previous efforts in the city have produced.

Departure of Bishops.—The Rt. Rev. Drs. Purcell, Chabrat and Hughes, left Baltimore after the Provincial council, with the intention of embarking in a few days for Europe.

DIOCESS OF NEW YORK.—The new Catholic Church of St. Joseph's, was yesterday consecrated to the purposes of divine worship. The rites and services of consecration were performed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes, who delivered a discourse on the occasion, which was marked by the fluency and force which characterize that able prelate. This is the third church purchased or erected by Catholic congregations in Albany. There is besides a small congregation of French Catholics under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Imbert. St. Joseph's is situated on the corner of N. Pearl and Lumber streets, and is a commodious and handsome structure. It is sixty-six feet wide and ninety feet deep, and was erected almost exclusively, by the voluntary contributions of our Catholic citizens.—*Albany Atlas*.

A new church is in progress of erection at Rochester.

DIOCESS OF PHILADELPHIA.—A large church is to be erected in Kensington for the German population of that district. The dimensions of the building are seventy-six feet front, one hundred and fifty feet deep, with a steeple two hundred and twenty feet high from the ground.

The ceremony of laying the corner stone of a new church in the district of Moyamensing, took place on the 7th of May.

Another church is building at Towanda, Bradford county, Pa.

Pittsburg.—St. Paul's is the grandest Catholic church in Pennsylvania. St. Patrick's, the ancient church, where the good O'Brien and the eloquent Maguire labored, contains a large con-

gregation; and the German temporary church is soon to be replaced by a splendid building which is being erected. There are above four thousand German Catholics, and perhaps six thousand or more Americans and Irish, in Pittsburg. Five or six priests are engaged in the charge of them. There are nearly forty churches, and about twenty priests, and probably sixty thousand Catholics in the western district of Pennsylvania, which is to form a new diocese, extending eastward to Bedford, Huntingdon, Mifflin, Centre and Potter counties inclusively.—*Catholic Herald*.

DIOCESS OF RICHMOND.—New churches are in course of erection in Lynchburg, Wytheville, and Tazewell county, Va.

DIOCESS OF BOSTON.—A spacious building is in progress of erection at Worcester, Mass., intended as a college, which will be conducted by the Jesuits.

MILWAUKIE, Wisconsin Territory, which will probably be at some future time an episcopal see, now contains nearly four thousand inhabitants, and was increased by two hundred and fifty dwellings last year, while three hundred and fifty to four hundred will go up this year. Eight years ago the first frame house was erected there. The best harbor on the west side of Lake Michigan and abundance of water powers are among its advantages. A large flouring establishment is to be erected this year. During 1842 there were two hundred and fifty arrivals of steamboats, and twelve hundred and fifty of sail vessels.

INDIAN SCHOOL of the Catholic Mission on Sugar Creek, Mo.—"The male branch of the school commenced the 7th of July, 1840. The average number of pupils is forty-two per day; the whole number, or with irregularly attending scholars, sixty-six. The female branch began its operations the 17th of July, 1841, and has in regular attendance, forty young girls and with the irregular scholars, seventy-two. This female department is kept in a separate house, by ladies of a religious order, celebrated for their skill and success in teaching young girls the sciences and arts. The pupils are instructed to read, write, sew, knit, card, mark, and embroider, in all its ramifications. The improvement of the girls in the above branches is surprising. To speak from the past, we are ready to say, that it is, and will be, one of the most regularly conducted schools in the whole Indian territory. The male department is conducted by two teachers, one for the English and the other for the Indian language.

"The Indians of this settlement are nearly one half of the St. Joseph's band, and the whole

Wabash band of Pottawatomies, which may be distinguished from the other bands of said tribe by their industry, sobriety and morality. The people of this place are disposed to improve the soil; to do this with more facility, they have formed themselves into clans. They have made about three hundred thousand rails, and all the land by these inclosed is in good cultivation, and bids fair to produce a sufficiency of Indian-corn for the consumption of the coming year. The climate and soil are well adapted to the production of garden vegetables and roots, such as are raised and used by the farmers of the United States. They had formerly no knowledge of these important articles; now, they begin to attend to this necessary part of domestic economy. But, it must be observed that their farms and gardens cannot be sufficiently enlarged, while they stand in need of cattle to break up the ground, and are consequently thereby limited to the use of the hoe—the old and slow plough. They try much to imitate the whites in their mode of living, and deserve to have the patronage of the general government in such laudable and desirable objects. The number of Indians in this settlement is now augmenting; it is now between twelve and thirteen hundred souls, who, with the exception of a few, profess Catholicity. Their improvement in civilization will rank them in a short time among civilized nations. We have received looms, with which, however, nothing can be done as yet; we must first raise cotton, flax and sheep; then the use of these looms will be shown to the young females: but before this, nothing can be done of any consequence; therefore the poor natives need much help from the government of the United States. There have been three Catholic priests, missionaries to this place during the past year.

"The expenses of this mission will not vary much from eighteen hundred dollars per annum. This amount has been expended chiefly on the support of their clergymen, lay-brothers, &c., with the exception of two hundred dollars, which is expended annually for medicines. The *Rev. C. Hoeken*, being a celebrated physician, attends and administers to the sick.

"The ladies who have charge of one branch of the above school, are three in number, and their expenses amount to about six hundred dollars annually."—*U. S. Catholic Miscellany*.

OREGON MISSION.—Two Jesuit fathers and three lay-brothers of the society, lately departed from St. Louis to aid their brethren in the Oregon mission. Father de Smedt will sail shortly for Europe.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.—We give be-

low an abstract of the operations of this society, during the past year, and leave our Catholic friends to draw their own conclusions.

"Of the life directors, twenty-eight have been added to the previous number, and four hundred and forty-nine life members. A greater share than formerly of these have been laymen. Many females have also become life members.

"There have been organized during the year fifty-nine new auxiliary societies, a large share of them in Alabama, in Iowa Territory, in Wisconsin Territory, and one in Laihaina, Sandwich Islands.

"The receipts amount to \$126,448 77, being \$7,908 31 less than those of the preceding year.

The books printed are, English bibles, ninety-two thousand, English testaments, one hundred and twenty thousand; French do. eight thousand; German do. four thousand; Modern Greek do. four thousand. This does not include what has been printed abroad at the society's expense.

The whole number of bibles and testaments issued in the course of the year has been two hundred and fifteen thousand six hundred and five copies, in nineteen different tongues, making a total of three millions two hundred and sixty-eight thousand three hundred and seventy since the organization of the society. These books have gone mostly, not to the rich and well supplied, but to the needy throughout our states and territories, to seamen, boatmen, emigrants, to prisons, hospitals, &c., most of which cases would not have been met but for this organization.

To the former collection of rare Bibles and books in the library pertaining to versions, interpretations, &c., have been added the past year one hundred and sixty copies, mostly as donations. Among these additions is a folio volume in ancient Syriac, from Dr. Grant of the Nestorian mission. It is in manuscript, and of great antiquity.

It was stated last year that the New Testament and book of Psalms had been stereotyped in raised letters for the use of the blind. During the year now closed the entire Bible has been stereotyped, under the direction of Dr. Samuel G. Howe of Boston. It has been an expensive work, yet one called for by those whose afflictive condition could not be disregarded. It is hoped that auxiliaries and benevolent individuals will, to some good extent at least, *purchase* this work where it is needed, and thus furnish means to print additional copies.

Thirteen agents have been employed the entire year, and a few others for short periods. They have been in nearly every state and territory, and in most instances have been highly

useful, though they have found the solicitation of funds more difficult than in any previous year.

The managers again speak in high commendation of the Female Bible Societies. Generous aid has been received from them the past year; in one instance, including a legacy, the amount was \$3,829 27.

The distribution of books among seamen and boatmen is still on the increase. Besides the distributions made by the New York city and other local Bible Societies, the board have made grants for Buffalo, Cleaveland, Baltimore, Sydney, South Wales, Hong Kong in China, and other places. For emigrants various grants have also been made, and eight hundred copies for the soldiers in the forts and on the frontiers.

Grants of books abroad have been made for Texas, Canada, Hayti, Cuba, Honduras, Rio Grande, Buenos Ayres, and Santa Cruz. To the latter place have been sent five hundred Bibles and one thousand Testaments, at the request of Rev. Dr. M'Elroy, of New York. These books are for the young slaves in part, who are required by law to attend school for four years from their fifth year, and in part for adults who attend Sunday schools.

English Bibles have been sent, on request, to Lodiana, North India, and to Ceylon, South India, for the use of native pupils, who have learned or are learning the English tongue. Similar grants have been made the former year for Madras. May not the English yet become the tongue of India?

Grants of money have amounted in all to about \$18,000; namely, to the Levant, including Greece, Syria, &c., \$5,000; France and Switzerland, \$700; Russia, \$1,000; Madras, \$500; Ceylon, \$2,000; Northern India, \$3,000; Madras, \$3,000, &c. The report will give more minute details, as well as an account of the Scriptures published abroad at the society's expense. The above grants do not meet *one half* of the applications before the board. Some measures more effectual must be adopted for meeting these wants the coming year.

OBITUARY.

DIED in the city of New York on the 6th of May, Rev. THOMAS C. LEVINS, aged 54 years. At the Visitation Convent, Georgetown, D. C. on the 9th of May, Sister MARY ALOYSIA NEALE, in the 74th year of her age, forty of which she had spent within the sacred inclosure.

At Bohemia, Cecil co., Md., on the 21st May, Rev. JOHN B. CAREY, S. J., at an advanced age.

B. I. P.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

An Inquiry into the merits of the Reformed doctrine of Imputation, as contrasted with those of Catholic Imputation, &c. By Vanbrugh Livingston, Esq., with an introduction by the Rt. Rev. J. Hughes, D. D. bishop of New York. New York: Casserly & Sons. 12mo, pp. 242.

In this work the author has learnedly exhibited the nature of the reformed doctrine on the fundamental subject of justification, by quoting largely from the authorities of the Anglican Church, with which he is perfectly familiar; and he has moreover refuted the doctrine, by showing its inconsistency with the teaching of the Scriptures and of the primitive Church. For the better understanding of the subject, an introduction has been prefixed to the work by Bishop Hughes characterized at once by depth and clearness of thought, which throws a vast deal of light upon the question, and points out its importance by showing that to the Protestant view is to be traced all that barrenness of public charity and private heroism that has ever distinguished the ethics of the reformation, while the Catholic principle is alone productive of these great results, which are witnessed in the general welfare of mankind, or in the heroic sanctity and self-sacrifice of individuals. The book closes with several brief, but useful essays.

Aletheia; or Letters on the truth of Catholic doctrines. By Charles Constantine Pise, D. D. New York: Edward Dunigan. 12mo, pp. 382.

The book which bears this title is unquestionably superior in point of typographical execution, to any Catholic publication of the kind that has ever been issued from the American press. It is printed on very fine paper, in clear type, and is ornamented with a well-executed portrait of the author, and a beautifully engraved title page. But this is by no means the only merit of the production. The various tenets of the Catholic religion are explained and established by arguments from the Scripture, and the testimony of the Fathers, and the style in which the proofs are urged is of that winning character, which as the author justly observes, is called for by the taste of the day, and frequently has the effect of forcing upon the mind information, which, although reluctantly received, produces the most salutary impressions. We should be pleased if

the work before us did not demand from us any further remark; but the advice of Horace,

Cur ego amicum
Offendam in nugis?

is a rule which for the benefit of all parties, ought not to be easily disregarded. The title-page of *Aletheia* shows that the best informed writers will sometimes commit mistakes. The error to which we allude, is fortunately not one that affects the substance of the work, but it is sufficiently important to claim the attention of the author and publisher. If a sentence from Boileau is worthy of being quoted as an authoritative maxim, it should not, in our opinion, take the precedence of that sublime declaration which fell from the lips of uncreated wisdom: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." As no authority can be alleged equal to this, let it come first in order, as most entitled to respect and consideration. And if any authority is produced, it is always desirable that it be accurately stated. One of the lines from the French poet just mentioned, is this,

"L'esprit lasse aisement, si le cœur n'est sincère,"
which is thus falsely translated.

"The mind grows weary, if the heart
Be not sincere."

In the French, the word *esprit* signifies wit, and *lasse* is an active verb meaning *fatigues*; the sense of the poet, therefore, would be conveyed in the following correction:

"All wit is tiresome, if the heart
Be not sincere."

The Catholic Cabinet and Chronicle of Religious intelligence, St. Louis, Missouri.

We have received the first (May) number of this new periodical, which contains sixty-four pages printed in a very creditable style. It contains many instructive and interesting articles, the principal of which is the "Actual state and prospects of Catholicism throughout the world." We sincerely hope that the *Catholic Cabinet* will receive the patronage to which it is entitled, as an exponent and vindicator of Catholic principles. It is published on the first of every month, by Charles N. Holcomb, St. Louis, Mo. *Terms*.—Three dollars per annum in advance.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

DURING the session of the Provincial Council, we had the pleasure of receiving from several of the Rt. Rev. prelates and the Rev. clergy an expression of their approbation in favor of our Magazine; and such was the kind feeling manifested for the periodical, that at the suggestion of one of the most venerable members of the American hierarchy, the prelates readily concurred in the following testimonial of the interest which they take in its extensive circulation. We mention the circumstance the more willingly, as the distinguished favor was unsolicited on our part, and claims from us a public and fervent acknowledgment.

"The undersigned wish to express their approbation of the manner in which the U. S. Catholic Magazine has hitherto been conducted; and their confidence in the able and zealous directors who superintend its pages, authorizes them to recommend it to the patronage of the faithful of their respective dioceses.

† BENEDICT JOSEPH, *Bishop of Boston.*

† MICHAEL, *Bp. of Mobile.*

† JOHN BAPTIST, *Bp. of Cincinnati.*

† GUY IGNATIUS, *Bp. of Boleña and Co-adjutor of Louisville.*

† ANTHONY, *Bp. of New Orleans.*

† MATHIAS, *Bp. of Dubuque.*

† JOHN, *Bp. of New York.*

† RICHARD PIUS, *Bp. of Nashville.*

† CELESTINE, *Bp. of Vincennes.*

† PETER PAUL, *Bp. of Zela, and Administrator of Detroit.*

† JOHN JOSEPH, *Bp. of Natches.*

† JOHN M. *Bp. of Claudiopolis, and Vicar Apostolic of Texas.*

We are equally grateful for the honor conferred upon our Magazine by the annexed circular of the Right Rev. Dr. Whelan, bishop of Richmond.

"Having within my jurisdiction no press through which to publish the official documents of the diocese, I have selected for that purpose the U. S. C. Magazine, and as such recommend it earnestly to the Rev. Clergy and the laity thereof.

† RICHARD VINCENT, *Bp. of Richmond.*"

We hope that our friendly correspondents whose contributions have not yet appeared in print, will extend to us their indulgence, as the delay in publishing them was caused principally by circumstances which rendered the appearance of other articles more immediately necessary.

The engraving promised for this number of the Magazine has been omitted, as the publication of the article which it accompanies was unavoidably deferred.

In our next number will appear the learned and interesting essay of Mr. Hare on the *Edict of Nantes*, which has been so favorably noticed in the public prints: with several other articles of great merit.

No. V of Catholic Melodies has been received.

We direct the particular attention of our readers to the pastoral address of the prelates lately assembled in Provincial Council. According to custom, after concluding their deliberations upon the general welfare of religion in this province, and before separating to join again their respective flocks, they have given, as it were, a parting counsel to the faithful of their charge, and invoked upon them with one voice a blessing from above, that all under their jurisdiction may be as zealous in the discharge of the Christian duties, as the chief pastors are solicitous to provide for the spiritual necessities of the faithful. If we are called upon to show our submission to their wise enactments, we know that they speak to us not in their own name, but in the name of Him who sent them; we know that they have been appointed "to govern the Church of God," that "they watch as being to render an account of our souls," and that obedience on our part is the most effectual means of lightening their responsible charge, while it will promote our own sanctification and tend to the general edification of the Church.

The address is not so lengthy as usual, but it contains instruction and counsel in relation to all the more important matters, which seemed to require notice, under the present circumstances of the Church in this country.

THE
UNITED STATES
CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1843.

SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS IN FOREIGN CHURCHES.

Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches, and among Foreign Peoples. By Frederick William Faber, M. A., Fellow of University College, Oxford. London, 1843.

THIS is altogether a very remarkable book. It exhibits a distinctive character, and is stamped with the impress of the new Oxford opinions. We have seen these opinions industriously circulated through the various channels of the familiar tract, the grave and didactic treatise, and the more attractive melody of verse; it remained to vary the medium and occupy the only yet untrodden ground, by the production of a volume of travels, through such "foreign churches and foreign peoples," as were likely to afford scope for a display of the new theology—or rather of an old theology revived; for, to use Mr. Faber's own words, "there is a daily and incessant resurrection of opinions." And he adds: "the seeds of the middle ages have been long deposited in the fertile mould of neglect and disbelief. They are now beginning to swell and split under ground. You will see their green shoots parting the dull mould shortly."

Our traveller takes for his motto two verses of the epistle to the Hebrews (x, 24, 25), "Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works: exhorting one another: and so much the more as ye

see the day approaching." The book is dated "Ambleside, the feast of St. Matthias," and inscribed to Wordsworth, the poet, "in affectionate remembrance of much personal kindness, and many thoughtful conversations on the rites, prerogatives and doctrines of the holy Church." The opening is pleasing and appropriate.

"The traveller in the middle ages rose with the religious men beneath whose roof he had found shelter for the night; with them he sought, first of all, the house, oftentimes the altar of God, and joined in the matin service of the western Church. He went forward on his road with prayer and benediction. *Prosperum iter*—a prosperous journey! was the kind monks' farewell, *faciat tibi Deus salutarium nostrorum: utinam diriganter viæ tuæ ad custodiendas justificationes Dei!* and from field, and brook, and bush, the salutation still for miles came forth, haunting his ear, *Procedas in pace, in nomine Domini*—go in peace, in the name of the Lord! A cloud of good wishes accompanied and guarded him from monastery to monastery, while the courts of bishops and the cloisters of learned men were opened to him, by the commendatory letters of his native prelates. The traveller of those times had some solid advantages which a churchman now-a-days may be allowed to regret. The Church Catholic, her fortunes and in-

terests, are not probably uppermost in the minds of the great bulk of modern travellers, and they of course will not miss that unity and brotherly intercourse, or that religious character imparted to their wanderings, which were so much prized of old. But they who are accustomed to believe and act as if they were a Church, and one Church only, and to deem each little fact and symptom connected with her as of more importance than political statistics, or the critical observations of the artist, will acknowledge both their profit and their pleasure to have been marred in no slight degree by the absence of those privileges of Christian communion so richly dealt out of old to travellers. There were a hundred little needs, interesting the affections and laying hold on the imagination which we remember, and with fond envy many times recapitulate, satisfied to the full for those who travelled in Christendom when at unity with itself, but now utterly unsatisfied for modern travellers, amid the jealous and disjointed churches. The traveller of past times was sure of a home for Easter or Whitsuntide; the continual haunting of sacred places was, as it were, a safeguard against the fresh shapes and daily transformed temptations of sin, to which a traveller is exposed; he had holy houses every where, as refuges in times of weariness or pestilence, and a certainty, in case death should intercept him, of a consecrated resting place among the Christian dead, when he had passed through the narrow gate, aided by the offices and absolutions of the Church. And these *were* consolations, great or small, according to the degree in which he realized the powers of the Church, and the blessedness of being her son. Indeed, the disuse of the universal language of Europe, namely, the Latin of the middle ages, while it enhances the difficulty of communication with good men of foreign communions, may be regarded as an image of the present broken and disordered state of Christendom. However diversified might be the customs of the regions which the traveller visited, let him enter the portal of the Church, or hear the voice of the minister of the Gospel, and he was present with his own, though

Alps and oceans might sever them asunder. There was one spot where the pilgrim always found his home. They were all one people, when they came before the altar of the Lord."

Of the views by which Mr. Faber was actuated in undertaking the tour before us, we have his own account, and powerfully is it set forth.

"I would fain regard the earth as a volume, where God's judgments and his mercies are luminously recorded. I would strive to cherish a more earnest Catholic spirit in interpreting what I see, and constrain each famous locality to give a voice and a soul to my dumb and spiritless recollection of history. Unfortunately I loathe books and in-doors pursuit of knowledge. I cannot profit in that school. I toil irksomely, and yet toil vainly. The restraints of scholarship are not sweet restraints to me. What I read seems but a bewildering mass of ill-strung facts. I would put life into it all, by making for myself a sacred geography of this very fearful earth. Dumb cities should speak to me, interpreting the past, and put threads into my hands, whereby I may guide myself a little way, and with a timid soberness, into the profitable labyrinth of prophecy. The earth surely has a Catholic geography as well as a moral and physical one, and no less scientific; and if physical geography be one of the most alluring and fertile of all studies; what must Catholic geography be? . . . The difference between truth in a book, and truth on the tongue, or truth in the immense prophetic hieroglyphics of the earth, is very great. What is it to sit in your solitary library, and open the service-book, and read the Nicene creed,—are you not reading truth? Yea, verily, eternal, immutable truth: there is no denying it. But what is it to be in some old and curious cathedral, fenced round with low browed arches, and in the gloom of stained windows, to stand in a ring of new made priests, in the venerable presence of one of the visible heads of the Catholic Church, who has just been handing on the apostolic keys and living tradition,—to behold him standing with his eyes fixed on the chequered mar-

ble of the altar-steps, encompassed by the goodly sons whom he has just begotten for the Church, of veritable apostolic vine, and to hear the organ and the choir burst forth in a loud tumult of austere music with the symbol of the Nicene council—what is it, I say, but to have each line and word of those Catholic verities graven with a style of flame upon your hearts.”

In harmony with the above are the reflections that follow. In more senses than one this is a powerful passage.

“It is an awe-inspiring privilege, if a man would only intelligibly use it, to wander up and down the broad continent, whose very countenance is seamed and furrowed by the lines of God’s past providences and the potent action of his already accomplished decrees, to take up here and there the links of some tremendous chain of mysterious arrangements, to gaze on the fair faces of old cities, whose character and fortunes have been distinct, peculiar, and each subserving, in this or that age, the cause of the Catholic Church of Christ. Is there not, to a Christian mind, something very solemn and subduing in such spots as Paris, Avignon, Trent, Nice, Rome, Constantinople, Alexandria, and Jerusalem? Are they not all places where steps were taken which gave a peculiar shape and form to the Church? And not only is it a solemn thing to read the face of Christendom, whose cities are each words to be spelled out, telling secrets of the past, and having the foot marks of the Invisible not yet worn out of their streets, when he passed there with his Church to guard her and see her through; but it is a solemn thing from books, conversation with strangers, the kindling of thought in stirring localities, which we may hope is sometimes overruled to the discovery of truth, and from other sources to watch and take the shape and bearings of those huge masses of cloud which are casting here and there such ponderous prophetic shadows upon the Church, in motion here, and there at rest, dipping earthwards here, because of sin, and there drawn awhile upwards, because of local prayer and holiness. It is a sight to make such a push within one’s soul, as though a little thought, or a

restless thought, or any impure thought, might never inhabit there again, but be forevermore dislodged. Judgment has been done upon Asia; it seems still pausing over Europe. Only at a few epochs has the Church been so awfully, so deeply, with such vivid contrasts, chequered with light and shade as it is now; and oh! how painfully one longs to know what may be the fortunes of our little, separated, tempest-tossed island-mother!”

Such are the views and such the spirit in which Mr. Faber writes. Of course it will not be difficult to conceive that his modes of thought and manner of describing, will be very different from those of tourists, with whose productions we are familiar. They are conversant about material things, and studious only of the useful and the agreeable; Mr. Faber travels in quest of immaterial things; thought, feeling, and emotion are the objects of which he is in pursuit. Bearing this in mind, we shall the less wonder that in his long and solitary wanderings, he has caught the spirit and assumes the tone of an enthusiast. Perhaps this spirit is too conspicuous in his pages. In one instance it certainly is so.

Mr. Faber introduces his reader to a nameless and mysterious personage whom he calls “a man of the middle ages,” who is made to discourse familiarly with him, and whose outward man he minutely describes. He is made to be the expounder of certain “ultra” doctrines of the Oxford school, or rather of certain *en avant* ideas, which either Mr. Faber’s timidity and halting between opinions would not allow him to express, or which he did not find it convenient to do in his own person. This introduction of a visionary being at every turn, and in the midst of plain matter-of-fact occurrences, gives a certain fantastic air to Mr. Faber’s work; it has the effect of an overstrained and violent mixed metaphor in the midst of a piece of plain writing, disagreeable in itself, and not likely to add to the writer’s capability of inculcating truth.

Mr. Faber sketches with a bold, rapid, and graphic pencil: witness his description of Certosa. “About five miles from Pavia, stands the Certosa of Chiaravalle, beneath

the walls of which the battle of Pavia was fought. It certainly is a most gorgeous church; but it is desolate and forlorn, and in want of worshippers. The suppression of the monastery in this particular spot is to be regretted. It was one of the wholesale reforms of Joseph II, the Austrian Henry VIII; but a better man and a wiser sovereign. This house of Carthusian monks was begun by one of the Visconti, dukes of Milan, in the fourteenth century. The building of it occupied one hundred years. The whole of the interior, which is spacious and in the form of a Latin cross, is one mingled mass of marble, precious stones, brass, bronze, fresco-painting, and stained windows, most dazzling and costly. We observed much elaborate work in very precious materials, in more than one place, where it could scarcely be seen by any human eye. This is always delightful. It is very contrary to our spirit. We would as soon throw ourselves from our own steeples as do any thing elaborate, or beautiful, or costly, where it would never meet the eyes of men. How the spirit of the middle ages dwarfs this selfish unventuresome meanness.* What a refreshment it is—how grateful a reproof to wander up and down, within and without, the labyrinth of roofs in an old cathedral, as we did at Amiens, and see the toil and the cost of parts to which the eye can scarcely travel, so isolated are they in the air,—tracery, exquisitely finished images, fretwork, and the like, and all an offering of man's toil and intellect and cost to the Holy Trinity. The Certosa is a signal instance of this spirit. It is

* The same idea is thus beautifully enforced in Mr. Faber's description of the cathedral at Amiens. "When we had satisfied ourselves somewhat with the interior of the cathedral, we mounted to the top, and rambled all over the roofs among the exquisite pinnacles and carved work with which they are adorned. The roofs of great cathedrals generally deserve quite as narrow an inspection as the interiors; and the inspection is often as full of wonder as that of the inside, for the beauty and sumptuousness of parts of the building hidden from every eye but His to whose glory all was built, and the ken, perhaps of angels, are so alien to any thing in our modern temper, and are so frequently screened, as if with a jealous purpose, from man's praise, that they strike us even more forcibly than when lavished upon the nave or choir, where they would elevate the devotions of the worshipper, and redound to the glory of the artist, or the honor of the founder." P. 8.

one heap of riches and of earth's most magnificent things, wrought by the deep and fertile spirit of Christian art into a wondrous symbolical offering to God, shaped after the cross of his Son. Once indeed it had a continual voice—a voice of daily and nightly liturgies, which rose up from it before the Lord perpetually. But the fiat of an Austrian emperor went forth, and from that hour there was so much less intercession upon the earth. The Certosa is now a silent sacrifice of Christian art. It is, as it were, a prayer for the dead, rising with full though speechless meaning up to heaven.

"I came out from the church, and loitered about the tranquil collegiate quadrangle in which it is situated. I remembered Petrarch's letter to some Carthusian monks, with whom he had stayed. 'My desires are fulfilled. I have been in Paradisa, and seen the angels of heaven in the form of men. Happy family of Jesus Christ! How was I ravished in the contemplation of that sacred hermitage—that hallowed temple, which resounded with celestial psalmody! In the midst of these transports, in the pleasure of embracing the dear deposit I confided to your care (his brother, who had taken the habit), and in discoursing with him and with you, time ran so rapidly that I scarcely perceived its progress. I never spent shorter days or nights. I came to seek one brother, and I found a hundred. You did not treat me as a common guest. The activity and ardor with which you rendered me all sorts of services, the agreeable conversations I had with you in general and particular, made me fear I should interrupt the course of your devout exercises. I felt it was my duty to leave you; but it was with extreme pain I deprived myself of hearing those sacred oracles you deliver. It was my purpose to have made a short address to you; but I was so absorbed that I could not find a moment to think of it. In my solitude, I ruminate over that precious balm which I gathered, like the bee, from the flowers of your holy retreat.'"

Nor are Mr. Faber's moral pictures sketched with a less bold and picturesque pencil. Take an instance. He is in the ducal palace at Venice, surveying "those

infernal dungeons called the *Piombi*." He makes the enquiry, "Why is it that suffering should have a spell to fix the eye, above the power of beauty or of greatness? Is it not because the Cross is a religion of suffering, a faith of suffering, a privilege of suffering, a perfection arrived at by and through suffering only? Half an hour was enough for the ducal palace. I would gaze for hours upon those dungeon holes; gaze, and read there, as in an exhaustless volume, histories on histories of silent weary suffering, as it filed the soft heart of man away, attenuating his reason into a dull instinct, or cracked the stout heart, as you would shiver a flint. Travellers have frequent need of this lesson. There is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's face, but a line of suffering runs parallel with it; and they who read the lustrous syllables of the one, and stop not to decypher the spotted and worn inscription of the other, get the least half of the lesson earth has to give. The power and divinity of suffering should nowhere be more consistently uppermost than in the mind of a traveller. Such a place as Venice, in such a season as passion week, would not fail to keep it fresh and strong. People do not by any means generally acknowledge the power and dignity of suffering. They misapprehend the Church and the temper of Churchmen, because they misapprehend the humiliation of the Lord, as reflected through the temper of his body, which is the Church. That humiliation is ever working, unfolding itself, and giving lustre in the temper and conduct of the Church and her sons, in all ages of the world's eventful history.

"The object of the Church's worship is the Saviour suffering; yet bold, undaunted, unshaken, unhindered in his suffering—submission towards God, and endurance towards the world. This is the double temper and disposition and spirit, which passes into the Church, and is her life and gift and power. This is the way that the humiliation of the bridegroom works itself out upon the demeanor of the bride. This is the demeanor by which she has become universal. She has conquered by submission—she has grown by suffering—she has filled

the world, by emptying herself of all that was worldly within her. Her martyrs bowed their heads, and the earth was sown with their ashes, and made fruitful by their blood. Yet was she ever bold towards the world. She ceased not to teach or to preach for the command of any Sanhedrim or governor, or emperor; far less at the bidding of dogmatic science, profane literature, or uneasy philosophy; she rejoiced rather in that she was counted worthy to suffer. Such was she in primitive times. Later on, when she did not altogether remember her heritage of suffering, when she sat upon her high chair somewhat (it may be, God only knoweth), somewhat more lordly than becomed her, when she wore a crown more shining and imperial than her ancient one of thorns, even in that day, she was bold towards the great, and yet the servant of the poor. She kept in power, not by courting the royal and noble—not by being clad in fine linen, and dwelling in kings' courts, but by over-awing kings; by keeping their pride and lust, and wrath under; by breaking thrones down with a rod of iron. Yet, even when she thus in a measure forgot herself, or at least by an Englishman will be so judged to have done, there was something unworldly! something wonderful about her. To grow to greatness by despising it; to keep kings true to her by tyrannizing over them; to have princes for her slaves through fear, and not through flattery; and yet be all the while the blessed advocate of the poor and destitute, the serf, the captive, and all the forlorn ones upon earth—the world has not seen the like before. Later on still, she has been well content in every proud and learned generation to be accounted old and obsolete, and the keeper-back of improvement. She has no novelties—she grows no wiser. Her newest creed is fourteen hundred years old. She has not improved or widened her faith since that; and where are the literatures, philosophies, sciences, and political systems, which, in every generation, have risen up to supersede this old and unimproving faith? Quietly at rest with the worm-eaten skulls of the proud wise men that gave them birth. Surely, then, they are false and coward churchmen who fear for their

mother's abasement. Surely they are false and coward hearts who would not be cheered by the hope of suffering?"

Mr. Faber passed the holy week in Venice; part of that solemn season is thus described. "One Maunday Thursday we went to St. Mark's, and remained there the whole of the service, which lasted about three hours. This Thursday seems to be here, as it should be, a sort of Lenten holiday, a light shining ever in the darkness of passion-week. Flags were flying on all the ships before the quay, as well as in the square before St. Mark's. The archbishop was in the cathedral. He and his clergy were magnificently habited in vestments, of what appeared to be cloth of gold, and he had a gilded mitre on his head. There was music, but not much. All the clergy, the Austrian arch-duke, who is viceroy of Milan, and thirteen aged paupers received the holy communion, the choir chanting in a low voice the whole time. After the communion, the archbishop came into the nave, accompanied by his priests and deacons, in less magnificent attire. They took off his outer robes and girded him with a towel. He then knelt down, and washed and kissed the feet of the thirteen old paupers who had communicated. I rather expected that this ceremony would have been a little undignified, and waited for it somewhat uneasily, considering I was in church, and the eucharistic sacrifice but just over. However, it was not so in the least. It was very affecting, and quite *real*; and the people seemed to feel that it meant something real, and to all appearance, were edified by it, as I was myself. After it was over, the patriarch standing and leaning on his crosier, made a short address to the people, explaining the symbolical character of our Lord's act, and dwelling particularly on St. Peter's wish that not his feet only should be washed, but his hands and his head.

"This was the first great church ceremony we had seen since we came abroad; and I looked in vain for the '*mummery*,' disgusting repetitions, childish arrangements, and so forth, which we read of in modern travellers; who, for the most part, know nothing of the Roman service-books, and consequently

understand nothing of what is before them. A heathen might say just the same, as the Puritans *did* say of us, if they entered one of our cathedrals and saw us sit for the epistle, stand for the gospel, turn to the east at the creed, bow at the Lord's name, recite the litany at a faldstool between the porch and the altar, make crosses on babies' foreheads, lay hands on small squares of bread, or if they saw men in strange black dresses, with large white sleeves, walking up and down the aisles of a country church, touching the heads of boys and girls, or wetting the head and hand of our kings and queens with oil, or consecrating buildings and yards. There *may*, of course, be very sad mummery in Roman services, as there is very sad irreverence oftentimes in English services; such, for instance, as dressing up the altar in white cloths with the plate upon it for the holy communion, when it is not meant that there should be one, which is sometimes done in our cathedrals, where the clergy themselves are in sufficient number to communicate, and strangers who have wished to stay, have been told that it will be very inconvenient if they do so. It may be hoped there are few Roman churches where such theatrical mummery as that is practised. However, whatever be the amount of Romish mummery, the gross ignorance of ecclesiastical matters exhibited by many modern travellers, who have spoken the most confidently about it, may make us suspect their competency to be judges on the matter; when we see, that precisely the same commonplace and offensive epithets, might be applied with equal justice to us, by one who was a stranger or an enemy to our services; and whatever changes the people may wish for, the English ritual will hardly be charged with mummery. All ritual acts must, from the nature of the case, be symbolical, being either a reverential imitation of sacred acts, or the sublime inventions of antiquity, whereby the presence of God and his holy angels is recognised and preached to the people, or fit and beautiful means for affecting the imagination of the worshipper, and giving intensity to his devotions. All service; not excepting the simple and strict imi-

tation of our blessed Lord's action at the institution of the most solemn rite in the world, must be dumb-show to a looker-on, who knows nothing of what it sets forth and symbolizes; and this dumb-show such a looker-on, if he were pert and self-sufficient, would call 'mummery.' The existence of Romish mummery is or is not a fact, and must, of course, be so dealt with; and its extent also is or is not ascertainable as a fact. But the improbability of its being nearly so extensive as modern travellers represent it, is so monstrous considering that the Romanists are Christians, and Christians too at worship, that the vague epithets and round sentences, and the received puritan vocabulary of persons ignorant of breviaries and missals cannot be taken as evidence. Indeed, in these days, we may justifiably require beforehand that a traveller shall know so much of what external religion is, and what are its uses, that he can comprehend and subscribe to the simple philosophy comprised in Wordsworth's definition of it.

'Sacred Religion! Mother of form and fear,
Dread arbitress of mutable respect.' "

Mr. Faber goes on to say, that "it is to be regretted extremely that it is not customary with us (the Church of England) to have the holy communion on the Thursday in passion-week, as has been the practice of the Church in all ages; it being the day on which our blessed Lord instituted that holy, life-giving mystery and powerful memorial of his death. When I saw the assembly at St. Mark's receiving the eucharist on the Thursday, I could not help feeling that they, rather than ourselves, were fulfilling the prophecy of Jeremiah, which our own Church, not theirs, has selected for the evening lesson of this Thursday. They were *literally* fulfilling it. 'They shall come and sing in the height of Zion, and shall flow together to the goodness of the Lord, for *wheat* and for *wine*, and for oil, and for the young of the flock and of the herd; and their soul shall be as a watered garden; and they shall not sorrow any more at all. Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance, and the young men and the old together; for I will turn their mourning into joy, and

will comfort them; and make them *rejoice from their sorrow*. And I will satiate the soul of the priests with fatness, and my people shall be satisfied with my goodness.' "

Mr. Faber puts the following language into the mouth of his "man of the middle ages," but we may say to the author of "the Sights and Thoughts," *mutato nomine de te narratur*. "I do not wonder you should envy the Latin service-books; for any thing more elevating and magnificent than the western ritual is not to be conceived. There is not such another glory upon the earth. It gives to men the tongues of angels—it images on its bosom the attitudes of heaven, and it catches glorious echoes from the eternal worship of the Lamb. It has a language of its own—a language of symbols more luminous, more mystical, more widely spread, than any other language on the earth. I do not wonder you should envy the Latin ritual." And again: "old Fuller says, that 'men unsettled in their religion, are ravished at the first Popish church they enter.' I would say the reverse of this. So far is one from being 'ravished at the sight,' that the service is, so far as I know, distasteful and almost offensive. Nearly the whole of my second journey on the continent, and that too amidst the ecclesiastical magnificence of Belgium, had elapsed before I became at all reconciled to it. The danger, if danger there can really be, to an intelligent and well-disciplined Anglican, is on further acquaintance and familiarity. The attraction increases in proportion to our study of the Roman service-books. Much, well nigh all, in them is so beautiful, so solemn, so reverently bold, so full of Catholic teaching, so fitted to the deepest devotional cravings of which we are capable, and has historically been the road and training of such eminent saints, that we return almost with a feeling of disappointment and sense of lowering to our own formularies, forgetting that we have deserved lowering much further, and that the Catholic richness of the common prayer is far above our actual condition and practice. The hold which the Breviary takes upon us is strengthened, while we allow its austere hymns to raise our affections higher

than their wonted pitch, while we learn many things we know not of, from the selections of the readings, and pause over the Antiphons, where a word from one part of Scripture seems to meet another, and make a key, and open up whole mines of mystical exposition, much of it, probably, belonging to very ancient traditional treasures in the Church."

Mr. Faber's short sojourn in Milan affords him one of his richest banquets of "Sights and Thoughts." We feel that we shall satisfy our readers far more effectually by quoting the words of our traveller, than by commenting upon them: *they* can do that at their leisure.

"We have seen the far-famed cathedral of Milan, the cathedral of St. Charles Borromeo, whose praise is in all the churches. It is indeed a superb edifice, the interior is quite overpowering. It seemed, indeed, a type of the everlasting creed of the Church; for

What is the long cathedral glade
But faith, that in the sculptured shade
Herself embodies to the sense,
Leaning upon Omnipotence,
And holiness, ennobling thought,
Into a living temple wrought?
There strength and beauty spring to life
In contests of harmonious strife;
With blended glories high aloof,
Embracing on the gorgeous roof;
Till standing 'neath the giant throng,
The soul expands, and feels her strong
With more than doth to man belong."*

"The morning mass at the tomb of St. Charles Borromeo, was just finishing when we descended into the subterranean chapel, at the entrance of the choir. We did not much regard the splendor of the tomb, for our eyes were rivetted on the *coffer* [why not shrine?] which stood above the altar, and contained the mortal remains of that holy saint and faithful shepherd. The longer we remained in the cathedral, the more its glory and magnificence, and colored gloom took possession of our spirits. *It is an oppressive thing to be a priest in the city of St. Ambrose and St. Charles Borromeo, and yet a stranger; a gazer, a mere English looker-*

on,—a tourist where one should be upon one's knees at home, and in that divine temple a legitimate worshipper. But where rests the blame? Alas! the sour logic of controversy may be as convincing as it usually is to men whose minds are made up, as almost all minds are, independent of it; but since Eve tempted and Adam fell, has there ever been a strife where both sides were not to blame? In a difference so broad and complicated, so many-veined and inter-twisted as that between Rome and us, never was there so monstrous a faith as that which could believe that all the wrong was with Rome, and all the right with England. Yet men have been seen with the mortal eye, who had the capacity to receive this, and put trust in it. It is distressing, truly, to be in a wonderful church, like this of Milan, to feel sure that you reverence the memory of St. Ambrose, and have deep affection for the very name of Borromeo, and are not without Christian thought for SS. Gervasius and Protasius, as much as one-half of the people you see there, *and yet be shut out from all Church offices,—to have no home at the altars of that one Church, at whose altars, by apostolic ordination, you are privileged to consecrate the Christian mysteries.*"*

"By far the most interesting thing in Milan is the Ambrosian church. The edifice itself is of the ninth century. The western doors, of old cedar wood, are said, but apparently without truth, to be the identical ones which St. Ambrose closed against Theodosius when he would have pressed into the church. But the locality is sufficient, without the identity of the doors, to awaken feelings of the deepest kind. A man truly must feel much godly emulation who is placed in the archiepiscopal chair of Milan, with two such predecessors as St. Ambrose and St. Charles. While on the stirring spot where the holy Ambrose shone forth, representing to all time the lofty character of a primitive bishop, and where Theodosius exalted his imperial dignity by sub-

* In another place he says: "The very bells with which Genoa was alive, seemed to sound reproachfully in our ears. There are churches enough to enter where we can say our secret prayers; for it is an evil thing to gaze and peep while others around you are kneeling and praying."

* *The Cathedral*, p. 144.

mission to the holy Church,—let us pass in review some of the chapters in the very interesting history of the Lombard Church.”

Mr. Faber proceeds to give a rapid but animated sketch of the portion of Church history alluded to, as well as of the discovery of the relics of SS. Gervasius and Protasius, and the miracles accompanying it. Upon the latter occur the following observations :

“ In respect to this narrative which rests on the high testimony of three witnesses, St. Augustin, St. Ambrose and Paulinus, are we not placed in the following dilemma ? If the miracle did not take place, then St. Ambrose and St. Augustin, men of high name, said they had ascertained a fact which they did not ascertain, and said it in the face of enemies with an appeal to a whole city, and that continued and repeated during a quarter of a century. What instrument of refutation shall we devise against a case like this, neither so violently *à priori* as to supersede the apostles’ testimony, nor so fastidious of evidence as to imperil Tacitus or Cæsar ? On the other hand, if the miracle did take place, a certain measure of authority, more or less, surely must thereby attach to St. Ambrose, to his doctrine and life, to his ecclesiastical principles and proceedings, to the Church itself, of the fourth century, of which he is one main pillar. The miracle gives a certain sanction to three things at once :—to the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity, to the Church’s resistance to the civil power, and to the commemoration of saints and martyrs. What alternative shall the Protestant accept ? Shall we retreat, or shall we advance ? shall we relapse into scepticism upon all subjects, or sacrifice our deep-rooted prejudices ? shall we give up our knowledge of times passed altogether, or endure to gain a knowledge which we think we have already—the knowledge of divine truth ? ”

In Genoa, also, Mr. Faber opens his heart to Catholic feeling. There are passages in his visit to this city which will awaken mingled emotions of pleasure and pain. Tertullian beautifully remarks that “ the heart of man is naturally Christian,”

as a thousand spontaneous emotions will indicate. In the same manner we may say of Mr. Faber, that his heart is naturally Catholic, and would be habitually so, were it not for that leaven of the “ new learning,” the effect of which is to mar the better feeling which is continually struggling to be uppermost. Witness his reflections and conduct on the feast of the Annunciation : “ I had thought,” says he, “ that all the feasts which fell in Lent were, by the Roman Church, postponed till afterwards. In Genoa this did not seem to hold with the feast of the Annunciation of our Lady. The city was plunged in one entire tumult of holiday. All the shops were shut, but booths of fruit and every kind of eatable crowded the streets. Lent seemed forgotten. The churches were thronged by men well dressed, and women almost gorgeously appareled. Bells ringing, chiming, and playing tunes without intermission all day. Genoa was a chaos of bells. All sounds of labor were hushed ; the steamboats were stopped in the middle of their voyages, and every street was filled with heaps or rather stacks of flowers, wherewith to honor the images and altars of the Blessed Virgin. We ourselves were quite possessed with the Sunday feeling of the day ; and not to be utterly without sympathy for the Genoese around us, we decorated our room with a bunch of crimson tulips, apparently the favorite flower, that we might not be without somewhat to remind us of her,

‘ Who so above
All mothers shone
The mother of
The Blessed One.’

“ The splendid ceremonials of the day recalled strongly to my mind, a very beautiful procession which I saw at Bruges, in 1839, on the octave of the Assumption, when St. Mary’s image was carried through the streets, preceded by the Host, to visit St. Mary Magdalen in her church. From the general chastity of arrangement, and strikingly graceful gestures of the little children who form a portion of it, a procession is by far the most imposing of Roman ecclesiastical pageants. I see still before me

the procession of Bruges, passing along the streets, strewn with sweet flags and other herbs :

This bore the relics in a chest of gold,
On arm of that the swinging censer hung ;
Another loud a tinkling hand-bell rung ;
Four fathers went that ringing monk behind,
Who suited psalms of holy David sung ;
Then o'er the cross a stalking sire inclined,
And banners of the Church went waving in the wind.

"Genoa probably considers herself bound to allure her sons and daughters to devote themselves more exclusively to the invocation of St. Mary ; for upon her gate towards Nice, she inscribes herself, 'The City of the most holy Mary,' and M. de Genoude, in his book, expatiates with delight upon her pre-eminence among the cities of Europe, in the *culte de la Ste. Vierge*. Montalembert, in his introduction to the Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, includes among the blessings of the thirteenth century the systematizing, if not the rise of the service of the Virgin. Certainly it occupies a very prominent place in the systems of St. Dominick and St. Francis, and in the whole of that revival of religion which distinguishes the thirteenth century, an age not unfrequently misunderstood, or misrepresented, and which Mr. Gladstone, in his 'Church Principles,' a writer whose sobriety of style and thought make it very unlikely that he should have any imaginative preference for a dark age, speaks of it as a time when the soil of the Church had more vigor in throwing up great plants than at present. He instances Roger Bacon, Dante, and St. Thomas Aquinas. A study of the revival of religion in the thirteenth century would bring out singularly applicable lessons both for us, and for our Roman brethren.

"The Christian elevation of the female character so notorious in the middle ages, cannot, with any thing like historical accuracy, be linked to chivalry. It would not be hard to show that it was owing mainly to the growing reverence for the blessed mother of the Lord. It is very questionable whether chivalry went nearly so deep down into the European mind, as is often said, and many vestiges of picturesque good feeling, which interest us in later centuries,

may fairly be claimed by other causes, though mostly attributed to chivalry. In addition to the influence upon female character which the reverence for St. Mary may have exercised, we must take into reckoning the amount of Christian art,—churches, statues, pictures and poetry which have sprung from devotion to her."

After all this, great indeed is our disappointment at finding Mr. Faber himself betrayed into a forgetfulness of those just and charitable principles, which, but a few pages before, we were so much gratified in hearing him advocate. Almost in the same breath in which he speaks so feelingly of the happy influences of the reverence felt for the blessed mother of the Lord, we hear him asserting that the honor paid by the Catholics to the Virgin Mary, "must surely be called *adoration*." And again: "We live in an age when tendencies ripen rapidly, and the effects of a quickened belief in, and service of the Virgin of the Assumption, and of all that is therewith connected, would speedily display themselves in a corruption of Catholic doctrine, perhaps worse than what has been hitherto," &c. So much for Protestant consistency! of which, among many more, take a still more startling example. Mr. Faber is in no wise backward in making many and very strong admissions. In speaking of the principle of unity embodied in the Popedom, he uses this language; "a deep feeling oppresses me when I reflect on the history of the Papacy. One while, the idea elevates me by its greatness; at another, it dejects me by its boldness. It is really an awful page in the history of man; and the lower we stoop to decipher the mysterious characters in which it is written, the more manifestly do they appear divine." He reverences Rome, and Rome's primacy, because of that reverential instinct which he finds in the writers of antiquity, and "by no means denies that there was a *divine sanction for it*." He regards Rome as the centre "from which most of Europe was Christianized, and held together in union after it was made Christian." He deplores the separation of Greece from Rome, as "an inauspicious blight on the venerable Churches of the east," and

rejects the idea that the emancipation of any national Church from the subjection to Rome, has conferred upon it a "nobler individuality;" even now he regards Rome as the legitimate capital of Christendom. He admits that even in these days the Papacy is "a captivating idea, for it seems a shorter road to unity than any other;" his foreign sympathies rest mainly with the Latin Church, and "he dares not say and will not think that the office of Rome is over."

Nor are his admissions in regard to his own Church of England, as coming from the mouth of the mysterious stranger, less remarkable than the above.

"You put forward," said he, "the highest possible claims for your Church, often in a tone of pharisaical self-conceit, as though the usages and belief of the greater part of Christendom were of no account whatever in your eyes; you repeatedly indulge in a very offensive sort of commiseration of Rome, forgetting, on the one hand, that you are very young,* and, on the other, Rome's communion is far more extensive, and comprehends wisdom and holiness which must demand the respect of every modest and thoughtful man. And yet, while you talk so largely of your own Church, you put no faith in her. This it is which angers me. It is a kind of hypocrisy. You do not believe that she dare loosen the pegs of her tent cords, in order to enlarge it, lest a rough wind should blow it over in the meanwhile. This is a very bad sign indeed. For, remember, there are many suspicious characteristics which lead foreigners to think that your Church is only a Church upon paper. You are not a fasting Church; yet every other Church in the world has been so from the earliest times. Your clergy as a body do not own their apostolical lineage as essential to the construction of a Church and the administration of the sacraments. Your Church cannot excommunicate, and shrinks very uncharitably from anathematizing heresy. Your people do not believe that infants are

actually regenerated by baptism. The commemorations of the departed are disused, and that too *since* your Reformation. Your clergy venture upon the liberty of marriage without respecting the example of all the other western Churches. The glory of the sacrifice of the altar is clouded among you, which must lead in the end to a clouding of the sacrifice of the cross. You do not honor tradition, which must, in the end, lead to a dishonoring of Scripture. Am I then to believe what I have been told on many sides, that your Church is but a dream and your churchmen dreamers, with an unrealized theology, not a branch of the Catholic vine, true, healthy, strong, vigorous, growing, gifted, tangible, substantial? Ah! have you not, perchance, made an illuminated transparency, a soothing sight for quiet times, and sat before it so long and so complacently that you now venture to call it a Catholic Church?"

Now, if the Church of England be such as she is here represented, would not a conscientious man, one enlightened beyond his brethren, be solicitous to come out of her, and unite himself to a Church recognized as possessing all the requisites, the absence of which is deplored in his own? But how stands the case with Mr. Faber? We will allow him to explain himself in his own words, as conveyed in a warning voice through the lips of his mysterious monitor.

"The apostle teaches us that where God finds us, where his grace comes to us, there we should remain, not seeking to be freed even from a position disadvantageous, as we deem it, to our religious advancement. You find yourself in a Church, not surely by accident, but by God's providence, what warrant have you for leaving that Church? Who can authorize you to go away? Is private judgment your ruler? I trust you have not so learned Christ. The presumption,—a presumption sufficiently strong to act upon, is always in favor of the circumstances in which you actually find yourself. So long as you do not believe that your Church is absolutely apostate and unchurched, her candlestick utterly removed, it is your duty to abide in her, your allegiance is due to her, and you cannot be free

* "Vous n'etiez pas hier, vous-autres," was the energetic expression of Bossuet to the minister Claude.

from it without schism and rebellion. You are a member of a Church; explain to me on Church principles, and from the precedents of Church history, what and where the door is, by which you have the power to leave her, and who is to open it for you. Let your regrets be ever so vehement, your disapproval be ever so strong, men's calumny or persecution ever so hard to bear, your own doubts ever so harassing, foreign claims ever so unanswerable, so long as there remains in your mind a conviction that it is *probable* or *possible* for your Church to be really a true branch of the Church universal, I am unable to see what can warrant you in leaving it. O beware! beware!"

We have given the reader the whole of the above curious passage as a specimen of the singular logic which a mind in the state of transition, and not fully aware of the consequences of its own principles, will venture to construct for itself. These and other blemishes, however, we could be content to overlook in consideration of such glowing passages as the following. It is a noble outburst of enthusiastic feeling which will be caught up by every bosom alive to the extraordinary religious aspect of things in the mother land.

"Nay," said the stranger, "Rome has no cause to fear truth; she will gain by it in the end. Behold," continued he, raising his voice, while his face kindled with solemn enthusiasm, "behold, all hearts are turned towards Rome, all eyes fixed upon her in love, hope, fear, and inquiry. Long has her mysterious character been seen, in that men would not feel indifference towards her, as towards a common city, but either fond love or bitter hatred has been her portion from every one who cared for the cross at all. The contracted limits and narrow sympathies of national Churches are again being destroyed. Gallicanism, that vile, unworthy, and disloyal child of the selfish Sorbonne, is now scattered for ever to the four winds of heaven; and the fresh waters imprisoned by the salt sea in your own little island, are bursting down these barriers with a sound to which all Europe listens. Oh, the beauty of old Catholic England!

Oh, by the memory of the old Saxon saints! I implore you as a priest consecrating in the shrines of Augustin and of Anselm, to seek daily, to feel and realize, and lean upon the Church Catholic through and beyond your own national branch; throw yourself with a bold meekness into the capacious sympathies and magnificent affections of the Church universal: hide yourself in the mighty beatings of her universal heart. Are there none to set you an example—none whose meek humility and love of discipline can correct the vehemence and untutored zeal which tempts those who walk in a new path?" "Oh yes!" I replied, "there are lowly-minded men even in proud England, whose leaning on the Church Catholic is as bold and trustful as your own; we have men still who walk in our cloisters, singing of the king's daughter, and extolling her golden vessels. Nay, on this Asiatic shore, forgive me if I would leave behind an echo of noble English song—a melody of one who sits uncomplaining by the waters of our Babylon, even thankful for the thin shade of the willows in that thirsty land, and speaking these glorious things of the city of our God:

"Throughout the older world, story and rite,
Throughout the new, skirting all clouds with gold,
Through rise and fall, and destinies manifold
Of pagan empires, through the dreams and night
Of nature, and the darkness and the light,
Still young in hope, in disappointment old,
Through mists which fallen humanity unfold,
Into the vast and viewless infinite,
Rises the eternal city of our God.
Her towers the morn, with disenchanting rod,
Divinely and darkly labors to disclose,
Lifting the outskirts of th' o'ermantling gloom;
Bright shapes come forth, arch, pinnacle, and dome:
In heaven is hid its height and deep repose."

"Is this, indeed," said he, "a modern English strain? In truth it is such an image of the eternal city, as would rise to the keen vision of Austin, as he paced the Mediterranean sands, or the broad eye of Basil amid the rugged scenery of Pontus. I trust such sweetness may win many among you from a narrow-hearted idolatry of a national Church, for most deep and true, most solemn and tender, is their love for their own Church, who gaze from the

steeple of her streets upon the palaces and glittering pinnacles around her; and in the centre of that city, like to a most gorgeous citadel, stands the form of old Rome. See, after long neglect, how all the children of the earth, one after another, even those who are not called by her name, rise up and uncover themselves in her princely presence! See! how the whole world burns to fling itself, in one spontaneous wave of pilgrimage, upon the capital."

Mr. Faber closes his volume with a supposed dream on board the vessel which was bearing him towards Constantinople. It shadows forth the writer's feelings and views, in reference to the present religious position of his country.

"After midnight I fell asleep and dreamed. Methought I was with the mysterious stranger on a bright sunny bank of velvet turf; a little brook murmuring near, and a copse hard by, full of meadow-sweets, the odor of which filled all the air. Every thing around spoke the voluptuous languor of midsummer. The stranger asked me to explain all the doctrines and customs of my Church. So I took a sheet of vellum and I wrote them all out in columns in a fair hand, from the calendars and rubrics of the service books. He was much pleased with it, and said it was very beautiful and good. Then he proposed we should walk up the stream some little way. So I hid the vellum among the meadow-sweets, and we walked together up the stream. But a heavy shower of rain came on, and we took

shelter in a cave which was in the face of the rock, all clasped with ivy, bind-weed, and eglantine. When the sun shone again, we returned to our bank and I looked for the vellum, and the rain had washed all the characters away. Upon this the stranger said I had deceived him; that if what I had written were true, no rain would have washed it away; and he would not believe me when I said it was true: but he was very angry. However, he said he would judge for himself. So we rose up, and went a long way for many weeks, till we came to Canterbury on advent Sunday. From thence we went all over the land, throughout the parishes, and the stranger took strict note of all he saw and heard. At length we came to the banks of the Tweed. The stranger would not cross over, but he lifted up his hands and blessed the land on the other side. So we turned back again towards the south, and on Ascension day we were in a forlorn and desolate chancel belonging to a spacious church. It was a dreary, unadorned place, for the beauty was lavished on the nave rather than the chancel, and over the altar, a very mournful symbol, were seven empty white-washed niches. The stranger regarded me with indignation, but did not speak. When he came out of the church he turned to me and said in a solemn voice, somewhat tremulous from deep emotion, 'You have led me through a land of closed churches and hushed bells, of unlighted altars and unstoled priests: **IS ENGLAND BENEATH AN INTERDICT?'**"

THE COLONIZATION OF MARYLAND.

An Oration delivered at the second commemoration of the Pilgrims of Maryland, at Philadelphia, May 10, 1843. By Wm. Geo. Read, LL. D. Philadelphia: M. Fithian.

A YEAR has just elapsed since Mr. Read, standing on the time-honored site of old St. Mary's city, and surrounded by thousands of his fellow-citizens, who had come

together to commemorate the colonization of the state, poured forth, under the open canopy of heaven, a strain of impassioned eloquence on that too long neglected topic, and portrayed with master pencil, the enrapturing beauty of the principles and virtues, which adorned the character of Maryland's illustrious founder. Whoever peruses the address delivered in Philadelphia, will

discover that in treating the subject a second time, Mr. Read had lost nothing of the inspiration which distinguished his first production on the hallowed soil of our forefathers. The discourse before us may be truly styled a literary gem, sparkling at every point with the rays of lofty genius, the more surpassing in their brilliancy as they gush forth in unceasing connection with a light from "the Orient on high," the pole-star of religious truth. With no less beauty than originality of idea, the author introduces the principal facts which he narrates, with scriptural associations, which enhance in a high degree the interest of his subject, and although he touches upon few historical incidents, the relation is accompanied with all that wisdom of reflection and ornament of style, which are calculated to insure a most instructive and most delightful perusal. After an appropriate introduction in which he alludes to the hospitality of the city of brotherly love, he thus enters upon his topic :

"We celebrate, indeed, the very festival of hospitality ; for we are convened in commemoration of the origin of a state, whose founders, received themselves as brothers by the kindly savage, threw open their doors in turn to the friendless wanderer asking no title to their offices of love, but the common fraternity of sorrow.

"Our anniversary, it is true, is of arbitrary adoption, originally selected for the convenience of a pilgrimage to the long deserted site of the first settlement of Maryland. But it seems to have been chosen well ; at a season when the rigors and desolation of winter are forgotten in the vernal burst of universal joy ; when the sunny air is vocal with music, when animal and vegetable life teem with renovated energies ; and the voice of a God of love, whispering in

‘The sweet south,
That breathes upon the banks of violets,
Stealing and giving odor,’

diffuses fresh hopes throughout creation. And was not this a proper season, to celebrate that glorious spring-time in the human heart, whose beauties, first bursting into being on the sacred soil of old St. Mary’s,

gave promise that the blighting blast of religious intolerance, that so long had ‘frozen’ up ‘the genial currents of the soul,’ had sunk with flagging wing to his boreal caves forever? It was chosen well ! in this blessed ‘month of Mary,’ which the tasteful genius of Christianity, arranging the circling year into one graceful and majestic drama of the everlasting scheme of salvation, has consecrated to especial meditation on the gentle virtues of her, in whose bosom, and upon whose bosom ‘the begotten from all eternity’ first felt the tender throb of earthly affection ! and such was a proper season to commemorate the unexampled decree by temporal power, that man should no longer measure his love to God, by the intensity of hatred for his brother !

"But whatever fanciful circumstances we may cast around their memory, the incidents of Maryland’s first existence derive no lustre from them. Radiant with their own light, too clear and bright for the illusions or decorations of fiction, there they shine forever, through the dark history of human perversity—like the fixed stars unchanging from season to season—sparks of the divinity that illumines and warms the universe !

"Is this the language of exaggeration ? Unroll your maps, and detail to me the origin of the various communities that have occupied our globe. How many can you show me whose beginning was not stained by violence or fraud ? I speak not of those oriental despotisms, whose only authentic history is written in the desolation left by their marching millions, or on those stupendous monuments of pride, that only tyranny could plan, or slavery’s overstrained sinews execute. But can you find one among the pirates and robbers of early Greece, whose dazzling genius blinds us to their faults, as to spots upon the sun ? Can you find one among the eastern and northern barbarians, who came down on the everlasting city as ‘the scourge of God,’ or the ruthless conquerors who ravaged in succession our maternal isles ! Alas ! ‘the trail of the serpent is over,’ the fairest earthly scenes, and would you behold a nation founded on faith, and hope, and charity,

you must seek it among the planters of Maryland, and the few that have been directed by their principles, or have followed their example.

"It was early in March, 1634, when two vessels entered the majestic 'river of the Swans.*' Above them waved the red cross flag, that 'for a thousand years has braved the battle and the storm.' They bore a band of exiles, who had left their native shores in search of unmolested altars beneath our western trees. Groaning under a worse than Egyptian bondage, they had sought, like the children of Israel, to go into the wilderness to sacrifice to the God of their fathers. And they had obtained permission; for 'the Lord had seen the affliction of his people and had heard their cry: and knowing their sorrow, had come down to deliver them out of the hands of their oppressors; and to bring them out of that land into a good and spacious land, a land flowing with milk and honey.†

"So too their deliverance came through one who had been familiar in the halls of the king. George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, on whose 'considerate brows,' the statesman's oak, and warrior's laurel, wreath in graceful harmony with the bays and the passion flower—a man

'In a dark age against example good,
Against allurements, custom and a world
Offended, fearless of reproach, or scorn,
Or violence,'

had stopped short, in a political career of transcendent brilliancy, to meditate on the awful concerns of futurity, and renounced at the hazard of every earthly interest, the dominant creed in which he had been educated, for the proscribed communion of the ancient Church. But so little of the zealot was blended with his deliberate action, and such sweet consideration for the supposed errors or weakness of others tempered his uncompromising conscientiousness, that he enjoyed the rare felicity of retaining the regard of his separated brethren, and their testimony to the sincerity of a course which

might have seemed to cast censure on their own."

This great man, however, was not destined by divine Providence to carry into effect the benevolent scheme which he had projected. The execution of it was reserved for his sons Cecilius and Leonard. Mr. Read, speaking of the preparations for the expedition across the Atlantic, and its success, indulges in the following just and striking observations:

"Four persons were induced to attend the expedition whose names would be synonymous to many who know them not, with all of evil that malevolence can feign, or ignorant credulity believe; but to such as delight in realities and not in fables, expressive of the devoted charity, the unwearied patience, the graceful courtesy, the ripe erudition, the enlightened faith and fervent piety, the heroic daring, and indefatigable perseverance, that are bound up in the hearts of the Jesuit fathers—men who have already executed—while others are consulting how to begin; who thrust in the sickle—while others are deliberating where to plant; and who, regardless of every thing but the great end to which they have devoted their existence, are as ready to water with their blood the precious seeds of religion and virtue, as to preside over the rejoicings of the harvest-home.

"There was joy and sadness in the 'rich conceit' that named their little squadron the Ark and the Dove! It told of their escape from the wreck of a glorious world, wasted by a moral deluge, that had swept away life and fortune, and the jewelled ties of kindred, and the escutcheons of ancient honor, and the boundless accumulations of by-gone charity, and the beautiful creations of inimitable art, and the land-marks of old opinion and prescriptive right. But it told too of a new country, beyond the waves, still fresh and green from the great primeval inundation, where they should 'increase and multiply and fill the earth,' transmitting the traditions of the olden time to the countless generations that should swarm on the prolific bosom of that renovated world! and it spoke of peace to the simple savage, who as yet had only learned to dread and detest the white man, and was to be reclaimed and

* The meaning of the Indian name Patowomeke. See the "Maid of the Doe," Canto iv. § 22.

† Exodus iii, 7, 8.

christianized by examples of justice, of self-denial, and of love.

"The first trials of their pilgrimage were over. They had escaped the 'perils from robbers, the perils from their own countrymen, the perils in the sea,' and their new home swelled up before their longing eyes, in its illimitable extent and alluring verdure! How did they take possession? Were they 'mad for land?' As the half-clad natives clustered on every jutting point and 'coigne of vantage,' to gaze alarmed and wondering at the portentous spectacle, did our exiles rush on them with the murderous enginery of European war? Did they butcher their braves, insult their women, burn their wigwams, and seize or spoil their corn? Such was the greeting for which previous experience had prepared these hapless children of the wild! And, therefore, did they light in haste their beacon fires, and hurry to the shore with their weak artillery, if possibly the courage of despair might yet avail against the terrible warriors of the winged canoes from the sea!

"But different scenes awaited them. For as Noe descending with his family from the ark, 'built an altar unto the Lord, and taking of all cattle and fowls that were clean, offered holocausts upon the altar,' so these wanderers for Christ sanctified their landing with that 'unbloody sacrifice' prefigured by Melchisedech, foretold by Malachias, and by which the Saviour of the world had commanded his Apostles to 'shew forth' the tremendous expiation on Calvary, till his second coming! Great indeed must have been their 'awful joy!' What though England's plundered and mutilated temples no longer threw their sculptured glories around them, nor ranged choirs responsive to pealing organ intoned the sacred songs? What though their knees were on the sod, and their foreheads bared to the blast? They felt that they were free! free as the wind that waved the lights upon their rustic altar, and swept away the clouding of their incense! No human law proclaimed it treason here, to obey what they believed the behests of an eternal king! Here they might approach that 'living bread,' which 'he that eateth shall live forever,' nor

shrink, with nature's instinctive shudder, lest some Judas might be kneeling beside them, who had bargained for their blood with the torturer. Toil and privation were before them, but sweetened by the certainty that their fruit should not be snatched away, for the support of a worship they disapproved, or to punish their conscientious recusancy. Rude was the shelter where high-born loveliness and delicacy must now repose! but her dove-like slumbers should no more be startled from their balmy nest, by the midnight intrusion of official insolence, and vulgar bigotry, that in the name of Jesus, would tear from her bosom the memorial of his dying love! Yes, they were free! free as the joyful glances they threw to the blue arch above them, and as they bowed down before the 'clean oblation,' that shall be offered 'from the rising to the going down of the sun,' their grateful prayers ascended, like the 'sweet savor' of the patriarchal victims, and 'the lifting up of their hands,' was 'as the evening sacrifice.'

"But was there no homage to the spirit of the world? No becoming burst of national pride? No salutary manifestation of superior power? No planting of England's haughty banner amid the '*salvo shots*' of her cannon, and the shouts of her hardy tars? Alas for men, to whose simplicity the 'vain pomp and glory' of this transitory state were not all in all! It was the anniversary of that happy day, when Gabriel announced to the loveliest and lowliest of the daughters of Eve, that she was 'blessed among women;' for that

The holy 'Spirit that doth prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
..... who from the first
Was present, and with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like, sat brooding on the vast abyss,
And made it pregnant,'

should overshadow her! and from her virgin flesh, 'the Son of the Most High' 'put on his' earthly 'beauty.' And in the true spirit of the festival, these messengers of salvation to a benighted land, instead of the ensigns of temporal dominion, set up 'the sign of the Son of man,' and reverently kneeling recited 'the litanies of the Holy Cross!'"

With the same graphic pen does our author describe the high-toned justice and benevolence, that swayed the conduct of the European settlers—the wise legislation that protected the rights of the aborigines—the fraternal spirit which united them with the colonists, and which illustrated in the intercourse of Calvert with the red men, the prophetic exclamation “Mercy and truth are met together: justice and peace have kissed.” An example of such virtue had never before been witnessed in the new world; and it easily prepared the way for the peaceful conversion of the untutored savage.

“Yes! they stretched forth a strong hand to their weak brethren of the waste; but, whether it were to cherish or restrain, it was ever in the name of Jesus of Nazareth. For the spirit of their Exodus did not evaporate with their own arrival at the land of promise. They could truly say, in the inspired language of the Roman poet,—‘we are men! nothing which affects mankind but is our concern.’ And no sooner had they acquired religious freedom for themselves, than their zeal overflowed for the salvation of the red man. You may see the early history of New England illustrated, in your children’s school books, by the picture of a soldier standing guard at the door of the meeting-house, over the stacked arms of his fellow-worshippers within. The annals of Maryland display the warriors of the east and west kneeling in peace together around the glad altars of their common God. There is nothing fuller of exciting interest, to one who loves ‘the beauty of his house,’ than the unaffected details of the first missionaries of Maryland, gathered from the archives of the Society of Jesus at Rome. They breathe the fervor of that eventful day, when the heart-stricken converts of Jerusalem exclaimed ‘to Peter and the rest,’ ‘what shall we do, men and brethren?’ They carry us back to that scarce less interesting era, when Ireland’s great apostle enlisted, from the fierce warriors of Tara, the first of that glorious army of saints and martyrs, who through ages have triumphed over every hideous device of tyranny exerted for the subversion of their faith, and

borne their victorious standard, side by side with England’s blood-stained banner, to every region of the habitable globe, which like all-conquering pagan Rome, she is but preparing for the eventual dominion of the cross.

“In those artless manuscripts, you may almost hear the murmured complaints of the ardent fathers to their general, against the timid caution of the rulers of the province, which kept them back from their dangerous labors of love, while the intrigues of Clayborne had excited the natives to momentary jealousy.

“You may follow them, at a later period through toilsome and perilous expeditions, when often, like their Master, they had ‘not where to lay their head,’ save beneath the canopy of heaven, and their choicest ‘meat like his, was to do the will of Him that sent them, that they might perfect his work.’ They waited not for the march of armies to ‘make straight the way of the Lord.’ They loitered not under the shelter of the cannon, till the progress of civilization should prepare the heathen for the secure appeals of the press. Themselves were pioneers of improvement—like the bee that gathers her honeyed harvest of the wilderness, in advance of the white man. They preached the awful mysteries of Calvary with the crucifix. They told the wondrous story of God’s dealings with man by sacred pictures. They spoke from heart to heart, the universal dialect of kindly looks and actions. They proved their doctrine by the unanswerable argument of their own disinterestedness and mortification.

“Brief, alas! was the term of their unrestricted labors; but while it lasted the Land of Mary renewed those blissful scenes which, for eighteen centuries, have every where illustrated the fidelity of those whom the Master sends into his vineyard. Fainting with the heats, and often called to weep over some beloved associate, who had sunk under the burthen of the day, they had their consolation when princes and people embraced the Christian name, and attested their spiritual regeneration, by their altered lives. May I detain you, for a moment, with the conversion of Chilomachen, the

Tayac or emperor of Piscataway? Long had the generous barbarian sighed for heavenly truth. Dreams had foreshadowed to himself and his predecessor, the advent of the heralds of the cross. He welcomes at last the long looked-for Father White, lends a docile ear to his gentle admonitions, renounces his previous excesses, and contented with a single wife, devotes himself to the science of salvation. It is easy to the willing mind. He convenes his people; avows his belief in the God of the strangers; abjures the errors of his education, and tramples the objects of his former idolatry. They listen with approving murmurs, and every pulse beats quick with anxious expectation. But he must see Christianity under a more endearing aspect, ere his heart may bound to her maternal embrace. He visits the capital of the province, and finds there an Indian murderer condemned to die. The wretched victim of a harsh but necessary policy, sits gloomy in his prison, meditating the death-song, which shall soon nerve and manifest the stern energies of his soul, amid the horrors of the last dread struggle! But the priest is kneeling beside him, with the tear of earthly pity and the balm of eternal hope. The royal catechumen beholds, with raptured admiration, this new development of the human heart—the love of enemies! He catches the soft contagion—volunteers to interpret with the culprit—and adds the suggestions of his own strong sense to those of the clergyman. Their appeal is not in vain. The prisoner ‘departs in peace,’ a penitent Christian, expiating his crime against society, with humble trust in the forgiveness of his Maker.

“Chilomachen hesitates no longer. He burns to lave his anxious brow in the cooling well-spring of life. But already he begins to feel the self-denying influences of that law of love, whose ‘sweet yoke’ he is so eager to bear. He is willing, like the apostle, to be separated, yet a little while from Christ, ‘for his brethren according to the flesh.’ A chapel, where he may receive baptism with the most impressive solemnity, is erected by his command, at his little capital of Kittamagundi; and savage art exhausts its simple resources, to deck its

barken walls with appropriate splendor. The spoils of the panther, the beaver, and the deer, supply the velvet drapery and cloth of gold of Europe’s proud cathedrals. The bird’s bright plumage and the rich bloom of the wild-flower compensate for the painter’s glowing tints, and the delicate foliage of the sculptor. Governor Calvert arrives with a retinue of honor; and there, while the swarthy multitude bend their dark eyes, in eager curiosity, on the mystic ceremonial, the chief and his partner, with their infant offspring, approach the regenerating fount, receiving next that sacramental bond, by whose holy tie the Saviour himself has figured his own union with his elect, in the embrace of eternal love! Again are exhibited the joyous solemnities of the first landing at St. Clement’s, but no longer expressive of the white man’s unshared hope, for savage and citizen unite in fraternal exultation around the sacred emblem of the sacrifice for all.

“Such were the triumphs of the cross in Maryland; yet to many of us, ’tis pity! they sound as strange as some half-accredited tale from a far distant land.

“While the fame of Pocahontas brightens on our grateful hearts, from century to century, who tells of the generous docility of Archihu, the confiding hospitality of the Werowance of Patuxent, or the miraculous restoration of the speared Anacostian? Well may poetry and eloquence weave their fairest chaplets for the sweet child of Powhattan; proud may they justly be whose veins can boast a tinge of the rich red blood she freely perilled for the preservation of Smith and of Jamestown; but ought we to forget that she was brought by kidnappers to the saving rite commemorated on the walls of the capital, while the royal progeny of the Maryland forest were freely sent to St. Mary’s, to learn their catechism—‘that alphabet of divine philosophy.’

“Yes! my hearers, the partial sculpture of our national halls, false as Grecian fable

* The sudden restoration of this man, who had been transpierced with a spear, from side to side, about a hand’s breadth below the armpits, on his being touched by the relics of the true cross is told in the manuscript alluded to in the text.

without her redeeming inspiration, displays the storm-tossed Puritans, at the rock of Plymouth, exchanging tokens of amity with the friendly savage, whom 'their' own 'early records incontestably prove them to have attacked without provocation!'" though the horrid truth is told, in Boon's death-grapple, which emblems the planting of the west! But why has the pacific, the *Christian* settlement of Maryland no memorial there, but a simple bust of Calvert?"

The reproof here administered to our officials is the more merited, as the early settlers of Maryland exhibited the first and brightest example, not only of peaceful overture for the civilization of the natives, but of that political and religious liberty which is the birth-right and glory of the American citizen. The concluding portion of Mr. Read's address on this subject, which we transcribe at length, should be a daily reading lesson for sire and son throughout our land, particularly in these boisterous times of fanaticism and immorality.

"Yet deeply as humanity is indebted to the founders of that time-honored community, in respect of that endearing interest the injured Aborigines of America, it might almost be doubted whether, on the still vaster concern of civil liberty, she is not more so. Next in importance to the vital question, 'what shall we do to be saved,' are those which regard the organization of society during our earthly sojourn. Long on these has despairing philosophy argued against fact. Long have the irrepressible energies of nature struggled upward against prescriptive oppression, like undying vegetation bursting into light and air, through the marbled courts of kings. The flaring torch-light of Greek and Roman liberty had indeed gone out in the tempest of faction, but the cheering ray of San Marino's little lamp still streamed from her mountain cross, through the night of ages, a pole star of hope and freedom; and when at last this vast continent was thrown open to man, as a field where, unincumbered with the forms of old establishments, he might try, perhaps, his last great experiment of self-government, many a broken heart poured forth

* Grimshaw's History United States, page 47.

toward heaven its agonizing orisons for his success!

"Vain were it to deny that in the judgment of many, it has lamentably failed. For one, I still hope in the recuperative energy of principle over selfishness; for what but selfishness running riot under systems of morality, in which each individual is his own law-giver and judge, is the source of corporate plunder, official defalcation, public and private bankruptcy, rampant violence, and the time-serving cowardice that shrinks from the maintenance of political faith and the enforcement of social order?"

"Let them who, disheartened by our recent disgraceful experience, are tempted to renounce their trust in republican institutions, go in spirit with me to the old state-house at St. Mary's, and learn there the true nature of democracy—the only democracy to be trusted or desired—the collective wisdom and virtue of a religious people. They will find there every freeman of the province present in person or by proxy—'cavilling on the ninth part of a hair,' where his chartered rights are touched, but true to his reciprocal obligations as if he were surrounded by armies and police. He respects prerogative—he resists its encroachments. He pays his quit-rents—he pays his taxes—he watches with dragon vigilance the proprietary's application of appropriations for public service; and he is prodigal, in substantial testimonials of gratitude, 'for his lordship's great charge and solicitude in maintaining the government, and protecting the inhabitants in their persons, rights, and liberties,'"

"No human institution, my friends, however skilfully constructed, can stand by its own strength, and he who blindly resolves his whole political faith into 'the voice of the people,' will soon find himself as insecure in person and in property as the victim of the courtly doctrine of 'divine right.' 'Fear God: honor the King!' On those inspired precepts hangs all the statesman's law. And while the latter must be understood to comprehend whatever form of magistracy the national sovereignty may, for the time, put on, it is only by adhering

* Act of 1611, ch. 5.

with fidelity, like the planters of Maryland, to those unchangeable institutions to which we are referred by the former, that we can preserve individual ability to surmount those temptations, whose general predominance is but another name for national degradation.

"But how shall I approach that last great argument, which immortalizes them whom we come here to honor, compared with which their other merits fade from view like the starry host of heaven paled by the glance of day? Monuments and festivals, and laureled wreaths, and every demonstration of their country's love and gratitude, to the Washingtons, the Wallaces, the Tells, the Bolivars, who broke the chains of political thralldom! But 'glory to God in the highest,' and praise, and blessing, and adoration, and thanksgiving, for the grace that breathed his peace into these 'men of good will,' who gently loosed the fetters of the soul, and measurably restored His honor, whose acceptable worship can only be the voluntary homage of the understanding and the heart!

"Who and what were these unexampled people, who would suffer no believer in Jesus to be molested on account of his religion; who opened their homes and their hearts alike to the victim of Puritan persecution and the Puritan martyr; tolerating, beneath their halcyon rule, every thing but what was then universally considered unquestionable blasphemy and 'railing for railing'?"

"Were they philosophers of that easy school, which masks its own indifference or hostility to God's eternal truth, by affected liberality towards every opinion of the hour? Let the world produce examples of men who had proved, by sterner tests, their unyielding tenacity to conscientious convictions! Nay rather, (advanced as they were, before their cotemporaries, in that confidence in truth which never doubts of its peaceful triumph over error) would that they had not somewhat exceeded in their zeal, and, in respect of doctrines whose professors, though scarce amounting to a sect in their day, are now eminent among our separated brethren, for the consistency of their reasoning and purity of their lives, not reached forth the rash hand of flesh to stay the

leaning ark of Jehovah, as secure on the necks of the restive oxen, as reposing in 'the holiest place,' under the golden wings of the cherubim!

"Were they fortune's 'happy winners,' who only indulged in a pleasing emotion of our nature, by communicating to others their own satisfaction? Alas! they had been formed by adversity's rudest nurture—

*'What sorrow was she bade them know,
And from their own they learned to melt at others'
wo !'*

Their God-like charity involved not merely pity but forgiveness; but with the thought of their own injuries came back to their hearts the prayer of their dying Saviour—'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!'

"Without a fault, they might have borrowed the caution of other communities, which sought by excluding innovation, to preserve their own tranquillity; while the rest of Christendom went to wreck in the fierce war of opposing doctrine. Had not themselves but just escaped its fury; and might they not, unblamed, have said to their separated brother, like the prudent 'father of the faithful,' 'let there be no quarrel between me and thee! behold, the whole land is before thee!'

"Ought they not then to have foreseen and avoided the cruel consequences which followed so soon their facile hospitality? My friends, the believer looks to principles, not results. He does what conscience dictates, and leaves the rest to God. But had these peaceful rulers, instead of promptly yielding to their generous impulse, set down to a cold calculation of the ultimate effects of their policy, all history had confirmed to them the instinctive teaching of their own true hearts. For what are all these revolutions of temporal power—what all these developments, from age to age, of the varying resources of human ingenuity, and the temporary ascendancy of human will, but so many manifestations by the Most High, to the reflecting mind, of the unchangeable nature of his purposes—'fire, hail, snow, ice, stormy winds which fulfil his word?'

"In this mighty ministry, the planters of

Maryland had their office too. For though their work was not to stand throughout their own brief day, they were to enrich the world with the imperishable monument of their example. Nor can American patriotism devise a holier or more salutary rite, than that in which, on this occasion, I am its unworthy representative. When blind credulity yields to the guidance of ignorance, interest, or prejudice—when once proud Massachusetts waits for the weeping heavens to wash from Mount Benedict the black record of her shame—when manly worth combines with female tenderness, in the name of truth and liberty, to close the hand of pity against the shrinking Catholic orphan; to shut out from the blessed beams of public education the child of the Catholic artisan or laborer, who will not consent to quench in its soul what he deems ‘the brightness of the light eternal;’ to withhold ‘the leave to toil’ from the honest Catholic waiter, or the poor Irish girl, whose infantile purity—the emerald crown of her devotion to the ‘Queen of virgins’—might sometimes be ‘as the lamp shining on the holy candlestick,’* to the giddy foot of fashion’s gay votaress whom she sues to serve, unless they will consent to earn ‘the meat that perisheth,’ by renouncing what they believe ‘the living bread which came down from heaven’—then the aching heart can wing its weary way to the peaceful plain of old St. Mary’s! There, still, in our land the tired dove can rest upon the olive! There Christians of every creed can still meet in love and harmony like children of the same kind and impartial Father! for there the very air is redolent of the good

odor of their lives, as of the fragrance of the sweet wild mint, that wraps the humble graves of the *Pilgrims of Maryland!*”

Sublime peroration, and dazzling with all the power of truth, which we hope will be disseminated far and wide, for the salutary shame and moral guidance of those bigots, who under the pretence of fond attachment for our free institutions, are constantly declaiming against the progress of *Papery*, as if the Catholic had not been their master, their teacher, their exemplar, in the theory and practice of civil and religious liberty, in the new as well as in the old world. Now that these facts are beginning to be better understood, it is marvellous that the members of a *Protestant association* or of a *Reformation society*, do not retreat from their vain design, under the conviction that the light of historic truth, not less than the actual experience of the age, will turn their efforts to their own confusion and defeat. Whatever may be their views of the subject, we consider the position well established that it is too late in the day to proclaim the wisdom of such machinations, and that men who will thus rave against the very principles that are essential for the preservation of their social vitality, are the worst enemies of American freedom, “clouds without water which are carried about by winds: raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own confusion;” whilst by the true philosopher, by the honest legislator, by the practical philanthropist, by the unbiased patriot, the general commemoration of the high principle and unexampled virtue displayed by the pilgrims of Maryland, will be regarded as an era in the history of our liberties, and as one of the most effectual preservatives of our national institutions.

* Ecclesiasticus xxvi, v. 22.

THE PRIESTHOOD IN THE CHURCH.

NO. IV.

BOSSUET has well observed that the whole controversy on the subject of the Christian sacrifice, between the Catholic Church and those who are separated from her communion, is reduced to the question of the real presence; for if this point be once admitted, it will easily be conceded that in the eucharist there is a true and real sacrifice, in the sense of the Catholic Church. From the origin of Christianity, *they* only who were deputed to offer sacrifice thus understood, were called *priests*; and we therefore remarked, in preceding articles, that no individual could legitimately assume this title, unless he were empowered to offer sacrifice, and that sacrifice which is taught by the Catholic Church to be the great oblation of the new law, and in which the body and blood of Jesus Christ are truly and substantially offered on the altar. We have already shown that Christ instituted a real sacrifice; and it now remains to be proved, in conclusion of this subject, that the victim which is offered on the Christian altar is nothing less than his own sacred body and blood under the appearances of bread and wine. We shall not dwell on the arguments that might be drawn from Holy Scripture, as they have been furnished at length in the first volume of this work. We shall confine ourselves to one principal proof, which will exhibit the positive testimony of the primitive Church in support of our proposition, and which will demonstrate, to the satisfaction of every unbiassed mind, that nothing could be more groundless than the assertion on the part of Protestants, that the Catholic doctrine was introduced at some period, subsequent to the apostolic age.

The universal belief of the Church in the first ages of Christianity, acknowledged that the eucharist contained really and substantially the body and blood of Jesus Christ

under the sacramental species. This fact is gathered from the various liturgies which were then in use, and from the writings of the ancient fathers, which attest in the plainest terms, the faith and practice of the primitive Christians.

The liturgy or form of divine worship was not, in the earliest ages, committed to writing. It was retained by memory among the bishops and priests, as the Apostles' Creed was learnt and retained by the faithful. "The symbol of our faith and hope," says St. Jerom, "comes to us from the apostles, and is not written."* But when, in the beginning of the fifth century, there was no longer any danger to be apprehended from the open exposition of the mysteries of religion, the liturgy was placed upon record, and was in substance the same in all Christian countries; a circumstance which shows the unanimous consent of the different Churches on this point, and the belief which had been transmitted to them from primitive times. This is acknowledged even by some of the most distinguished Protestant writers. Archbishop Wake, speaking of the liturgies ascribed to St. Peter, St. Mark, and St. James, observes that "the prayers in which they all agree, were first prescribed in the same or like terms by those apostles and evangelists:"† and Bishop Bull upon the same subject, remarks, that "this order of prayer (in the liturgies), was delivered to the several Churches in the very first plantation and settlement of them."‡ In fact the agreement of all the Churches in the east and west, so widely distant from each other, cannot be accounted for in any other hypothesis than the constant and uniform tradition among them of the apostolic teaching. But what is the language of the liturgies?

* St. Jerom ad Pam.

† Apostolic Fathers, p. 102.

‡ Sermons on Common Prayer, vol. 1, serm. 13.

*Liturgy of Jerusalem.**—"Have mercy on us, O God, the Father Almighty, and send thy Holy Spirit, the Lord and giver of life, . . . that coming he may make this bread the life-giving body, the saving body, the heavenly body, the body giving health to souls and bodies, *the body of our Lord, God, and Saviour, Jesus Christ*, for the remission of sins, and eternal life to those who receive it: Amen. And may make what is mixed in this chalice, the blood of the new testament, the saving blood, the life-giving blood, *the blood of our Lord, God, and Saviour, Jesus Christ, &c.* Amen. Wherefore we offer to thee, O Lord, this tremendous and unbloody sacrifice, for thy holy places which thou hast enlightened by the manifestation of Christ, thy Son," &c.

Liturgy of Alexandria.†—"We offer to thee, O Lord, this rational and unbloody worship—which all nations, from the rising to the setting sun, from the north to the south, offer to thee, because thy name is great in all nations; and in every place incense is offered to thy holy name, and *sacrifice* and oblation. . . . To thee, O Lord, our God, from thy own gifts we have offered thee what is thine. Send down upon us, and upon this bread and this chalice, thy Holy Spirit, that he may sanctify and consecrate them, as God Almighty; and may make the bread indeed *the body*, and the chalice *the blood of the new testament of the very Lord, and God, and Saviour*, and our Sovereign King, *Jesus Christ, &c.* Supreme Lord, God Almighty! we beseech thee to expel the darkness of sin from our minds, and to exhilarate them with the splendor of thy Holy Spirit, that, filled with a lively sense of thee, we may worthily partake of the good things that are given to us,—the *immaculate body and precious blood* of thy only begotten Son, our Lord, and God, and Saviour," &c.

Liturgy of Constantinople.‡—"O Lord,

* The most ancient of the liturgies, and commonly used in the Churches of Syria. It is also called the liturgy of St. James.

† Called also the liturgy of St. Mark, who first planted the faith at Alexandria, and who, no doubt, gave a form of prayer or liturgy to his Church. It contains the ancient rite of that Church, and Patriarchate, and was constantly in use among the orthodox Christians in Egypt, till compelled to adopt that of Constantinople.

‡ Called also the liturgy of St. Chrysostom. It

God Almighty, make us worthy to offer thee gifts and spiritual sacrifices; and grant that we may find grace before thee, and that our sacrifice may be acceptable to thee," &c. "Bless, O Lord, the holy bread—Make indeed this bread the *precious body of thy Christ*—Bless, O Lord, the holy chalice; and what is in this chalice, *the precious blood of thy Christ*—changing by the Holy Spirit. Amen, Amen, Amen! That it may be to those who receive it, available to sobriety of soul; to the remission of sins; to the communication of the Holy Spirit; to the plenitude of the kingdom of heaven; to confidence in Thee, not to sin or damnation."

*Apostolic Liturgy.**—"We offer to thee, who art King and God, this bread and this chalice, according to the order of our Saviour. We beseech thee to look down favorably upon these gifts in honor of Jesus Christ, and to send down upon this *sacrifice* thy Holy Spirit, the witness of the sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ, that *he may make this bread become the body of thy Christ, and this chalice his blood.*" At the communion the people exclaim: "Hosanna to the Son of David! blessed be the Lord God, who cometh in the name of the Lord, and has shown himself to us." The rubric adds, "The bishop gives the eucharist with these words: *It is the body of Jesus Christ!* The receiver answers, Amen. The deacon gives the chalice, saying: "*It is the blood of Jesus Christ, the cup of life!*" The receiver answers, Amen. And, after the communion, the deacon begins the thanksgiving, saying, "*after having received the precious body and the precious blood of Jesus Christ*, let us give thanks to Him, who has made us partake of his mysteries. The benediction is followed by the *sacrifice*—and after it is offered, each one in order should receive *the body and blood of the Lord*, and approach to it with the fear and reverence due to the body of the King."

Roman Liturgy.†—"We beseech thee,

is followed by all the Greek Christians in the east and west; by the Russians and nations converted by the Greeks.

* So called, because taken from the eighth book of the "Apostolic Constitutions," a work written in the fourth century; several passages from which are found in St. Epiphanius, *Adv. Hæreses*.

† It was the principal liturgy used in the west,

O God, to cause that this oblation may be in all things blessed, admitted, ratified, reasonable, and acceptable; that it *may become for us the body and blood of thy beloved Son, our Lord Jesus Christ.*" After the consecration, the priest says: "we offer to thy supreme Majesty, of thy gifts and benefits, a *pure host, a holy host, an unspotted host*, the holy bread of eternal life, and the chalice of everlasting salvation." At the communion, bowing down in sentiments of profound *adoration* and humility, and addressing himself to Jesus Christ, then present in his hand, he says thrice: "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof, but say only the word and my soul shall be healed." And giving the communion, as in receiving it himself, he declares again, that it is *the body of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

Such was the language of the liturgy introduced into the British Isles in 595, and which, up to the sixteenth century was universally celebrated in England, Ireland, and Scotland, as it has been now for many centuries in France, Germany and Spain, and in every country of the world, where Latin priests are to be found.

*Ambrosian Liturgy.**—"Receive, O most merciful Father, this holy bread; that it may be *made the body of thy only begotten Son*, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen. Receive, O Holy Trinity, this chalice, wine mixed water, that it may be *made the blood of thy only begotten Son*. In the name of the Father," &c.

Syriac Liturgy.†—"May thy holy Spirit come down upon us, and upon these gifts,

and was considered to come originally, and in substance from St. Peter. It was inserted by St. Gelasius in his Sacramentary, which was a collection of the prayers said in the course of the mass, in the Church of Rome, from the first ages, to which he added some new prayers and prefaces.

*It was in use at Milan, when St. Ambrose was made bishop of that see in 374; to which he made some additions. The Church of Milan has, to this day, preserved its ancient Ambrosian right, only with a few changes and additions.

† Called the liturgy of St. Basil. We learn from St. Gregory of Nazianzen, that St. Basil composed prayers for the altar; and in his letter to the clergy of Neocesarea, St. Basil speaks of the prayers he had made for the mass. This liturgy is one of the most ancient in use among the Syrians, and in other parts of the east.

which we have presented, and may he sanctify them—and *make this bread the glorious body of our Lord Jesus Christ*, the heavenly body, the life-giving body, the precious body, for the expiation of faults, and the remission of sins, and eternal life to those who receive it. Amen. And this chalice, the *precious blood of Jesus Christ*, the Lord God, who has dominion over all things,—the redeeming blood, the life-giving blood, the expiating blood which was poured forth, for the redemption and life of the world, for the expiation of faults, and the remission of sins, and eternal life to those who receive it."

*Liturgy of Nestorius.**—"We offer to thee, this living, holy, acceptable, excellent, and *unbloody sacrifice* for all creatures." "May the grace of the Holy Ghost come and dwell and rest on this oblation, which we are offering before thee; may he sanctify it, and make it, i. e. this bread and chalice, *the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ: thou transmuting them*, and sanctifying them by the operation of the Holy Ghost, that the receiving of these holy mysteries may avail all who receive them, unto eternal life—may we be worthy, with a pure conscience, to partake of *the body and blood of thy Christ*, &c.—since we have externally received *thy body*, may thy virtue internally dwell in us—Grant that *thy living body, O Lord, which we have eaten, and thy pure blood which we have drunk*, may not turn to our detriment, but to the expiation of our crimes, and the remission of our sins, O Lord of all."

Coptic Liturgy.†—"O Lord Jesus Christ, we beg and entreat thy goodness, O Lover of mankind, look down on this bread and on this chalice, which we have placed on this thy sacerdotal table: bless them, sanctify them, and consecrate them: *change them*, so that indeed this bread may become *thy holy body*; and that which is mixed in this chalice, *thy precious blood*; that they may be to us a safeguard," &c.

* This was the *old liturgy* of the Church of Constantinople, before Nestorius; but in the preface he denies the unity of person in Christ.

† Called also the liturgy of St. Basil, and in use among the Eutychians and Jacobites, in Egypt,—so called from James the Syrian, one of the Eutychian leaders.

*Alexandrian Liturgy.**—"Do not reject us sinners who are offering to Thee, this tremendous and unbloody sacrifice." "Grant that with all fear and a pure conscience, we may offer to thee this spiritual and unbloody sacrifice on this holy altar." Elevating the larger part of the consecrated host, he says: "Τα ἅγια τοῦ ἁγίου—The holy and precious blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Amen. The holy, precious body, and true blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Amen. The body and blood of Emanuel, our God, this is truly. Amen. I believe, I believe, I believe and confess, till my last breath, that it is the very life-giving flesh of thy only begotten Son, our Lord, God, and Saviour, Jesus Christ. He took it of our holy lady, mother of God, and ever Virgin Mary."

Some of these extracts are taken from the liturgies or form of public worship used from the beginning in the oriental patriarchal Churches of Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria, and Constantinople, and in Churches under their respective jurisdictions. Other extracts are taken from the liturgies used by the different divisions of the Nestorian and Eutyehian sects in the east, which retain the full substance of the ancient orthodox liturgies of the Churches in which these sects made their appearance, with the addition of a very few particular sentences, expressive of the Nestorian and Eutyehian doctrines. But on the nature of the sacrifice of the mass—on the oblation of the true body and blood of Christ, really present under the appearances of bread and wine—on the reception of the same by the faithful in the holy communion—and on the miraculous change of bread and wine into the body and blood of our divine Saviour,—these liturgies of the Nestorians and Eutyehians are as clear and expressive as any of the ancient liturgies of the orthodox Churches. This language of the Nestorians and Eutyehians was not borrowed from the Catholic Churches of Jerusalem, or Alexandria, or Constantinople, after the years 431 or 451, when these heretics were separated from the communion of the Church: but it was the liturgical language of the orthodox

Churches, with which Nestorius and Eutyehes were in communion before their separation, and which had used the substance of the same form of public prayer and worship, from the first establishment of Christianity in them.

"It is impossible to read these oriental liturgies, these forms of public worship, embodying the doctrines of faith professed by the Churches in which they were used, and to notice the ancient and universal doctrinal uniformity which they present, in the simplicity of their language; without candidly acknowledging that the true body and blood of Christ were believed to be really present under the appearances of bread and wine; and were offered as the Christian sacrifice, and received as the holy sacrament of the new law, in those Churches in the east, in which Christianity was first established by the apostles."*

We will now proceed to show that the language of the holy fathers corresponds exactly with the language of the liturgies.

St. Ignatius.†—"These Gnostic heretics 'abstain from the eucharist and from prayer, because they do not acknowledge the eucharist to be the flesh of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, which suffered for our sins, and which the Father by his goodness resuscitated. Rejecting, therefore, this gift of God, they die in their disputes.'—*Ep. ad Smyrna.* p. 36. T. ii, pp. *Apost. Amstelredami*, 1724.

St. Justin.‡—"Our prayers being finished, we embrace one another with the kiss of peace. Then to him who presides over the brethren, is presented bread and wine tempered with water; having received which he gives glory to the Father of all things in the name of the Son and the Holy Ghost, and returns thanks in many prayers that he has been deemed worthy of these gifts. These offices being duly performed, the whole assembly, in acclamation, answers *Amen*: when the ministers whom we call deacons, distribute to each one present a

* Dr. Poynter's Christianity, p. 140.

† He was the disciple of St. John, and suffered martyrdom in the beginning of the second century.

‡ A Christian philosopher, by birth a Greek, who suffered martyrdom at Rome, about the year 166, having, a few years before, addressed two apologies, in favor of the Christians, to the Emperor Antoninus Pius, and to the Roman senate.

* Called also the liturgy of St. Basil, taken from the Græco-Arabic.

portion of the blessed bread, and the wine and water: some is also taken to the absent. This food we call the eucharist, of which they alone are allowed to partake who believe the doctrines taught by us, and have been regenerated by water for the remission of sin, and who live as Christ ordained. *Nor do we take these gifts as common bread and common drink*; but as Jesus Christ, our Saviour, made man by the word of God, took flesh and blood for our salvation: in the same manner we have been taught that the food which has been blessed by the prayer of the words which he spoke, and by which our blood and flesh, in the change, are nourished, *is the flesh and blood of that Jesus incarnate*. The apostles, in the commentaries written by them, which are called Gospels, have delivered that Jesus so commanded, when taking bread, having given thanks, he said: *Do this in remembrance of me: This is my body*. In like manner, taking the cup and giving thanks, he said: *This is my blood*: and that he distributed both to them only."—*Apol. i, Hagæ Comitum*, 1742, pp. 82, 83.

Origen (Third century).—"You that have been accustomed to be present at the divine mysteries, know, when you receive the body of the Lord, with what care and veneration you preserve it, lest any particle of it fall to the ground, or be lost; and you think yourselves guilty, and with reason, if it should so happen through your negligence." *Hom. xiii, in Exod. T. ii, p. 176*.

St. Hippolytus.*—Commenting on the words of Proverbs, ix—*Wisdom hath built herself a house*, he says: "*He (Christ) prepared his table*, that is, the promised knowledge of the Holy Trinity, and moreover his venerable and sacred body and blood, which are every day offered up in remembrance of that divine and mysterious supper. *Come, eat my bread, and drink the wine which I have mingled for you*, that is, *his divine body and his venerable blood, which he gave us to eat and drink for the remission of sins*."—*In Prov. c. ix, p. 282*.

St. Ephrem of Edessa.†—"His body, by a

new method, is mixed with our bodies, and his *most pure blood* is transfused into our veins. *He is wholly incorporated with us*. And because he loved his Church he was made the bread of life, that he might give himself to be eaten."—*Hymn xxxvii, de Virginitate, Bibl. Orient. Assemani. T. i, p. 97*. "You believe that Christ, the Son of God, for you, was born in the flesh. Then why do you search into what is inscrutable? Doing this you prove your curiosity, not your faith. Believe then and with a firm faith receive the *body and blood of our Lord*. Abraham placed earthly food before the celestial spirits (Gen. xviii), of which they ate. This was wonderful; but what Christ has done for us, greatly exceeds this, and transcends all speech, and all conception. To us that are in the flesh he has given to eat his body and blood. Myself incapable of comprehending the mysteries of God, I dare not proceed; and should I attempt it, I should only show my own rashness."—*De Nat. Dei minime scrutanda. T. iii, pp. 423-4*.

St. Cyril of Jerusalem.*—In his instructions addressed to those who had been newly baptised, he says: "The bread and wine, which, before the invocation of the adorable Trinity, were nothing but bread and wine, become, after this invocation, *the body and blood of Christ*."—*Catech. Mystag. l. n. vii, p. 308*. "Jesus Christ in Cana of Galilee, once changed water into wine by his will only; and shall we think him less worthy of credit, when he changes wine into blood? Invited to an earthly marriage, he wrought this miracle; and shall we hesitate to confess, that he has given to his children his body to eat, and his blood to drink? Wherefore, with all confidence, let us take the body and blood of Christ. For in the type or figure of bread, his body is given to thee, and in the type or figure of wine, his blood is given; that so being made partakers of the body and blood of Christ, you may become one body and one blood with him. Thus, the body and blood of Christ being

St. Jerom, that in many churches they were read after the canonical Scriptures.

* Of his twenty-three Catechetical Discourses, eighteen were addressed to the *uninitiated*, or catechumens, and five to the *initiated*, or newly baptised. He was patriarch of Jerusalem, and died in 386.

* He suffered martyrdom in 230.

† He flourished in the middle of the fourth century. His writings were in such estimation, says

distributed in our members, we become *christofori*, that is, we carry Christ with us; and thus, as St. Peter says, 'we are made partakers of the divine nature.'—*Ibid.* n. ii, iii, p. 320.

St. Ambrose.*—"But you may say, I see somewhat else; how do you assert, that I shall receive the body of Christ? This remains to be proved. How many examples may we not make use of to show that we have not here what nature formed, but what the divine blessing has consecrated, and that the virtue of this blessing is more powerful than that of nature; because by its nature itself is changed? Moses held the rod: he cast it on the ground, and it became a serpent. Again he took it by the tail, and again it became a rod: See you not that by the prophetic power, the nature of the rod and the serpent was twice changed?" He proceeds to instance many other miraculous changes, as recorded in Scripture, and then adds: "If now the blessing of men was powerful enough to change nature, what must we not say of the divine consecration, when the very words of our Lord operate? . . . Therefore, the word of Christ which could draw out of nothing what was not, shall it not be able to change the things that are, into that which they were not? . . . Before the benediction of the celestial words, the bread (*species*) is named; after the consecration the body of Christ is signified.* He himself calls it his blood. Before consecration it has another name; afterwards it is denominated blood. And you answer *Amen*, that is, it is true."

St. Augustin.†—"You ought to understand what you have received, what you are about to receive, and what you ought every day to receive. The bread that you behold on the altar, sanctified by the word of God, *is the body of Christ*. That cup—that which the cup contains—sanctified by

the word of God, *is the blood of Christ*. We receive with a faithful heart and mouth the mediator of God and man, the Man, Christ Jesus, who has given us *his body to eat, and his blood to drink*; although it may appear more horrible *to eat the flesh of a man*, than to destroy it, and *to drink human blood*, than to spill it."—*Contra Adv. Legis et Proph.* L. ii, c. ix, T. viii, p. 599. Speaking of his mother's death, he says: "She desired that remembrance of her should be made at the altar: a service which, on no day, she had omitted; knowing that thence was dispensed the holy victim, by which the hand writing against us had been blotted out."—L. ix, *Confess.* c. 13, T. i, p. 170.

These passages which we have adduced, are only a few among the innumerable testimonies of the primitive fathers, in favor of the Catholic doctrine of the eucharist. But they will suffice to show the absurdity of the assertion that this doctrine was introduced only in the ninth or tenth century. The fact is and it will be obvious to every unprejudiced mind, that the language of the council of Trent itself, is not more distinctly explicit on the subject of the eucharist, than the language of the ancient ecclesiastical writers. "It is incontestible," as Dr. Milner observes, "and has been carried to the highest degree of moral evidence, that all the Christians of all the nations of the world, Greeks as well as Latins, Africans as well as Europeans, except Protestants and a handful of Vaudois peasants, have in all ages believed, and still believe in the real presence and transubstantiation."* No historical fact rests upon stronger grounds than this; the conclusion therefore will be that those individuals who call themselves ministers of the Gospel, while they do not believe in, or offer up the eucharistic sacrifice as understood by the Catholic Church, are not ministers of Christ, or priests of the new law, since they do not possess in any way that worship which constitutes the glory and consolation of the true Christian Church.

* Bishop of Milan for twenty years. He died in 397.

† The illustrious bishop of Hippo, in Africa. He died in 430.

* See Faith of Catholics, and Perpetuite de la Foi.

THE BOOK OF RATRAMN.

The book of Ratramn, the priest and monk of Corbey, on the Body and Blood of the Lord; to which is added an Appendix, with a Preface, by the Right Rev. W. R. Whittingham, D.D. Bishop of Maryland. Baltimore: Robinson, 1843.

IT has been frequently remarked that persons, who are in danger of being drowned, seize with the utmost eagerness upon any support, how frail soever, that is to be found within their reach. The same now appears to be the case with the pastors of certain Protestant societies. Sensible of their daily losses, and of the corresponding spiritual conquests of the Catholic Church, they leave nothing untried to retard her progress; and, being under the impossibility of entirely concealing the light from the eyes of their followers, they endeavor at least to obscure its brilliancy, and to prevent its sacred beams from producing all those effects which might cause their ranks to be entirely deserted.

These reflections have been naturally suggested by the publication in England, and the late republication in America, of a little treatise on the eucharist, written by Ratramn, a monk of the ninth century. The avowed purpose of the publishers is to make people believe that neither Ratramn, nor the Church of his time, admitted the dogma of transubstantiation, and consequently that this dogma is a mere novelty altogether unknown before the ninth century, and introduced into the *Romish Church* at a subsequent period. That such an attempt is utterly impotent, and that not even the slightest inference unfavorable to the Catholic religion, can be drawn from Ratramn's work, will soon be made manifest by a variety of arguments to which we confidently call the attention of an enlightened public. But we deem it expedient to offer a few previous remarks, as well on the preface of Bishop Whittingham, as on that of the English translator, and on his ver-

sion of Ratramn. This we shall do, freely indeed, as the subject requires, yet without imitating the abusive language of our opponents, which so affectingly appears in the words *Romanist, Romish Church, Romish errors, &c.*, being fully satisfied that nicknames, insulting epithets, and groundless charges, ought to be left entirely at the discretion of those who have no better argument and reason to support their cause.

In the first place the authors of both prefaces uselessly spend much time in proving what we readily acknowledge; that Catholic theologians are divided as to the meaning of Ratramn's work; some maintaining and others denying his having taught the doctrine of transubstantiation. As this is a matter of fact and as the individual opinion of Ratramn is unimportant in itself, compared with the mass of evidence which Catholics derive from other sources; it is by no means astonishing that, finding in the same work passages which clearly express, and others which seem to exclude Transubstantiation, they should be divided among themselves concerning the real sentiment of its author; this proves only that they are neither anxious to consider him as an advocate of their doctrine, nor afraid to acknowledge him as an adversary, and that they attach very little importance to his opinion, whatever it may have been. But what must appear truly surprising, is, that Protestants, who lay so much stress upon it, and whose interest it is to be perfectly unanimous about the reality of their claim, are themselves divided with regard to Ratramn's sentiments; for, whilst his Anglican publishers proclaim him decidedly opposed to the Catholic doctrine, the centuriators of Magdeburg acknowledge on the contrary that he not only admits the real presence, but is even favorable to transubstantiation; because, say they, he makes use of the words *conversion and change; "utitur enim vocabulis commutationis et conversionis."* (*Centur. ix.*)

2. Bishop Whittingham confidently asserts, in the beginning of his preface, that the book of Ratramn is "concise, explicit, intelligible, free from scholastic subtleties and mystic refinements," and that "it presents in brief compass a *clear* and consistent view of the doctrine of the real presence of our Lord in his sacrament of the holy eucharist." Now the character of the book is, in general, just the reverse of *intelligibility and clearness*. Otherwise, why should there be such a diversity of opinion among Protestants themselves concerning its true meaning? Why should the author have entertained and expressed a fear of being misunderstood, as the concluding words of his treatise show that he did. "Yet," says he, "let it not be thought, *from my saying this*, that in the mystery of the sacrament, the body and blood of the Lord are not received by the faithful." In fine, why, if the work is *explicit, intelligible, clear, and consistent*, did Bishop Whittingham take the useless trouble of guarding his readers against what he calls the "*less carefully worded expressions* of Ratramn," both in affirmation of the real presence, and in denial of the *local presence*, words which are not very *clear* themselves?

3. Still more strange is another assertion of the bishop, which occurs in the first page of his preface. "It is," says he, "mainly as *evidence* as well to the point what *was* not, as what *was* the doctrine then held on the subject of which it treats, that this little book is valuable. Not only does it aid in fixing the precise date of the heretical notion of *transubstantiation*, but it establishes conclusively the fact that it was no part of the view held to be orthodox, not only when and where the author wrote, but for ages afterward." How, we ask, does Ratramn's treatise establish such a fact? how does it show that the dogma of transubstantiation was not admitted then, nor for ages afterward? How can this be the case, if Ratramn himself admits it as a part of the Christian doctrine, if his book was never understood in any other sense before the rise of Protestantism, if there are a thousand other evidences to *establish conclusively* the fact that the Catholic Church, as well

in the ninth century as before and after, always believed and taught the real presence and transubstantiation? These points will be soon and easily proved against the bishop, the last especially, which he knows to be the most important of all. Again, if Ratramn's book does not speak of transubstantiation, as the bishop asserts (*Preface, p. vi*), how does it aid in fixing the *precise date* of the notion of that dogma? How can the *negative* argument of silence lead any one to such a *positive and precise* conclusion? These are questions which we leave to the ingenuity of the bishop to solve. As to the charge of *heresy* which he ventures to urge against the belief of transubstantiation, he will do well to prepare himself for his own vindication from this charge, when we take the liberty of presenting him our arguments in favor of the Catholic doctrine.

4. Besides the illogical inferences of the bishop's reasoning, the very simple facts upon which he builds his assertions, are supposititious and groundless. Not only does he take it for granted, without sufficient reason, that Ratramn did not admit transubstantiation,—not only does he suppose against all evidence, that Ratramn, if such was his meaning, received the approbation of his cotemporaries, and that the bishops of his country esteemed and honored him on account of the work which he had written on the eucharist;—there is not a shadow of proof to show that the little treatise possessed any repute among his cotemporaries. Had Bishop Whittingham carefully consulted the *learned Benedictine monks*, whose authority in these matters he so much and so justly values, he would have seen in the learned Benedictine monk D. Ceillier (*Hist. des auteurs ecclés. vol. xix, p. 137*), that the first known quotation of Ratramn's work is from an anonymous writer, whom critics believe to have been Gerbert, archbishop of Rheims at the close of the tenth century, more than one hundred and twenty years after Ratramn had written. "It does not appear," says the equally celebrated author of *Perpétuité de la Foi*, "that this treatise was published during the reign of Charles the Bald, at whose request it had been composed,

nor even for a long time afterwards. This is acknowledged by a Calvinian professor at Leyden, in these words: "it is probable that the book of Ratramn was not published, because, otherwise, Lanfrancus would not have failed to mention it; *Bertrami scriptum editum non fuisse credibile est, de quo alioquin Lanfrancus non fuisset taciturnus.*" (*Perpétuité de la Foi*, 18mo, pp. 369, 370, and 4to, vol. i, b. xii, p. 29 of the Appendix.) The English author of the second preface, might also have ascertained from these accurate sources, that neither was Paschasius Radbertus the first who propounded transubstantiation, nor was the treatise of Ratramn written against this dogma which, on the contrary, he and Paschasius alike admitted with the whole Church; he might have learned from these authorities that the object of Ratramn's book was to discuss a question which was a mere matter of opinion, and which occupied the attention of scholars at that time. The question among them was to know whether, besides the reality of the body and blood of the Lord in the eucharist, there should also be admitted a figure of their actual presence; namely, whether the outward appearances of bread and wine which remain after the consecration, were to be considered as a figure of Christ concealed under them, and as a sort of veil destined to prevent him, though really present, from being perceptible to the senses. It was in reference to this and similar questions that Ratramn composed his treatise, as he himself states, in the first and second paragraphs.

5. We cannot but admire the consistency of Bishop Whittingham, with regard to the Benedictine monks. When he wishes to extol the merit of Ratramn as an author, their opinion being on this point in accordance with his own, "their authority is of the highest and most unquestionable kind." (*Preface*, p. vi.) When the question is to ascertain the real meaning of Ratramn in his book on the eucharist, as their opinion on this subject is widely different from that of the bishop, he sets it aside without the least hesitation (pp. vii, viii); as if those persons who are most capable of appreciating an author, had been unable to under-

stand his works, and had lost their judgment in the examination of his sentiments, whilst they are admitted to be *the most unquestionable* vouchers of his literary merit! *Diverse weights und diverse measures*,—such is the policy of Bishop Whittingham in relation to the learned Benedictine monks of the congregation of St. Maur.

He does not, however, stop here; he alters their own words, and attributes to them sentiments which are not exactly theirs. According to them, it was King Charles the Bald, a man of no great soundness of judgment, who "chose Ratramn to be his instructor as to what he ought to believe concerning predestination and the eucharist." According to Bishop Whittingham this author was "selected for his ability to enlighten his king on the subject of the presence of CHRIST in the eucharist, and so discharged his task in the estimation of the bishops of his country," &c. (p. ix), words which would lead the reader to suppose against the truth of history, that Ratramn's performance had been approved by the generality of the French prelates.

Again, the Benedictines affirm, without any superlative degree, but rather with some restriction, "*If the difficulty* of putting a right construction on his treatise on the eucharist, has excited suspicions in the minds of some moderns, concerning his faith as regards that article, *he has had that stain advantageously wiped away*, the last two centuries, by several celebrated theologians" (*Preface*, p. viii); but, according to the comment of the bishop, "it is admitted to be *very difficult* to put a construction compatible with the dogma of transubstantiation." (p. 9.) What are we to infer from these nice alterations, than that the gentleman, being conscious of the insecurity of the ground upon which he stands, has recourse to every sort of expedient to render it less insecure, if possible?

6. We are certainly authorised to form the same judgment of the appellation by which Bishop Whittingham affects to designate the Episcopalian Churches, situated on this and on the other side of the Atlantic; calling them *the Catholic Churches in England and America*. When some essen-

tial characteristic or advantage is not possessed by an individual, it may be a consolation for him at least to assume its name; but what a poor consolation, in a matter of so serious a nature as the Church, to assume the name, without having the reality! and who is there knowing that the word *Catholic* means *universal*, that will not smile at the strange idea and attempt of the bishop to apply it to a few Churches, not even united among themselves, of a part only of North America, and of a very small portion of Europe?

7. We shall say nothing more for the present on the prefaces of the two editors of Ratramn's work, as their chief misstatement concerning the meaning of this author, and particularly concerning the doctrine of the Church in his time, will be the subject of subsequent remarks. Before we enter, however, upon these observations, it will be necessary to premise a few words relative to the translation of Ratramn's book, a translation originally made in England, and now presented to the American public by Bishop Whittingham, who confidently proposes it as an *accurate translation*. Whether in thus commending it, and giving it the sanction of his name, he was conscious or ignorant of the many *inaccuracies* which it contains, and if ignorant, whether this disqualification to speak of its merits, was the effect of carelessness, we leave to others to judge. As for us, we have no hesitation in pronouncing the version very unfaithful, and that too on points of very great importance, as may be easily perceived from the following undeniable facts and quotations.

1. Whenever Ratramn, speaking of the eucharistic elements after the consecration, designates them by *speciem visibilem*, *species*, it is plain, both from the obvious signification of these words, and from the context of his book, that he means the visible form, the color, the shape, and other outward appearances of the bread and wine. That his meaning is no other than this, appears in several passages; *v. g.* in the ninth section, where he says:

"That bread, which by the ministry of the priest, is made the body of Christ, sheweth one thing *outwardly* to man's

senses, and proclaimeth another thing inwardly to the souls of the faithful. *Outwardly*, the form of bread, which it was before, is presented, its color is exhibited, its taste is perceived; but inwardly, a far different thing is declared (*intimatur*), and that much more precious, much more excellent, for it is heavenly, for it is divine; that is, Christ's body."

Again: "The wine, also, which by the priest's consecration is made the sacrament of Christ's blood, sheweth one thing *outwardly*, and inwardly containeth another," etc.

It is, therefore, plain that Ratramn admits only the *outward appearance of bread and wine* to remain in the eucharist after the consecration: yet his translator every where renders the expression *species*, *visibilem speciem*, by the word *nature*, to make him signify that the nature of bread and wine also remains, and consequently that there is no Transubstantiation.

Ratramn's Words.

XVI. Non quod duarum sint existentie rerum inter se diversarum, corporis videlicet et spiritus, verum una eademque res secundum aliud *species* panis et vini consistit, secundum aliud autem corpus est et sanguis Christi. Secundum namque quod utrumque corporaliter contingitur, *species* sunt creature corporee; secundum potentiam vero quod spiritualiter facte sunt, mysteria sunt corporis et sanguinis Christi.

LVII. Hec vero caro, quae nunc similitudinem illius in mysterio continet, non sit *specie* caro, sed sacramento. Si quidem in *specie* panis est; in sacramento, verum Christi corpus, sicut ipse clamat Dominus Jesus, "hoc est corpus meum."

Words of the Translator.

XVI. Not that two things co-exist diverse between themselves, namely body and spirit, but one and the same thing hath in one respect the *nature* of bread and wine, in another is the body and blood of Christ. As far as they are corporally handled, they are in *their nature*, corporal creatures, but in their power, as they are spiritually made, they are the mysteries of the body and blood of Christ.

LVII. The flesh, which now in a myste-

ry containeth the similitude of the former, is not flesh *in its nature*, but in a sacrament. For *in its nature* it is bread, but sacramentally it is the true body of Christ, as the Lord Jesus himself declareth, "this is my body."

It is evident that, instead of *in its nature* there ought to be in both places *in its appearance*; otherwise flesh would be no flesh at all; the true body of Christ existing in the sacrament would not be *his true body*; Ratramn would have spoken a most ridiculous language, and Christ himself in saying, "this is my body," would not have spoken the truth. Let the same remark be applied to the same expressions in many other places of the so-called *accurate* translation, v. g. the end of numbers x, xii, &c., where *nature* is constantly thrust in for *visible form* or *appearance*.

Another glaring alteration is the turning of *non esse cernuntur* into *evidently are not*, instead of *are not seen to be*, and the addition of the word *substance* to the words of Ratramn, in a place where it is impossible for an attentive and impartial reader not to see that he speaks of the *body* of outward appearances, and exterior qualities of the eucharistic elements.

XV. Si aliud sint quam fuere, mutationem accipere. Cum hoc negari non possit, dicant secundum quid permutata sunt; corporaliter namque nihil eis cernitur esse permutatum. Fatebuntur igitur necesse est, aut mutata esse secundum aliud quam secundum corpus, ac per hoc non esse hoc quod in veritate videntur, sed aliud quod non esse secundum propriam essentiam cernuntur: aut si hoc profiteri noluerint, compelluntur negari corpus esse sanguinemque Christi, quod nefas est non solum dicere, sed etiam cogitare.

XV. If they are other than they were before, they have undergone *some* change (it should be *a* change). Since this cannot be denied, let them say in what respect they are changed. For no bodily change (*transcat*) can be seen in them. They must, therefore, confess either that they are changed in respect of something else than their corporal *substance*, and that, therefore, they are not what in truth they seem to be, but somewhat

else, which they *evidently are not* in their proper essence; or, if they will not acknowledge this, they are forced to deny that they are the body and blood of Christ, which is impious, not only to say, but even to think.

The preceding paragraph, number xiv, presents another instance of egregious perversion of the sense, the less justifiable in our opinion, as it cannot be excused by any plea of ignorance in the translator. Ratramn speaking of those who were unwilling to admit with him, besides the real presence of Christ in the eucharist, a figure consisting in the remaining appearances of the eucharistic elements, says:

"Quærendum est ergo ab eis qui nihil hic figuratè volunt accipere, sed totum in veritatis simplicitate consistere, secundum quod demutatio facta sit, ut jam non sint, quod antè fuerant, videlicet panis atque vinum, sed sint corpus atque sanguis Christi." "They must be asked . . . in what respect the change has been made by which they are no longer what they were before, that is to say, bread and wine, but are the body and blood of Christ."

This passage, as every one will confess, is very strong in favor of the dogma of transubstantiation, nor do Catholics express it in more positive language at the present day. But our English translator of the Book of Ratramn has had the art to make the sentence run thus: "They, therefore, who will take nothing figuratively, but will have the whole matter consist in simple truth, must be asked, in what respect that change takes place, by which the elements come to be what they were not before (namely bread and wine), but the body and blood of Christ." Very innocent apparently is this slight inversion in the phraseology—a mere transfer of the syllable *not* from one verb to the other! yet it removes, or at least, considerably obscures the idea of transubstantiation, which Ratramn clearly expresses; but this is what the translator wanted.

Such are, among other instances, the notable deficiencies of a translation so confidently presented to the American public as an accurate work. Had we not then reason to insinuate that the approbation and praise bestowed upon it by Bishop Whit-

tingham, might be discreditable to his character or learning? Will not also the many inaccuracies and faults with which it abounds, raise a suspicion in the minds of many that there was a good reason not to print the original text of Ratramn side by side with the translation, and that it was found more convenient to insert it at the end of the volume? May we not hope also, that these considerations will lead our dissenting brethren to further reflection, and open their eyes to the religious as well as literary impositions, that are practised upon them?

8. We will now proceed to examine more fully the real doctrine of Ratramn concerning the eucharist; not that we attach any importance to the opinion of that author, but for the sake of historical truth, and to show that his book can be of no real service to our opponents, no matter under what point of view they may choose to consider the subject. We willingly admit that in several sections of the little treatise, there are obscure and singular expressions, for which it was justly disapproved by the Roman censors, and the author's name with reason discarded by the learned and pious Cardinal Bellarmine, from the list of those ecclesiastical writers who have deserved well of the Church. It can, however, be proved, without great difficulty, with Mabillon, Ceillier, Fleury, Natalis Alexander, &c., that the doctrine of Ratramn on the real presence and transubstantiation, although sometimes concealed under abstruse language, is no other than the Catholic doctrine. Among the many passages of his book which sustain us in this assertion, we select the following.

Section IX. "That bread, which by the ministry of the priest is made the body of Christ, sheweth one thing outwardly to man's senses, and proclaimeth another thing inwardly to the souls of the faithful."

X. "Likewise the wine, which by the priest's consecration is made the sacrament of Christ's blood, sheweth one thing outwardly, and inwardly containeth another."

XII. "How shall that be called the body of Christ, in which no change is known to be made?" We will here make a brief

remark, lest the drift of the English translation should lead into error. Ratramn in this passage, and in the two preceding sections, argues from the exterior appearance of the bread not undergoing any change, that it is not, therefore, this exterior appearance which can be called the body of Christ. Consequently he admits that the body of Christ is truly in the eucharist, and that it is there also in virtue of some change, or transubstantiation. "Here," says he, in the same section, "the bread and wine had a real existence, before they passed into the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ."

XIII. "We here detect no change in taste, color, or smell. If then there is no change *here*, it is the same which it was before. But in truth it is somewhat else, since the bread is made the body, and the wine the blood of Christ. Christ himself hath said, 'take eat, this is my body.' Likewise, speaking of the cup, he saith, 'take, drink, this is the blood of the new testament, which shall be shed for you.'"

XV; last lines. "To deny that they are the body and blood of Christ, is impious not only to say, but even to think." And he had said just before; "they, indeed, faithfully confess the body and blood of Christ, and by so doing, without doubt they profess that the elements are not the same thing which they were before; and if they are other than they were before, they have undergone some change."

XLII. "So that the bread which is offered, though taken from the fruits of the earth, is by consecration changed into Christ's body, and the wine, though it hath flowed from the vine, yet by the consecration in this divine mystery is made the blood of Christ, not indeed visibly, but, as this doctor (St. Isidore) saith, by the invisible operation of the Spirit of God."

XLIX. "From all that we have heretofore said, it hath been proved, that the body and blood of Christ, which in the Church are received by the mouths of the faithful, are figures according to the visible form. But according to the invisible substance, that is, the power of the word of God, they are truly the body and blood of Christ." &c., &c.

Let Bishop Whittingham discover, if he

can, in these passages, a denial or even a mere omission of the real presence and transubstantiation. Are they not plain enough to show that Ratramn believed and taught, on the subject of the eucharist, exactly the same doctrine that Catholics profess and have always professed? Are we not fully authorized to assert that if, in several other places, where he examines various incidents of this mystery, he used obscure expressions, which *the adherents of the council of Trent* would not be inclined to adopt, even *these* were employed by him in a Catholic sense? But perhaps the

* For instance, when he calls the body of Christ in the eucharist, a *spiritual body*, it is in the same sense in which St. Paul says of our bodies, that without ceasing to be real, they will be *spiritual* bodies after the resurrection. (1 Cor. xv, 66.) When he says that the mystery of the eucharist is performed *spiritually*, it is to signify a divine operation remote from the perception of sense. When he speaks of a *figure*, far from excluding the reality, he on the contrary means that the remaining appearances of the bread and wine are the veil under which Christ is concealed and really present. When the words *substance, body, corporally, corporeal*, are applied to the eucharistic elements, it is to designate what *appears to be substance*, the *body* of exterior qualities, shape, color, taste, and other appearances; (See Nos. 9, 10, 13, 16.) When it is said that the body of Christ in the eucharist is not the *very same* which was born of the B. Virgin, which suffered, which was nailed to a cross; that it exists there not in its form (*specie*), but in virtue; all this is merely to exclude from the sacrament the natural, visible and passible state of Christ during his mortal life, and to show that Christ, although really present in the eucharist, is not seen there, nor eaten after the manner of ordinary meats, but under the veil of the sacrament. (See nos. 56, 57.)

Nor is this an unfounded interpretation, gratuitously attributed to Ratramn; it is based upon the whole tenor of his work, upon the rules of sound criticism and a variety of forcible considerations. 1. Good sense and common justice require that, instead of judging of what is plain in an author from what is obscure, we should, on the contrary, elucidate and explain what may be obscure from what is plain and consistent. 2. It is reasonable, when any discussion of this nature arises, to abide by the judgment of those who examined the question with an unbiased mind, before the controversy arose. Now, it is certain that, up to the time when Protestants endeavored to extort from Ratramn's work, something favorable to their views, it had always been quoted or mentioned as a Catholic work, first by Gerbert, who was elected to the papacy under the name of Silvester II, in 999, and lastly by Fisher, bishop of Rochester, in his treatise against Ecolampadius in 1526. Not even did Berengarius, the first declared enemy of the real presence, who found himself attacked by all the doctors of his age, and condemned by the whole Church, ever dream of adducing Ratramn's treatise in favor of his innovation. 3. The very English translators of the little work must have been much of the same opinion, since they judged it necessary, in order to make it answer their purpose, to alter its expressions in

bishop would rather admit that Ratramn, an author of *such standing and celebrity*, is perpetually at variance with himself, and that his book so *concise, explicit, intelligible, clear and consistent*, is a mere compound, and one continued series of absurd reasonings and contradictions; but in this case, of what advantage can either the book or the author be to the Protestant cause?

If it follows from our arguments and proofs, that the many Protestant editors of Ratramn's treatise must have been woefully mistaken about its meaning, and that "a judicial blindness must have possessed them, to be so active in disseminating a work that taught transubstantiation," (Pref. p. 9.) these consequences are of no concern to Catholics. The fault is not ours, if the opponents of Catholicity, through a desire of upholding a groundless system, plunge headlong into insuperable difficulties: let them answer for themselves.

What has been said of Ratramn's book is entirely applicable to the Saxon homily of Ælfric, who, having received his religious education from some monks of Corbeiy, adopted their peculiarities of language. Yet, whatever may be the obscurity of his style, let the reader judge whether the following sentences (pp. 95, 97) would sound well from a Protestant pulpit: "Much is betwixt the invisible might of the holy housel, and the visible shape of his proper nature; it is naturally corruptible bread and corruptible wine; and is, by might of God's word, *truly Christ's body and his blood*: not so, notwithstanding, bodily, but ghostly;" that is, not visibly, but invisibly; otherwise, how would it be *truly Christ's body and blood*?

several places. 4. Ratramn himself has defined the real meaning of his book, by concluding it with these words: "Let it not be thought from my saying this, that in the mystery of the sacrament, the body and blood of the Lord are not received by the faithful." (8. Cl.) 5. He had, before and at the very beginning, called the eucharist "a great and secret mystery; a subject far remote from human senses, and into which no one can penetrate, except by the teaching of the Holy Ghost." (Sec. 3, 4.) But now, what great mystery is there, nay, what semblance of mystery at all, if Christ be really and substantially absent, and if the bread and wine, preserving their nature, remain what they were before, namely a few drops of wine and a piece of bread!

We consider these reasons amply sufficient to satisfy every impartial and reasonable mind about the catholicity of Ratramn.

Again: "This mystery is a pledge [so the Catholic Church calls it, a *pledge of eternal life*] and a figure: [of Christ really present in it, for] Christ's body is truth itself. This pledge we do keep mystically, until that we be come to the truth itself [as the council of Trent expresses it, *without any veil*], and then is this pledge ended. Truly it is so, as we before have said, Christ's body and his blood: not bodily, but ghostly. And ye should not search how it is done, but hold it in your beleeve that it is so done."

After this, Ælfric relates, in proof of his doctrine, two miracles in which the holy eucharist, by the permission of God, appeared to different persons under the form of flesh and blood. These the English editor carefully suppresses, under the honest pretence that they are tales, nay *inforced tales*. (See note of p. 97.) Whether tales or not, we shall not examine; one thing is certain, that Ælfric considered them true and real miracles, and related them as such. Now, it is easy to understand that he did so to prove the change of the eucharistic bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ. But that he should have had recourse to the above facts, to show that Christ is not substantially present in the eucharist, and that, instead of any transubstantiation taking place, the bread remains bread, and the wine remains wine, is so ridiculous a

supposition that nothing more so could possibly be imagined.

After all it is a matter of no moment for us to find the Catholic doctrine either in Ælfric or Ratramn; and though for the sake of truth, we cannot grant, yet, for the sake of argument, we are willing to suppose that their tracts on the eucharist have perhaps a Protestant meaning; what advantage will this hypothesis afford the system of our opponents? None whatever. The Catholic Church has nothing more to fear from her obscure than from her declared enemies. Her doctrine is invariable, like the rock upon which she is built,—like her divine founder himself; "and whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder." (Matt. xxi, 44.)

Far then, from having held, either in the ninth, or in any preceding or subsequent century, a belief different from what she holds at present, we maintain, and shall prove, we hope, to the satisfaction of the reader, that the assertion of our opponents on this head is nothing short of a complete absurdity, and that all their efforts to establish their point are not only unavailing, but serve merely to show more and more the utmost weakness of their cause. This will be the subject of another article in the next number.

CATHOLIC MELODIES.

NO. V.

RELIGION and reason alike proclaim that, according to the plans of infinite wisdom, the contemplation of the material world was destined by the divine Architect to something more than mere earthly purposes; to raise the mind of man to the great Author of his being, to serve as a mirror in which the perfections of the Deity were to be reflected as the continual object of his adoration and love. With this origi-

nal order of Providence, the true worship of God has in all ages accorded. We every where see the outward world ministering to the spiritual, because human nature, composed of matter as well as of spirit, requires the aid of exterior things to impress the soul with ideas and feelings of a religious and devotional character. Hence the offering of sacrifice under the law of nature, and the majestic ceremonial of the Israelitic dis-

pensation. Far from having revoked or changed this order of things, the divine founder of Christianity has on the contrary inculcated its perfection, by teaching a more sublime morality, and establishing more intimate relations between man and his Creator.

His religion is eminently symbolical. The sacraments, which he has made the channels of his grace, are symbols; and the Church itself instituted by him, is but an outward symbol of the inward and divine influence which is directed to the sanctification of souls. The primitive Christians, imbued with a deep spirituality, only developed this tendency of the religion which they had learned, when almost at every moment they expressed themselves in some exterior symbol of the divine mercy and goodness; and among the practices which prevailed in those ages of pure and fervent faith, was the use of the sign of the cross. "When we walk," says Tertullian, "when we come in, when we go out, when we warm ourselves, go to bathe, sit at table, light candles, go to bed, in short, in all our actions and deportments, we mark ourselves with the sign of the cross. If you are obstinate in demanding Scripture for every discipline and usage of this kind, you will find none. But they are supported by tradition which authorizes them, by custom which confirms them, and faith which observes them." What more beautiful and more eloquent memorial of the Saviour's incomprehensible love for man, and of the example which he traced for the imitation of his followers, than the sign of the cross? The Church, his earthly spouse, has always cherished it with peculiar veneration, and everywhere exhibited it to her children as the symbol of their faith and of their hopes. What is the cross but the whole science of Jesus Christ crucified? Cold and cheerless indeed must be that philosophy or religion which does not find in that sacred emblem a nutriment of true devotion. Among a certain class of persons, the use of ceremonies and symbols for secular purposes is acknowledged to possess its advantages. They admire it in the military cos-

tume and banner, as well as in the miniature that preserves the memory of friendship or affection. Why then, should symbolism have no religious application? Why should that instinctive disposition of the human heart, to foster the best sentiments of nature by the aid of external things, be checked in the elevation of the soul to the highest object that can possibly claim its consideration? To oppose this innate propensity would be acting against every dictate of reason, and every law of experience; for while the former teaches us that any agency tending to the moral culture of man, may be safely directed to the honor of God, we learn from the latter, as a distinguished modern writer has observed, that "for the mass of mankind, busily occupied from morning till night with the things of the world, the things of sense must be raised up to heaven by the spirit, or they will drag the spirit down to hell." This principle was well understood by our forefathers, and hence it was that by various monuments and customs they brought the exterior and spiritual world into a beautiful harmony. Among other objects that arrested the attention of the passer-by, was the emblem of our Saviour's passion. "Innumerable crosses of stone or wood were erected by the public ways, in the heart of forests and amidst the wildest scenes of nature, on bridges, which heard amidst the eternal murmur of the streams, the chant of nocturns in the night, and on the craggy summit of islands that lay far in the melancholy sea; that no place might be left without the symbol of human redemption, and the memorial of the passion of Jesus."* This sacred representation sanctified the shades of retirement, while on the high-ways it bade the pilgrim pause and offer up a prayer to the throne of mercy. By these or similar demonstrations has the veneration of the cross of Christ displayed itself in every age of the Christian era, and it points with irresistible evidence to the Church that still cherishes the spirit and the practice of primitive times.

Ed.

* Ages of Faith, vol. ii.

THE WAYSIDE CROSS.

It is a custom, familiar to all who have travelled in the Catholic countries of Europe, to mark the spot, where a murder has been committed, by the erection of a cross. The following stanzas were suggested by the picture of a wooden cross overgrown by a vine.

It stands, as ages past it stood,
Beside the road, that cross of wood,
By living vines o'ergrown ;
And from their tendrils as they twine,
As from all nature's vast design,
A lesson may be shown.

'Tis said that in the olden time,
Upon that spot some fearful crime
Of blood and wrong was wrought ;
And that in after years there came
A grey haired man, bowed low with shame,
Its faded trace who sought.

Here 'mid repentance deep and prayers
He raised this cross bedewed with tears
And sighs in anguish given ;
And pious pilgrims bend the knee,
Whene'er the sacred sign they see,
In prayer for him to heaven.

But be the legend false or true,
Who feel not as this cross they view
Emotions strong arise ?
And filled with hope, or bowed in fear,
Who lifts not in devotion here,
The heart beyond the skies ?

On life's highway who hath not known,
Some cross all unexpected shown
His heedless course to stay ?
And as the chastened spirit knelt,
Like a peace messenger hath felt,
The hallowed sign to pray.

Sustaining grace who hath not found,
When, like the vine, the cross around,
Each bitter grief was flung ?
Its apex pointing to the sky,
Hath raised the drooping soul on high,
Which firmly to it clung.

Symbol of shame ! whereon once died
THE LORD OF LIFE, with thieves beside
And scoffing crowds below,
How changed thy destiny since he,
To whom all nations bow the knee,
Was doomed thy pangs to know !

Symbol of glory ! now we turn
 To yon tall spire on which upborne,
 Thy golden beauty plays ;
 Beneath the sun's meridian light,
 Or through the starry veil of night,
 We mark thy beacon rays.

Guiding the faithful near or far,
 And shining now, as shone the star
 Of Bethlehem, when of yore,
 The sages of the ancient days,
 With firm resolve and steadfast gaze,
 Followed its mystic lore.

They knew the holy herald led
 Though resting o'er a lowly shed
 To life's true source within ;
 And urged by faith, impelled by love,
 They strove the precious boon to prove,
 Cleansing the soul from sin.

And taught by him* whose simplest word
 Conviction won from all who heard,
 We learn to honor thee ;
 The cross of Christ, the crucified,
 Our only hope, our only pride,
 Our only glory be !

Then hail, blest symbol of that faith,
 Whose precepts o'er life's pilgrim path
 An influence strong as pure !
 Bidding each wayward passion cease
 While to the care worn comes thy peace,
 In hopes that must endure.

When danger frights, and courage fails,
 And tempting vice the soul assails,
 And years their trials bring,
 Oh! how the faithful spirit yearns,
 In fondness to the cross, and turns
 Thus vinelike there to cling.

Then gladly on his weary way,
 Here let the traveller pause to pay
 The homage of his prayers ;
 For to his soul, like landmarks given,
 Guiding his wandering steps to heaven,
 Each wayside cross appears !

St. Louis, Mo.

MOÏNA.

* St. Paul to the Galatians (vi, 14) says, " God forbid that I should glory but in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

THE EDICT OF NANTES.

BY ROBERT HARE.

THE Edict of Nantes is one of those subjects which form the staple of a great deal of writing and declamation, often without any precise ideas as to its character, or as to the traits of the times when it was adopted, or when it was revoked. It is the object of this lecture to attempt to describe its circumstances and results; and that without assuming to decide what was right or what was wrong, either in comparison with our own ideas, or those of the times which it immediately concerned.

Toleration in all matters, is said to be a principle of this age. It is professed to be, and for the most part is felt in all public transactions and affairs. It is fortunate it is so far adopted and realized, since it cannot be said that opinion has lost much of its intensity or exclusiveness, whether it be opinion in matters of religion, of conduct, of politics, or of one's own wisdom. Toleration is the *avowed rule* of the age, and it has been agreed upon because it is found better for the community, that *all opinions* should be tolerated, than that any man should suffer, as for a crime, punishment, which in truth might be inflicted upon his greater weakness or his greater sagacity, and perhaps, also, because it is more charitable that we should exert ourselves to bear with the opinions of another, than visit upon him the bitterness of our own self-love.

Mankind were, for a long time, endeavoring to find out, embody, enforce, and practise this doctrine of toleration, and it is now only in the weakness of immaturity. It has grown to be recognized as a public principle, and it is to be hoped it may from being a public principle, in the course of time, become a private pleasure. Whatever it may be now, or may be destined to become, toleration was neither a principle, nor a duty, nor a pleasure, of any part of mankind in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the discomfort or desolation which then flowed from intolerance is as chargeable

upon one set of opinions and of men as another. The pleasures and advantages which spring from toleration are as much due to the spirit of one faith as another—are attributable to no one creed or doctrine, nor to any one band of men or writers.

The brief and imperfect sketch of the history of the Edict of Nantes, which it is the purpose of this lecture to present, may show the course of the passions which beget intolerance, and which for so long time affected mankind, as it may show, also, the sincerity and risk with which in those days opinions were held and furthered.

The Reformation, as it is commonly called, broke out in Germany about the year 1520. Soon after Luther's first demonstration of opposition to Rome, the excitement of its discussions was extended into France where, however, it was for some time dissipated rather than strengthened, by the variety of opinions which this new religion had produced among those who were not unwilling to take part in the movement. His own particular doctrines (which varied with his temper or his friends), were not at first adopted there by any set of men, and the greatest effect which he engendered, was rather in diverting the attention with what he called the abuses of Rome, (and it never was denied that there were many among the lower clergy) than in rendering men dissatisfied with the tenets of the Catholic faith.

He was soon, however, followed by Zuingli whose doctrines of faith being for the most part afterwards embodied in the Institutes of Calvin, attracted large numbers of followers since known as Calvinists, the Lutherans having been always a very small party in point of numbers or influence among the French seceders generally called Huguenots.

The then monarch of France, Francis I, whose memory is always to be cherished for his gallant and chivalrous disposition,

and whose name is more solidly established as that of the father of letters, engaged in frequent war with all Europe, and particularly with his great rival Charles V, found it necessary by the force of political motives to temporize for the most part with the Reformers, who, therefore, though occasionally the objects of edicts and punishments designed to suppress the growing heresy gradually, in the course of his long reign, acquired great strength and importance from their numbers, ability, and even learning. The novelty had the same or greater success under his immediate successor Henry II, but was in some degree diminished by the power and influence of the great duke of Guise in the time of Francis II. The murder of this great duke by Poltrot, the agent of the Protestant party, freed all parties from the restraint which had hitherto confined them, and a civil war broke out which for length, bitterness, and desolation, has never been equalled; in which the balance of cruelty and slaughter, whether on one side or the other has never been, and never can be settled, and to envenom and embitter which all the ingredients of theological hatred, fear of tyranny, resistance to innovation, and disgust at ancient practices were combined with horror and aversion for adverse opinions and persons, with the frenzy of political partizanship and the extravagance of ignorance and superstition. It was in this then most unhappy country that in the next reign occurred that terrible and unspeakable massacre of St. Bartholomew by the Catholics, not to be accounted for except as an ebullition of universal madness, and perhaps not to be equalled in history, except by the atrocious slaughters of Dauphiné and Mornas by the Protestants; for the histories of these times, on each side, in revealing (what we might almost wish had never been known beyond their age) the horrors and hatred of each party, without shame, sometimes even with insane satisfaction, prove that neither side was more free from blame—was more Christian, or more generous than the other, and that of either the murder and cruelty were restrained only by the want of power.

The civil war—the result of the Refor-

mation, was led on by Condé and Coligny on the one side, and the dukes of Guise on the other. Reconciliation seemed to be impossible, for it involved an abandonment of religious faith, and (what was then as insupportable) the toleration of another's, or of political connection to violate which was only to furnish the motives of another contest. The monarch himself was not the leader nor even the principal of his own party, which was connected, not by the sentiment of personal or even political loyalty, but by religion; and such terms as he granted to his adversaries, or such as he was compelled to receive from Condé and Coligny were subject to the pleasure and approbation of his followers and masters.

There were many good and wise men on each side in those days, as there are always in times of high excitement and disunion, and they were listened to as much as wise and just and liberal men are heard by crowds of bigots and madmen. There was the Admiral Coligny on the side of the Huguenots, a skilful, prudent leader, and brave soldier, who might have commanded the confidence of his adversaries, but that he was believed, and upon good reason, to have been the worst instigator of the murder of the great duke of Guise by Poltrot. There was the famous Chancellor L'Hospital on the part of the actual government. Coligny maintained his power and influence in his party until his death, and does not appear ever to have yielded points which at this day would be regarded as trivial, and to compromise which might have brought about a pacification. The other L'Hospital, steadfast in his devotion to humanity rather than party, enacted and registered laws tending to harmony and peace, for which he was suspected and disowned by those whom he supported, and at last dismissed by the court.

Henry III succeeded Charles IX, in 1574. At that time the Huguenots amounted in numbers to about two millions, and formed perhaps a sixth of the population, a larger proportion than they preserved, and always too small to justify them in a political truce at least in their hope and attempt to change the national faith, and the

constitutional, religious, and political features of the kingdom. Their desire and object were that in all those towns where they formed a majority, the Catholic worship should be abolished, and in those where they were in a minority their own should be tolerated. By one of the first edicts of pacification, that of Henry III, granted to the Huguenots the liberty to build churches, and hold synods wherever they pleased, except within two leagues of the court. He enacted that of seven parliaments, among which were Paris, Toulouse and Grenoble, the one half of the members should be Catholics, and the other Protestants, and that the children of those who had suffered in the massacre of St. Bartholomew should be released from payment of taxes for six years. He gave to Condé the government of Picardy and Peronne—he allowed the Protestants to retain as cautionary of his good faith, certain fortified towns in Dauphiné and elsewhere, of which they were to nominate the governors, and he agreed that the states general should be assembled in six months for the redress of grievances.

Their own historian states that as soon as they had obtained this edict, the Huguenots regretted that they had not asked for more, and the Catholics then rose in anger against their exaggerated and importunate demands. The Parliament refused to register this edict except with certain conditions, and both parties again resorted to arms. The Catholics then formed the famous league of which the avowed motive was to protect religion, the king, and the liberty of the state. At the head of it was Henry II, great duke of Guise, and it numbered the principal gentlemen of France, but its multitude was composed of the people, and its character was essentially popular. It was eagerly embraced in Picardy and Peronne, which the king had given to the Protestants. It was extended throughout the kingdom as a chain that linked men rather to their religion than their government, and was perhaps the most honest and obstinate interest in the kingdom. During the dissensions of the league, says the historian of the Protestants, the Catholics and Huguenots fought with each other, murdered, deceived and

poisoned each other, and agreed only in devastating the provinces where both happened to be.

At the death of Henry III, the two parties fought for a throne as well as for religion. Henry IV, was at the head of the Protestant array, and entitled in the order of descent to the crown. He had been born and bred a Protestant—had been reconciled to the Church in the time of Charles IX, and in the mutations of politics had abjured its faith. He was disliked by the great mass of the people as a Protestant, and in some sense as a stranger in birth. The Catholics set up the Cardinal de Bourbon, as Charles X, and in the course of the furious wars which followed, Henry again abjured Protestantism, doing this upon the advice of the wisest and most honest of his party, of Du Plessis Mornay for instance, and of Sully who told him, "It fits you to be a Catholic, and it fits me to be a Protestant, for the canon of the mass is the best cannon to conquer Paris." The ministers of his party sent a deputation to remonstrate with him, but one of them, who must be acknowledged to have been strangely liberal in those days, having admitted that a man *might be saved* in the Catholic faith, the king obtained an advantage over them, when he said, "In that case as a matter of prudence it is better I should be a Catholic than a Protestant, for both you and they agree that I might then be saved; but in your religion I have only your word and not your adversaries for my salvation."

He was then, on the 25th of July, 1593, again received into the Catholic Church, and large bodies of those, whose opposition had been prompted only by his religious affinities, withdrew upon this event from the contest. After some desperate battles with the army under the duke of Mayenne, now opposing him at the instigation of Spain, whose monarch's designs extended to an invasion of France, and the possession of her crown, he entered Paris and ascended the throne in 1593.

But his success did not at least immediately, either weaken the violence of his own party, or command the entire confidence of the Catholics, and after various

favours granted or renewed by him in case of the Protestants, the relief of whom scarcely soothed their violence, while it excited that of their rivals, he promulgated in August, 1598, his famous edict of Nantes, securing to the Protestants by law, the enjoyment of all the rights of a French subject, and absolving them from the consequences of their heresy and rebellion: this edict being the first manifestation which the world had yet seen of a spirit of toleration—the first act by which, since the breaking out of the Reformation, religious discord, hatred and persecution were to cease in a nation of Christians, though of different faiths.

For the understanding of the tolerance and necessity of this famous edict it is fit to observe that by the constitutions of all nations in those days, a heretic or one avowing opinions contrary to the faith or peace of the Church or sect as established, was necessarily a rebel and a criminal in the state. Intolerance was both a public duty and a public principle, and all the laws which in all nations were promulgated for the suppression of the faith and doctrines of the minority, inflicted penalties only for what was in *all* regarded as a crime. Such laws and penalties were not the dictates of kings or ministers, but an expression of the universal sentiment or popular will;—as much so as if they had been passed in assemblies of the people by an unrelenting and savage majority. Nor was this popular will itself a novel, or sudden, or violent impulse, but on the contrary a necessary act of duty, in complete consistency with their sense of piety, and with the fixed aversion which men whose minds were violently agitated by theological discussion, felt for those whose faith they believed to be erroneous—and being erroneous, to be bad and sinful.

The power of the Church, as it was called, had but the direct—even if mistaken (and who shall say it was mistaken)—application of the doctrines and duties of Christianity, to the temporal, political and actual affairs and pursuits of men; and those who seceded in England, Germany, France and elsewhere, did so, claiming that in them remained the same power to make the same

direct, and as they thought, better application of their ideas to the same concerns and objects. And the variety and extent of this attempt to apply their own construction and belief to the conduct and duties of other men may be imagined, when it is observed that every man was then supposed to be at liberty to form his own theory; and if he were eloquent and skilful, to become the leader of a sect, though at the same time it may be remarked that he who formed peculiar opinions and was not also able to support them by a sect, was generally forced to give up his theory or his life.

The Protestants called their fellow Christian Catholics, idolaters and slaves to Rome, bigots and followers of Antichrist, and founded themselves to support their denunciations upon their own construction of the Bible. The Catholics despised their arguments and conclusions, but considered and treated them as enemies to their faith, their government, and their persons. The Protestants would not have been less wise or less humane, if they had contented themselves with their own doctrines and construction, and left their adversaries to their faith in this world, and their fate in the next. The Catholics stood upon the doctrine of the Church which forbade rebellion in matters of faith and discipline—by the force of which principle they are, for any thing that is known to the contrary, the same now as they have been for eighteen hundred years. The Protestants adhered to their own sense of rectitude—by the force of which rule they thought they were justified in correcting all the errors of all the rest of the world.

When, therefore, Henry IV, a Catholic monarch but lately reconciled to the Church, suspected by the great Catholic nations, scarcely yet trusted by any portion of his own subjects, and more than doubted by the Protestants, granted this edict under the advice of Catholic counsellors, with the approbation of Catholic bishops, and even of the Pope, he and even they are to be looked upon, not only as preceding both their adversaries and the age in liberality and philanthropy, but as perilling, for the sake of harmony, peace, and humanity, his crown

and person, the stability of the monarchy, and the lives and happiness of those of their own faith,—since to admit the Protestants to equal rights was to admit the operation of all their principles, and to afford to them the means of again creating the same civil war which had followed every concession hitherto made to them. He was favored by his own genius that he escaped them.

The liberality and philanthropy of this edict are still more striking, when it is considered that the liberty of conscience, of worship, and of opinion was granted to a small minority, whose extinction in any prolonged contest, was a matter of certainty, and to a small minority whose objects, politically, were to overthrow the established religion and law of the land, by the force of arms, as well as of opinions but newly put forth and received by the rest of the nation, who, as greater in number, may be presumed to have been their more than equal in wisdom. It is farther to be considered that this minority was endeavoring to force upon the nation its own opinions, and that those of the same faith who here granted to the minority the *indulgence* of liberty—for such it was in those days—were in other countries exposed to the penalties and punishment which attended upon an adherence to their own conscience after their monarch or ruler had changed his doctrines.

As this edict consists of ninety-two articles or heads, many of them of only momentary importance or character, it is impossible and unnecessary to give any very minute narration of it. It commands the cessation of religious differences in the shape of wars, troubles, and defamatory libels on the faith of either side. It gives to the Protestants (always styled of the *pretended* reformed religion—a qualification which was equally annoying to them and necessary in a nation which did not admit theirs to be a reformed religion)—it gives to them security in their residence where they please,—preserving them against molestation or constraint for the exercise of their religion; and moreover forbids all public prosecutions for any thing done during the troubles. It ordains that the Catholic religion shall exist in all places and parts of

the kingdom, and gives to the ecclesiastics of both sides who had been dispossessed of their churches or other property, the right to buy the same back again, or to constrain the actual owner to buy them at a price to be fixed by arbitration of their own choice. Disinheritance or deprivations made on account of adverse religious opinions, were utterly void for time past and to come,—a provision of which it may be observed that it proves as much sense of religious toleration, as insensibility to the rights of persons. The Huguenots were to respect holy and festival days, and their hirelings were not to work out of their shops nor in them, so as to disturb the sacredness of the occasion,—a provision promoting charity, since to disturb the days was as offensive as here would be the open violation of Sunday, and even in case of a breach of this rule the search for and arrest of the offender was vested exclusively in the officers of justice. The public worship according to their religion was secured to the Huguenots in certain places, in town and country, where they formed a majority, and it was forbidden to either party to be guilty of irreverence in the sight of the other, or towards his belief. But the public worship of the Catholics was not limited to any place, upon the obvious principle that the minority was not to be equal to the majority—and as the worship of the Protestants was permitted in all those places in which they formed any considerable body, they in truth suffered under no real privation. And as they were limited to particular places (however impolitic such a limitation might be as tempting to an undue concentration of their force in such places), they were less likely to be involved in turmoils and contentions with the populace. In all other respects, however, the Protestant was to enjoy all the rights of a Catholic subject of France, and it may be observed that in this respect no Protestant had ever been deprived of them; their poor and sick were to be admitted into the hospitals; a provision made in restraint of the superstition of the lower orders; they were eligible to any post, office, or station—civil or military. In each parliament, a chamber, equally composed of Catholic and

Huguenot judges, was formed for the trial of causes. Their ministers received support from the crown (and it may be observed that Catholic France is now the only country in the world where dissenters receive public support), and they were allowed to hold, and for many years did hold, general assemblies and conventions, both religious and political, for the management of their own affairs,—under certain regulations, however, which were made with a view to restrain their political and unpatriotic affinities. Lastly, Henry allowed them to retain in their power certain towns and fortified places, partly as a proof of his own good faith and of his confidence in them as good subjects—but more from a sentiment of humanity as providing them with a certain refuge in the event of a popular ebullition.

This edict, therefore, contains all the principles of toleration, and almost all its details—all certainly that it was safe or prudent to grant, considering the immense majority of the Catholics, the fixedness of their faith, in which those who did not for one motive or another abandon it, only became more steadfast and convinced,—and the bitterness on both sides, the more exasperated as the result of a civil war, in which the dictates, not only of all religion, but of humanity, had been forgotten, from the time of the assassination of the duke of Guise to the general pacification. Comparing the edict with the present ideas, prevailing in this country, of equal rights, it is certainly liable to objection. But comparing it with the ideas or laws of Germany and England, and other Protestant nations, as they existed before 1598, and down to the beginning of this century, it is a solitary instance of humanity, wisdom, and toleration in religious or political concerns.

This edict was formed upon repeated consultations with the Huguenot ministers and leaders, and canvassed by their conscientious arrogance with the secretary of a hostile power. It was at last made acceptable to them, and extremely distasteful to the Catholics, who, from the scarcity of examples, had not yet learned the beauty of toleration; and when it was finally decreed and pro-

mulgated, the one party having got so much more than they could with any reason have aspired to hope—the other received it in silence, and submitted to it in charity and faith.

The particular arrangements and details of it had been entrusted by Henry IV to four of his ministers—men celebrated for their ability, learning, and skill,—two Catholics and two Protestants, who separately and together reflected and deliberated upon its provisions for two years,—for they, sensible of the good faith of their monarch, knew that what they were about to promulgate was to become an almost organic law of the kingdom, the principles of which could never be annulled, and the expression and details of which, therefore, required the most delicate consideration of rival and often bitterly hostile interests. When the edict was published, as much nicety was required to compound and settle the hearburnings and jealousies which it occasioned.

In the course of a little time the two parties began to be accustomed to their novel and somewhat awkward condition of civility and humanity towards each other,—the inconsiderateness of zeal, and the turbulence of opinion were gradually suppressed by mildness and by punishment. And the sentiment that the rights of each party were bounded and secured by law, inspired both with respect and reverence for the government.

In this state the parties remained until about the year 1616, without any violent outbreak, and without any more serious trouble than that of compelling the courts to listen to claims and complaints, sometimes reasonable, sometimes vexatious, and generally irritating, though of very small moment. And if the Huguenots had not been led by the very nature of their institutes to sympathise with the political tendencies of other countries, they probably would never have had occasion to complain of constraint or persecution. But in 1615 they were suspected, and as one at least of their historians admits, suspected with reason, of a political design to form a distinct government—and that a republic—in France, and to separate themselves from the nation. In

this object they, for his personal ambition, were encouraged and courted by Henry, prince of Condé, then upon ill terms with the regent and the court; and him they would have adopted as their leader, but that he soon after abandoned his treasonable intentions.

The Protestants at this time amounted to little more than a million in France, so much had the edict of Nantes, peace and indifference, diminished their vivacity and numbers. Their general conventions had been regularly held, without any other difference with the state than such as the bickerings of their bigots about trifles might produce. They had made no complaint of injustice, of want of faith, or of good feeling on the part of the people or government; nor does there appear to have existed any grievance at all—none certainly which moderation and calmness on their side would not have dispelled. In the towns, there were occasional quarrels between the lower orders, who, perhaps, only made use of religion and party to indulge their natural pugnacity, and in these the government protected the Reformed—for even their own historian tells, that a cow belonging to a poor man named Colas, having ignorantly, and against its nature, forced a way into one of their conventicles during service, the indignant congregation, with a stern devotion to principle, condemning it to death, in a body arose and executed judgment, which event being commemorated in a satirical ballad called "*Vache à Colas*," or "*The Cow of Colas*," the singing of it in the streets in derision of the Reformed, produced so many bloody noses and cracked crowns that it was forbidden, by proclamation, under pain of capital punishment. Their own historian says that they appear, after this bucolical outrage, to have remained in the enjoyment of undisturbed repose. Privileges, over and above the rights secured by the edict, were certainly granted to them, in respect to the places of worship, and on one occasion at least the king was obliged to go at the head of his troops in person to suppress a tumult which the establishment of one of their churches had excited.

In 1619, the violence of religious discord

again broke out, not as heretofore, only and entirely because one man believed in one mystery and another in more, but upon other more worldly and visible causes. The edict of Nantes, as declared by the king, differed in one or two unimportant particulars from that promulgated and registered by the parliament, who had exercised the right which, then, undoubtedly belonged to them, of refusing to register except under such terms as they pleased. The differences, as stated by the Protestant historian, were first, that of assembling in a political assembly every two years, without or with the king's permission; and secondly, that of nominating two persons to reside at court to further their requests, instead of offering six from whom the king was to select two. These and other particulars evidently trifles, made of importance by certain men, the duke de Bouillon and others, whose object was by exciting the Huguenots to obtain so much power as might control the court, were first insisted on in 1611, and the demands repeated in every subsequent assembly. In 1619 the Huguenots refused to break up their political convention until their demands were granted, and as the quarrel grew, the sessions of the assembly were transferred from Loudun to La Rochelle. Here they repeated their requests, and upon reproaching to the king, Louis XIII, that he had curtailed privileges granted both by Henry III, and Henry IV, he answered that the first had granted them through fear, and the last through love, but for his part, he neither feared nor loved them. Upon which answer as refusing their demands, the Reformers declared war: gathered together an army of twenty thousand men: guaranteed a payment of one hundred thousand crowns a month, and appointed as their leader one whose name is known—Les Diguieres, as among the ablest and most distinguished of the generals of that time, and whose military and political skill had given them most of the advantages which they possessed—but Les Diguieres had lately abjured the new religion for which conversion he is of course denounced as bribed, though he rejected the sword of constable which the king offered to him. The assembly then

offered the command of their army to the duke de Bouillon, who also declined it, and they finally chose a man who deserved their confidence for his ability, integrity and steadfastness—the duke de Rohan. The assembly reserved the superintendence of all concerns, military and political, for themselves, and in testimony of their intention to divide the kingdom, coined a seal, the legend upon which still puzzles antiquaries, whether it was “for Christ and for his flock,” or “for Christ and for the king;” but, says their historian, it can scarcely be denied that the assembly in either case intended to disclaim the authority of the state.

Even after all this the king, though he published a declaration against the assembly, promised continued protection to all the Protestants who should remain unshaken in their allegiance. He even took part against delinquents engaged in outrages upon the reformed, and then proceeded to take possession of Saumur, one of the fortified towns then occupied and held by the Protestants.

From this time began a war which terminated with the siege of Rochelle and its capture in 1628, by the king's forces under the instruction of that most capable of all great men, the Cardinal de Richelieu. It began and was ended as a war evidently between political parties, the one striving to throw off the royal authority, and to establish its own form of government, the other to preserve its accustomed rights, and secure what it of course preferred, the constitutional and established political and religious system of France. It was a contest strictly and purely political, and with which religion had nothing to do, except to embitter its current. Nothing is more false or more mistaken, than the tales which are told of this contest, as a persecution for religion and against conscience. The same persecution—that is, military opposition, would and must have taken place if both parties had been Catholics, or both Protestants, and that it was purely a political contest—a contest just preceding, and wonderfully resembling the great rebellion which took place about ten years afterwards in England, is proved by the meagreness of the religious grievances which the Huguenots set forth.

With the fall of La Rochelle began the decline of the Huguenots. Almost all their principal leaders in war or politics had abandoned them for the ancient faith. The lenity with which all were treated by the government, after their subjugation, deprived them of the character of martyrs, and they could not, at that day, with any power of face, allege persecution. The duke de Rohan, and the prince de Soubise his brother, were both permitted to escape, and both returned to France. The great mass was left in the possession of all the civil rights, which the edict of Nantes secured to them; but the political assemblies being forbidden, and the great political error of Henry IV, the leaving in their hands armed and fortified towns being corrected, they were deprived of all the qualities which had enabled them to threaten to become a distinct and independent body in the state. Neither cruelties nor murders were committed, nor attempts made to change their faith, and they soon, in the absence of their political leaders, by the genius of Richelieu, and the dexterity of Mazarin, sunk, with the full enjoyment of their conscience and their annual synods, into an honest and ill-tempered insignificance, from which they only occasionally emerged to take part in the quarrels and commotions which beset the minority of Louis XIV. From this time until 1685, when it was finally repealed, the edict of Nantes remained in force. The revocation of it was gradual, and at first gentle, and the final decree was directed against those who gave no kind of security for their qualities as good subjects. The principle of the revocation was professed to be the desire to unite all persons, living under the same government, in one faith, and one bond of opinion, seeing that the differences of religion led in those times and countries, when its doctrines entered into every thing, and every thing into its doctrines—to political combinations and ideas totally inconsistent with internal peace and security. The first means of obtaining this object adopted by Louis XIV, immediately after he took upon himself in 1641 the government of his kingdom, were famous; such as the release of new converts from certain taxes and contributions—even preference in admitting them

to the posts and employments in the army, in finances, in commerce, and in the courts. This was said to be bribery, but it was at least humanity and kindness—a better spirit than the faggot or the fine of other nations—better even than the denunciations of modern days. The government also took advantage of such disturbances as the inconsiderateness and often wanton zeal of the Huguenots provoked, to diminish or recall the particular privileges granted to the congregation. Gradually the admissibility of the obstinate Protestants to public office was rendered difficult, and finally impossible. Those who had been preferred were desired to retire. The bar was shut to them—the business of the government was not intrusted to them, and many, even of the private pursuits of life, were forbidden, and at last, in the course of twenty-five years from the accession of Louis, or rather the death of Mazarin, the revocation was resolved upon, ordained and promulgated without creating any public war, commotion or rebellion.

The policy of Richelieu after the reduction of La Rochelle—which policy was continued by Mazarin and prevailed for many years with Louis XIV—was to treat the Huguenots kindly, to secure them in their rights, and to take all the measures which might tend to their conversion. For this purpose the successive governments were particular to select for the Protestant districts bishops and civil officers who possessed in their different characters, learning, eloquence, mildness, discretion, and firmness. The consequence of this prudence and charity was the gradual conversion of the Protestants in all the middle and more populous districts of the country, by dispelling the prejudices of their ignorance, soothing their animosity, and elevating their feelings. In the course of about forty years few were found, except in the recesses of France, where they lived in a sort of primitive condition, much like the Vendéans of later days, obeying and reverencing their pastor in the guilelessness of their hearts, just as their ancestors and descendants revered their priest or curate; and, though in the want of temptation the most innocent of men,—knowing little or nothing beyond

their own daily life, and its monotonous concerns,—yet just by their position and circumstances possessed of those characteristics by which their leaders would most easily excite them to rush into any rebellion or public tumult. There were, indeed, rich and influential Protestants in some of the towns, but these were not often the objects of attack, as their habits of commerce had taught them worldly prudence, and they for the most part remained in France, steadfast in their faith, but not for that disorderly or dangerous subjects.

In these Protestant rural districts the power and majesty of the simple and yet dangerous pastor far outshone that of Louis XIV. Yet his inferiority among them might not have provoked his anger and jealousy, but for the demonstrations so often and, considering their means and ability, so injudiciously and even insolently made, of their resistance to his edicts, of their preference for other countries, for other forms and principles of government, and their construction of the edict of Nantes as a treaty of peace. It was among these innocent people that the past idea of a republic in the midst of France, and that of their being an equal body in the state, were still cherished. And it was the suspicion of their disposition to public tumult and disorder which drew the attention of the government towards them. Thus D'Aguesseau who cannot be suspected of falsehood or mistake, says that in 1683 the sixteen directors of the synod had made a secret resolution, to refuse any longer to obey the laws that had been imposed upon them in respect to management of their meeting-houses. This resolution was known by risings of the Huguenots in three or four places. The Catholics at once took to arms, and the civil war began, on a small scale indeed, but still began.

This event appears to have been the immediate cause of the revocation; and if all the letters and memoirs of the time that have come down to us are evidence of the state of public feeling and opinion in France, they prove that this measure was demanded by the public voice, if that can justify it, and that it was, as promulgated, one of

the most popular acts in the long reign of Louis XIV.

The cruelties, indeed, were not popular; but it is difficult to find in these letters or memoirs any thing to lead one to believe that such horrors and atrocities, as are related to have occurred, did take place without some specific or extenuating cause, or for the most part did take place at all. On the other hand the Protestants who left France filled all Protestant Europe with the complaint that they were the most hardly used of men; and their representations, aided by the fancy of English and Protestant writers (who, however, deserve no credit when France or the Catholic religion is their subject) have filled one's imagination with horrors and tragedies which it is almost mortifying to find are probably poetical. But whether true or false, it is still to be observed that Louvois was then the war minister of Louis XIV, a politician notorious in the history of those times for his cruelty and recklessness, which he carried beyond the bounds of legitimate hostility, even in respect to the national enemy. It was by his orders that bands of brutal soldiers, who are never, as all annals show, so ferocious as against an undisciplined peasantry, were sent into the disaffected and disobedient districts, and though Louis in his great account with posterity, must rightly bear the blame of his minister's folly or wickedness, yet in analysing the event, its causes, and character, it may be doubted whether these cruelties were dictated by religious bigotry, or difference of religious faith, and whether they would not have been equally severe if the rebellion had been composed of disaffected Catholics.

This edict ordered the pastors to quit France, or to conform in two months. To the great body of the Protestants it promised peace, and protection in their business, persons and estate, without question of their religion, of which it prohibited the public worship. The great mass of the sect did remain. The edict forbade any to go, and many escaped, just as if they had been ordered to go, many would have remained. Those who remained were principally the inhabitants of the towns, and to their honor

be it said, they continued equally faithful to their religion and their country,—not abandoning the first, nor offending against the laws of the last, and proving the good faith with which the promise of security was kept. The Protestant historians of the event differ much in the numbers of those who left the country. Basnage says from three to four hundred thousand; Martiniere, three hundred thousand; Larry, two hundred thousand; and Rhulieres, the same. But when, after the revocation, the duke of Burgundy caused the proper researches and returns to be made, the highest number was fixed, after all allowances, at about sixty-seven thousand.

It is usual to wind up all declamation upon the subject of this revocation, with lamentations of the injury it inflicted upon France, her commerce, arts, and manufactures, by withdrawing so many artisans, and so much wealth from their country. That they departed with their wealth is certainly no reflection upon the Catholic government. But in truth, of all who left, the artisans formed the smallest proportion, and the arts and advance of France suffered no delay. That other countries were improved by such skill as the French carried into them, is possible, considering the great comparative superiority of France; but if the loss had been infinitely greater than it was, it would not have equalled what she saved in blood, money and happiness, in the event of another civil and religious war. And but for the cruelties which a rude soldiery committed, the event might have happened, without exciting the sympathy of after times, and without leaving upon the memory of Louis XIV, the stain which it is now perhaps impossible to efface, but which the hand of severe and intelligent justice would not have placed there.

For it would not be difficult to show, that, as the edict of Nantes was the first and for two centuries the only European act of liberality in respect to different religious creeds, so the revocation of it, if the principles and practice of the suffering party, in those countries where they formed a majority, are to regulate our opinions, as they are not, was a wise, just, and politic

measure. The revocation is indeed to be deeply regretted—the rather as it appears at this day, that if not made an act of the government, the absorption of the Protestants into the national religion, must soon have effected the desires of the monarch and the people. It is in some sense to be regretted as an act of intolerance, which humanity and Christianity might have interfered to prevent, even at the risk of political disorder and turbulence, and also as an act partly justifying or extenuating the like intolerance and persecution in other countries, of which the party dominant in France supplied the objects, and it is still more deeply to be deplored, because of the sufferings which men of humble life and narrow means, experienced from those who, though sincere in their sense of duty, might have waited for the changes of time, or borne with the temporary aberrations of their adversaries, in the hope of a less painful condition of uniformity of faith.

But in judging of this event, our present sentiments are not the criterion which any rule of justice supplies. The authors of this measure must be judged, so far as we may judge at all, according to the lights which they possessed, and the then state of the human mind. In this respect, mere human justice will not draw from the revocation of the edict of Nantes much reason for accusation and condemnation; for if it were, at that time, a *political* principle universally agreed upon, as a rule in all nations of whatever faith, that different religions should not be tolerated under the same government, and if it were a principle of all religious sects, that one's religious adversary was not a Christian, which it so clearly was, that in all public proceedings of the Huguenots, the Catholics were denounced as the followers of Antichrist, and if it were also a principle of universal law, that one whose opinions were not Christian was not entitled to live in the social compact, nor to enjoy its protection and advantages: all of which principles were so well and universally established by decrees, confessions, synods and councils, as to expose the advocate of tolerance himself to the suspicion and punishment of treason and heresy—then certainly no-

thing can be more unjust or narrow than to visit upon any one nation, person, or act of those times, the blame which was then due to all, and would now be deserved by any who should be guilty of intolerance or persecution for religious opinions. And if any difference should be made between the intolerance of one party and of the other in those days, mere justice again would teach us that that body was least deserving of censure, and better entitled to excuse, which never having changed nor innovated upon its ancient faith complained that their own confidence in it was weakened, and their peace, security and happiness invaded and destroyed by the professors of new opinions, who in their zeal to spread them, looked upon human beings and human comforts, and human rights, as the least considerable of all impediments.

For it was no part of the duty of the reformer to leave men in the possession of their original sentiments, or even of their right to retain them. It was his sincere and conscientious conviction and still is, that his duty was to preach the gospel as he understood it, to all men blinded and benighted, to use his own cant, by the delusions which had so long enervated their minds, and which still remain to beguile and endanger at least five-sixths of the Christian world. It was his duty to sacrifice himself, and well, and faithfully he often did it; and not only himself, but all princes, people, and commonwealth—to expose them—to plunge them into dissensions, violence, bloodshed, and civil war, in his efforts to convert them to his truth. For this purpose neither political nor civil rights, nor even morals, as all were understood and had been established, were safe from his inroads and conscientious zeal, and with this energy and revolution, were also mixed much of that self-love, that innate conviction of superiority, that confidence in his own election to do the work of the Lord, which while it fortified, also embittered him, and finally led him to the belief that his enemies and opposers were also those of the Almighty, and unfit, therefore, as vessels of wrath and perdition, to be trusted with themselves, or their own religious faith. To be ever wakeful, strenuous

and constant—to overthrow the power of Rome, and place upon its ruins his own theories and domination, though deluding himself and his followers with the promise of a visionary and fantastic liberty, were his principle and characteristic; and if his adversaries had been careless or unmindful of their charge—if they had not been at least as brave, as nerved, and as conscientious as himself—if they had not been indued with the same strength and activity of conviction and enterprise, and if their belief of his errors had not been as fervid as that of their own rectitude, his efforts, speaking upon human perceptions, would probably have had no limits but Christendom. Such characteristics did not consist with tolerance. If it was his duty to preach his opinions, it was their right to retain their own. If it was his duty, and his duty he always construed to be his right, to blame all that they revered, and to violate all that they respected, and to desecrate all that they worshipped, it was their right to refuse to listen—to arrest his attempts, and to punish him for the disturbances he created, and the evil he did, and when the numbers at his side began to make it difficult to punish, the conflict between this constructive right on one side, and a sense of positive right on the other, was to be ended only by that argument which Richelieu expressed, when he inscribed upon the cannon to be used against La Rochelle, “*ultima ratio regum*,” the last argument of the state.

The idea of unity of faith was (and is, and must be, however it may be disguised or forgotten) the principle of each sect, and at this time when religious doctrines disturbed the minds of all the world—when the words grace, sanctification, justification, free will, predestination, election, &c., formed the subjects of daily unintelligible conversation and unmeaning dispute among all classes of people—the doctor, the courtier, and the artisan—when conclusions of theology entered into every concern of life, and bore upon all its transactions, public and private, the conflict of opinions became insupportable as fraught with all the dangers and disquietude which the turbulence of a minority directed against the most savage of

all despotisms, that of a majority, could engender. The exclusive possession, therefore, not only of the true faith, as involving one's salvation, but of political power as preventing these envenomed discussions and public disorders, necessarily became the trait of each new sect as it successively arose, and the absolute conformity of religion, which always produces more or less conformity of public and private principle and conduct, was regarded, and not without reason, as indispensable in every community and kingdom.

Whatever, therefore, may have been the real or pretended advantages of the Reformation, (and it is not meant to deny that by its reaction it purged the Church of many evils and corruptions, not in respect of its religious faith, but of ecclesiastical practices which had heretofore defiled it,) it never can be presumed by any sane man that toleration, that is, the open profession of any religious belief, was either its avowed or accidental intention or consequence; but this toleration born of the fatigue and disgust which philosophy and men at length experienced in prolonged, innumerable, and irritating disputations, uncertainties, and violence of and concerning doctrines and mysteries, was, and is in direct and diametrical opposition to the principles and practice of its leaders and followers. Nothing can be more false to history, or more unphilosophical, more ignorant even than to contend that religious liberty was, as is daily brayed in our ears, the intention and effect of the Reformation. The liberty of opinion or of conscience, or of public worship according to conscience, was the very last thing which the first or subsequent reformers avowed or permitted, and even at this day it is difficult to perceive that the upholders of the Reformation are more inclined to allow a difference of opinion upon matters of faith, morals or conduct, than are their adversaries, or were their predecessors.

While Luther was shaking the circle which surrounded him, the contest was one between himself and the Pope—a word which, on his side, denoted an individual, and on that of his adversaries a principle. After the outbreak, the quarrel lost the sim-

ple character of an attempt to correct mere abuses, and assumed that of mixed speculation and temporal dominion. The violence of the pulpit and the schools was followed by that of armies, and wherever the Reformation set its foot, civil war, and the worst of civil wars, that of religious intolerance, was found to sprout and flourish. In England it is veiled as a contest for civil rights. In Germany, in France, and in Scotland, it was avowed as religious. In all, however, it was of the same complicated character, and in each it flourished or fell according to the prepossession of the government, or the strength of the arm of flesh. In none was toleration thought of.

"It was then held inconsistent," says a Protestant writer of this day, "with the sovereignty of the magistrate to permit any religion but his own, inconsistent with his duty to suffer any but the true." What was the true was a question to be solved by ministers of the gospel, universities and synods, of the same way of thinking as himself, and he who had not hit upon the true was punishable not only for the publication of the opinion, but for the opinion itself. Thus Luther, whose character, though it shows many of the coarser and more vulgar traits of sensuality, narrowness of views, and abandoned love of popularity, does not appear to possess that of actual cruelty, denounced and held to be worthy of punishment all who differed from him in opinion, and his followers thinking with him, cut off the Calvinists from all salvation, and Calvin himself, in earlier days the object of persecution by his brother reformers, (who at one time drove him from Geneva, where he afterwards re-established himself,) not a civil magistrate, nor charged with judicial authority, nor responsible for any defect of public justice, but possessed of an ecclesiastical influence so great and of power so unequalled, that all that is claimed for a Pope on the score of infallibility is insignificant as compared with what was due to him, denounced James Gruel, a learned man of those days, as heretical in the doctrines of predestination, and deficient in morals, in Calvin's opinion, and Gruel was beheaded for his ideas. He

burned Servetus, or rather condemned him to death, for he alleges that he used his influence with the magistrates to change the mode of death to decapitation, but the notion that he had done a wrong act, or one of even doubtful virtue, never disturbed him. Nay the intention to do it did not appear to him to be wrong, for knowing some time before of Servetus' wish to come to Geneva, and that his apprehension of Calvin's resentment deterred him, Calvin writing to two friends said that he would not commit himself—that if Servetus came he should do so at his risk, and that he would not suffer him if he did come to go away safe, (*salvus*) in one letter, alive (*vivus*) in another. Yet Servetus was no disturber of the state—his book had been published in another country—he had never been in Geneva—he had never expressed any opinion within their jurisdiction, and he was forced to this town in flying to escape the persecution against him in Vienne where his book was printed, so that here were civil magistrates, whose power to notice offences was necessarily bounded by their own territory, justified and bound according to the opinion and judgment of Calvin and his fellow theologians, to put to death a man whose mere ideas they judged to be inconsistent with the unity and peace of their Church. So Castalio, another learned man, and author of a translation of the Bible into Latin, was banished by Calvin because he did not embrace predestination in its full extent, and also because he had peculiar ideas about the song of Solomon. Grotius, fifty years after, says of Calvin, that he placed no faith in him as he knew how "iniquitously and virulently he had treated better men than himself, Cassander Balderinus, and Castalio." Even Melancthon, "tolerable mild," who was all for humanity and benevolence, dared not to disapprove of the murder of Servetus, but was induced, in a letter to Beza, to express his approbation of the crime. It is true that Servetus' doctrines were directed equally against all religions, and against all the then sects, but this so far from giving any one a right to punish, might have been in humanity a reason why all should neglect him. Theodore de Beza, the most distinguished

of Calvin's friends, published a work (after Calvin's own justification of himself), in which contending for the propriety of the capital punishments of heretics, he laments that he has in opposition to him, not only such skeptics or academics as Castalio (who in a short tract directed against Calvin had faintly doubted the virtue of public execution for opinions), but even some pious and learned men, and in his work Beza upholds that heretical opinions, that is, opinions not accordant with Calvin's, are to be punished by death or other corporal punishment, on the ground of the excessive atrocity of the crime—the crime of differing from Calvin, and by the force of all precedents in the Jewish and Christian history. Lipsius too about 1590, published a work in which he inveighed against the toleration of more than one religion in a state, and in urging the necessity of punishment for difference of opinion, exclaims, "Burn, cut off some members that the rest may live," and when Koonhest, a man of learning dedicated to the magistrates of Leyden his courageous answer to Lipsius, against the horrid practice of visiting opinions with death, they thought fit to declare by a public act that they did not accept the dedication, so that from 1554 when Calvin vindicated the magistrates and himself for the death of Servetus down to 1590, which was eight years before the edict of Nantes, no Protestant community had any other idea than that those, who under the promise that the Bible was open to all men's construction, ventured to put upon it their own construction differing from that of the majority, were justly deserving of death for their opinions, and as is well said by an English Protestant writer of this day of great learning, "At the end of the 16th century, the simple proposition that men, for holding heterodox opinions in religion, ought not to be burned alive or put to death, was in itself a heresy exposing its defender to punishment, and no one had yet pretended to assert the general right of religious worship which in fact was rarely or never conceded to the Catholics in a Protestant country, though the Huguenots in France shed oceans of blood to secure the same privilege for themselves," of the

truth of which conclusion it is not necessary to trouble you with more proofs than have been given, easily as they might be displayed.

In the seventeenth century the state of feeling was but little changed, though towards its close executions or severe corporal punishments, judicially inflicted for religious belief diminished in number in all countries, except England and Scotland, but in none were so much disused as in France, among the Catholics. Still the idea of toleration, that is, of that religious liberty by which each man was entitled publicly to worship God, according to his own tenets, and to believe what he pleased, however absurd and brainless, or wise and gifted he might be, was, it may be said, scarcely conceived; for the most strenuous and boldest of the humane and liberal had gone no further than to deny the wisdom of penal—but more especially of capital punishments for mere private peculiar religious opinions. In the beginning of that century the Arminians, denying the doctrine of predestination, first demanded a public toleration in Holland, where it prevailed, and the great Grotius, in his famous speech to the magistrates, claimed for this sect the free use of the churches upon this particular ground, itself intolerant, that mere separate toleration of sectarian establishments in the same country, rent the bosom of the Church; the result of which claim was that Alten-Barnaveldt, the greatest man and wisest patriot whom Holland had ever produced, the real cause of her independence, and a model of virtue and goodness, was put to death at the age of seventy-four, by judicial sentence, for not believing in predestination. And this same Grotius, one of the men who have most given to Holland her fame, was condemned for the same cause to perpetual imprisonment, from which he only escaped by flying into Sweden. In the same century Fuller in England laments the sympathy which the people showed for Legal and Wightman, who had been burned by James I for their opinions in 1614, which sympathy, however, does not appear in that Protestant country, to have been ever extended to Catholics.

About the middle of that century it seems to have been admitted by some men of learning, among whom was the celebrated Jeremy Taylor, in his *Liberty of Prophecy*, and it was the extent of their admission, that no matter of mere opinion, nor error of doctrine that was not of itself sin, was to be persecuted or punished by death or corporal suffering. In this sentiment Bayle followed at the close of the century, ridiculing the construction of the text upon which the respective dominant parties had justified their intolerance—"Compel them to come in." But between this admission of Taylor, and simple and complete toleration,—between the total indifference to mere opinions, and the permission to disseminate and uphold them, and worship according to conscience, there is a great gulf which no Protestant country in Europe passed for more than one hundred years afterwards. In some nations indeed the degree of liberality became greater as those of the majority permitted the public worship of other dissenting sects. But taking the great division to be what it always must remain between Protestants and Catholics, in no country, except in France, during the existence of the edict of Nantes, which was repealed about the close of this century, did the civil magistrate permit, nor by the intimate relation still existing between theologians and the municipal law, could he permit the public existence of an adverse religion. The Church of England was crushed by its fellow dissenters (to whom it sacrificed the little that it had in character, doctrine, and in polity), during the great rebellion of 1688, but under neither was the Catholic allowed to shew his own religious belief.

From the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth down to that of the nineteenth century, a period of about two hundred and thirty years, the condition of the Catholics in England (from which country flow so many tirades about toleration, and which habitually preaches a public virtue that it does not practice) was not unlike that of the Protestants of France, during and for about fifty years next after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Thus in England the Catholic was not allowed by statutes passed

as early as the reign of Elizabeth, and invigorated by those of William and Mary about 1695, to depart five miles from his own dwelling; and in France the Protestant was forbidden to fly his country. In each country the one and the other were both forbidden by public acts to appear at court, to practice law or physic, or bear any public office or charge. In England, in the reign of Charles II, Catholic noblemen were deprived of their seats in the house of lords; and in France the very few who remained, were excluded from all military or civil employment. In England Catholics could not rise in the army, the navy, or the law, and those who married otherwise than according to the laws of the establishment, were deprived of their rights in each other's estate, and both incurred a heavy fine, while in France Protestants could not marry except according to the Catholic rite. French children were bribed to be educated by Catholics, and taken from their father's care, if he relapsed into Protestantism. And Catholic English children sent beyond sea to be educated, forfeited all their rights and estates, if they did not renounce their religion in six months after their return. A Catholic who in England would not take the oath against transubstantiation, that is, abjure his religion, was forbidden to keep, under penalty of seizure, any arms, or gunpowder, or a horse above the value of five pounds, was moreover to suffer, by his mere refusal, as a recusant convict, thereby incurring the loss of all his estate and means of life, and being out of the protection by the law, a fate which might consign him to a violent death, and often did consign him to endless imprisonment. But this has no parallel in France. Protestant schools in France, however, were not to be kept within six leagues of any town, and in England a Catholic who kept school was to be condemned to perpetual imprisonment. In England the inheritance of an educated Papist was to be taken from him to pass to his next Protestant relation, but in France no deprivation was allowed for religious differences. Louvois, the savage minister of Louis XIV, wrote to the governors that the troops in the Protestant districts were to be quartered

upon the Huguenots doubly ; twenty upon him for ten upon a Catholic. And in 1723, in addition to the double taxes which in England were at all times laid upon Catholics, an act of parliament levied upon them, exclusive of all the rest of the nation, one hundred thousand pounds, equal to about one million five hundred thousand pounds of this day, to pay the expenses of prosecutions for conspiracies, in which, as Catholics merely, they had no concern, and in which those who were implicated were involved with all the Jacobite Protestant party. At any time a Catholic not having lands of twenty marks a year, nor worth forty pounds, must abjure the realm or his religion, and it was felony to remain after a justice of the peace had ordered him to depart. While the baptism of his children by any but a minister of the Church of England, incurred a penalty of one hundred pounds ; not participating at communion service once a year, and not attending the established Church service once a month, were visited with the heavy penalty of forty pounds, doubling themselves for each omission. In France the Huguenot meeting-houses were torn down, and the flock was forbidden to worship in public ; but in England, in the reign of Elizabeth, to be present at mass, was worth two hundred pounds, and in that of William III, in the year 1700, it cost the same sum ; the priest who celebrated it was liable to perpetual imprisonment, and he who detected him received a reward of one hundred pounds. In both countries those who, having once conformed, relapsed, were subject to heavy punishments ; and the Catholic who brought into England any thing blessed by the Pope, was liable to a præmunire, that is, to be hanged, drawn and quartered.

In France the Huguenots began to return in about 1740, and no notice was afterwards taken of them by the government, of which Cardinal Henry, the head, checked one or two attempts to revive the ancient quarrels, as is admitted, even by the bigoted Sismondi. Their position in the world did not often induce them to aspire to any offices of state, but they passed their lives in civil security, relieved of vexations, and dis-

creetly veiling their worship from such observation as might have excited disturbance, a prudence more owing to their weakness than their disposition. Since the re-establishment of religion by the Emperor Napoleon, they have equal rights in all respects, though just after the restoration they were involved in some transient difficulties to which they have given the name of a persecution, and which their adversaries deny to have been even ill-treatment. Their number is about a million, as it was at the revocation ; their churches are where they choose to place them, and when they require others, which has not happened, except to rebuild those dilapidated by time, they are entitled to the same aid as Catholics, and receive it from the government. Their preachers are also partly supported by the national revenues, as are the Catholics, and whatever new Christian sect arises. But it cannot be said that they increase, that they attract attention, make proselytes, or are popular.

Towards the close of the last century many of the most odious laws in force in England and Ireland against Catholics, were repealed after great and violent opposition. The repeated efforts made by liberal men to revoke their exclusion from high public offices and seats in the houses, were unavailing and defeated until 1828, when the same ministers who had always led the opposition against their emancipation, as it was called, were driven by political combinations to make a voluntary abandonment of their own prejudices, and a vicarious sacrifice of the consciences of their own supporters. The Catholics were then admitted to equal political rights, and the incredulous Englishman, to his own surprise and discomfiture, still finds himself alive, the Inquisition not yet at work, the island unconquered by the forces of the Pope, and her gracious majesty, the defender of the faith, still the head of the Church, and the teeming happy mother of other scarcely less divine offspring.

While, therefore, there existed in England, for the last one hundred years the first Protestant nation of the world, from the year 1570 down to the year 1828, such bitterness as compelled not only the enact-

ment, but the enforcement of such laws, divesting subjects of rank, character, and education, and in all the classes of society, simply because of their religious opinions, of all the rights of the social compact, and all the happiness of life, it is, one does not know whether to say, most wicked or most stupid, to talk of and dwell upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes, as an act of unexampled and unequalled bigotry and atrocity. Whatever bigotry is perceptible in France is more evident in England, as there of a later and more enlightened day. The bishops and priests around Louis XIV in 1655, consented, at least the greater number, to the revocation, but it was an act of the civil authority; and the ministers of the establishment in England, with one or two exceptions, in 1828, opposed the emancipation, and advised George III, at least as bigoted as Louis XIV, that his coronation oath bound him to prevent its relief. The duke of Burgundy, the expectant successor of Louis XIV, approved in 1670, of the revocation, on political reasons exclusively, in a paper which he drew up, and which remains to prove how much France lost in his death. The duke of York opposed emancipation in 1826, he being the presumptive heir to the throne, and bound himself by a solemn pledge, which is not, however, a monument of genius, never to consent to it. But in truth, in France, in 1685, and in England, in 1828, bigotry was not so much the motive, as political necessities and theories.

The reformation in England owes its origin to the amorous desires of Henry VIII, who had determined to marry Anna Boleyn, to do which the divorce by the Pope from Catherine was necessary. This the Pope refused to grant, as against all the principles and practice of the Catholic Church; and the change in religious faith was then enacted by parliament. The power of the crown came in aid of it, under Elizabeth, and those who had refused to acknowledge the divorce by the council, denied of course the legitimacy of Anna's daughter, the really bloody Elizabeth. The consequence was quarrels and bitterness, of which the use was religion, and the motive

politics; and the animosity which in all probability would have been soothed, if the mildness of the present day had then prevailed, resulted in fixing Elizabeth, who was certainly, strangely for a Protestant, impressed with the feelings and ideas of a Catholic, in direct and unchangeable opposition to the Catholic religion. It is not at this day pretended that the refusal of the sovereignty of the Pope was then meant to involve, though it led to a total loss of all the marks of a Church. From her reign through all the changes of the times and parties, the Catholics uniformly faithful to the constitution, were courted for a moment by each successive party, only to be rejected or sacrificed. And during all this period, her nobles and her commoners transmitted their faith from generation to generation, with scarcely an instance of abjuration or infidelity. The lapse of time from Elizabeth down to Charles II rather compounded than diminished the sources of hatred; and the national madness and universal folly prevailing in the reign of Charles II and directed against the Catholics, incredible as it is that such delusion should ever have existed, required one hundred and forty years, not to pass away, for one cannot but see around him some traces of its lingering and unwelcome stay, but even to lose its violence and cruelty. And he who wishes to ascertain and compare the toleration of a Catholic and Protestant country, may look to the revocation of the edict of Nantes, where the orders of a government, in perfect keeping with the principles of the age, and the natural cruelty of a soldiery, disapproved of by many of the kingdom, were alleviated and mitigated by all; and to the universal people of England in the reign of Charles II and James II, ready to tear the Catholics to pieces, driving the public officers to persecute and murder them for impossible offences, believing steadily for twenty years that the Jesuits meant to burn down the city of London. Gulled with and wrought to madness by the stupid and ill contrived villainy of Oates and Braloe, staking all that a man was worth in head, heart or estate upon his belief of a divine mystery, not singular in its difficulty, re-

jecting at the same time the speaking evidence of the believer's charity and Christianity in the real protection and assistance which he afforded to the destitute Huguenots who sought refuge in England, and sustaining a nobleman when he declared as a legislator that "he would not have so much as a Popish man nor a Popish woman, to remain here, not so much as a Popish dog, or a Popish bitch,—nay, not so much as a Popish cat, to pur and mew about the king;" a speech which gained him great honor in his day, from his intelligent and liberal countrymen, and for which or for any thing like it, Louis XIV, or any French gentleman would have been laughed out of the kingdom of France.

From this time through the reigns of William and Anne they were the objects of most severe enactments and prosecutions, directed against them as supporters of the Stewarts, and after the final destruction of the hopes of that family in 1745, they are not heard of as connected with politics, nor in fact in any way until the No-Popery riots of 1780. But in the interval the power of the establishment had at first so completely engrossed the public mind, and the rise of other sects had afterwards so divided it, that the Catholics were looked upon as almost insolent when they claimed to be Englishmen, and as rebels when they asked to come into parliament. The gross conceptions of their adversaries had spread through the nation, falsehoods so dull and obvious, that it requires great credulity to believe that any man could have been so stupid and so ignorant as to give them credit. But the few had in the meantime become liberal, and down to 1828 Catholic emancipation was the watchword of the enlightened. From the event of the repeal of those badges of intolerance yet remaining in a country which is suffered to teach us, they have gone on in peace, spreading themselves with humility and charity, and dispelling the errors which ignorance and spite had disseminated and almost planted in the nation.

In like manner in France, though the opposition of the Catholics was at first exclusively directed against the tenets of the new

religionists, yet gradually political interests were mingled with, and perhaps increased this repugnance into hatred. The dukes of Guise were sincerely and most faithfully attached to their own religion, and headed the Catholic party. They were men of great courage, skill, gallantry, eminently gifted with all the more brilliant and generous qualities of the head and heart, so imposing and splendid in their exterior that in their presence all other princes were insignificant, and possessing also all the traits which command the confidence and attract the affection of equals and inferiors. No subject ever rose to so great power in spite of, and against the will of a monarch, as Henry duke of Guise, without shaking the order of the monarchy, and but for his participation in the St. Bartholomew massacre, to which if it is any excuse he lent himself to revenge his father's murder, none ever left a grander reputation, but it was the intention of his family to ascend the throne, on the death of Henry III, in exclusion of Henry IV. In this view he was supported by the will of the people, and in it he probably would have succeeded but that Henry III, whose imbecile vanity he had wounded, privately assassinated him and his brother. The remaining brother the duke de Mayenne preserved the same intention, and headed the Catholic armies against Henry IV, whose abjuration of Calvinism weakened the duke, and after Henry had ascended the throne, the same elements of religious and political hatred remained to embitter the followers of each sect. At the time of the revocation, their religion which had made no progress in France was not so much the object of attack, as their preference of a republican government, and their connection with foreign nations, which it can scarcely be questioned, it was the honest and natural duty of the government of France to oppose and even punish, and after this revocation had worked its effect in breaking up and shivering their party and designs, the Protestants about 1745, returned to and remained in France in complete security, which a few years afterwards by the unanimous consent of the kingdom was extended into, and is now perfect and

entire equality, not only by law but by the charity and good feeling of the people.

From this brief and imperfect sketch of the progress of toleration it may be seen that, odious as bigotry must always be, it is comparatively harmless when civil rights or political interests are not connected with it, and that when men's religious belief is made the ground of affecting their rights, their interests, or even their tempers, the usual result has been violence and civil war, that it is but of late that the principle of toleration has been recognized in Protestant countries, that though some at this day admit that a man may believe in doctrines in which they do not coincide without being a bad citizen, yet in this they do but imitate the example of Catholic countries, and that certain as it is, and even declared by law, it is not yet universally and sincerely felt that the faith of no one sect, when it is tolerated, leads to injustice or crime, to tyranny, or to dissension.

But the right of public toleration is not enough, without the acknowledgment of its principle, which is charity. To no one sect is it given to limit its duties now to expound and describe the rights—social, legal, or municipal—of others. In this matter

among us the majority has no more value than the smallest quantity. Nor can a union of all against one find either its justification in numbers or authority, or its excuse in hasty passion, shallow judgment, or even in the forgetfulness of all that their Bible and all Christianity dictate. To the timorous must be left their fears, to the ignorant their prejudices, to the vain their glory of opposition, and to the unworthy their desire of a vulgar and antichristian popularity. But if even madness should so rule the hour, that the union of all these and surely none others could join in such a purpose, shall tend to the oppression, the persecution, the violation of the rights of any religious class, then, instead of fears, or doubts, or hostile alliances, the persecuted may safely trust to the good sense and honor of the community, and well believe that their foolish adversaries will only sooner lose their power to do harm, that their efforts will be bounded by their magnanimity, while their silly design to alarm the community by fears of a creed, will be heartily laughed at by the sensible men of their own belief, and entirely forgiven and forgotten by the objects of their generous and enlightened hatred.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE WILLIAM JENKINS.

"Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,"

"How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and withered of their force.
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight!"

Scott.

PERHAPS no man now living, has been identified for so long a period with the Catholic Church in Baltimore, as was the subject of this memoir. One of the oldest trustees of St. Peter's and the Cathedral congregation, and one of the most useful, enterprising, and exemplary members of the board, he enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the venerable Archbishop Carroll,

and of each of the succeeding prelates of the see of Baltimore. He was one of that small number of Catholics who worshipped in the first humble building known as St. Peter's church,—then the only Catholic church in Baltimore; and he continued for more than sixty years a member of the same congregation, until he saw the stately Cathedral and several other beautiful Catholic churches

crowded with worshippers. No Catholic in Maryland was more extensively known among his brethren; and though none was more frequently appealed to for aid in the building of churches, the support of missions and the many other works of benevolence which make pecuniary aid indispensable, his hand was ever ready to dispense the wealth with which God had blessed his industrious and virtuous life.

As a patriarch among the Catholics of Maryland, and so long connected with the history of Catholicity in this state, a notice of Mr. Jenkins seems an appropriate subject for these pages, while the exemplary discharge of his duties as a fervent Catholic and a good citizen, presents him as a model for imitation, worthy of the study of those who would seek to "live soberly, justly and godly, in this world," and prove that the Catholic religion is not less suited to the stirring scenes of active life, than to the retirement of the cloister.

William Jenkins was born in 1766, at "Long Green," in Baltimore county, upon an estate which his uncle, Courtenay Jenkins, had obtained by patent from the lord proprietary of Maryland, about the year 1740. His ancestors having emigrated from Great Britain to escape the persecutions against Catholics, had established themselves as early as 1660, at the head of St. Mary's river. His grandfather intermarried with the daughter of Captain Thomas Courtenay.

The Protestant ascendancy in Maryland, which, in 1692, made the Church of England the established Church of the colony, *by law*; in 1704 passed "An act to prevent the growth of Popery within the province," by which all bishops or priests of the Catholic Church, were inhibited, under severe penalties, from saying mass, or exercising their spiritual functions, and Catholics were prohibited from engaging in the instruction of youth. In the language of the impartial and eloquent McMahon, "thus, in a colony which was established by Catholics, and grew up to power and happiness under the government of a Catholic, the Catholic inhabitant was the only victim of religious intolerance."^{*}

^{*} History of Maryland, p. 246.

Michael, the father of Mr. Jenkins, with his two brothers, Courtenay and Ignatius, annoyed and impoverished by the restrictions imposed upon them on account of their religion, removed to Baltimore county,—then regarded as a remote, as it was a sparsely inhabited part of the province; hoping in an obscure location, to practise their faith with less molestation, and to escape in some measure the exactions and penalties imposed upon "*Popish recusants*." At a later date, his other paternal uncles, except Austin, who became a priest, and died in his native country, migrated to the western states. The father married the niece of Mr. Ignatius Wheeler, a wealthy Catholic gentleman of Harford county, descended from the first settlers of Maryland.

The ancestors of William Jenkins had flourished under the paternal government of the Calverts, and suffered persecution under the Protestant ascendancy, but neither prosperity, the hope of reward, nor pains and penalties, ever caused them to swerve from that which they cherished above all things, the faith for which they had forsaken their parent land.

From early childhood the subject of this memoir was distinguished for gentleness and piety, united to great firmness and energy. Though but a child at the commencement of our revolutionary struggle, he glowed with enthusiasm for his country's success. He has often related to his children, as illustrating the spirit of those times of peril and glory, that his country schoolmaster, who had scarcely a boy over ten years of age, would, after the school exercises were over, form his little scholars in military array, and arming them with sticks and corn stalks, teach them the "art of war," to prepare them for future service. About the close of the war of independence, having attained his thirteenth year, and perceiving that the means of his father would be insufficient for his numerous offspring, he determined to visit Baltimore, and there become the artificer of his own fortune. He entered as an apprentice to the tanning business, under William Hayward, a member of the Society of Friends, of whom he always spoke with respect; the

latter used to boast of his boy Billy, as the best of apprentices, and as a man, his best friend. Very soon after completing his apprenticeship, he commenced business on his own account.

With a cash capital of two hundred dollars, borrowed from his father, and with the more efficient aid of industry and temperance, he established himself in his trade, on Water street, at the place where he continued to transact business for fifty-five years. His probity and strict attention soon secured him the good will of all with whom he had dealings, and prospering in his first attempt he was soon able to extend his business with the success that usually attends prudence and application. But his prospects were suddenly darkened by a calamity that would have discouraged men of less fortitude.

Nearly all his capital being invested in the stock of a tan yard which he had rented, an accidental fire totally destroyed his property. Not being insured—for there was no insurance company in Baltimore, in those days—his loss was very severe. But that energy which gave so much manliness to his character, displayed itself in this severe disappointment of his youthful hopes.

Relying upon Divine Providence, to whose visitation he bowed with Christian submission, he began the world again; and by the aid of his naturally clear understanding and sound judgment, with the advantages acquired by his late experience in business, and the physical powers of a hardy and robust constitution, he soon found himself in possession of as much as he had lost. Devoting himself with great assiduity to business, he became one of the most useful citizens, and contributed to build up the trade and promote the prosperity of Baltimore: whose success in commerce, and rapid growth in the quarter of a century that succeeded the revolution were astonishing. Of his own branch of business, which became one of the most useful to that city, he may be regarded as the founder, and in which he lived to be more extensively engaged for many years than any other person in the state. A high character for integrity, and his just and liberal con-

duct, gave him the highest credit, which he used with prudence and intelligence. He took pride in advancing the interests of the leather trade in Baltimore, and when he had introduced any new process or machinery, took pleasure in making known their advantages to others, inviting them with true liberality to avail themselves of his improvements. He took pleasure in assisting young men in whom he discovered industry and talents for business, not a few of whom can date their success in after life to his judicious counsel and efficient aid. As a kind master he had no superior. During the prevalence of yellow fever in 1798, or 1800, he had several apprentices, one of whom contracting the fatal disease was nursed by his kind master with a parent's care, and although the fever was at that time believed to be contagious, Mr. Jenkins slept in the same room, and sometimes in the same bed, and never left him until he was carried off by the fatal disease. It is in acts like these, to which the God of charity never fails to give his blessing, that we can recognize the true Christian.

He showed the sincerity and strength of his faith, by his exact observance of all that the Church enjoins, and he found in the faithful performance of his religious duties, the best protection against the dissipation and the allurements to vice with which his youth was surrounded. In a conversation with the writer, two or three years before his death, he stated that although often solicited by his companions to mingle with bad company, he had preserved his virtue unsullied amidst the temptations of youth.

He performed with exemplary public spirit the duties of a good citizen. At the commencement of the last war, although exempted by age from military duty, he became a member of a volunteer troop of cavalry, under Captain Thompson, and performed an active part in the defence of Baltimore in 1814. During that exciting time, when the patriotism of Baltimore shone with conspicuous lustre, there were trials more severe than those of battle: when heads of families were separated for several days from their homes, while the timid wife and mother, and helpless children were

uncertain of the fate of that being who was most dear to them on earth. When the troop was on duty at North Point, a few days before the battle, a rumor reached the city that the enemy had landed during the night, and attacking Cap. Thompson's troop had cut it to pieces. Who can describe the feelings of the wife and mother at such a moment! Fortunately Mr. Jenkins having been ordered to the city on special duty, soon relieved the anxiety of the families of his fellow-soldiers, and having obtained permission to visit his own family, his sudden appearance brought joy to his home. Throwing aside his uniform and accoutrements to snatch a moment's repose, he found when rising to resume them, that the fond wife, scarce recovered from her late alarm, had secreted them, and no persuasion could induce her to restore them. She plead his legal exemption from duty, &c., and he unable to prevail against her gentle violence, re-mounted his horse, and in citizen's dress, returned to his post at the appointed time, and reported himself for duty. He had four brothers in the field as volunteers during the defence. Knowing that two of them were in a most exposed situation during the battle, and missing his foreman, also a volunteer, he undertook the painful task of searching among the dead and wounded for them.

A beautiful trait in his character was his love for his brothers. During the illness of the youngest of them, who lived at a distance of sixteen miles, Mr. Jenkins would leave the city in the afternoon regardless of the state of the weather, watch by his brother's bedside the greatest part of every night, and returning to the city the following morning, resume his attention to business.

There was a charm about the domestic life of Mr. Jenkins that never failed to impress visitors. In fact it was at home—at his beautiful seat, Oak-hill, that his character was exhibited in its true lustre; not only in dispensing the rites of hospitality to others

with cordial satisfaction, but in the gentle government of his numerous family. It appeared to be his successful aim to make *home* the happiest place on earth to his children. While the example of his habits of temperance and industry, and his regular performance of the exercises of religion commanded the veneration of all who witnessed the uniform excellence of his well spent life, he encouraged rational mirth and the indulgence of the exuberance of youthful spirits by the pleasure he manifested in seeing all around him happy. Like a crystal vase filled with wine, in which the generous contents give a glow to the sparkling purity of the exterior—the kindness of his heart gave both sweetness to his manners, and grace to his virtue.

In April 1842, he was visited by a slight paralytic attack. He received the visitation with pious submission, as a warning to prepare for death, and immediately applied himself to the final arrangement of his temporal and spiritual affairs. Although he partially recovered from the effects of the disease, so as to give his family and friends hopes that his life might be spared for several years, he devoted himself with renewed earnestness to prayer, and to the reception of the sacraments.

In February, 1843, he had a second attack, and felt conscious his end was approaching. In the full possession of his intellectual powers, he disposed himself for the end of life with calm piety, profound humility, and trust in God, and on the 21st of February, breathed his last, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

All persons engaged in the branch of trade of which he was considered the father, closed their places of business, through respect for his memory, and the immense number who, amid inclement weather, attended his funeral, testified the general veneration in which the upright man had been held by the community which had known him best.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

PUSEYISM IN ENGLAND.—On Sunday last Dr. Pusey preached to a large congregation at Christ church, and publicly, and without reserve, professed and taught the great fundamental doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church, namely, *Transubstantiation*. The text was that which describes the institution of the Lord's supper, by our Lord (Matt. xxvi, 26, 27, 28, compared with John vi, 54). Dr. Pusey took these texts in the literal sense in which the gross-minded Jews and uninstructed disciples took them, and for which they were rebuked by our Lord. In the first part of his sermon, Dr. Pusey adopted the precise line of argument employed by Dr. Wiseman in his volume published in the year 1836, and which consisted of lectures delivered at the English college at Rome. Following Dr. Wiseman, Dr. Pusey maintained that on consecrating the elements of bread and wine, a change took place, but the *mode* of which it is presumptuous to inquire, but which we were to regard as a wonderful mystery, that it should be bread and wine, and yet the *very* body and blood of Christ. In support of these statements Dr. Pusey quoted the language of the *Council of Trent*, sess. xiii, c. 3 and 4. It may be remarked here that Dr. Turton, the able and learned dean of Westminster, in his work on the eucharist, has ably criticised the principles of interpretation adopted by Dr. Wiseman, but of these criticisms Dr. Pusey took not the least notice.

The second part of his sermon was on the *Communication of the remission of sins*; and here the reader will perceive comes the awful and practical part of the subject. *Transubstantiation* is not a barren, inoperative speculation, but constitutes a system of divinity, and determines the whole character of the revelation of God's will to man;—and Dr. Pusey went necessarily the whole length of the argument, and labored to show that the "remission of sins" referred not only to the atonement on the cross, by the one offering of the body of Christ, but also to the celebration of the Lord's supper; here again he quoted "*the ancient Church*," as authority. This doctrine is also maintained in Tract 90, as we noticed at the time, this tract asserting "that there is nothing in the thirty-first article against the mass in itself, or against its being an offering for the remission of sin, when considered as

a continuation of Christ's sacrifice."—P. 63, first edition.

Consistently with these views, Dr. Pusey, in practically applying his subject, spoke of the Lord's supper as the means of continuing and maintaining the spiritual life imparted in baptism; and urged to more frequent communion, both on the part of "the *holy*" and of *sinners*; the former that they may enjoy an antipast of heaven; the latter that they might, peradventure, obtain the remission of sins.—*Tablet*?

In consequence of the expression of these opinions, Dr. Pusey was required to submit his sermon to the consideration of a *board of heresy*. What the result will be is yet uncertain.

THE KIRK OF SCOTLAND.—The secession of those ministers of the Church of Scotland who protest against the interference of the civil power in ecclesiastical matters, has at length occurred. At the meeting of the general assembly, Dr. Welsh, the ex-moderator, read a statement, couched in the most temperate language, of the reasons which had induced the dissentients to separate themselves from the Church. Immediately after its perusal the seceders vacated the assembly and convened a meeting of their own, over which the celebrated Dr. Chalmers was elected to preside. The protest was signed by three hundred and ninety-five ministers, among whom may be found the most eloquent, zealous, and scholar-like personages of whom Presbyterianism can boast. Towards the erection and endowment of the churches in which these ministers must henceforth officiate, handsome contributions have been made, and in some instances by benefactors who, though they are opposed to the principle, the maintenance of which has effected the schism, cannot forbear admiring the disinterested integrity of the men who have created it.

The disruption arose from a dispute as to the right of the civil courts to interfere in clerical matters, on the one hand; and on the other from the dread that if the spiritual courts once assumed authority, they might dexterously and eagerly usurp and entrench upon the prerogatives of all other tribunals.

It was a bad day for Scotland when this rupture occurred. It will require years of patient conciliation and anxious labor to atone for the mischief which this feud has done. All the

clergymen whom the non-intrusionists, when they had a majority in the assembly, had deposed, have been reinstated.

There remain seven hundred and thirty-three parish ministers, and one hundred and two ministers of chapels, who adhere to the establishment.—*Catholic Herald*.

CANADA.—*Conversions*.—The return of a great number of Protestants to the Catholic Church is a fact worthy of remark, at the present time, and which excites the attention of the world. We do not receive a religious journal from the United States, England, France, &c. which does not tell us of numerous conversions in every part of those countries, among all classes of society.

It is only the Catholic journals of Lower Canada which have not as yet spoken of like conversions. It is not to be inferred, therefore, that there have been none, or that they have been very rare.

It has been proven that during the cholera of 1832, there were no fewer than eighty Protestants who solicited the assistance of the clergy, and embraced the Catholic faith upon the bed of death, in the city of Quebec alone. We have been informed that at least an equal number of Protestants died Catholics in Montreal during the same visitation.

But when we say that the conversions are frequent, we do not intend to speak of conversions made under those extraordinary circumstances, in the last hour of life; at that hour when we fear God alone, and when we have in view no other interests than those of the soul—we wish to mention only the conversions which are made daily, and which are found recorded on the registry of the parish.

Those registries verify that *four hundred and eighteen* Protestants made abjuration of their faith, in the parish of Quebec alone, in 1826. Many of those converts were the fathers and mothers of families, where the conversion naturally included that of their children; but those children are not comprised in this number. There have been at least twenty-four conversions per year, in the parish of Quebec, since 1826.

During the last there are counted forty-one, and in the month of January of this year, there were registered twenty. We can judge from this of the number of conversions which are made during the year, in other parts of the province, and it is easy to see that the religious movement that leads the Protestants to return to the bosom of the Catholic Church, is no less manifest in Canada than in other countries.

The proof that this religious movement in Canada is not limited to the towns of Quebec

and Montreal, and is besides of a date as recent as that we have just indicated, is found in the report, read and adopted the 6th of March, 1843, at the "First Anniversary of the Association of the Presbyterian Congregations of Montreal, in aid of Missions," and published in the *Montreal Gazette* of the 18th of April, and in the *Herald* of the twentieth. The members of the Presbyterian Association of Montreal, ministers and laity, orthodox and dissenting, proclaim to the world, in this official report, that "*the majority—nearly the whole*"—of the Protestant settlers in the time of the first establishment of English ascendancy in Canada, have either embraced the Catholic faith, or else ceased to believe in the different forms of Protestantism which were imported with them, and that their descendants have naturally followed their example.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

Education.—We extract the following information relative to the brothers of the Christian schools, from a letter lately received in Baltimore.

"You will learn with pleasure the prosperous state in which the establishment of the brothers is at present in Montreal. They have actually ten classes, containing in all more than one thousand and fifty pupils. In the month of September, they will begin three new classes, which will carry the number of pupils to about fourteen hundred. We are in the community, brothers and novices together, twenty-seven. The institute of the brothers counted last year four hundred establishments, composed of more than three thousand subjects. Four of the members will open another at Quebec in the month of September."

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—On Sunday the 18th of June, the Most Rev. Archbishop administered the sacrament of confirmation in the Cathedral, to upwards of five hundred persons, from the different parishes of the city. So large a number had never before been confirmed in the Cathedral at one time. Of those who received the sacrament, one hundred and fifty were converts to our holy faith during the past year.

Ordination.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Purcell administered the sacrament of confirmation on Ascension Thursday to sixty persons in the Catholic church of Frederick, Maryland; on the next morning seven ecclesiastical students of the Jesuit noviceship were tonsured and eight received the Minor Orders.

On Saturday the same prelate administered confirmation in the church of St. Joseph, in the happy valley of the Sisters of Charity. On last

Sunday the bishop sang high mass in the parish church of Mount St. Mary's college, and administered the sacrament of confirmation to sixty persons, among whom were several converts.

School Excursion.—On Wednesday the 21st of June, feast of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, the children attached to the schools of St. Vincent de Paul's church in Baltimore, made an excursion to a very pleasant country retreat at a short distance from the city, where they spent the day in innocent amusement, under the supervision of the ladies and gentlemen of the Sunday school, and the sisters of charity. Rev. Mr. Gildea, pastor of St. Vincent's, was in attendance during a part of the day. In proceeding to the place of recreation the children marched two by two in bands conducted by their respective leaders, and attracted universal attention as they passed along the street. We understand that there were nearly eight hundred in the line.

Donations.—In the report of the donations to the Cathedral which were published last month in the Magazine, those of Messrs. Peter A. Kelly and T. Robert Jenkins, each fifty dollars, were omitted through mistake. Mr. Joseph Jenkins has since contributed one hundred dollars.

DIOCESS OF BOSTON.—The corner stone of a new church was recently laid at South Boston.

DIOCESS OF NEW YORK.—School Election.—It gives us great pleasure to announce that the recent election has been a signal triumph for the friends of the law. Notwithstanding all the opposition and abuse of the Journal of Commerce and Commercial Advertiser, "which have achieved for themselves an infamous notoriety," the friends of the system carried their whole ticket in *nine out of the seventeen wards* and better than half their candidates in three or four others, thus giving them a decided majority. Deacon Hale made a dead set at the fourteenth ward, but his friends were defeated by an average majority of two hundred.—*Cath. Telegraph.*

The majority of the candidates are opposed to the use of the Bible in the public schools.

DIOCESS OF PHILADELPHIA.—The corner stone of a new church was laid on the 8th of June at Lambertville, by Rev. Dr. Moriarty.

The same ceremony took place in Paradise township, York county, Pa. on the 18th.

PUSEYISM IN THE AMERICAN CHURCH.—The correspondent of the N. York Commercial, giving an account of the late Episcopal convention at Baltimore, respecting the charge by the Right Rev. Bishop Whittingham, remarks, "that whilst there was much in it to make the heart of every Christian rejoice, the general scope and tendency of his 'charge' gave great grief to very many

members of the convention, and a very large portion of his lay auditory. It is true he repelled with considerable warmth, and with all his emphatic power of expression, the arbitrary imputation of 'Puseyism' upon the doctrines he has felt it for some years, and now feels it his duty to promulgate and maintain. He urged his views also most unquestionably, in the most guarded and cautious language. But still, the general scope and tendency, on the whole were such, that had Dr. Pusey been present, or any of the Oxford Tractarians, I am afraid the 'charge' would have been considered highly favorable to their tenets. Most certainly it would have aroused the opposition of Archbishop Whately, and would have startled those fathers of the American Episcopal Church—Bishop White and Bishop Griswold. The consequence was, that the charge was by no means favorably received by the majority of the convention. The usual resolution for ordering it to be printed was adopted, as a matter of course—but when a member proposed a vote of thanks to the Bishop for his able and *sound* exposition of the doctrine of the Church, so much opposition was manifested, that it was deemed expedient by the mover to withdraw it. The Rev. Dr. Henshaw, especially, declared with great force that, if it was not withdrawn, it would certainly be voted down."—*Phil. paper.*

THE METHODIST PROTESTANT.—We receive an exchange paper with this title, published in Baltimore, which for a considerable period evinced a spirit of charity and moderation that is always essential to the dignity and usefulness of the press. But we have lately perceived a decided alteration for the worse in the character of this print, which is probably owing to the transfer of the editorship to unpractised hands. We say a *decided alteration for the worse*, because in the paper of the 27th of May, in addition to grossly ignorant allusions regarding the knowledge of the Scriptures in Portugal, we find the following beautiful display of rhetoric:

"We see nothing of Papacy in the United States. It has scarcely thrust its nose through our national hedge of piety and common sense: but if we fail to rap it well, and beat back the Beast, ere long it may work a breach large enough to leap through upon us, in full size and strength, and then wo to our weal! We will be but a mouthful for its rapacious jaws. Popery, however, is not restricted to Romanists."

Here is learning indeed! The author of this literary gem may not, perhaps, see in the United States that papal *bugaboo* that is sometimes conjured up as an object of salutary dread and pious

lamentation for the ignorant; but if he alludes to the spiritual supremacy of the bishop of Rome, he must know that the Catholics of the U. States glory in their communion with him, as the head of the Christian Church. We are not of opinion, however, that the *Methodist Protestant* and his brethren have any reason to be alarmed at their becoming "a mouthful for the rapacious jaws of popery," as the inviolable union existing among the constituent portions of the *Reformation society*, v. g. between Methodist ministers and Presbyterian *bishops*, will have the effect of preventing any other absorption of Protestantism into Catholicity, than by the gentle modes of unbiassed inquiry and peaceful conversion, as is daily witnessed in this country and elsewhere.

A number of the same paper, published June 17th, contains some strictures upon the corporeal penances that are reported to be practised among the Mexican Catholics. As to the peculiar manner in which bodily penance may be exercised in certain places, or by certain individuals, the Catholic Church has nothing to do with it; but the voluntary exercise of penance in general she does approve, and there are some practices which she even commands, and in all this she is sustained by the example of St. Paul, who "chastised his body and reduced it into subjection," as well as of the whole Christian Church, from its very origin. Is not such penance, there-

fore, founded upon Scriptural authority, and if so, how can the *Methodist Protestant* undertake to assert that "the Papal faith is calculated to encourage this evil (superstition), rather than to suppress it?" Pray, what is superstition? It is a false or extravagant worship. Corporal penance, therefore, having the sanction of apostolic usage, is not superstitious, nor does it encourage superstition. But what are the *Camp-meetings* announced in the very same number of this paper, to be held shortly in various places? Were they instituted by our Saviour or by his apostles? If not, they must be extravagant and superstitious according to those Christians who profess to practise only what the Saviour commanded. The fact is superstition is rather delicate ground for them to tread upon who consider a tremendous ranting and an extraordinary excitement of the nerves, as an evidence of an interior conversion to God. Such individuals may be benefitted by reflecting upon the following words of our Lord: "Cast out the beam out of thy own eye, and then shalt thou see to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

OBITUARY.

DIED, on Friday, the 2d inst., at the Institution of the Sisters of Charity, near Emmittsburg, Md., Sister MARY MAURICE, eldest daughter of Mr. William Whelan of Philadelphia.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

Our Magazine opens this month with a paper highly interesting by the nature of the topics which it presents to the reader. The work of Mr. Faber, which it reviews, is an index to the actual state of theological sentiment among a large number in the university of Oxford, and shows that the sympathy of the learned gentlemen in that quarter, with the teachings of the ancient Church, are gradually becoming stronger and more manifest. From the spirit that pervades this book, we should infer that it would be very easy for an Oxford divine to take the stand which has lately exhibited Dr. Pusey as an advocate of Catholic doctrine. One thing is certain that these ministers are not so committed as their brethren on this side of the Atlantic in holding forth the book of Ratramn, as antagonist to the doctrine of transubstantiation. This work of Ratramn has been recently published in Baltimore, and the remarks of the *True Catholic*

upon it have also appeared, with a view to produce this impression. The reader will perceive from the review of the work in this number of the Magazine, how utterly unfounded are these pretensions of our dissenting brethren.

The able article of Robert Hare, Esq., of Philadelphia, on the *Edict of Nantes*, will be read with great pleasure by all who love to see historical truth vindicated from the misrepresentations of ignorance or malevolence.

We acknowledge the reception of No. 6 of *Catholic Melodies*, an *Invocation to the Virgin*, and an excellent article on a middle state of punishment, from the pen of our reverend friend in Washington city, whose essays on the eucharist have afforded so much gratification to our readers.

In the August number will appear a review of Prescott's history of Ferdinand and Isabella, from a learned correspondent, to whom we are also indebted for several other valuable papers.

THE
UNITED STATES
CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1842.

THE SPANISH INQUISITION.

History of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic. By William H. Prescott. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 411, 509, and 496. Boston. Fifth edition, 1839.

THE history of no country, perhaps, is invested with greater interest than that of Spain. Her annals are varied in incident, rich in moral, and full of instruction for the philosopher and Christian. No country of Europe has preserved the spirit of mediæval chivalry so pure, or for so long a time. This spirit is impressed on all her institutions, and is yet visible in the high character and lofty bearing of her people. The type of her national character is still, to a great extent, that of the ancient knights of St. Iago of Calatrava and of Alcantara; the only difference is, that it has been softened down to suit the more pacific tendencies of the present age. Her whole history is replete with strange vicissitudes and startling occurrences.

No country, perhaps, has exercised a more powerful influence on civilization in Europe, or done more to extend its boundaries into regions remote and before unknown. But for the liberal enterprise and enlightened policy of her sovereigns, the ardor of Columbus might have cooled, and America remained undiscovered for centuries. With the names of Alfonso the Wise,

of Sancho the Great, and of Ferdinand and Isabella, among her princes and legislators; with those of Don Rodrigo Diaz del Bivar, the renowned *Campion* or Cid, and of Gonsalvo de Cordova, the "great captain," among her generals; and with those of Calderon, Lope de Vega, Cervantes, Herrera and Garcilass among her *literati*, not to mention many others, she has little to fear from comparison with any other nation. The calendar is crowded with the names of her saints; St. Dominic, St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Teresa, St. Peter of Alcantara, St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, and hosts of others are her patrons in heaven.

The interest in Spanish history and institutions is greatly increased by the present distracted condition of that unhappy country. The storm which is now sweeping over Spain, threatens to destroy almost every monument of her former greatness, and to carry away every vestige of the middle age. Though not so violent as that which desolated France fifty years ago, yet it is similar to this in many other respects. It was an evil day for Spain when her soil became the theatre of a sanguinary struggle between the hosts of France and England. All her present evils date from that ill-fated period. The Peninsular war sowed upon her soil the seeds of French infidelity and of English Protestantism, and

these seeds are now producing their bitter fruits. And it is remarkable, that the late startling proceedings in Spain have been accordingly distinguished by the fierce fanaticism of the French revolution, tempered with the cold, calculating policy of the reformation in England under Henry VIII. We trace the policy of England in the invasion of Church property, and in the destruction of the monasteries; and that of France in the massacre of the monks at Barcelona and elsewhere.

What will be the final result of this great struggle, the future alone can reveal. Whether the ardent faith of the Spaniard will come out of the fiery ordeal warmer and brighter than ever, or whether that faith will grow cold or be obscured in the furnace we are not at present prepared to say. One thing is certain. The climate of Spain is too *warm* for Protestantism; on *her* soil, the Protestant sects would be exotics which could have but a sickly growth at best, and which would soon wither and die. The only climate at all congenial with Protestantism is the cold, calculating north; it is too dreary, too devoid of feeling and soul, to suit the ardent temperament of the south.* The Spaniards are too thoroughly Catholic, ever to be tainted, at least to any great extent, by the errors of the last three centuries. The late appeal of the sovereign pontiff in behalf of suffering Spain, has met with such a response, in the bosoms of millions all over the world, as bespeaks Catholic unity, and tells of the depths of that sympathy, which flows from Catholic charity! Only the Catholic Church can present the spectacle of the whole world thus forgetting every sectional and political difference, and, at the voice of one old man, kneeling before one common altar, and in divine unison of faith and feeling, praying for one great object! That prayer *will* be

* See a late work by Mr. J. Balmes, published at Madrid in 1840, a large extract from which appears in the January number of this Magazine. The writer of this article not long since conversed with a very intelligent Spaniard, the son of a distinguished Spanish nobleman, who amply confirmed this statement; and added that the vast majority of the Spanish nobility and grandees were not only thoroughly Catholic, but were also distinguished for their piety.

heard, and Spain *will* be preserved to the Church!

Mr. Prescott has selected for the subject of his work the most interesting and brilliant period of Spanish history. The age of Ferdinand and Isabella is to Spain, what that of Louis XIV was subsequently to France; and what, immediately after, the pontificate of Leo X was to Italy and to the world. It was the era in which she laid broad and deep the foundations of that solid glory, which made her for more than two centuries the first country in Europe. It was the age which witnessed the glories of Ponce de Leon, and of Gonsalvo de Cordova, in the field; of Cardinals Mendoza and Ximenes, in the cabinet; and of Christopher Columbus on the broader field of the world, discovering a new continent. Mr. Prescott could scarcely have chosen a loftier theme. And he has brought to the execution of his task a great amount of learning, as well as much industry and care in the arrangement of his copious materials. His work manifests a degree of research into Spanish history highly creditable to the author; the more so, as in its preparation he had to encounter for a time the almost insuperable obstacle of almost total blindness.* Such works may be often met with in Italy or Germany, and occasionally in France or England, but they are extremely rare in our light and frivolous age, and yet more so in our republic, where the *utilitarian* system of estimating everything in dollars and cents, has perhaps taken deeper root than any where else in the world. The United States may well be proud of two such historians as Prescott and Bancroft.

It is not our purpose to furnish a lengthy review of Mr. Prescott's history. It is before the American community and may speak for itself. In our opinion the style is more natural, and better adapted to historical narrative than the more florid manner of Bancroft, who seems to have caught no little of the *Buhoerian* and *transcendental* infection of the age. What is, however, most pleasing in the history of Ferdinand and Isabella, is the array of learned references,

* See his Preface.

by which each statement is sustained. Not only is every original document and work cited, but the very edition and page are carefully marked, so as to facilitate, in a high degree, the researches of the scholar who might feel disposed to verify the quotations. The statements of the author may be relied on, wherever he confines himself to facts, unless when he views them through the improper medium of undue prejudice, or is misled, as to the facts themselves, by prejudiced authority. Then he either greatly miscolors, or wholly perverts the facts. We will endeavor to show that he has committed both these faults in the seventh chapter of his first volume, pp. 230—269, where he gives a detailed history of the "modern Inquisition" in Spain; and our remarks on his history will be confined to this chapter.

That he was greatly under the influence of anticatholic prejudice, we infer from the whole tenor of the chapter, which is in fact as virulent a libel upon Catholicity as we have ever chanced to read. To prove that the establishment of the Spanish Inquisition was in accordance with the principles of the Catholic Church, he repeats* the stale calumny that a Catholic principle is embodied in the odious proposition, "*the end justifies the means.*" He turns out of his way to attack the Catholic doctrine of confession, which he designates† an "artful institution" of the priests, to gain influence with the people; and to show how Isabella's repugnance to the establishment of the inquisition was overcome, he relates a very simple, if not absurd anecdote of what passed between her and her confessor, Talavera.‡ In opposition to all history he still asserts that St. Dominic was the founder of the ancient Inquisition, or at least maintains that if he was not, in point of fact, he *ought* to have been.§ He tells, in a satirical tone, of the divine eloquence and wonderful miracles by which St. Vincent Ferrer, in the fourteenth century, converted to Christianity thirty-five thousand Spanish Jews.¶ The

sufferings of this unfortunate people enlist his deepest sympathy; the Moors of Grenada have also his warmest feelings; these two people seem to have exhausted his stock of humanity, and he has no sympathy to throw away upon the Catholic Christians of Spain! Nor is he alone in this respect. It is the fault of most Protestant historians. Their sympathies run strongly in favor of Jew, Turk, or dissenter of every shade of opinion, while for the Catholic, they reserve the vials of their wrath! Is it, that there is a kindred spirit among errorists of every hue, a certain relationship which makes them have a *tender* feeling for one another? It would seem so. The chief severity of this remark consists in its *truth*; and we have only to open Protestant historians *passim*, to become persuaded of it. Mr. Prescott furnishes abundant evidence of this spirit throughout his work.

It was scarcely to be expected that, reared as he evidently had been in all the prejudices of Protestantism, Mr. Prescott should have become wholly divested of the early impressions of the nursery, so as to approach the subject of the horrible Spanish Inquisition, with a calm mind and a steady nerve. It was difficult to dispel the "bloody phantoms" of slaughtered victims, which had haunted his early days, and to get rid of the opinions in regard to that tribunal which had been fastened on his mind by the teachings of the press and of the pulpit. But at least, as a faithful historian, he should have exhibited its redeeming as well as its odious features; and to have qualified himself for this task, he should have read both sides, and not have suffered himself to be misled by violently prejudiced writers. That many of those whom he has followed are of this character, we will endeavor to show; and then we will glance rapidly at the principal works written in defence of the Inquisition, which Mr. Prescott seems either not to have seen at all, or not to have read.

The historians of the Spanish Inquisition most in favor with Protestants, are Limborch and Llorente. Mr. Prescott cites them both, and bases most of his statements upon the authority of the latter, who is so great a favorite with him as to merit a special

* Vol. i, p. 245. † Ibid. p. 246. ‡ Ibid.

§ This is the purport of his reasoning (p. 232, note). See La Cordaire's late work "Apology for the order of St. Dominic," in which this charge is ably refuted by undeniable evidence.

¶ Vol. i, p. 240.

biographical notice at the close of his chapter on the Inquisition. To ascertain how far they are to be relied on, as historians of the Inquisition, we must see who they were, under what circumstances they wrote their respective histories, and what motives prompted them to the task.

Philip Limborch was a native of Holland, and belonged to the sect of the Remonstrants or mitigated Calvinists. He was a disciple of the famous scholar, Vossius, who with Grotius had suffered so much from the intolerant synod of Dort, which in 1619 had consummated the division of the Dutch Calvinists. He attained to considerable eminence in his sect, in which he became a minister, and subsequently a professor of theology at Amsterdam. He was not, however, very rigid in adhering even to the slight standard of orthodoxy required by his own party; for he became a Unitarian, and was a great friend of the noted Unitarian, John Le Clerk, who lauds his writings to the skies. Had John Calvin been able to arise from his tomb, his recreant disciple might have stood a good chance to be bound to the stake with Servetus, whose tenets he advocated; and had the Gomarist, or rigid Calvinist party in Holland been unchecked in enforcing the exclusive and persecuting canons of Dort, Limborch might have suffered martyrdom, or at least have been a confessor with Grotius and Vossius.* However, he escaped unscathed, but with a deep and abiding sense of the wrongs his party had endured from the Gomarists. He determined to shoot an arrow at them through the Spaniards, whose very name had been execrated in Holland, since the days of Philip II of Spain, and of the duke of Alva. The memory of the fierce and bloody struggle with the Spaniards, in which so many harrowing scenes had occurred on both sides, was still fresh in the minds of the Dutch. To be sure they had, to say the least, been guilty of as much cruelty, as the duke of Alva and his soldiery; but this was forgotten, and the cruelty of the Spaniard was alone remembered, and that Inquisition

which he had in vain endeavored to establish in the two countries was viewed with inconceivable horror. The very name caused a cold shudder to seize on every Hollander. Limborch shared deeply in these feelings, and he knew how extensive and how all absorbing they were among his countrymen. He knew that he could not better cater to their taste than by writing a detailed history of this odious tribunal: and he accordingly set about the work and published it in one volume folio, at Amsterdam, in 1692. His anticipations were realized; the work was received with acclamations. The minds of his countrymen were too much excited to enable them to perceive the glaring inaccuracies and gross misstatements of the book; and had he painted the horrors of the Inquisition with tenfold force, their deadly hatred of the tribunal would have caused them to devour the work without one misgiving!

Such was Limborch. He evidently wrote his history under such excitement as would naturally lead us to expect little of the impartiality of the historian, and much of the exaggeration of a man writing against a tribunal, odious, in a religious and political point of view, and pandering also to a taste greatly vitiated and highly excited. Accordingly we find in his work few of the intrinsic qualities of a veridical history. He professes to derive his statements from the works of the inquisitors themselves; yet Fra Paolo, the Italian historian of the council of Trent, whose hypocrisy made him conceal the mind and heart of a Protestant under the cowl of a Catholic friar, and Dellon, the famous *Protestant* author of the too famous "Relation of the Inquisition at Goa," are among his favorite authors for reference! And when he does cite the works of the inquisitors themselves, such as Eymerick, Pegna, &c. he garbles the extracts, quoting only what suits his purpose, very often extracting only the concluding sentence from a lengthy passage, and thereby often making the inquisitors say just the contrary of what they had intended. This wretched cutting up of quotations is unpardonable in a work so extensive; it would have been bad enough in a duodecimo, but in a folio

* See Brandt's History, copious extracts from which are cited in the Oral Discussion of Hughes and Breckenridge, on the second question.

volume it is utterly inexcusable, and is a strong evidence of bad faith in the writer.

No wonder that Voltaire and the infidels of France received the book with enthusiasm. It was just the kind of work they wanted. Its whole tendency was to throw odium on the Catholic priesthood, whom it represented as gloating over the blood of their victims. But we are a little surprised that the Abbé Marsollier, a cotemporary French Catholic priest, should have presented it, in an abridged form, to the French people in their own language, and that many very estimable French writers should have been misled by its statements. A morbid appetite seems to have seized upon the French people about that time. Writers, male and female, published works on Spain. Madame d'Aunoy wrote a book remarkable for its gross inaccuracy, in regard to the Spanish Inquisition, and for its caustic ridicule of every thing Spanish. The Abbé De Vayrac, who had spent twenty years of his active life in Spain, answered these misrepresentations in his famous work "*L'Etat present d'Espagne*," published at Amsterdam, in 1719, 4 vols. 12mo. He proved that the statements of Limborch and Madame d'Aunoy, in regard to the Spanish Inquisition, were greatly exaggerated, or positively false. No one was better calculated to write on Spanish affairs, than the Abbé; but so vitiated was the taste of his day, even in France, that the work caused a great outcry, and the author had to encounter a storm of opposition. In the preface to a second edition of his work, he ably defends himself from charges made against his statements under five different heads, with what effect on his cotemporaries, history does not tell. It is much to be regretted that this work of De Vayrac is not more generally known.

But the most popular history of the Spanish Inquisition among the enemies of this tribunal, is that by Don Juan Antonio Llorente, published at Paris, 1818, in four volumes, 8vo. A brief sketch of this remarkable man's life, will show us what motives elicited the publication of this work. He was born at Calahorra in Spain, A. D. 1756. He studied for the Church, took the degree

of bachelor in theology, with considerable credit, and was ordained priest at an early age. A singular incident occurred at his ordination: after the consecration in which he had recited the sacred words of Christ, together with the ordaining bishop, he was seized with a sudden illness, which prevented his receiving the holy communion: some viewed the occurrence as ominous. His first work after ordination was a comedy "*on matrimony*,"* which, however, at the earnest solicitations of a friend, he consented to burn. When subsequently vicar general of the diocese of Calahorra, he composed another comedy, and had it acted on the stage, very little to the edification of the people and of the chapter of that city. So great was his passion for this kind of writing, that, when afterwards wholly engaged in politics, he employed his leisure hours in translating into Spanish many of the unchaste poems of the lascivious Casti! His was a troubled and restless spirit. Not content with his retirement at Calahorra, he proceeded to Madrid, where he spent his time intriguing for place. He succeeded, and rose step by step, until he became secretary of the Inquisition at Madrid, an office which he held from 1790 to 1792. Having been guilty of a grievous betrayal of the confidence reposed in him by the Inquisitor general, and of several other irregularities of conduct, he was ordered to leave Madrid, and to repair to his native place.

Here he was equally restless and intriguing. Detected by the Spanish government in a secret correspondence with the emissaries of the French republic in 1793, and suspected of other misdemeanors, he was arrested, and sent by the Inquisition, not into a dungeon, but merely into a retired convent of the Recollects at some distance from Calahorra, to compose his restless spirit and to do penance for his sins. Among his writings which were seized, several were found against the Spanish government, against the Holy See, and against the Inquisition. And yet, strange cruelty of the bloody Inquisition! upon his writing letters full of repentance and abject submis-

* *El matrimonio a desgusto.*

sion, he was released from his place of retreat, and again received into favor. He now made his appearance at court, and pushed his fortunes more rapidly than ever. By the aid of powerful friends, he was soon created canon of Toledo, and received the cross of the order of Charles III. At the court of Ferdinand VII, he was loaded with honors, and yet, on the first invasion of the French, he sought out Murat, their commander in chief, turned traitor to his country, and ranged himself on the side of her enemies. He repaired to Bayonne to pay his court to the new king, Joseph Buonaparte, took the oath of fidelity to him, and was appointed one of his secret counsellors. He now gave himself up entirely to politics: abandoning every ecclesiastical function, some say, even doffing the ecclesiastical habit.

Charged by Joseph Buonaparte with a commission for the suppression of the convents in Spain, he discharged his office with *singular* zeal and efficiency. In 1809, he was ordered by Joseph to write a history of the Spanish Inquisition, and he was *well paid* for his labor. He knew well what kind of a work would suit the palate of his royal master, and what kind of a work he was *expected* to write. He set about his task with great zeal; but owing to the expulsion of the French from Spain, and to other causes he was not able to complete it until nine years later. He fled to Paris, with his royal patron, and after having taken temporary shelter in England, he returned to Paris, after the treaty of Vienna, in 1815.

Nothing shows more fully his restless ambition, his total want of principle, than the course which he now adopted. Finding that the sun of the Buonaparte family had set forever, he determined again to pay his court to that Ferdinand whom he had abandoned and betrayed! He employed his usual weapon of low adulation: wrote a genealogical table of the royal family, and addressed letters full of flattery to the king and to the chapter of Toledo. But all was unavailing: his letters remained unnoticed. Then it was that he gave way to all the bitterness of his spirit. He thus wrote his portraits of the popes, full of invective and

misrepresentation. When accused of gallantry with a French countess, at the age of sixty-six, his friends defended him on the ground that he had previously married her, though he was a priest who had vowed celibacy! He was finally banished from France, by the French government, for improper conduct,* and died shortly after at Madrid, February 25th, 1823, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. Had the Spanish government and the Inquisition been such as he had represented them, he would not perhaps have been permitted to re-enter Spain, and to terminate his life peacefully in his own country.

Such was Llorente, a traitor to his country, and probably to his religion; who tried to play off, in Spanish affairs, the same part that Talleyrand did in those of France, but failed for want of *his* genius. He was in Spain the counterpart of Fra Paolo in Italy, and of Courayer and Du Pin in France. Could we expect an impartial history of the Spanish Inquisition from such a man? He alters texts to suit his own purposes, and gives us only his own word for most of his statements. To show how little his assertions are to be relied on, in a pamphlet published at Paris in 1818, he boldly asserted that, between the years 1700 and 1808, the Spanish Inquisition had immolated at the stake no less than fifteen hundred and seventy-eight victims. This is not only a gross exaggeration, but a manifest misstatement.† Since the accession of the house of Bourbon to the Spanish throne in 1709, it would be difficult to prove that *one* victim was so immolated, or suffered capital punishment in any other way, through the agency of the Inquisition; and neither Llorente nor any other man has furnished proofs to the contrary. During this period, and for a long time previous, the chief inmates of the In-

* The writer of his life, prefixed to his "History of the Inquisition," ascribes his banishment from France to the persecution of the French clergy. Mr. Prescott hints at the same cause. But we think that the true cause is to be found in his own restless ambition, and the jealousy of the French government.

† Mr. Prescott detects many gross historical inaccuracies in Llorente, unconnected with the Inquisition, in painting which, according to him, he was never at fault! See Prescott, vol. i, p. 250, note; vol. ii, p. 108, note.

quisition were state prisoners guilty of high political misdemeanors, who had either accused themselves of imaginary crimes against religion, to avoid the greater rigors of the civil courts, or had been sent there by the Spanish government in order to prevent the *ecclat* of a public trial. The terrible Inquisition thus became little more, under the Bourbon dynasty in Spain, than a department of the police.

Among the writers who have defended the Spanish Inquisition, besides the Abbé De Vayrac mentioned above, Count De Maistre,* and La Cordaire,† are the most distinguished. The works of both these conspicuous men are already before the American public, and it is unnecessary to offer much comment on them. La Cordaire devotes two chapters of his work to the Inquisition, of which he treats only in its connection with his main subject, the defence of the order of St. Dominic. He adduces few facts or arguments, which had not been already ably handled by De Maistre, whose work has been considered by many as the best which has ever appeared on the subject. Its chief fault is its brevity. We rise from its perusal with a desire to know more. Perhaps too, the author has indulged rather too much in philosophic speculation, and has advanced some principles for the defence of the odious tribunal, which its enemies would scarcely admit. Had he been less apparently solicitous to defend every thing connected with the Inquisition, and had he given up certain things, which are wholly indefensible, his work would have carried with it a greater appearance of candor and plausibility. Catholicity never can be injured by the truth. There is also occasionally a certain vagueness, and something that savors of inconsistency. Thus, for example, in his last letter, he says, "*The tribunal of the Inquisition is purely royal*," and yet a little farther on, he remarks, quoting from the report of the Cortes: "*These tribunals (of the Inquisition)*

are thus at once ecclesiastical and royal," &c. He meant to say what the truth of history warrants, that of the two tribunals of the Inquisition the royal is predominant, and generally paramount in its authority; but it would have been better to have been more explicit. With these defects, the work of De Maistre is still excellent, and no one can peruse it without thinking better of the Inquisition.

The best compendious view of the subject which we have ever seen, is an essay by John Murphy, inserted in a late work published by him, in London.* But a full, fair, and extensive history of the Inquisition—one that might by its learning serve as an antidote to those of Limborch and Llorente, is still a *desideratum* in our Catholic literature. It requires the extensive learning and patient research of a Dr. Lingard, or a Dr. Wiseman, to dispel the clouds which have hung around that tribunal for centuries, and to present to the world, in the terse and condensed style of the one, or the copious and luminous details of the other, such a history as the importance of the subject demands.

Yet enough has been already published to enable us to detect many of the inaccuracies of Mr. Prescott, in his history of the "Modern Inquisition" in Spain. To attempt to review all of his statements in detail, would swell this article to an unwarrantable length; we will confine ourselves to certain general erroneous views, which pervade the entire history, cover the whole ground of the controversy, and include the minor inaccuracies. We have already endeavored to trace the sources of these errors in the authors whom he has chiefly followed.

Mr. Prescott views the Inquisition as a religious, and not as a political institution;† ascribes its establishment, notwithstanding the repugnance of Isabella, to the importunities of the clergy,‡ and the fanaticism of the people, demanding the sacrifice of the Jews, through selfish motives and religious

* In his "Letters on the Spanish Inquisition," republished with the excellent notes and illustrations of Dr. Fletcher, in the Religious Cabinet, i. e. the first volume of this Magazine.

† "Apology for the order of St. Dominic," 18mo, p. 143.

* "A compendium of modern geography, 1 vol. 8vo, p. 398.

† Vol. 1, p. 245, note. At least he asserts this in regard to the Inquisition established in Castile.

‡ Vol. 1, pp. 249, 250, et seq.

hatred of that race;* and he more than intimates that the tribunal, with all its laws and proceedings was but a carrying out of the principles of the Catholic Church.† He presents‡ a very dark picture of its forms of trial, of the presumptive proofs of Judaism, of the various forms of tortures, and of the awful "*autos da fe*," giving only those details which were calculated to make the institution appear odious, and mixing up with his account of the original Inquisition established by Ferdinand and Isabella, many forms and abuses, which, if they ever existed at all, certainly belong to a much later period. To make the Catholic Church appear in a still more odious light in the whole matter,§ he says, that the Roman pontiff, Sixtus IV, was moved to the publication of his first bull regarding the Inquisition, in 1478, by "*the sources of wealth and influence which this measure opened to the court of Rome*."

To these charges most of the others may be reduced. These are the shades; we will endeavor to exhibit some of the lights of the picture. The rest of this article will accordingly present very summary proofs of the three following propositions, which it will be seen are diametrically opposed to the assertions of Mr. Prescott. *Audi alteram partem*.

1. *The Spanish Inquisition was a political institution, and the result of extraordinary political circumstances.*

2. *Its cruelties have been greatly exaggerated.*

3. *The Catholic Church is not responsible for the institution itself, much less for its abuses, real or alleged.*

4. It requires but a slight acquaintance with Spanish history to be convinced of the fact, that the Inquisition in that country was an instrument of state policy, employed under circumstances of high political excitement. The causes, which led to its establishment had been steadily operating for nearly eight hundred years. In 711, the Saracens had invaded Spain, seized upon its finest provinces, driven the original in-

habitants into the mountains of the Asturias, and fastened a galling foreign yoke upon the neck of a hitherto free people. But the Spaniards did not tamely submit to foreign oppression: with the stern unyielding perseverance which belongs to their national character, they maintained the unequal contest with the enemy which had overpowered them and crushed their liberties. From the council held by the fugitive Spanish chiefs in the cave of Cavadonga, in 711, to the conquest of Grenada in 1492, the great struggle for the mastery continued between the two races with but little intermission. Never was there a contest of so long a continuance, or which resulted in a political hatred so deep and abiding. It was a civil and a border war, between two races which could never amalgamate, because kept asunder by different religions, different temperaments, and different interests. The Spaniards were fighting for their liberties—for their firesides, and their altars: the Saracens sought to annihilate the one, and pollute and desecrate the other. All prisoners taken in war by the latter were sold into bondage in Morocco, and religious orders were established by the Christians, for the redemption of these captives. The war thus assumed a religious cast, and the military orders of St. Iago, of Calatrava, and Alcantara, were established among the Spaniards to keep up the crusade against the enemies of their country and of their religion.

Can we wonder that under all these circumstances, the Spaniards should have had a deadly political hatred of the Moors? Can we be surprised that when this great struggle was approaching its crisis in the brilliant reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and when, for the first time, for 781 years the Spanish nation had a fair opportunity of shaking off the yoke, this political feeling should have increased to a fearful excitement? And that this excitement should have manifested itself in the establishment of a tribunal of great severity, to assist the government in ferreting out the Moors, and expelling them from the country? We are rather surprised, that so much moderation was evinced under circumstances so exciting. After the conquest of Grenada in 1492, the

* See *ibid.* pp. 243, 244, *et seq.*

† Pp. 245, 246, 248, and *passim* throughout the chapter.

‡ P. 255, *et seq.*

§ P. 248.

Moors were allowed the free exercise of their religion, and it was only after repeated rebellions, both in Grenada, and in different parts of the ancient Moorish kingdom of that name, that the Spanish government resorted to the extreme measure of leaving the Moors no alternative, but to embrace Christianity, or leave the country.* The bitter experience of nearly eight centuries had convinced the Spaniards that the name of a Moor was identified with that of traitor and enemy of his country.

Intercepted letters in cypher proved that, after the conquest of Grenada, the Moors were concerting with their brethren in Africa, measures for regaining their lost power in Spain. The Jews, who were very rich, were scattered all over Spain, and were intermarried with the most opulent Spanish families,† were also deeply engaged in these plots.‡ They were, if possible, more odious in Spain than the Moors themselves. They were, likewise, accused of other crimes of dreadful atrocity: of kidnapping Christian children,§ and selling them into bondage into Africa, and even of feasting on the flesh of infant Christian babes, at the celebration of their passover!|| They had monopolized the trade of the country, and, by usury and extortion, had fattened on "the spoils of the Egyptians" (Christians), in Spain. As early as the year 1391, popular indignation against this unhappy people had burst forth into an insurrection, in which many of them were massacred. Other countries witnessed similar scenes about the same time.¶ The expulsion of the Jews from Spain, was demanded by the popular voice; but the government content

with the same severe measures of precaution against them, resisted this appeal for nearly a hundred years, and it was only after the Jews were known to be leagued with the Moors for the subversion of Spanish liberty, and after they had been detected in writing a libel* on the Spanish government, that the edict for their banishment was published, and the tribunal of the Inquisition established to carry it into execution.

In order the better to understand this whole history, let us put a parallel case. Suppose the Indian tribes on our western frontier should invade one of our western states, should subdue the finest portion of it, and drive such of the original inhabitants, as had not fallen under the tomahawk and scalping knife, into remote and unproductive portions of the state. Suppose that they should establish a new government on the ruins of the old, and that a bloody border war should be carried on for centuries between them and the original inhabitants, and that these should at length succeed in regaining their lost territory. But to make the parallel complete, suppose that among the whites, a large and opulent party should be found leagued with the Indians, and employing every intrigue to maintain *their* usurpation, would any one be surprised if this party should become more odious than the Indians themselves? And if popular indignation should be enkindled against them, even before the conquest of the Indians, would it not be perfectly natural? But if the Indians, after having been subdued, should be suffered to remain in the country with all their national usages untouched, and should be expelled, only after repeated attempts on their part, to regain their lost dominion; would not this be viewed as an evidence of unwonted lenity? And, if even after this continued treachery, they should still be suffered to remain in the country, provided they would conform to the religion and usages of the whites, would we not consider it a clemency, astonishing even in this age of boasted refinement? For the whites

* Mr. Prescott admits this, but still labors to prove that the indiscreet zeal of Cardinal Ximenes led him to adopt such measures for proselyting the Moors of Grenada, as infringed the treaty made with them, and stimulated them to rebellion. Yet the facts he alleges scarcely prove this. Prescott, vol. ii, ch. 6.

† See report of Cortes.

‡ Mr. Prescott says, vol. i, p. 136, that they were accused "perhaps with reason," with having facilitated the first Saracenic invasion.

§ Similar charges were made against the Moors after the conquest of Grenada. See an interesting paragraph in Prescott, vol. i, p. 253.

|| See Prescott, vol. ii, p. 136.

¶ See Prescott, vol. ii, p. 152; note. Was Frederick the Great, of Prussia, actuated by religious bigotry, in expelling the Jews, in the last century?

* Mr. Prescott mentions this fact, vol. i, p. 249. But why hide away in a note a fact which had so great an influence on the destiny of this miserable people?

expelled from their homes, substitute the Spaniards; for the Indians, substitute the Moors, and for the treacherous party among the whites, the Jews; and the case will apply to the condition of Spain, on the establishment of the Inquisition.

This was a merely religious tribunal, forsooth! The whole texture of its constitution was as political as was its origin. The king named the Inquisitor general, who, with the *approval of the king*, named the subordinate officers of the tribunal. The whole institution was under the entire control of the royal council, without the sanction of which it was powerless: while the king with his council could stay any prosecution, or crush any process at will. So manifest was it to the whole world, that this tribunal was a local political institution growing out of circumstances peculiar to Spain, and designed only for the Jews and Moors, that when subsequently the Spanish government, under Philip II, sought to establish it in Milan, the people revolted, exclaiming "*that it was tyranny to impose on a Christian city, a form of Inquisition designed for Moors and Jews.*"* And so intimately was it connected with Spanish politics, that the great Charles V, in a codicil to his will, recommended it specially to his son Philip II, as an institution "*upon which the safety of Spain depended.*"† In 1812, the famous convention of the Spanish cortes for drafting a new constitution, appointed a special committee to draw up a report on the Spanish Inquisition. The learned men who drew up that able report, were no doubt well acquainted with Spanish history and politics, and they are unexceptionable witnesses on another account—they were violently opposed to the Inquisition. Yet they assert that "*it was an institution demanded and established by the monarchs of Spain in difficult and extraordinary circumstances.*"‡ And M. Guizot, a famous historian, and though a Calvinist, the present prime minister of Catholic France, says "*that it was at first more political than religious, and des-*

*tined to maintain order, rather than to defend the faith.**

2. Much more might be said on this branch of the subject, but we must hasten to the proofs of the second proposition, in which we will endeavor to show that Mr. Prescott has drawn too *dark* a picture of the Inquisition, of its forms of procedure, and of its abuses and cruelties. Our limits will allow only a bare statement of the facts: our readers will readily make the comments. Far be it from us to defend many abuses of that tribunal, which as we shall show, the Popes and the Church uniformly condemned. Under the circumstances of extraordinary excitement which gave rise to the Inquisition, it was natural to expect some unnecessary severity; and the authority of the famous Spanish historian Mariana, who details those acts of rigor, is thus easily explained. Again, when Philip II, about sixty years later, re-established the tribunal with renewed severity, we may look for many abuses. But these two periods of excitement were, thank heaven, of very short duration, and the severities then resorted to are not a fair criterion, whereby to judge of the general character of the Inquisition. At other times, many of its rigorous laws were often like some of the grotesque forms of jurisprudence adopted by the Venitian republic, a mere dead letter, retained on the statute book, *in terrorem*.

That the abuses of the Inquisition have been greatly exaggerated, we prove by the express words of that arch-enemy of the tribunal, Voltaire,† whose testimony Mr. Prescott cites with so much complacency, to prove that the wicked measures of princes have generally originated in the evil counsels of their confessors.‡ We prove it

* "Elle fut d'abord plus politique que religieuse et destinée à maintenir l'ordre plutôt qu'à défendre la foi." Cours d'histoire moderne. Paris, vol. 6, Lect. 11.

† His words as given in the French "Dict. des Sciences," are remarkable. "Sans doute, qu'on a imputé à un tribunal si justement détesté, des excès d'horreurs qu'il n'a pas toujours commis: mais c'est être mal adroit, que de s'élever contre l'Inquisition par des faits douteux, et plus encore, de chercher dans le mensonge de quoi la rendre odieuse." And yet this is precisely what all the enemies of the Inquisition have done, and none more so than Voltaire.

‡ Vol. i, ch. 6, p. 246.

* Limborch, Book i, ch. 27. † *Ibid*, B. i, ch. 30.
‡ They also declare that "no decree (of the Inquisition) could be published without the consent of the king." (Report Cortes in 1821).

by another unexceptionable witness, Mons. Bourgoing, sent by the French republic in 1789, as minister plenipotentiary to Spain. He was violently opposed to the Inquisition, and yet he says,* "I will acknowledge, in order to give homage to truth, that the Inquisition might be cited in our days, as a model of equity." This avowal, however unpalatable to himself, and to his employers, was wrung from him, only by the stern evidence of truth. Our third witness is Philip Limborch, whose character we have given above. Out of a very long list of criminals condemned by the Spanish Inquisition, during a very long period, he admits that only fifteen men and four women were executed, and most of these for treason, witchcraft, sacrilege, or other crimes than heresy.† From this fact we draw two inferences: first, that the rigid laws of the Inquisition were very feebly executed; and secondly, that a very small proportion of the criminals were tried for heresy. The Roman pontiff, Clement X, in a bull published in 1672, enumerates the offences for which persons might be proceeded against by the Inquisition, and it is remarkable, that out of thirteen different classes of crimes only one is heresy.‡ If our readers be inclined to smile at the prominent place assigned to witchcraft, sorcery, &c., by the pontiff, we ask them only to remember the history of the Salem witchcraft.

Of the two courts of the Inquisition, the civil and the ecclesiastical, the latter was in fact strictly a court of equity. The motto on its banner, "mercy and justice," was indicative of its character. "Mercy" was first offered to the culprit, and if he would not accept it, he was delivered over to the "Justice" of the civil court; but even then, with great reluctance, and always with a recommendation to "Mercy."§ Before the accused was arrested at all by the Inqui-

sition, it was necessary to have the sworn evidence of three different witnesses, each of whom was required to swear that he was actuated by no malice, and that he did not act in collusion with any other person.* And both the accusers, and the officers of the Inquisition were subject to excommunication, if they were guided by malice, or any other unworthy motive.† It was only after the deposition of the third witness, that the accused was summoned, when if he disproved the charges, he was released. If he failed to do so, he was still released, if he declared his repentance. If, after being released, he was again arraigned in the same manner as at first, and was convicted a second time, he was again pardoned on repentance.‡ It was only on the third conviction, by three different sets, each consisting of three witnesses, that he was finally delivered over to the civil court, to be judged for the offence.§

The chief motive for secrecy in the proceedings of the tribunal, was a wish that the civil court might gain no knowledge of the facts, until the ecclesiastical court had exhausted every expedient for reclaiming the delinquent. And so far was this secrecy

* *Simancas Institutiones Catholicæ*. Tit. xlv, p. 330, Edit. Romæ, 1575, 4to. This work had great authority among the early Inquisitors. The testimony of the several witnesses was carefully noted down, and diligently sifted, and if on being again called, as they often were in the progress of the examination, they did not confirm the previous statement in every particular, their testimony was set at naught. Nor was the previous record of their testimony again read to them, but they were left entirely to their memory. If, under this rigid scrutiny, they were detected in equivocation, self-contradiction or perjury, they were liable to imprisonment, and to other severe penalties. See *Simancas*, p. 333.

† Benedict X, in a special bull renewed these censures, and reserved the absolution from them to the Holy See.

‡ Even P. Limborch, cited by Fleury, admits that the criminal was twice pardoned, by the ecclesiastical court, on his repentance.

§ Some of the courts required only two, but the more general practice demanded three unexceptionable witnesses, for each conviction. True, witnesses of suspicious character were sometimes allowed to testify, but their testimony was received only for what it was worth, "*qualem qualem probationem*," as *Simancas* says. It might afford conjec- tural evidence, and might aid in eliciting something more conclusive, but of itself, never could cause the conviction of the accused. (*Simancas*, Tit. li, p. 419.) In fact, to condemn the accused, the clearest evidence, and the most unexceptionable testimony, were always required, "*probationes luce clariores requiruntur*." (*Simancas*, *Ibid.* p. 418.)

* "Picture of Spain," reviewed by the French "Journal des Débats," of Sept. 17, 1805. See *La Cordaire's Apology*, &c. p. 117.

† See Fletcher's notes to De Maistre's first letter, in *Religious Cabinet* for July.

‡ *Bullarium Rom.* T. vii, p. 185.

§ Some authors think, without any reason, that this was a mere form. Jurieu, the famous French Calvinist, in his "History of the Papacy," Tom. ii, ch. 6, admits the fact.

carried, that there is no evidence to prove that when the criminal was handed over to the secular court, the evidence elicited before the ecclesiastical tribunal was even so much as communicated to his prejudice. A trial altogether new seems then to have commenced before the civil court, and it was only at this stage of the prosecution, that the cruel practice of torturing the accused was resorted to. Ecclesiastics were not concerned in the infliction of punishment: it was contrary to the spirit of their order, and to the express laws of the Inquisition itself.* So that Mr. Prescott's frightful picture of the clergy applying the torture to their victims, is at best but a fancy sketch.†

The practice of torturing the accused in certain cases, was then almost universal in the jurisprudence of all nations. It was a part of the civil law, was embodied in the Theodosian and Justinian codes, and had the sanction of Ulpian, and other distinguished expounders of these codes. It had been borrowed from the old Roman jurisprudence. The Church did much to mitigate this, and many other odious features of the civil law, and many distinguished men, such as Ludovicus Vives, condemned the whole practice, as cruel and unjust. (Simancas, Tit. lxv. p. 495, *et seq.*) Tortures were employed by the civil courts of the Inquisition, only in extreme cases, and then more to prompt the repentance, than to bring about the condemnation of the accused. (Simancas, Tit. lxv. p. 496.) The confession elicited under torture, could not be used against the accused, unless he voluntarily confirmed it three days afterwards, according to the usage of the Spanish courts. (Ibid, p. 509.) If he would not confess, he was generally acquitted. (Ibid, p. 510.)

* The maxim "*Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine*," "The Church abhors bloodshed," is a standing principle of the canon law, by which the clergy were specially bound. So far was this maxim carried that clergymen were forbidden to practise surgery, or even to bleed a patient, and the children of butchers were irregular, and could not be ordained, without special dispensation. And yet, in the face of this evidence, the Catholic clergy must still be represented as thirsting for blood!

† In fact he confounds the proceedings of the two courts throughout, barely remarking in a note on page 256, that Ferdinand had established a supreme council to supervise the proceedings of the subordinate tribunals. Why this important omission?

The application of the torture was restricted within very narrow limits, and all abuses in inflicting it were severely condemned, and subjected the officers thus transcending their powers, to the obligation in the forum of conscience, as well as in that of the public courts, of repairing all injury done to those thus tortured.* (Ibid, p. 497.)

In one word the ecclesiastical court of the Inquisition was but preparatory. The final decision of the case always took place before the civil court, which alone inflicted the punishments ordained by the Spanish laws. The former court had only to decide whether there was sufficient reason to have the accused indicted before the latter. It performed very much the same office as our modern grand juries, with these important differences, that it took cognizance only of a certain class of offences connected with religion, pardoned twice whenever the criminal gave satisfactory signs of repentance, and never *presented* but when there was no hope of reforming the offender. Where will you find any civil court thus lenient?† It is a thing unheard of in modern judicial proceedings; and yet the Inquisition is to be held up to scorn as the most cruel of all tribunals! Count Pollnitz, in his very interesting memoirs,‡ is astonished at the ideas Protestants entertain on a subject about which they know so little. "For my part, I own to you I cannot imagine in what the barbarity consists, which you Protestants attribute to the Inquisition. On the contrary it is, in my opinion, the mildest and most lenient tribunal that exists." And he assigns the same reason that we do above, appeals to his own observation in Catholic countries, and hints

* For an account of the instruments of torture employed against the Catholics of England under Elizabeth and her successors, for more than one hundred years, see Lingard's *England—Elizabeth*, Butler's *Book of the Catholic Church*, Cobbett's *Letters*, &c. England was the last country in Europe to abolish the barbarous custom of burning at the stake, an instance of which occurred as late as the ninth year of George II. And yet *Englishmen dare* talk of the cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition!

† So equitable was the ancient Inquisition, that the order of the Templars in the beginning of the fourteenth century, sought to be judged by it in preference to any other court.

‡ Pollnitz's "*Memoirs*," volume iii, quoted in Fletcher's notes to *De Maistre*. Religious Cabinet. February.

at the opposite spirit of the Calvinistic consistory of Geneva. This was in fact an Inquisition which *never* forgave; and the English court of high commission prosecuted the inoffensive Catholic with a rigor that never relented, no matter how much the victim cried out for mercy! Even Mr. Prescott allows that Elizabeth's Inquisition equalled in severity that established by Ferdinand and Isabella.* The fact is, the former far outstripped the latter in every respect; and the English are the last people under the sun who should talk about the Spanish Inquisition!† And yet they precisely have raised the greatest clamor on the subject!!

It is not true that counsel was not allowed to the accused;‡ it is not true that the articles of accusation were not shown to him;§ it is not true that he had not proper means of defence allowed him. Finally, though the *autos da fe* were bad enough, yet the picture of them which represents the clergy assisting at them to enjoy the agony of the victims, is as unjust as it is fanciful. They attended to soothe, not to aggravate the sufferings of the condemned, as ministers of all denominations at the present day accompany the culprit to the scaffold. These are the principal erroneous charges against the Spanish Inquisition, many of which Mr. Prescott has revived. Most of the statements made above are founded upon the authority of a very valuable work published in Madrid, in 1736, by Michael Raphael de Macanag; but they can be substantiated even from the authors whom Mr. Prescott follows. When presenting a sketch of the form of trial by the Inquisition, why did he

make so many important omissions? Why present even the few facts which he does give, with a coloring which indicates prejudice more worthy of the fierce religious acrimony of the sixteenth century, than of the present day of refinement and goodly feeling?

3. But the most mischievous part of Mr. Prescott's account of the Spanish Inquisition, is that in which he deliberately charges on the Catholic Church, not only the institution itself, but even its cruelties and abuses. Nothing could be more unjust. The Inquisition is connected with no doctrine of the Catholic Church, nor is it even a part of her discipline. It was never established in any country without the concurrence of its temporal rulers. In Spain the people and the Cortes demanded its establishment from the king as the *only* remedy to the desperate political evils of the country.* Ferdinand and Isabella, according to Limborch,† “earnestly solicited the Roman pontiff,” to allow them to name inquisitors for their dominions. It is doubtful whether the pontiff, Sixtus IV, could have effectually resisted an appeal made with so much earnestness, and involving a matter so intimately interwoven with the welfare of Spain. He heard the petition, and issued the bulls demanded, in 1478; but, on the appeal of the Jews against the excessive severity of the inquisitors, he issued another bull in 1481, in which “he rebuked their intemperate zeal, and even threatened them with deprivation.”‡ A little later, Pope Leo X received the petition of the Arragonese stating their grievances under the operation of the Inquisition, and granted the prayer thereof, by a special bull by which he greatly modified the form of the whole tribunal, and restrained the powers of the inquisitors; but to show how powerless the Pope was in this matter, the Emperor Charles V annulled the papal decree by his royal authority!§ But the Popes succeeded better in regard to Naples, over which they had more political influence; they steadily opposed the introduction of the Inquisition into that kingdom, and after a

* Prescott, vol. iii, p. 203.

† See Lingard's *England*, Elizabeth; Butler's “*Book of the Catholic Church*”; Cobbett's *Letters*, and De Maistre's fifth and sixth Letters, for proofs on this subject.

‡ Simancas, Tit. xlv. p. 332, from whose testimony it appears that, in the Spanish courts, counsel was not only allowed, but that he had unreserved communication with the accused for three days, in order, with his aid, to prepare suitable answers to the different charges of the indictment.

§ This is admitted by the writer of a most virulent article in the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*, Article, *Inquisition*. Mr. Prescott admits it too, but with a qualification which destroys the force of the admission; vol. i, p. 267. See Simancas, Tit. xlv, p. 332, where this is asserted without any qualification.

* See Report of Cortes. † Limborch, b. i, ch. 24.

‡ Prescott, vol. i, p. 264. § Report of Cortes.

long struggle with the Spanish monarchs, gained the victory.* It was Charles V, and not the Pope, who established the Inquisition in Sicily.† It was the Senate of Venice, and not the Pope, that established the Inquisition in that republic.‡

The general policy of the Popes deprecated severity towards sinners and those who had wandered from the true faith. The Bullarium Romanum is full of proofs of this assertion. Our limits will allow but a few of the most prominent facts. As early as 1268 we find Pope Clement IV disapproving of the severe laws against blasphemy enacted by the sainted French monarch, Louis IX. Various Popes sought to protect the Jews from the insults and injuries to which they were liable from the populace, in various countries of Europe. Thus Honorius III, in 1217,§ published a bull in which he forbade, under the severest ecclesiastical penalties, any one to force them to be baptised against their will, or to offer any other indignity to their persons, or injury to their property.|| And the Bull of Martin V, published in 1425,¶ in which they were declared liable to various penalties, if they persevered in buying and selling Christians, as they were accused of having done, did not, however, revoke the acts of his predecessors in favor of that obdurate race. As a proof of the clemency of the Roman pontiffs towards the Jewish people, there is a proverb current among them to this day, that "*Rome is the paradise of the Jews.*"

In regard to the Portuguese Inquisition the Popes maintained a long struggle with the Portuguese monarchs before they would at all consent to its establishment, and then they did so *with regret*, according to the testimony of Antonio Sousa, cited by Limborch.** And after it had been established, they did every thing in their power to miti-

gate its severity. Thus we find Clement X, in 1674-5, in three separate bulls,* receiving appeals from the decisions of the Portuguese tribunals, and threatening deprivation and other penalties to the inquisitors, if they persisted. And when these proved disobedient to the papal mandate, we find Innocent XI, the successor of Clement X, enforcing the decree of his predecessor against them (A. D. 1679), and declaring their acts null and void.† In another bull published in 1681,‡ the same pontiff corrects many abuses which had crept into the Inquisition of Portugal, and makes many salutary enactments for the guidance of the inquisitors. Among these one gives to the accused the privilege of selecting other counsel, if that assigned by the inquisitorial court be not agreeable to him, and directs that the new counsel have free access to his client; and another directs that the prisoners be treated with greater mildness, and that the prisons be less dark and the confinement less rigid. More evidence might be adduced to prove what we have above asserted, but we must stop here.§

In the face of all these facts, is it not very unjust, to charge the Popes, or the Catholic Church, with the abuses of the Inquisition? It is certain that they did every thing in their power to restrain the excesses of that tribunal, and if they frequently failed, it was the fault of temporal princes and of the times, not of the Church. One fact in regard to the Spanish Inquisition, would alone suffice to show how utterly unable the Pope, and even a general council of the Catholic Church was to reverse even one of its decisions! While the council of Trent was in session, Bartholomew Caranza, archbishop of Toledo, was arrested by the Inquisition and confined in prison on a charge of heresy. The interference of Pius IV, and the protest of the council of Trent, were unavailing; the Inquisition was inflexible, and the archbishop was released only after eight years, by order of Philip II.|| If this

* Limborch, b. i, ch. 26.

† Id. b. i, ch. 27.

‡ See La Cordaire, p. 125.

§ Bullarium Rom. tom. iii, p. 191.

|| Those who wish to see more on this interesting subject are referred to Guerra, Pontificiarum Constitutionum Epitome, vol. i, p. 191, *et seq.*, Edit Venitii, 1772, 4 vols. folio.

¶ Bullarium Rom. tom. iii, p. 453.

** B. i, ch. 25.

* Bull. Rom. tom. vii, pp. 266, 271, and 312.

† Id. tom. viii, p. 96.

‡ Id. lb. p. 230.

§ For more on this subject, see Guerra, p. 175, *et seq.* This author has, however, omitted to notice several papal bulls regarding the Inquisition.

|| See La Cordaire, Apology, &c. pp. 133-4.

fact does not prove that the Church had no control over the Spanish Inquisition, we are at a loss to know what could prove that proposition!

Mr. Prescott* attributes perfidy and interested motives to the Roman pontiffs in their relations towards the Spanish Inquisition. No assertion could be more groundless. The Popes never derived any emolument from the inquisitorial tribunals, it was one of the standing rules of the "Supreme Roman Inquisition," established by a bull of Paul III, in 1542,† that its decisions should be given *gratis* in every case. In establishing this supreme court, the pontiff revoked all inquisitorial powers, and laid down such rules as were well calculated to prevent every abuse. And though three hundred years have elapsed since the establishment of this court, it has never pronounced sentence of capital punishment,—it is yet unsullied with blood!‡ The only thing for which it has ever been blamed, is its "very delicate" treatment of the great Galileo, when a clamor was raised against him by jealous rivals whom he had eclipsed.§ Such was the conduct of the Popes at home, where they had the power to act according to their own judgment, untrammelled by the political intrigues of princes!

The imbecile condition of Spain for the last century, has been ascribed to the Inquisition. If such be the case, how do we explain the fact that for two hundred years after its establishment, Spain was the first country in Europe? The decline of Spain may be traced with greater probability, to other causes. The emigration of her people to America, the influx of wealth from

her colonies, and the consequent decline of industry among her population, combined with various other well known causes to lower her in the scale of European nations. We often hear of the number of victims who were immolated by her Inquisition, but we are not told of the far greater number who fell in the various religious wars by which Germany, France, and England were convulsed, while Spain was secured by this institution from the acrimonious controversy in which those wars originated!* Where the Spanish Inquisition immolated one victim, the moloch of religious dissension has immolated whole hecatombs!

We cannot think that Mr. Prescott would have hazarded many of the aspersions on the Catholic Church with which his book is filled, had he been fully aware of the facts above stated. He might have learned a lesson of moderation in this respect from his illustrious countrymen, Bancroft and Irving, especially as the Inquisition, the cause of his indignation, no longer exists. We regret still more the faults of his book, because it will descend to posterity as a standard work of American literature, of which his country may justly be proud. It is time for all of us to learn the lesson of forbearance taught by the Gospel, and confirmed by the bitter experience of the past! Have the Protestant sects been immaculate on the score of religious persecution, in regard to the mother Church, or even in regard to each other? If they have, then may they rail at the Spanish Inquisition! But if they have some misgivings on the subject, then would we say to them in the language of our blessed Lord to the Scribes and Pharisees who sought the death of the woman taken in adultery: "*He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone.*"

P. F.

* Vol. i, pp. 248 and 267.

† Bull. Rom. tom. iv, p. 211.

‡ See Bergier's Dict. de Theologie, Art. Inquisition, where he makes this same assertion, and challenges any one to produce a proof to the contrary; and yet no one has produced such proof.

§ See La Cordaire, Apology, p. 134, and Dublin Review for July, 1838.

* See Muzzarelli, "Il buon uso della logica," &c. vol. v, p. 108, for a beautiful passage on this subject.

PERPETUITY OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH ON THE HOLY EUCHARIST.*

IT is unfortunately true, and it has been a thousand times proved by experience, that individuals may deviate from the path of sound doctrine, and by following the wanderings of their imagination, fall into the abyss of error. But that the same should ever happen to the Church of Christ is absolutely impossible. It is impossible, for instance, that, if our Lord were not substantially present in the eucharist, and never taught the dogma of transubstantiation to his apostles, nor his apostles to the primitive Christians, that the Church should have ever been induced to admit these doctrines; and *vice versâ*, if these doctrines have been at any period believed by the whole Church, as they certainly were, *e. g.*, at the beginning of the pretended reformation, and also when Berengarius appeared towards the middle of the eleventh century, it is impossible that they should not have been always believed from the very origin of Christianity. Otherwise how could the Church be called "the pillar and ground of the truth?" (1 Tim. iii, 15.) How could it be said that "the gates of hell shall never prevail against her," nor shake her from the immovable rock upon which she was founded? (Matt. xvi, 18 and vii, 25.) How could "the Spirit of truth have abided with her forever" (John xiv, 16, 17), and Christ been with her "all days even to the consummation of the world?" (Matt. xxviii, 20.) In the Protestant system all these divine promises are but empty sounds without effect; and if so, we can no longer place implicit reliance on the words of Christ, and the whole of his religion must yield to the assaults of the deist and infidel! Who can admit a principle or supposition the consequences of which thus manifestly lead to the entire overthrow of Christianity itself?

Again, if the Christian Church, as our opponents assert, did not admit transubstantiation and the substantial presence of

Christ in the eucharist during all the ages previous to the ninth or tenth century, it must have been because she could not reconcile herself to the idea of Christ's real body having been left us for the nourishment of our souls, though he himself had said: "The bread which I will give, is my flesh for the life of the world. . . . For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." (John vi, 52, 56.) It must have been that these words appeared too hard as well to her as to many of our Lord's hearers, and that, instead of imitating those who said: "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life" (ib. 68), she preferred to say with others: "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" (ib. 53.) But let it be well remembered by whom the latter words were uttered: they fell from the lips of the obstinate Jews, and of several inconstant and unhappy disciples who then abandoned Christ and walked no more with him (ib. 67). Will it be said, then, that the Church, during nine centuries, the first of her existence, involved herself in the fate of those unhappy men, and, by imitating their unbelief, had, like them, no part with our divine Saviour? Let those believe it, if they will, who are disposed to believe every thing, except that the Catholics are in the right; as for us, we cannot entertain an opinion so injurious at once to the Church of Christ, and to his providential care for the work of his hands.

Who, moreover, can better attest the antiquity and perpetuity of a doctrine, than the society by which it is universally revered and professed; particularly a society so venerable for its antiquity, so fruitful in learned and holy men, so invariably attached from principle to her doctrines and practices, as the Catholic Church most assuredly is? How forcible, likewise, must her testimony appear, when we see it confirmed by the testimony of those who are her adversaries on other points, *viz.*, the

* A continuation of the review of the Book of Ratzmann.

eastern sects of the schismatic Greeks, Armenians, Jacobites, Nestorians, who have now been separated from her for the space of eight, ten, or fourteen hundred years! In fact all these agree with her in referring their belief of transubstantiation, and of the real and substantial presence of Christ in the eucharist to the primitive times and to the very origin of Christianity. See their liturgies and other authentic documents, collected by the authors of *La Perpétuité de la Foi*, vol. i, b. v, xii; *Faith of Catholics* (Berrington), pp. 194—208. F. Lebrun, *Explication de la Messe*, vols. iii, iv, v, vi. *Lettres d'un docteur Catholique* (Scheffmacher), lettres vii and viii.*

* Of these numerous and valuable documents we shall adduce only three, as quite sufficient for our present purpose. In a synod celebrated by the Syriac Church in 1663, the following decrees were unanimously adopted. "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. 1. We firmly believe that the body and the blood of Christ are contained truly and really in the eucharist, and not in figure and virtue only, as some new heretics have faucied. 2. Likewise, that the bread and the wine are, in virtue of the divine consecration, really and substantially changed and converted, or what is the same, transubstantiated into the true body and blood of Christ. 3. That Christ truly residing in the eucharist is to be adored by the supreme worship called of *latría*, and is thus adored by all the faithful of our Church. 4. That in the sacred liturgy a true and real propitiatory sacrifice is offered to God for the living and the dead. This is and has always been the belief of our Churches; having received it from our ancestors, we preserve it and shall preserve it; nor is there amongst us mention made and remembrance kept of any one having ever taught otherwise. This we do testify, on the twenty-ninth of February, 1663." Here follow the subscriptions of twelve bishops or priests.

The attestation given, to the same effect, by the Nestorians of Diarbekir in Mesopotamia, is not less explicit, nor less remarkable. Having been informed that there were in France some persons (the Huguenots) who denied the real presence and transubstantiation, and that a French author (Minister Claude) attributed the same unbelief to the eastern Christians, they indignantly repelled the charge, calling it a blasphemy and an odious imposture, and sent to France the following protest, the original of which was deposited in the abbey of St. Germain-des-Prés at Paris:

"We, the metropolitan and priests of the Nestorian Church in the city of Diarbekir, have learned with very great surprise, that a certain son of Satan in France has dared offer an atrocious insult to the oriental Church, by falsely asserting that we do not believe and receive the very great mystery of the sacred oblation. In order, then, to dispel the doubt which that evil spirit has attempted to throw into the minds of men, we say, we do testify and declare to all that shall read this protest, that the faith and doctrine of the whole eastern Church, which she holds and professes in regard to this holy mystery, the eucharist, is the faith and doctrine of

What evidence shall we admit, if we may reject evidence like this? What fact shall we believe, if we do not believe a fact grounded upon such a constant and unanimous testimony of very many nations, differing from each other in language, laws, customs, &c., and what, in reality, could have united these various and separated churches in one common belief, except the identity of its origin, namely the faith of the primitive Church and the teaching of Christ (Matt. xxvi, Mark xiv, Luke xxii, John vi) and of his apostles. (v. g. 1 Cor. x, 16, and xi, 23—29.)

These considerations should surely suffice to demonstrate the perpetuity of the

the Gospel, the very same which has been received without any interruption from the earliest antiquity to the present day, in all the Churches of the east. Christ has said that he gave us his body, the same which was to be delivered for us; and he who says that Christ gives us only bread and wine as a sign and a figure of his body and blood, is not a Christian. We firmly believe that after the words of our Lord, which the priest pronounces by divine authority, the substance of the bread is changed into the substance of the body of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that the substance of the wine is changed into the substance of his precious blood; so that there remains nothing of the bread and wine except the accidents of both. We offer that sacred body crucified for us, and that blood shed for many and for us, that is to say, for the living and the dead, for the remission of their sins, and of the punishments which they have deserved. We anathematize those who say the contrary and who do not receive this doctrine. Given in the year of our Lord, 1669, on the 24th of Nisan."

A question having been proposed to an Armenian patriarch on the same subject, and about the same time, he gave the following answer: "We have heard that it has been asserted by some persons that the eastern Christians (those excepted who are united with the Roman see) do not believe the most holy sacrament of the eucharist to be the true body of Christ, and we wonder at the folly and boldness of these persons, who thus presume to speak of what they do not know. For all the eastern Christians of this time believe with unshaken and unhesitating faith, that in the sacrifice of the Mass, the bread is truly changed into the body, and the wine into the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ; even they never had any doubt about it, and never yielded to that infidelity which is now professed by some nominal Christians. We, therefore, do assure you that we Armenians have received from our ancient patriarchs and have kept from the time of the council of Nice (the epoch of their conversion to Christianity) till the present time, this article of faith; having, moreover, the following invocation in our liturgy, besides the words of consecration: "*Almighty Father, send down thy Holy Spirit, and by his co-operation change this bread into the body, and this wine into the blood of our Lord, God and Saviour, Jesus Christ.*" This declaration is signed by the patriarch and by an Armenian doctor, who seems to have been the companion of his travels.

Catholic faith on the holy eucharist; yet, as particular evidences commonly produce a greater impression on the mind than general arguments, we shall now proceed, *ad superabundantiam juris*, to show the truth of our assertion—1. by adducing the words of the ancient fathers and councils, especially those passages which not only imply the real and substantial presence of Christ in the eucharist, but also directly establish the dogma of transubstantiation; 2. by showing the absolute impossibility of any innovation having ever taken place in the faith of the Church relative to this sacred mystery.

We have first the words of *St. Ignatius*, disciple of *St. John the Apostle and bishop of Antioch*, who, speaking of certain heretics of his time, says: "They abstain from the eucharist because they do not acknowledge it to be *the flesh of our Saviour Jesus Christ, which suffered for our sins*, and which the Father by his goodness resuscitated." (*Ep. ad Smyrn.*)

St. Justin, a Christian philosopher, and martyr in the persecution of *Marcus Aurelius*: "As *Jesus Christ, our Saviour*, made man by the word of God, *took flesh and blood for our salvation*; in the same manner, we have been taught, that the food which has been blessed by the prayer of the words that he spoke, and by which our blood and flesh in the change are nourished, *is the flesh and blood of that Jesus incarnate.*" (*Apol. 2, ad Imper. Anton.*)

St. Irenæus, bishop of Lyons, who suffered martyrdom under *Severus*, in 202: "When the mingled chalice and the broken bread receive the word of God, they become the eucharist, *which is the body and blood of Christ.*" (*Advers. hæres. l. v.*)

St. Hilary, bishop of Poitiers: "Of the natural verity of Christ in us, whatever we speak, we speak foolishly and wickedly, unless we learn of him; for it is he that said, *my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.* There is no place to doubt of the truth of Christ's flesh and blood: for now, by the profession of the Lord himself, and according to our belief, *it is truly flesh, and truly blood.*" (*De Trin. l. viii.*)

St. Cyril of Jerusalem, in his catechetical instructions addressed to the neophytes,

or persons newly baptized: "The bread and wine, which before the invocation of the adorable trinity, were nothing but bread and wine, become, after this invocation, the body and blood of Christ. The eucharistic bread, after the invocation of the Holy Spirit, *is no longer common bread, but the body of Christ.* *Jesus Christ, in Cana of Galilee, once changed water into wine by his will only; and shall we think him less worthy of credit, when he changes wine into blood.* . . . Judge not of the thing by your taste, but by faith assure yourself, without the least doubt, that you are honored with the body and blood of Christ; this knowing, and of this being assured, that *what appears to be bread, is not bread, though it be taken for the bread by the taste, but is the body of Christ, and that what appears to be wine, is not wine, though the taste will have it so, but the blood of Christ.*" (*Catech. Mystag. iv.*) In this passage of *St. Cyril of Jerusalem*, we have almost as many proofs against the Protestant system, as there are not only sentences, but even words. What Catholic of the present day could express the dogma of transubstantiation better than this learned and holy doctor of the fourth century did, in explaining to the neophytes the Christian doctrine on the subject of the eucharist?

St. Basil the Great, archbishop of Cæsarea: "About the things that God has spoken, there should be no hesitation nor doubt, but a firm persuasion that all is true and possible. With what fear, with what affection, with what conviction of mind, should we partake of the body and blood of Christ? The apostle teaches us to fear when he says: He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself. (1 Cor. xi, 29.) While the words of the Lord: This is my body, which shall be delivered for you, (Ibid. 26,) create a firm conviction." (*Regul. viii, and lxxx.*)

St. Gregory, bishop of Nyssa, called the Father of Fathers by the second general council, A. D. 381: "By the word of God and prayer, *the bread is instantly changed into the body of Christ*, agreeably to what he said, *this is my body.*" (*Orat. Catech. c. 37.*)

St. Ambrose, archbishop of Milan: "Light is preferable to the shadow, truth to figure,

the body of Christ to the manna of heaven. But you may say, I see somewhat else; how do you assert that I shall receive the body of Christ? This remains to be proved. How many examples may we not make use of to show, that we have not here what nature formed, but what the divine blessing has consecrated, and that the virtue of this blessing is more powerful than that of nature; because by it nature itself is changed! Moses held the rod; he cast it on the ground, and it became a serpent." He proceeds to instance many other miraculous changes, as recorded in Scripture, and then adds: "*If now the blessing of men was powerful enough to change nature, what must we not say of the divine consecration, when the very words of our Lord are the agent!*" And again: "You have read concerning the creation of the world: *He spoke, and it was done; he commanded, and it was formed.* (Psalm cxlviii, 5.) Will not the word of Christ, therefore, which could draw out of nothing what was not, be able to change the things that are, into that which they were not? Our Lord himself proclaims: *This is my body.*" (*De Mysteriori*, c. ix.)

The words of St. John Chrysostom are not less remarkable: "Let us," says he, "believe God in every thing, and not gainsay him, although what is said may seem contrary to our reason and our sight. Let his word overpower both. How many persons are heard to say: I would like to behold his form, his shape, his attire! But thou dost see him, thou touchest him, thou receivest him into thy breast. These are not the effects of human power. He who in that supper did these things himself, now also does them for you. We hold the order of ministers, *but the sanctifier and changer of them is himself.*" (Homil. 83 in Matt.) Again: "It is Christ who makes the things lying on the altar become his body and blood. The priest stands performing his office, and pronouncing the words, but the power and grace are the power and grace of God. He says, *this is my body, and these words effect the change of the things offered.*" (Homil. i, de Proditu Judæ.)

After reading such explicit testimonies, it might be a curious thing to know how Pro-

testants reconcile their doctrine with that of these illustrious Fathers.

St. Augustine, the great bishop of Hippo, writes thus: "Christ took upon him earth from the earth, because flesh is from the earth, and his flesh is from the flesh of Mary, and because he here walked in this flesh, *even this same flesh he gave us to eat for our salvation.* But no one eateth this flesh without having first adored it, and not only do we not sin by adoring, we rather sin by not adoring it." (*In Psalm*, xcvi.)

St. Nikus, a priest and monk of Sina, is equally explicit: "Before the prayer of the priest," says he, "and the coming of the Holy Spirit, the things laid on the table are common bread and wine; but, after the solemn invocations, and the descent of the adorable spirit, *it is no longer bread, and no longer wine, but it is the body and the pure and precious blood of Christ, the God of all.*" (*L. I. Ep.* xlv.)

St. Gregory the Great, pope, who died in 604, speaking of our Lord in the character of the good shepherd, says: "That good shepherd laid down his life for his sheep, *that he might change our sacrament into his body and blood, and feed with the aliment of his flesh the sheep which he had redeemed.*" (*Homil.* xiv, in *Evang.*)

Venerable Bede has given a full and unequivocal testimony of the same doctrine, "When we celebrate the Mass," says he, "we again immolate to the Father *the sacred body and the precious blood of the Lamb, with which we have been redeemed from our sins.*" (*Homil.* in *Vig. Pasch.*)

We will close this series of quotations from the Holy Fathers who lived in the first eight ages of the Church, with these words of St. John Damascene, whose death occurred about the year 780: "You ask how does the bread become the body, and the wine mixed with some water the blood of Christ; I answer, by the operation of the Holy Ghost, who can do much more than we can understand. *As the bread which we eat, and the wine and water which we drink are naturally changed into our body and blood; so the bread and the wine laid on the altar are, by the invocation and coming of the Holy Ghost, miraculously changed into the body and*

blood of Christ." (*De Fide Orthod. l. iv. c. 14.*)

In these passages, to which many more might be added, the reader will find many invincible proofs of the Catholic dogma, of *Christ's real and substantial presence* in the eucharist, and of *transubstantiation*. No mention is made here of a presence merely in sign, figure or virtue; on the contrary, all this is positively excluded by the Fathers. According to them, as well as to modern Catholics, *we ought not to dispute against the word of God, nor trust to our reason and senses; after the consecration, there are no longer bread and wine in the eucharist, although they seem to remain; the bread has been changed into the body, and the wine into the blood of Christ; the same flesh is present on the altar, which was taken from the B. Virgin, which suffered for us, &c.* and the reality of these wonders *does not admit of the slightest doubt, when we consider the texts of the Gospel, and of St. Paul, and the prodigies wrought by the Omnipotence of God, the creation, the incarnation, the change of water into wine in Cana of Galilee, and other miraculous changes recorded in the Scripture.* Could they possibly have expressed themselves on the real presence and transubstantiation in plainer and stronger terms? Had they, fourteen or sixteen hundred years ago, foreseen the Protestant doctrine on this point, could they have refuted it more effectually than they did? and would not the man who should attempt to pervert their meaning, be equally justifiable in producing the words of the council of Trent, and of our catechisms, and with a shameless disregard of truth, declare that they do not mean any such thing as real presence and transubstantiation?

It must, moreover be observed, that the doctrine of the Holy Fathers was no other than that of the Church during the ages in which they lived. It is evident that they proposed it as such to their hearers and readers, since they either spoke of it as a notorious fact (v. g. St. Justin, St. Augustine, venerable Bede), or made it the subject of their catechetical instructions (St. Gregory of Nyssa, St. Cyril of Jerusalem, St. Ambrose), or expatiated upon it with delight

in their homilies and solemn discourses, to increase the piety and devotion of the faithful towards this sacred mystery, (St. Gregory the Great, St. Basil, St. John Chrysostom), or made use of it as an unquestionable principle to guard the Churches against the error of the Gnostics, who denied that Christ had taken a real body in the incarnation, (St. Ignatius, St. Irenæus), or, in fine, numbered it in their didactic letters and treatises among the principal tenets of the Christian faith (St. Nilus, St. John Damascene, St. Hilary). Hence these instructions of the Fathers, whether first delivered by word of mouth, or published in their writings, (instead of meeting with any opposition, as would have been the case, had they savored of novelty) were every where received with the greatest respect and veneration, as containing the pure belief of the Church from the time of the apostles. Hence too was their doctrine, whenever the occasion required, solemnly sanctioned by the acts and decrees of general councils. The council of Ephesus, for instance, in 431, approved the following dogmatical decision already passed against the Nestorian heresy, by the illustrious patriarch St. Cyril, and the provincial council of Alexandria: "We offer in the Churches the holy, vivifying and unbloody sacrifice; receiving the body which is presented to us, and likewise the precious blood, not as of a mere ordinary man, but *as having been made the proper body and blood of the Divine Word.*" (*Concil. Ephes. Act. 1.*) The second council of Nice, also, at which three hundred and fifty bishops were present, made this solemn declaration (A. D. 787): "Never has it been said by our Lord, or by the Apostles, or by the Fathers, that the unbloody sacrifice offered by the priests, is only an image of Christ, but *they have called it his true body and blood.* The elements have indeed the name of antitypes, before they are sanctified; *but, after the consecration, they are called, they are believed to be, and they really are the body and the blood of Christ.*" (*Conc. Nic. ii, Act. 6.*)

It is, therefore, as plain as the light of day, that the whole Church, from her very origin, constantly believed, professed and taught the dogma of *transubstantiation*, and

of the true, real and substantial presence of Christ in the eucharist. The sincere inquirer cannot but witness with indignation the confident assurance and bold assertion of the publishers of Ratramn's work, when they tell us, that this dogma was unknown in the Catholic Church in primitive times, and before the ninth century, and that Paschasius Radbertus at that period was the first who propounded the doctrine of transubstantiation. Nor do we see how the translator of the book can escape the imputation of gross ignorance or insincerity, when he says: "Bellarmine against all authority, and without a shadow of proof, asserts that Ratramn was the innovator and Paschasius the defender of the Catholic doctrine, when the fact is the very reverse," (*Pref. p. 15;*) as if Bellarmine had not devoted thirty-four chapters, replete with erudition and powerful arguments (thirty-three of his second book, and the twentieth of his third book *De Sacramento Euchar.*) to demonstrate what the translator here denies, or as if all his arguments were vain because he did not think proper to insert in his small volume *De Scriptoribus Ecclesiasticis*, the fifty or sixty folio pages of his controversies written thirty years before! As to Bishop Whittingham, we can only regret the imprudence that led him to denounce the notion of transubstantiation as *heretical* (*Page v, of the little vol. first of the Preface*), when the charge so evidently attaches to his own opinion and assertion.*

* It is scarcely requisite to say any thing against a certain article written on the same subject, in number two of the *Episcopal True Catholic, Reformed Protestant and free*; that is, the Baltimore mouthy of the true Catholic or universally established Episcopal Church!—yet reformed and separated from the only Catholic society that exists upon earth;—*Protestant*, i. e. protesting against that society, and protesting so bravely as to be free from all just claims to catholicity. The author of this article having derived his main view of Ratramn's book from the remarks of its publishers, must naturally be involved with them in the same defeat, and in the same guilt, of having advanced unjustifiable charges and misstatements. However, as the article contains some peculiarities of doctrine and language, it may not be amiss to make them the subject of a few remarks.

While the gentleman accuses (*P. 67, note p.*) some of the modern Roman controversialists of ignorance or falsehood, he affords himself a striking instance, we do not say of falsehood, but surely of ignorance. 1st, in stating (*P. 67.*) against all historical evidence, that nothing like the theory of Pas-

But our arguments do not end here. As Bishop Whittingham seems to find a peculiar satisfaction in speaking of the doctrine held in the ninth century and subsequently, we must also put him right on this point. It will be an easy task to do so, as, independently of various other evidences, the books alone of Paschasius Radbertus would

chasius is found in any previous writer, or ancient father, or liturgy, and ridiculously endeavoring to make Bellarmine appear of the same opinion. 2d, in asserting (*P. 68.*) that several writers undertook to refute Paschasius on the subject of transubstantiation, whereas the case, as shall very soon be proved, was just the reverse, if we except Scotus Erigena, a man of low standing among his own cotemporaries, who left no followers, and whose book was condemned by the council of Vercelli, A. D. 1050. 3d, in quoting, as some of our best authors, Cajetan, Durand, Erasmus; men, at least these two last, of little repute as theologians, and, although not adverse to the doctrine of transubstantiation, better known amongst us for the singularity than for the accuracy of many of their opinions. 4th, in confounding the grammatical expression, with the religious doctrine of transubstantiation; (*P. 67; note.*) the former indeed, just as the words *trinity, incarnation, consubstantial*, is not found in the Scripture, and was only afterwards adopted by the Church against the opposite error; but as the mysteries of the Holy Trinity, the consubstantiality and incarnation of the son of God, are contained in the sacred writings, and were always believed by the Church, so also is, and has ever been the dogma of transubstantiation. 5th, in adopting with the Anglican Bishop Taylor, (*P. 74; note w.*) the words *really, substantially*, etc. without admitting the flesh and blood of Christ to be truly in the eucharist, which amounts to the same thing as to say, that Christ is *really and substantially present* in it, and yet that he is *really and substantially absent*. 6th, in supposing that these words *real, true, and substantial* body and blood of Christ, are the only ones by which we prove from the Fathers the eucharistic transubstantiation; (*Ibid. 74.*) whereas we have another and a more direct argument taken from those passages which distinctly express the change of the bread into the body, and of the wine into the blood of Christ, and which declare that there are no longer bread and wine in the eucharist after the consecration. 7th, in asserting (*P. 67; note*) that "in the interval between the Lateran council (Anno 1215,) and the council of Trent, (1545, 1563,) many eminent Roman theologians did not scruple to defend opinions contrary to transubstantiation," which is utterly false,—not one can be named. Of the three which are mentioned, Occam was a schismatic excommunicated by Pope John XXII: Waldensis spent his whole life in refuting the heretics of his time, who attacked transubstantiation; and Peter Lombard, the famous master of the sentences, although he could not define the manner in which this mystery is effected, positively asserts its reality in these words: "After the consecration there is no longer the substance of the bread and wine, although their appearances remain," (*Sentent. lib. iv. Dist. 2.*) 8th, in doubting (*P. 69; note q.*) the sentiment of Paschasius himself on this point, whereas Paschasius plainly says: "Although the form of the bread and wine is here, we ought to believe that there is, after the consecration, nothing else whatever than the body and blood of Christ;" (*Ch. 1, lib. de Corp. et*

suffice to overthrow at once the Protestant notion in reference to those times. This truly eminent scholar and divine, well acquainted with the Greek and Hebrew languages, deeply versed in the knowledge of the Scripture and tradition, which served alike to supply him with arguments, and not less conspicuous for his piety and sanctity than for his learning, published about the year 831, his treatise on the eucharist, in which, after reminding his readers of the omnipotence of God, who can do all that he wills, he says: "We ought to believe that, after the consecration, what still appears to be bread and wine, is, however, nothing else than the body and blood of Christ. Of this, Truth itself assures us, saying: 'This is my flesh for the life of the world.' . . . No one who believes the divine word, doubts the reality of the body and blood rendered present by the consecration of the mystery, as the same Truth has said: 'My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.'" (*De Verit. Corp. et Sang. Dom. c. i, et iv.*) The same doctrine he inculcates throughout his whole treatise, as also in his commentary on the twenty-sixth chapter of St. Matthew, and finally in his letter to Frudegardus, the expressions of which are peculiarly remarkable: "After the prayer of the canon at mass, in which the priest begs of the heavenly Father that the eucharistic elements *may become the body and blood of his most beloved Son, our Lord Jesus Christ*, all the people [as was then the custom] with unanimous voice answer *amen*; and thus the whole Church, of every nation and language, after having offered her prayers, confesses that what she prays for, has taken place. Let the person then who might be more inclined to contradict than to believe, see what

Sang. Dom.) 9th, in continuing to claim for his party the ancient Anglo-Saxon Church, notwithstanding (let the reader compare the proofs and the answer) the yet *unanswered* arguments of Dr. Lingard, "in that very unfair and disingenuous note of his work on the 294th page of the American edition," (*P. 73.*) 10th, in stating (*P. 67; note p. last lines.*) that Peter Lombard wrote *sixty years before the council of Trent*. Now Peter Lombard died in 1164, and the council of Trent was closed in December, 1563, which makes an interval of exactly four centuries. Here in a period of four hundred years, we find an anachronism of only three hundred and forty!! Gentle reader, be not inexorable.

he is doing against the Lord himself, and against the whole Church of Christ. It is an enormous crime to pray with all, and not to believe what truth itself testifies, and what all Christians every where and unanimously confess to be true. Since he himself declares that it is his body and his blood, all doubt upon the subject must be dismissed." (*Epist. ad Frudegard.*)

Now, one of two things must be admitted; either what Paschasius repeatedly and publicly relates of the universal and unanimous belief of the Church in his time is incontestable, or Paschasius must have been insane thus to advance, in the face of the world, as notoriously true, what he knew to be notoriously false; and consequently he should have been considered as the most despicable and impertinent man that ever attempted to write on any subject. But, far from it, we find him, though a private religious, esteemed, praised, respected and honored, especially after the publication of his book on the eucharist, by learned men, by Catholic princes and prelates, particularly the French bishops, twenty of whom, in their council of Paris (A. D. 846), called him their *venerable brother*, "*venerabilem fratrem Radbertum*," and readily confirmed at his request the privileges of the monastery of Corbey. His treatise was every where received with so much applause and read with such satisfaction that the author was induced to give a second edition of it, about thirteen years after its first publication. Instead of the multitude of adversaries which Protestant fancy has arrayed against it, not even one (except Scotus Erigena, whose writings were condemned by the Church) assailed the doctrine of Paschasius in relation to the real presence and transubstantiation. If a few, like Ratramn, disputed about some incidental questions, all agreed as to the substance of these essential dogmas.* We shall here adduce some passages from the

* In addition to what has already been said on this subject in our preceding number, the reader may see all this extensively and satisfactorily proved in the learned *Preface* of Mabillon on the *second part of the fourth Benedictine century*; the author of *Perpetuite de la Foi*, vol. i, l. viii; Natalis Alexander, in *Histor. Eccles. sæculi IX et X, Dissert. x—xv*, vol. vi, pp. 338—371; and D. Ceillier, *Histoire des Auteurs Ecclesiast.*, vol. xix, pp. 87—146.

most prominent of these pretended adversaries.

1. "Who could believe that bread should be changed into flesh, and wine into blood, had not our Saviour himself said it,—He who created bread and wine, and made all things out of nothing? It is easier to make one thing out of another, than to create all things from nothing." (Rabanus Maurus, archbishop of Mentz, *De Sacris Ordinibus*, lib. vii, c. x.)

2. "Since, therefore, the Son of God himself has said; 'My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed,' we ought to understand that these same mysteries of our redemption are truly the body and blood of the Lord." (Walafridus Strabo, abbot of Richenou, *De Officiis Divinis*, c. xvii.)

3. "We believe that the inanimate nature of the bread and wine mixed with some water, is changed into the rational nature of the body and blood of Christ." (Amalarius, *De Ecclesiasticis Officiis*, lib. iii, c. 24.)

4. "When the creature of bread and wine is, by the unspeakable operation of the Holy Ghost, changed into the body and blood of the Son of God, Christ is eaten. . . . It is he himself who through the powerful benediction of the Divine Spirit, makes the elements become his sacred body and blood." (Florus, deacon of Lyons, in *Expositione Missæ*.)

5. "We believe and faithfully confess, that the substance of the bread and wine is, through the operation of the divine power, substantially converted into another substance, that is to say, the flesh and blood of Christ. . . . In order to remove or diminish the repugnance and excessive awe which might otherwise possess us, Almighty God, accommodating himself to our infirmity, wishes the outward form of the bread and wine to remain in the eucharist, although it is in reality the body of Christ and his blood." (Haymon, bishop of Halberstadt, *Tract. de Corp. et Sang. Domini*.)

All these authors lived and wrote during the course of the ninth century; the following names will serve as witnesses for the tenth and eleventh centuries.

Ratherius, bishop of Verona, writes as

follows: "Believe, dear brother, that just as in Cana of Galilee, water was made, by the command of God, true and not figurative wine,—so here wine, by the divine blessing, becomes true and not figurative blood, and bread becomes flesh. Although the color and the taste remain, believe that it is the real flesh and blood of the Lord, being assured of this mystery by Truth itself." (*Epist. ad Patric. Sacerd.*)

The belief of St. Dunstan, archbishop of Canterbury, and of the Anglo-Saxon Church is made manifest from what Osbertus relates of that holy prelate: "Having returned to the altar, he (St. Dunstan) changed by the immaculate benediction, the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ. When the moment arrived to bless the people, wishing to address them again, he again withdrew from the altar, and being filled with the Spirit of God, he spoke so eloquently of the reality of Christ's body, of the future resurrection and eternal life, that one might have taken him for an inhabitant of the heavenly Jerusalem." (*Vit. Sti. Dunst.*)

St. Fulbert, bishop of Chartres, has the following words: "It is a crime to doubt whether He who created all things out of nothing, can, by the same omnipotence, change the earthly nature of the bread and wine into the substance of his body, since he says himself, 'this is my body, this is my blood.'" (*Epist. ad Adeodatum*.)

Lanfranc, the celebrated adversary of Berengarius, pressed him with this cogent argument, founded upon a notorious fact, which the innovator himself did not deny: "If *that* be true which you assert about the body of Christ, then must *that* be false which the Church every where believes and teaches on the same subject. For, all those who are and who glory in being Christians, glory likewise in receiving the true flesh and the true blood of Christ, both taken from the Virgin. Ask all those of the Latin tongue, ask the Greeks, the Armenians, in a word, the Christians of every nation; all unanimously testify that such is their belief. And now, if the belief of the universal Church be erroneous, either there never was a Catholic Church, or it has perished, since

there is nothing more effectual in producing the ruin of souls, than a pernicious error. But to assert that the Church either never was or has perished, is anti-catholic, anti-christian and a sacrilegious presumption. Therefore the error is on your side. Therefore, again, it is the true flesh of Christ which we eat, and his true blood which we drink." (*De Corp. et Sang. Dom.*, c. 22, 23.)

We might further adduce a vast number of similar testimonies, from Durand of Troarn, Hugh of Langres, Adelman of Brescia, Guitmond of Aversa, Alverus of Liege, etc.; also from the liturgies, used as well during those ages, as before and after, the Roman, Ambrosian, Alexandrian, Gallican, Gothic, etc., all of which mention the *substantial* presence of Christ in the eucharist, and the *change* of the eucharistic elements into his sacred body and blood: yet, we believe it quite unnecessary to carry our proofs any further, as no one, ever so little acquainted with ecclesiastical history, can deny that when Berengarius, in the middle of the eleventh century, began to preach a different doctrine, the whole Church so unanimously rose against him, that there was not a single town engaged in his party, and that he himself was repeatedly compelled to abjure his errors.* From that time forward, the notoriety of the belief of all Catholics spread throughout the world; the unanimous testimony of the eastern Churches; the decrees of the general councils of Lateran, Constance, Florence, and Trent, do not admit even of a cavil, and, in

* His most solemn recantation took place in a council held at Rome (A. D. 1079), where he consented to make the following profession of faith, in presence of the Pope and one hundred and fifty bishops: "I, Berengarius, believe from my heart and confess with my lips, that the bread and the wine laid on the altar are, through the mystery of the sacred prayer and the words of our Redeemer, changed into the true, real, and vivifying flesh, and into the blood of our Lord, Jesus Christ; and that after the consecration, it is his true body, which was born of the Virgin, was offered on the cross for the redemption of mankind, and sitteth at the right hand of the Father; and the true blood of Jesus Christ, which flowed from his side. This I do believe, and shall teach nothing to the contrary; so may God help me and his holy Gospel." Whether Berengarius was sincere in speaking thus, may be a matter of doubt; this at least is certain, that the formula proposed to him contained the plain doctrine of the Church, and that he was obliged to profess it, in order to be held orthodox.

addition to the preceding uninterrupted series of authorities from the ancient fathers, doctors, and councils, they *establish conclusively the fact*, that the doctrine of the real presence and transubstantiation has been, from the primitive ages and in accordance with the words of Christ and the preaching of the apostles, constantly believed, professed and taught by the Catholic Church.

With this massive and overwhelming evidence before us, what can be said of the Book of Ratramn (including the homily of Ælfric mostly taken from it), except that its contents are a mere drop of water added to a large river, if conformable to the Catholic doctrine; and if contrary to it, a mere straw cast into an immense and consuming fire? If it be asked, why, in this last supposition was it not condemned by the Church at that time, we will answer that it was not for many very good reasons. 1. Because a bare supposition is no proof of guilt; 2. because the little treatise does not appear to have produced any impression among the cotemporaries of the author; 3. because it was scarcely known to them, and the few persons who quoted it afterwards during six or seven centuries, understood it in a Catholic sense. To require the Church to condemn a book of this description (even supposing it again to be bad) and under such circumstances, would indeed be preposterous; and to conclude from her silence in that case, any thing unfavorable to her constant doctrine, would be still more absurd; as if she approved all the obscure treatises which she does not positively condemn, or as if the law sanctioned all the crimes which it does not punish!

Let us now come to the second argument by which we promised to demonstrate the perpetuity of the Catholic faith on the eucharist, viz., the impossibility of any change having ever taken place in the doctrine of the Church. In fact, since the dogma of the real presence and transubstantiation was firmly believed by all Christians in the middle of the eleventh century,—since, on the other hand, our opponents maintain, how much soever against historical truth, that this dogma was not yet known and believed before and even during the ninth century—

a change in the doctrine of the Church, or, in other words, a transition of all Christians from the non-belief to the belief of the real presence and transubstantiation, must, according to our opponents, have taken place in the interval which elapsed between the middle of the ninth and the middle of the eleventh century; and this is indeed the period which Protestants commonly assign as the epoch of the pretended innovation. But how many absurdities are implied in such an admission!

Constant experience and the very nature of the human heart concur in showing that people are not easily induced to exchange the religious opinions in which they were educated, for doctrines opposed to them; especially when the former are easy and in accordance with the senses or prejudices of men, while the latter, on the contrary, contain mysteries calculated alike to humble the pride of reason, and check the passions of the heart. But even admitting that sometimes a change of doctrine may be effected in several persons, it is at least impossible that this should take place without a vast deal of remonstrance and opposition on the part of others, chiefly those whose interest or bounden duty it is to arrest the progress of the innovation. This has always been the case whenever a novelty in matters of religion was broached and began to be spread among the faithful of any country. Who does not know the innumerable and lasting disturbances which were occasioned in the Church by the Arian, Pelagian, Donatist, Nestorian and Eutychian heresies, as well as the powerful opposition which they met with in their progress, although they were much less hostile to human prejudices and passions, than was the ancient faith which they attacked? And would it have been just the reverse with regard to the pretended innovation about the eucharist? Would all Christians without exception and in a short time, have divested themselves of their natural and religious feelings, to admit a new doctrine, the most opposed to the senses and imagination that can be conceived; would they have admitted it as a part of the divine revelation given by Christ

to his Church, whilst (as our adversaries contend), it was, to their own knowledge, a mere novelty, and not a word had been heard of it before? In fine, would they have adopted it without difficulty, without trouble, without opposition and protestation, as must be supposed in this case, since nothing of the kind can be discovered to have taken place in those times; and whilst the author, the rise and the progress of every heresy, even on much less important points, have been carefully noticed in every age, here on the contrary, by a strange overthrow of the moral laws which govern mankind, both the fact and the circumstances of the momentous innovation were immediately buried in perfect oblivion! what can be imagined more preposterous and absurd?

Indeed, if the belief of the incarnation and other mysteries of the Christian faith could not be spread and established throughout the world but by the incessant labors of the apostles and of their successors in the ministry, by the innumerable miracles of these holy men, by the sufferings and death of millions of martyrs, by encountering during the space of three hundred years, the most violent and bloody persecutions, as is attested by all ancient monuments, whether sacred or profane; what man enjoying the full use of his senses, will ever admit that the dogma of transubstantiation and real presence of Christ in the eucharist, which certainly is not less opposed to human pride and prejudices than the other mysteries of religion, was preached for the first time *during*, and unanimously adopted within a short time *after* the ninth century, without the aid of miracles, without the testimony of martyrs, without any disturbance, without opposition or protestation; in a word, so easily and quietly, that no mention, no vestige of such events can be found in any record?

And let it not be said that the tenth century having been a very dark age, in which ignorance everywhere prevailed, it was easy for an innovator to make the people adopt any notions that he might wish to intrude upon them; to assert this would be ridiculous in the extreme. In the first place, it

does not account in the least for the monstrous phenomenon of a most important change having occurred, without being noticed and mentioned by the writers of that age; a silence and neglect the more incomprehensible, as the eleventh century which Protestants have no reason to laud more than the tenth, has left us innumerable monuments of the disturbances excited by the attacks of Berengarius against the dogma of transubstantiation, and of the opposition which his doctrine of the real absence every where met with, so far that, besides being refuted by a multitude of learned bishops and doctors, Lanfranc, Guitmond, Algerus, &c., it was condemned by no fewer than fifteen councils, held within the space of thirty or forty years in the various parts of Christendom. Yet, it is self-evident that the task assumed by Berengarius was far easier and more agreeable to man's limited reason and depraved senses, than would have been an attempt to introduce among the faithful the belief of transubstantiation, if it had been previously unknown among them. If the words of Christ himself; "The bread which I will give, is my flesh for the life of the world. . . . For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed" (John vi, 52, 56); if these words, we say, plain as they were, and supported by our Saviour's miracles and undeniable sanctity, found numerous gainsayers among his hearers, and even among his disciples, whom he therefore suffered to depart from him and to follow their own blind and rebellious reason (ibid. 53, 61, 67); what would it have been, if a mere man, an impostor, had ventured to preach the same dogma for the first time in the lapse of succeeding ages? Ignorance, however prevalent, would by no means have prevented a powerful opposition to such a doctrine, had it been new in the Church. Ignorant persons are indeed more easily induced than others, to embrace those novelties which favor and gratify their cupidity, their sensuality, or their pride; and this is, in reality, what chiefly promoted the rapid growth of Protestantism in Germany, and several other states of the north of Europe; but there are none more obstinate than persons of

this description, in shutting their ears, their eyes and their hearts against any thing opposed to their prejudices, their customs and their disorderly passions. But what could be more effectual in producing these effects, than the doctrine and belief of the substantial presence of Christ in the holy eucharist, since its immediate consequence is the necessity of self-denial and great purity of conscience, to comply in a worthy manner with the divine precept of participating in the eucharistic banquet, and of receiving within us the immaculate body and blood of our Divine Saviour?

Nay more,—it might justly be said that no period of the Church was ever less adapted to a change in religious doctrine than the tenth century. For never perhaps was there an age of stronger and more lively faith; none in which the feelings of men were more perfectly identified with religion. Religion, as we learn from the history of those times, was then readily preferred to all other things; the Christians of the middle ages entertained for it the same affection and devotion that the ancient Greeks and Romans so often displayed for the defence of their liberty, and, to use the expression of a great poet:

"On comprenait alors, mieux qu'au siècle où nous sommes,
Que l'intérêt des hommes
Ne doit point balancer la querelle des cieux."

How could it have been possible then, that men of this character, so firmly attached to the religious doctrines in which they had been raised, should have suffered them to be driven from their hearts and minds by a creed of new formation, and by opinions unknown to their fathers? If the heresies of Eutyches and Nestorius about the incarnation of the Son of God met, at the very moment of their appearance, with such powerful opposition among the degenerate Greeks, what would have been, among the much more eager and zealous Christians of western Europe, the fate of the bold innovator concerning the equally important point of the eucharist?

Moreover, the darkness and ignorance imputed to the tenth century, is far from

having been as profound and universal as is commonly asserted. Whatever may be said by those who are interested in representing it as an age of barbarism, there was even then, a large number of celebrated schools, *v. g.* those of Lyons, Paris, Oxford, Worms, &c., where both sacred and profane letters were taught with success. There existed in that very age several Popes conspicuous for their learning and piety, such as Gregory V, Leo VII, Sylvester II; many illustrious and holy prelates, St. Bruno, archbishop of Cologne; St. Adalbert, bishop of Prague; St. Ulric, bishop of Augsburg; St. Odo and St. Dunstan, archbishops of Canterbury;—many scholars, if not distinguished for their literary refinement, at least remarkable for their sound judgment and their knowledge of the sacred sciences, St. Notker, the monk of St. Gall; St. Odo, abbot of Cluny; Atto, bishop of Vercelli; Luitprand, bishop of Cremona; Flodoardus, canon of Rheims, &c.—many pious kings and emperors, Alfonso the Great and Ramirus II, in Spain; Edward, Athelstan, and Edgar, in England; St. Wenceslas, in Bohemia; Henry I and Otto the Great, in Germany;—many zealous and learned missionaries, who successfully preached the Gospel among the several tribes of eastern and northern Europe, and to whose apostolic labors, the Slavonians, the Poles, the Normans, the Danes, the Russians, the Hungarians, were indebted alike for their conversion to Christianity, and the solid beginnings of their civilization. This having been the case in the tenth century, who can conceive the possibility of a new belief concerning the eucharist having been introduced into the Church, without provoking a general outcry of indignation and remonstrance against the novelty? Were the many virtuous and distinguished personages whom we have just mentioned, suddenly changed into beings of quite a different character; devoid of all reason, religion, and piety; so stupid as not to perceive the extraordinary and antichristian change of doctrine that was taking place all around them; so senseless as not to consider it sufficiently important to be resisted; so careless for the glory of God, and the salvation

of souls, as to unite their own efforts with those of the first impostor, and thus positively concur in promoting the success of his impious innovation? Wonderful indeed must be the credulity that can admit such a complete and universal shipwreck of rational and religious feeling.

This, however, is not the last and the greatest absurdity to be encountered in the admission of Bishop Whittingham and his associates; they have still to account for the origin of that unanimous belief in the real presence and transubstantiation, which we have proved to exist as well among the schismatic Greeks, the Jacobites, and the Nestorians, as among Catholics. During the tenth century, the Greek schism, which had been commenced under Photius, was continuing to take deep root, whilst the Nestorian and Eutychian parties, which had separated themselves from the Latins five or six hundred years before, persisted as sternly as ever in their opposition to the church which had condemned their errors. Would all these have consented to receive from that church the profane novelty of a dogma unknown to their fathers on the subject of the eucharist? Would they not, on the contrary, have rejected it with scorn, and gladly availed themselves of the favorable opportunity thus presented of lodging a just accusation against the Catholic body? But there is nowhere to be found the least vestige of such an accusation—nay more, it was only against the enemies of transubstantiation and of the real presence that they launched all their anathemas, both when the Protestants of Germany solicited their alliance in 1574, and when the Huguenots of France accused them, about one hundred years later, of holding a doctrine different from that of Catholics in reference to the holy eucharist. Let, then, Bishop Whittingham, or any one else, explain how, when and where these oriental sects consented to adopt the pretended novelties broached by the *Romish Church* during the *dark ages*. Let him show, with the slightest shadow of reason and truth, from what source they derived their belief of transubstantiation, and of the true, real, and substantial presence of Christ in the eucharist, if not from the

doctrine of the apostles and the faith of that *primitive Catholic Church*, of which they were once members.

Such are the numerous contradictions and insuperable difficulties to be encountered in the admission of a doctrinal change having, at any period, taken place in the Catholic Church on the nature of the holy eucharist. How frail, therefore, and how completely insecure is the superstructure based on such an admission! How weak and desperate must be that cause which finds itself obliged to rest upon such a support! This is, in fact, the only conclusion to which the efforts of our opponents can lead the sincere inquirer. What can be said, when he sees them, in opposition to

the overwhelming mass of authorities and arguments which prove, as plainly as can be desired, the apostolical origin and the perpetuity of the Catholic faith, preferring the *obscure* expressions of an *obscure* writer of the ninth century, expressions, too, which can be satisfactorily explained, and which do not prevent the general tenor of *his* book from being very unfavorable to *them*? What must be said of such a course, if not that it is the last and miserable effort of an agonising system? and who is the person, in the least mindful of the future destiny of his immortal soul, and convinced of the necessity of the true faith for salvation, that will remain attached to such a system, or be willing to stake upon it his eternal welfare!

MR. WEBSTER'S BUNKER HILL SPEECH.

Oration of Daniel Webster, delivered at Bunker Hill, June 17th, 1843. National Intelligencer, June 22d, 1843.

WE are of those whose admiration of Mr. Webster's intellectual and oratorical abilities is confined within no narrow limits. We deem that he is rightly placed by a distinguished critic, half-way between Demosthenes and Burke—for we know little in ancient or modern eloquence, with which some of his productions may not be fearlessly compared. Upon the present occasion, however, and with regard to the oration before us, we must be permitted to differ from what seems the general verdict of our cotemporaries. The Bunker Hill discourse has many traits of excellence which might build up the reputation of almost any but its author. It has passages worthy even of Mr. Webster—but in its scope, and tone, and spirit, we are free to say that it does not, in our judgment, rise to the standard by which that gentleman should be judged. The occasion was certainly a great one, and the actor was worthy of the drama. But although the time and place did furnish, most assuredly, just

grounds of high national congratulation—they were pregnant, also, with materials which an eminent man might, aptly, have turned to the purposes of a solemn and impressive lesson. Mr. Webster, we think, did not improve the opportunity.

Our countrymen, it will be conceded, do not much need to be told of their greatness and glory. They have heard of those things on all possible occasions, and they are unfortunately much more apt, under ordinary circumstances, to be satisfied with reflections on their own grandeur, than to provide the elements for its future improved existence. Our wisdom and virtue are matters of which we have long been thoroughly persuaded. Of our liberty we have long entertained ideas, by no means restricted—and our tendency does not appear, at present, to lead us towards a narrower construction. We should have been delighted, therefore, if Mr. Webster had given us a little less of our excellences and privileges, with a great deal more of our duties. We were not prepared for the brevity of the didactic paragraph which closes the oration. We had hoped that the fourth of July and Plymouth Rock formularies would have

been for once discarded, and that the great, statesman-like intellect of the orator would have expanded itself over the broad field of our national defects and errors—our moral and social necessities. Instead of the suggestion that our national character rises above lucre and its temptations, we had anticipated a denunciation of that prurient love of gain, which every thinking man knows to be a crying evil among us. Instead of homage and hosannas to our love of law, we had hoped to hear a stern rebuke of our unquestionable disposition to trample the law and its restraints under our feet. We should have rejoiced, had we seen the glory of our sires held up—their purity and unsullied honor—not merely as a thing of pride and self-satisfaction, but as a warning against that incipient disregard of solemn plighted obligation, from the stain of which our national raiment, even now, needs cleansing. Not finding these things and others like them, in a place where we had looked for them, and where, if touched at all, they would have been enforced with eloquence, beauty and irresistible force, we say again, that we are disappointed in the oration, and cannot persuade ourselves that it adds many leaves to its author's laurels.

In his desire to please his countrymen, and more especially his fellow-citizens of New England, Mr. Webster was led, as is readily demonstrable, into some very singular historical statements and deductions. To these, which most properly belong to our columns, we propose devoting a few words. After a long and interesting introduction, which appropriately brings down the current of events to the battle of Bunker's Hill, the orator pauses to investigate the peculiar principles of our revolution, and to seek out their origin, in those changes of European civilization, which preceded and influenced the colonization of America. In the train of his reasoning, we find the following passages :

"The spirit of commercial and foreign adventure, therefore, on the one hand, which had gained so much strength and influence since the time of the discovery of America, and, on the other, the assertion and mainte-

nance of religious liberty were the powerful influences under which character was formed, and men trained for the great work of introducing English civilization, English law, and, what is more than all, Anglo-Saxon blood into the wilderness of North America. Raleigh and his companions may be considered as the creatures principally of the first of these causes. High-spirited, full of the love of personal adventure, excited too in some degree by the hopes of sudden riches from the discovery of mines of the precious metals, and not unwilling to diversify the labors of settling a colony with occasional cruising against the Spaniards in the West Indian seas, they crossed and recrossed the ocean with a frequency which surprises us, when we consider the state of navigation, and which evinces a most daring spirit. *The other cause peopled New England.* The Mayflower sought our shores under no high wrought spirit of commercial adventure, no love of gold, no mixture of purpose, warlike or hostile, to any human being. *Like the dove from the ark, she put forth only to find rest.* Solemn prayers from the shores of the sea in Holland had invoked for her at her departure the blessings of Providence. The stars which guided her were the unobscured constellations of civil and religious liberty. Her deck was the altar of the living God. Fervent prayers from bended knees mingled morning and evening with the voices of ocean and the sighing of the wind in her shrouds. Every prosperous breeze, which, gently swelling her sails, helped the Pilgrims onward in their course, awoke new anthems of praise, and when the elements were wrought into fury, neither the tempest, tossing their fragile bark like a feather, nor the darkness and howling of the midnight storm, ever disturbed, in man or woman, the firm and settled purpose of their souls to undergo all, and to do all that the meekest patience, the boldest resolution, and the highest trust in God could enable human beings to suffer or to perform."

We are well aware, that this notion in regard to the pilgrim fathers of New England, is the staple of the eastern historic muse, at all times and in all forms. It cannot be, however, that absurdity becomes

really less absurd, how much soever it may grow to seem so, from laborious reiteration, and we say, without fear of controversy, that no greater folly is to be found in the whole range of historical aberrations, than the idea, that the "Plymouth Pilgrims" were remarkable for "the assertion and maintenance" of religious liberty. To assert and maintain liberty, it is not merely necessary for us to earn the privilege of thinking and acting as we ourselves may deem meet—preventing the rest of the world from thinking and acting differently. Such a thing may, indeed, be a sort of liberty to us, who may have the predominance, but to those who may not be disposed to bend to our rule, it is, in sooth, a very one-sided sort of independence. In such a sense, power is always the advocate of liberty—for power always spurns restraint upon its own free will, and claims perfect freedom in restraining others. And yet, this was the only religious liberty which the "pilgrim fathers" sought, brought or tolerated. Their history is too accessible, to render this a matter of doubt.

In England, it is notorious that a large portion of the Puritans were not content to aim at religious equality, but ever strove to set up their peculiar tenets as the religion of the state.* They finally consummated this project, in a degree, at the death of Charles I, but during the previous strife which their pretensions generated, many of them fled from their native land to Holland. For twelve years they enjoyed in that country the largest possible freedom of conscience,† but with this they were not satisfied. Their idea of a theocracy never deserted them, and when, towards the close of the period referred to, dissensions had arisen among them, a portion of their number determined to seek, in the wilds of America, that exclusiveness of worship which, among civilized men, it was utterly impossible that they should ever be able to procure. It was then, not liberty which they sought, for that they had never ceased to possess among the Hollanders, and they left it without the

shadow of compulsion. They did not go forth, "like the dove from the ark," as Mr. Webster's rhetoric would have it—nor could they have found, any where, more tranquil "rest," than that which was afforded by the place of their sojourn. The rampant zeal, which generated their dissensions among themselves, was the only foe which it was at all needful for them to encounter. That this zeal was sincere, we shall not pretend to deny—but that their faith and their principles were as narrow, as any that ever gave impulse to enthusiasm, is a fact quite as incontrovertible. Something more than sincerity is requisite to reconcile us with views, such as they entertained and executed. That cannot be the true spirit of Christianity, whose charity begins and ends at home—which knows no brotherhood, save in coincidence of speculation, and which finds hateful discord, in the near sound of its neighbor's prayer. In such a spirit, there may perhaps be something of the love of God, but the largest part is clearly love for ourselves. It is selfishness inwardly—intolerance outwardly. And yet, sorry are we to say, that this was, for the most part, the vaunted Puritan spirit. This—the love of religious isolation and exclusiveness—the hope of religious predominance through all time, was the main cause of the pilgrim emigration to this continent. This was the "unobscured constellation" by whose light the Mayflower was guided—let filial reverence and patriotic enthusiasm say what they may to the contrary. And to do the pilgrims justice, it is but fair to say, that they pretended to nothing more, and that, in word and deed, it was their constant effort, to show that they regarded toleration as an evil, from which they prayed deliverance. Could a voice from their ashes have been heard at Bunker Hill, it would have administered a stern rebuke to the speaker, who attributed, unjustly, to their character, that spirit of "liberty" which they deemed a sin.

It is not worth our while, to dwell upon the various incidents of Puritan history, by which it is so easy to make good what we have laid down. In 1631, the Plymouth colonies proclaimed their devotion to reli-

* 1 Bancroft, p. 280. Tyson's *Histor. Disc.* 14, 16, (Philadelphia, 1842.) Story's *Misc. W.* 60.

† 2 Hutchinson's *Hist. Mass.* p. 405. 1 Bancroft, pp. 301, 302. Tyson's *Disc.* 18.

gious freedom, by enacting that no one but a "church member," should be a "free-man."* In keeping with this liberality was the further ordinance, compelling every man, under a penalty, to attend their public worship.† It is needless to remind our readers, that the amiable Roger Williams was exposed to banishment and persecution, for no other cause, than that he dared to say that persecution for conscience' sake was contrary to the doctrines of the Saviour.‡ Equally unnecessary would it be, to dwell upon the fate of the numberless other victims, who found exile, branding, whipping, imprisonment and death,§ to constitute the blessing which "the assertion and maintenance of religious liberty" secured to them, under the beneficent system of Puritan New England. Those who are curious may follow the Puritans to Maryland—where Calvert (forgotten by Mr. Webster) had planted, in real truth, the standards of redemption and freedom side by side together. They will there find the Puritan refugees, fostered and fed by the Catholic colonists, and then, in the true spirit of their whole history, seizing, when they were strong, the government which had nourished them when they were weak and wretched—persecuting unto death, the Catholics who had built up and offered them an asylum, and finally recording on a statute book, till then unpolled, the most hateful principles of intolerant oppression.]

For fear, however, that their deeds might not be sufficiently intelligible, the "Pilgrim Fathers" have left ample testimony in words, to satisfy the most incredulous. The "venerable Higginson"—as he seems by common consent to be entitled—made bold to say in 1663, "That which is contrary to the Gospel (as he understood it) hath no right, and therefore *should have no liberty.*"¶ The President Oakes, in 1673, poured forth his devotions to "meek-eyed charity" after this fashion. "The outcry of some is for liberty of conscience. This is the great

Diana of the libertines of this age I look upon toleration as *the first born of all abominations!*"** The amiable Sheppard—another "dove" from the "ark"—very unquestionably shows the lineal descent of toleration from the devil!† Deputy Governor Dudley ‡ adds the tribute of his poetic genius to the same principle, in the following euphonious lines—

"Let men of God in courts and churches watch,
O'er such as do a toleration hatch,
Lest that ill egg bring forth a cockatrice,
To poison all with heresy and vice!"

If these be not sufficient authorities for Mr. Webster's deductions, we trust that the following extract from a discourse of the holy Mr. Ward, of Ipswich, will be deemed of some conclusiveness in the controversy. "He that is willing to tolerate any unsound opinion, that his own may be tolerated, though never so sound, will, for a need, hang God's bible at the devil's girdle. It is said that men ought to have liberty of conscience, and that it is persecution to debar them of it: I can rather stand amazed, than reply to this; *it is an astonishment that the brains of men should be parboiled in such impious ignorance!*"§ So much, then, for the champions of religious liberty.

But this is not all. Warmed with his subject, the orator gives vent to his feelings in these eloquent passages.

"Look to that fair city, the abode of so much diffused wealth, so much general happiness and comfort; so much personal independence, and so much general knowledge. She fears no forced contributions, no siege or sacking from military leaders or rival factions. *The hundred temples in which her citizens worship God, are in no danger of sacrilege.* Every where there is order; *every where there is security.* Every where the law reaches to the highest, and reaches to the lowest, *to protect him in his rights and to restrain him from wrong;* and over all hovers liberty, that liberty which our fathers fought and fell for on this very spot, with her eye ever watchful, and her eagle wing ever wide outspread."

* 1 Belknap's Hist. N. Hamp. 78. 1 Bancroft, 360.

† 1 Bancroft, 369. ‡ Ibid, 369.

§ Ibid, 450—453. Belk. 91. 2 Hutch. 22—60.

¶ 1 Bancroft, 262. McMahon's Maryland, 246. Annals of Annapolis, 93—100.

¶ 1 Belknap, 83.

* 1 Belknap, 84.

† Id. Ib.

‡ Id. Ib.

§ Id. 88, and vide 1 Bancroft, 449.

We are told, by those who have been upon the spot, that over against the monument at Bunker's Hill, and full in view from the platform where Mr. Webster stood, the blackened and crumbling walls of the Ursuline Convent, near Charlestown, still mar the beauty of the landscape. Could the orator have forgotten the story which is told, so feelingly, by those poor ruins? Did they suggest to him no misgivings as to the reality of the "civil and religious liberty" which gave him so much inspiration?—Could it have escaped his memory, when he spoke of the "hundred temples" to which "sacrilege" could not come, and of "security" and "rights"—"protection" and "order"—that, on the very spot then full in his eye, the stars of midnight, but a few years back, had beheld a temple desecrated—the sacred emblems of religion trodden under ruffian feet, and a band of women and helpless children, driven out into the fields, naked and homeless? Did he not know that—more atrocious still—the assembled intelligence and virtue of Massachusetts had sanctioned, year after year, this unmanly outrage, by refusing indemnity to the outcast sufferers? How, then—with all these things in his view—with the records of history to prove the intolerance of the fathers, and the dishonored cloisters of Mt. Benedict to proclaim the bigotry of the children—how could Mr. Webster reconcile to his head or his heart—his taste or his judgment—to persuade the multitude before him, that their fathers venerated freedom of conscience, and that they themselves adored it—that toleration and liberality were their chief ornaments—that love of order was the crowning beauty of their lives? Whither will the people rush—to what extremity of evil—if the great intellects which rule them, will stoop to canonize their vices, and are willing to balance the plaudits of the moment, against perverted history and discarded fact?

The next step—and certainly one which cannot cause much surprise, after a review of the last—was, as our readers will see, an effort of Mr. Webster to satisfy his fellow citizens of New England, that their fathers, unlike all other colonists, came with no

thirst of lucre, and that they themselves have, of course, been heirs to the same disinterested nobleness of character. By way of contrast, he presents to them the usual illustration, drawn from the Spanish colonization of our continent.

"Hæc placuit semel; hæc decies repetita placebit."

"The rapidity of these conquests is to be ascribed, in a great degree, to the eagerness, not to say the rapacity, of those numerous bands of adventurers who were stimulated to subdue immense regions, and take possession of them in the name of the crown of Spain. The mines of gold and silver were the incitements to these efforts, and accordingly settlements were generally made, and Spanish authority established on the immediate eve of the subjugation of territory, that the native population might be set to work by their new Spanish masters, in the mines. From these facts, the love of gold—gold not produced by industry, nor accumulated by commerce, but gold dug from its native bed in the bowels of the earth, and that earth ravished from its rightful possessors by every possible degree of enormity, cruelty, and crime—was long the governing passion in Spanish wars and Spanish settlements in America. . . . England transplanted liberty to America, Spain transplanted power. England, thro' the agency of private companies and the efforts of individuals, colonized this part of North America by industrious individuals, making their own way in the wilderness, defending themselves against the savages, recognizing their right to the soil, and with a general honest purpose of introducing knowledge as well as Christianity among them. Spain stooped on South America like a falcon on its prey. Every thing was gone. Territories were acquired by fire and sword. Cities were destroyed by fire and sword. Hundreds of thousands of human beings fell by fire and sword. Even conversion to Christianity was attempted by fire and sword."

It is quite fashionable in New England, to speak of the May-flower expedition, as if it were a just representative of the spirit of colonization throughout that whole divi-

sion of our country—and as if all the primitive settlers were entitled to credit for the virtues attributed to the Plymouth Pilgrims. On the contrary, however, there is no good reason to believe that the subsequent emigrants differed at all from the rest of the human family, in the desire to better their condition, pecuniary quite as much as moral. Judge Story admits that great numbers were attracted by “too large commendations of the country and the commodities thereof” which were written to England, “somewhat hyperbolically”—“out of a desire to draw over others.”* Dr. Smith asserts† that the same “chimerical views” animated the adventurers from all the nations of Europe, and he mentions especially, that by the London and Plymouth Companies, and the Council of Plymouth, as well as by Sir Walter Raleigh, a fifth of all the gold and silver to be found, was offered to the crown, as a motive for granting their patents. History is full to the point,‡ that neither Spaniards nor Portuguese were more hungry for the treasures of the earth than were the English people, until they found, after vain efforts, that they had unfortunately fallen upon a portion of the continent which was barren in such resources. Indeed, it could not well be otherwise—for, since the fall of Adam, we have no record of any people, who have refused to hunt or dig gold, whenever opportunity might offer. It would require a very enlarged faith for one to believe that even the pilgrim fathers would have allowed Potosi to remain unexplored, had its treasures lay concealed within the jurisdiction of their theocracy. Certain it is, that those good folks did suddenly acquire, if they did not bring over with them, a very laudable spirit of trade and money making,§ for they quite speedily coveted a monopoly of traffic with the natives, and managed to improve their fortunes, quite as readily, as others whose thoughts were less exclusively bent upon things above. As early as 1634, the Plymouth people had a quarrel, in the way of

business, with the followers of Lords Brook and Say. Puritan and Independent shed each other's blood, and the enemies of both had cause to reproach them, thus early, “for making religion the professed motive to colonizing, and so soon after, killing one another, for the sake of beaver.”* Further, it may be said, without offence, if Mr. Webster's doctrine of inheriting virtues be a true one—that there is food for inference as to the spirit of the New England colonists, in the well known fact, that their descendants are reasonably distinguished for their inclination to trade, and by no means conspicuous for their abhorrence of the root of all evil! When we add to all this, that the Virginians, whose progenitors Mr. Webster admits to have been “excited in some degree” by the love of gain from commerce and from mines, were quite as ready to bare their bosoms, in the contests of the revolution, as those descended from the pilgrim stock, and whose ancestral honor rested on “civil and religious liberty” alone—that, at the present day, the state of Virginia as highly prizes, and as strictly guards the heritage of revolutionary freedom, as any of the honored commonwealths of New England—it is difficult to say, in what consists the especial excellence to which the orator pays tribute.

In the matter of Spanish colonization, we cannot but think that the doctrines of the oration are quite as extravagant, as those to which we have already alluded. Whatever may be the difference, in a politico-economical point of view, we certainly can see none in morality, between the love of gold as displayed in mine-hunting, and the same passion when devoted to “beaver,” or, as Mr. Webster would call it, “the spirit of commercial and foreign adventure.” National magnificence and power may spring from one phase of the vice—national decline may, perhaps, be hastened by the other—but it is hard to discover why one should make men more rapacious than the other, or tend, in a greater degree, to weaken the kindly sympathies of humanity. It is cupidity itself, not the mode of its display, which corrupts and degrades us; it is the disease, not the symptom, which puts our moral health in

* Story's Misc. Writings, 45.

† 2 Wealth of Nations, 59.

‡ 1 Bancroft, 82, 83, 90—133, 118, 121, 242, 96.

§ Lingard, 185—187. 3 Hume, 103—187—198.

§ 2 Hutch. 416, 418. Tyson's Disc. 15.

* 2 Hutch. 418.

peril. Surely it needs not Mr. Webster's wide range of historical information, to know that the annals of commerce are deeply dyed with blood. If the history of trade, from the earliest times, did not place this fact beyond controversy, ample demonstration of its truth might be found in the Asiatic conquests of Great Britain, made in our own day and generation. In our own continent there has been, as we shall show, unhappily, nothing to weaken the force of the general truth. It seems to us then, a *non sequitur*, to say that the different modes of Spanish and English colonization resulted from the different fashions, after which gold was worshipped. Besides this, the historical facts in the case do not appear to us to be fairly stated. Spain is represented "in the armed and terrible image of her monarchy and her soldiery," descending upon the new world—acquiring territories—destroying cities—sweeping off "hundreds of thousands of human beings," and all "by fire and sword." England on the contrary is painted "in the winning and popular garb of personal rights, public protection, and civil freedom," sending forth "industrious individuals," who simply "defend themselves against the savages, recognizing their right to the soil." The impression produced by this contrast, undoubtedly is, that English colonization protected and fostered the aborigines—Spanish colonization swept their very name from the earth. No man can read it without some such inference. It is unnecessary to say how far such a conclusion wanders from the truth. It is true that the English system and that of Spain were different. England permitted her citizens to emigrate and build up their own strength, nor did she care to meddle with them, until their energy had made the prize well worth the snatching. Spain, on the contrary, pursued her conquests as a nation. She sent forth her generals and governors—she moved with rapidity and power. As a necessary consequence, the Spanish dominions were soon won, while the English colonists struggled weakly and wearily on. All the enormities which Spain saw fit to perpetrate, or which her adventurers committed in the heat and haste of triumph,

were concentrated in a small and conspicuous space. Those of the English colonists were scattered over a long period of years, not gathered and grouped together. They seem small, because we at no time see their whole multitude or bearing. But was the sum total of Angle-Saxon oppression and outrage the less swollen, because its items are comparatively small and wide apart? If "fire and sword" accompanied "conversion to Christianity" in Mexico and South America, it is none the less true that treaties and rum were companions equally fatal to our "generally honest purpose of introducing knowledge as well as Christianity among" our aborigines. Three centuries and a half have rolled on since the discovery of the continent. If England came "like the dove from the ark," and "Spain stooped on South America like a falcon," it will not be difficult to show where the olive branch of the dove was planted, to shelter the Indian: and to point out the desolation which the falcon has left. If our fathers "recognized the right of the savages to the soil," while the Spaniards "ravished the earth from its rightful possessors, by every possible degree of enormity, cruelty and crime"—the results of such widely differing systems must at this day be palpable, in the utter extinction of the Indian race in the Spanish settlements, and its prosperity and populousness among us. Alas! what Mr. Webster calls "rapacity" has left behind it millions of Indians, converted to Christianity and in a great degree bent to civilization—living, in industry mostly, in competence not seldom—inhabitants of the very territories where their fathers dwelt, and happy according to their fashion. In our land, the descendants of those to whom a continent belonged, present a somewhat sadder picture. Driven far away from us, there remain but a few thousand wretches, the ragged victims of drunkenness, disease and crime. Of religion, what have they to comfort or improve them? Of protection, they know only the name and the mockery. Of civilization and social happiness, they have had no sweet experience. Of education, the only item which we have consistently impressed on them, is the philosophical truth, that the

horizon is an imaginary line, receding ever before them, as the march of our empire goads their weary exile, towards the shore of the western ocean. If then, religion and charity are known by their fruit, where do we stand in the contrast? What comparative account have we rendered of our stewardship, in the matter of that regard for the rights of others, which conscious freedom is said to generate? What proof have we given, that the spirit of trade is less favorable to "rapacity" than the shaft of the miner? May not history say to us indignantly, that covetousness is one and the same, let it be displayed as it may—

"Hinc cruor, hinc cades, mors propiorque venit?"

Leaving inferences, however, and going back to facts themselves, it is necessary to say that Mr. Webster has laid down two principal propositions, which have no warrant in history. These are—first, that "the robbery and destruction of the native race was the achievement of standing armies, in the right of the king, and by his authority; fighting in his name for the aggrandizement of his power and the extension of his prerogatives:" and secondly, that, "conversion to Christianity was attempted by fire and sword."

Upon the first of these, we shall content ourselves by referring the reader to Dr. Robertson's history,* the writer of which will surely not be charged with any undue partiality for the Spanish conquerors. After tracing the course of the Spanish monarchs from the time of Isabella, and showing how constantly they endeavored to secure the happiness of their Indian subjects, by a series of laws, "framed with wisdom and dictated by humanity," he proceeds to explain the modes in which the charitable policy of the crown was constantly thwarted, by private cupidity and oppression. In direct contradiction then, to the absolute assertion of Mr. Webster, that the destruction of the native race, was "by authority" of the king, and for "the aggrandizement of his power," the historian concludes: "the desolation of the new world should not then be charged on the court of Spain, or be

considered as the effect of any system of policy adopted there."† When to this we add the parallel declaration of Heeren,‡ that "no government has done so much for the aborigines as the Spanish," it seems hardly necessary to pursue this branch of the subject to any greater extent.

Upon the question of intolerant and anti-christian attempts at conversion, the character of the Spanish missionaries can be vindicated with equal facility. From the moment that ecclesiastical instructors were sent into America, it is notorious§ that they took ground against the oppression of the natives, and adopted a course themselves, "in conformity to the mild spirit of that religion, which they were employed to publish."¶ When Cortes, victorious over the Tlascalans, would have cast down their idols by force, the missionary who accompanied his expedition as chaplain, proclaimed the holy truth "that religion was not to be propagated by the sword, or infidels to be converted by violence,"|| and Cortes required from the barbarians by force, no other obedience, than to his edict for the abolition of human sacrifices. After the enumeration of incidents such as this, throughout his whole history, the author whom we quote concludes, by saying,¶ "with still greater injustice have many authors represented the intolerating spirit of the Roman Catholic religion as the cause of exterminating the Americans, and have accused the Spanish ecclesiastics of animating their countrymen to the slaughter of that innocent people, as idolaters and enemies of God. . . . From the accounts which I have given of the humane and persevering zeal of the Spanish missionaries, in protecting the helpless flock committed to their charge, they appear in a light which reflects lustre on their function. They were ministers of peace, who endeavored to wrest the rod from the hands of oppressors. To their powerful interposition, the Americans were indebted for every regulation, tending to mitigate the rigor of their fate."

* Book viii, Sect. iv. † In notis 3 Prescott, 476.

‡ Rob. Hist. Amer. Book iii, Sect. xxviii.

§ Id. Ib. ¶ Id. Book v, Sect. xxxviii.

¶ Id. Book viii; Sect. v, and note lii.

* Book viii, Sect. iv.

In immediate connection with this subject, we must not omit to notice the republic founded by the Jesuits in Paraguay, where for nearly one hundred and fifty years, they realized the beautiful dreams of Plato—with the better and higher grace, which was given by enlightened and practical Christianity. Instead of "fire and sword," the missionaries bore only with them the arms of good will, persuasion, and peace. Submitting to every sacrifice and privation—they impressed upon their converts the truths of religion, by illustrating in their conduct its ennobling influence. "Power and military force" were no part of their machinery. Gold and precious stones were no objects of their labor. Instead of oppression they bestowed on the barbarians a system of government that fitted them to enjoy the rights and discharge the duties which it protected and exacted. Religion was the active agent of the system, but it was religion without fanaticism. "The benefits of trade were experienced, without the fatal contagion of its vices."* Under the influence of such administration, the people grew to be respectable, virtuous, and brave—with all the elements of order and prosperity at home, and the means of triumphantly resisting the aggressions of strangers. Not only have men of letters and benevolence dwelt with enthusiasm† upon this realization of a polity which elsewhere history has never told of—but grave writers upon law have characterized it as "a glorious undertaking, to render government subservient to human happiness."‡ With the suppression of the Society of Jesus in Spain, this triumph of their wisdom ended its beneficent career—but so long as history continues, or can be rendered, unfettered and truthful, the records of the "Christian Republic" must give food to honorable pride, and warm religious hope. Yet, why is it that facts like the existence of the republic of Paraguay should be forgotten, even by men of ability and knowledge, in the spirit of declamatory generalization? Why is it

that philanthropic efforts, to which the history of our northern colonization affords no parallel, should be overlooked in a historical disquisition on religious toleration and humanizing civilization? It seems that the picture of southern conquest—dark enough in truth—is to be made midnight altogether, and that any bright gleamings which in reality belong to it, are to be shut out from view, as impertinently varying the plan prescribed and pre-determined.

We might enlarge our article by pursuing this train of thought, through other portions of Mr. Webster's discourse, to which it is equally applicable. Especially, we might comment upon the singular idea that the "aggrandizement of its power, and the extension of its prerogatives" was, at the time of the settlement of America, in any greater degree the inclination of the Spanish than the English monarchy. It would be curious too, to investigate the extent of our obligations to England for a religious liberty, which, by Mr. Webster's own showing, our ancestors were driven away to seek where they could best find it—and for civil and political freedom which we only won from her in spite of herself, after long years of toil and bloodshed, such as the Bunker Hill monument commemorates. These topics, however, belong, perhaps more appropriately, elsewhere, and we shall leave them to be canvassed by our readers.

It has of course been in no wise our purpose in what we have said, to weaken, in the most shadowy particular, the reverence due to the men of our revolution. We are satisfied with the virtues which they possessed in reality, without violating history to show that they took perfection by descent. Less perhaps, than any other men who ever conducted a revolutionary movement, do they need a partial chronicling. They had gradually outgrown many of the defects and follies which their ancestors had brought with them. They were educated, virtuous and brave—submissive without cringing—independent without license. Let us not, however, claim for all who emigrated to our shores, the exclusive possession of the whole catalogue of virtues.

* 4 Edinburgh Encyclopedia, 798.

† Chateaubriand, *Genie du Christ*. Part 4, book 4, chapters 4 and 5.

‡ Mont. *Spirit of Laws*, book iv. chap. vi.

It does not follow that because they were excellent in many things, they were admirable in all—nor are we at all bound to adore or conceal their errors, because we bless the good that was in them. If their reputation is dear to us, truth is, or ought to be dearer—and when we are disposed to bend or modify it, in order to exalt their merits, it is well worth our while to examine whether the effort does not spring from our own pride, rather than a wish to make them glorious for their own sakes. Far better, then, in our humble judgment, would Mr. Webster have done, had he

impressed on us as a people, the importance of remedying our defects, instead of glorying in our superiority over others—far better had he taught us the means of reaching greater excellence in future, instead of swelling the account of our excellence in the past and present. Above all, it would have been in far better taste, if Calvert and Penn had not been forgotten in the history of “religious toleration,” and if the great primitive torrent of freedom which dashed itself on our whole coast, had not been narrowed into the single wave, which broke on the rock of Plymouth.

THE BOQUET.

TO A FRIEND.

O TAKE the simple flowers I send,
And to their speech a hearing lend;
For, let imagination be,
Interpreter 'twixt them and thee,
And they will whisper beauteous tales
Of sunny hills and quiet vales,
Where sister flow'rets blossom still
In rich profusion, and the rill
With gentle murmur glides along.
In a low, ceaseless, joyous song;
Where oft with bright and dewy eye,
They upward looked, and saw the sky
Of deepest blue, the leaves between
Of some great oak, whose young, fresh green
Formed a soft shadow o'er the bed
Of moss where they were born and bred;
And they will tell how oft they've heard
The soft notes of some happy bird,
Whose dwelling was among the leaves
That rustled with each passing breeze,
And how, through morning's dewy prime,
And the bright sun's meridian time,
And milder evening's western glow,
Till night would o'er them gently throw
Her shadowy mantle, they had sprung
To life and being, till among
Fair kindred forms their lot must be
(A happy one!) to pleasure thee.

ST. BERNARD AND HIS BELOVED JERUSALEM.

A SKETCH FROM THE CHURCH HISTORY OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

BY W. JOE. WALTER, AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR THOMAS MORE," ETC.

"I do love those ancient ruins:
 We never tread upon them but we set
 Our foot upon some reverend history.
 And questionless, here in this open court,
 Which now lies naked to the injuries
 Of stormy weather, there are those interred,
 Who loved the Church so well, and gave so largely,
 They thought it would have canopied their bones
 Till doomsday: but there all things have their end."

Webster (1830).

NAPOLÉON, when on his way to assume the iron crown of Lombardy, passed through the department of Saône et Loire, in which the town of Clugni is situated. He was met in the neighboring town, where he stopped to change horses, by a deputation from the Commune; with a request that he would honor them by passing through their town. Napoleon sternly replied, "Away with you!—You are a race of vandals—you suffered your grand and beautiful abbey, with its magnificent church, to be sold and destroyed. I shall not visit Clugni:" and he passed on without turning out of his road.

The fact to which Napoleon alluded, was this. When in 1793 the poor monks of this venerable monument of Catholic France, were driven without pity from their home, to seek an asylum in a world to which they were strangers, the mayor of Clugni, anxious to save from the fury of the ruffians of the revolution, an edifice which was the pride and ornament of the commune, undertook a journey to Paris in order to petition the directory that the abbey might be converted into an asylum for disabled and destitute soldiers, similar to that of the *Hospital des Invalides*. He made great interest with those in power, but his praiseworthy purpose was defeated by the intervention of the inhabitants of the commune of Clugni, who, wishing to make money of the materials and the ground, presented a remonstrance against the proposed dispo-

sition of this church property. Their petition, which in all probability was backed by a promise of a share in the spoils, was favorably received, and the mayor on his return had the mortification to witness the demolition of one of the noblest architectural monuments that his country had to boast. The church, which had been the wonder of Europe, was first demolished, its costly ornaments were disposed of at public auction, and its fine chime of bells were melted into cannon for the use of the republican armies. But the strong walls of the venerable abbey offered a formidable resistance, and the spoilers, unable to separate the solid masses of masonry, called in a detachment of the revolutionary troops to assist their impotent malice and cupidity in completing the work of destruction. When this was accomplished, when the last offending buttress had been battered down, and the walls of the once stately abbey of Clugni were levelled with the ground, they made a pile of the curious carved work and statues of wood, which had adorned the pulpit, the side chapels, and the choir, and setting fire to them in the public square, terminated the godly work by dancing round the blazing materials with the yells of savages and the furor of bacchanalian madness.

In the year 1811, the site of the abbey was occupied by a cavalry stable, or training house for the military of the department. The southern bell-tower, and a chapel enclosing a tomb, supposed to be that of the

founder, Peter the Venerable, the beloved friend and companion of St. Bernard,* are the only remains that exist of the ancient edifice.

The feeling denunciation of Napoleon against the vandals who doomed to destruction the church and abbey of Clugni, is scarcely less applicable to the spoliation of the equally celebrated monastery of Clairvaux, founded by St. Bernard, and which he used affectionately to term—“*His beloved Jerusalem*.” The following is an outline of its history.

The original foundation was greatly augmented by Thibaud, count of Champagne, and by his son-in-law, Philip, count of Flanders, whose tombs yet exist amidst all the dilapidation of the place. In the year 1174, the Church, a fine Gothic edifice, was built by Gaston, bishop of Landres, the diocesan. It contained seats in the nave for one thousand monks, “which,” says a reformer in taste and religion, writing in 1727, “have lately been removed, out of deference to modern views and modern convenience.” The abbey which had been rebuilt in St. Bernard’s time, to accommodate the number who continued to flock to its asylum, was again found incapable of containing the unceasing votaries who sued for admission; and by the side of the modest building erected by the first abbot and his companions, which reverence to his memory would not allow to be touched, a sumptuous palace arose, of which the dormitories, the refectory, the chapter-house and the library, were in the most elaborate style of architecture, and adorned with statues of St. Bernard and his companions.

The spirit of the order, however, greatly declined, and although efforts were made to re-establish among its members the fervor of primitive discipline, but a temporary reformation was effected under the Abbot

Denys L’Argentier. What his feelings were in regard to the lax discipline of the order, may be gathered from an expression which fell from his lips. When praying before the shrine of St. Bernard, he was heard to exclaim: “Alas, O blessed saint and founder of our order, what avails it that we possess the relics of thy earthly body, if thy spirit be no longer among us?” He re-established the ancient discipline, and though at an advanced age, he worked harder than any of his monks in the manual labors prescribed by their rule. Cardinal Richelieu having been subsequently elected general of the order, likewise took measures to introduce a reform among the monks of that institute. At length came a convulsion which swept away reformed and unreformed, with indiscriminate rigor. In the French revolution of 1790, there were but five and forty monks to be expelled by its violence from the once populous monastery of Clairvaux. The abbey was dismantled, of course, and is now used as a house of correction for criminals—two thousand prisoners being employed there in the manufacture of various stuffs, &c.

In contrast with these principal details of ruin and desecration, it will be refreshing to turn to St. Bernard, and the original foundation of this celebrated retreat. Bernard’s father, Tecelin by name, a knight of an ancient and noble family, was too much engaged in deeds of arms, to have leisure to devote himself to the education of his son, and this important charge devolved on his mother Alice, a woman of great piety and gentleness of disposition. At the period in question, there appeared to be no choice between the turbulent and dissolute mode of life of the upper ranks, too often connected with deeds of rude and lawless violence, and the seclusion of a monastic life, which, by the very force of contrast, was held in greater veneration. The pious Alice felt persuaded, that in dedicating her seven children, of whom Bernard was the third, to the cloister from the moment of their birth, that she was dedicating them to God. This conviction was strengthened at the birth of Bernard, by a dream, which a monk, to whom she had applied for counsel, interpreted as indi-

* In a letter to Pope Eugenius, St. Bernard thus writes of Peter, who had undertaken a journey to Rome, and the warmth of affection with which he speaks, does honor to his heart. “Nothing can separate us; neither the height of the Alps, nor the frozen snows, nor the length of the way. Even while penning these lines I am with him,—I am at his side.” And Peter, on his part, was heard to declare that he should prefer passing his life with St. Bernard, to the enjoyment of all the honors the world could bestow.

cating that the child would prove a steadfast and zealous champion of the Church. Alice herself, unlike other women of her condition, led a quiet secluded life, shunning all worldly pomp. Her hospitable mansion was, however, always open to the clergy; and for some time before her death, she imparted to her house a still more monastic appearance, dividing her time between deeds of fasting, almsgiving and prayer. It was here that young Bernard imbibed the first elements of education, till his mother, who, in pursuance of the indication of her dream, destined him for the priesthood, sent him to the church of Cheuillon, in order to receive the instruction preparatory to his future course. In this school, which enjoyed a high and merited reputation, he made a rapid progress in the cultivation of the Latin language, and of the belles-lettres, and afterwards outstripped his companions in the graver studies of logic and philosophy. Six months after Bernard's quitting this plan of education, he had the unhappiness to be deprived of his pious and affectionate mother. Her death is thus described by a contemporary writer, John the Hermit, who was present at the mournful scene. "Alice was accustomed to celebrate the festival of St. Ambrose, the patron saint of the church of Fontaines, Bernard's native place, by an annual feast, to which the neighboring clergy were invited. On the vigil of that day, she was seized with a violent fever, which confined her to her bed. Previous to this, she had a presentiment of her approaching end, which she had communicated to her family. The next morning, she requested that the holy eucharist might be brought to her, and feeling strengthened after its reception, she desired that the clergymen would set down to the feast she had provided. While they were at table, she sent for her eldest son Guido, and desired that he would request the company to repair to her chamber, when the repast was ended. When they came, and were standing round her bed, Alice calmly announced that the moment of her departure was at hand, and entreated the aid of their prayers. The ministers of the Lord began to recite the litany, Alice herself making the responses,

as long as her strength lasted; but when the ministers came to the verse, 'By thy cross and passion, good Lord deliver us,' the dying woman, commending her soul to God, raised her hand to make the sign of the cross, and in that attitude expired; yielding up her soul into the hands of ministering angels, by whom it was borne to the abode of the just, and where in peace it awaiteth the reunion with the body, on the great day of resurrection, when our Lord and mediator Jesus Christ, shall come to judge the living and the dead." Another contemporary writer says of her,—“She was often to be seen alone and on foot, on the road between Fontaines and Dijon, visiting the cottages of the poor, carrying provisions and medicine to the sick and needy, and availing herself of every favorable moment for administering to them instruction and spiritual consolation. She always went unattended, never allowing her domestics to assist her in these deeds of mercy; so that it might truly be said of her that ‘her left hand knew not what her right hand had performed.’ Alice was buried at Dijon, in the year 1110, where her remains reposed for nearly a century and a half when they were transported with pious care to the church of Clairvaux, the scene of the spiritual labors of that son of hers, to whose great usefulness in the cause of piety and truth, she had been so blessedly instrumental.”

Let us return to Bernard. The young nobles his companions, availing themselves of the absence of those influences which his pious mother had exerted, sought to draw him into their society, and by means of the exciting adventures and amusements of the age, to overpower his inclination for the cloister. But their efforts were unavailing; Bernard had tasted of more solid satisfactions, and worldly pleasures and chivalrous enterprises had no attractions for him. They then endeavored to work upon his mind by other means.

After the nations had aroused themselves from the comparatively mental slumber of the tenth century, a wonderful enthusiasm for literature and philosophy had been excited among them, especially in France; and the youth who had previously aspired

to honor only in the armory of war, now sought it by the keener weapons of the schools. Bernard's associates then endeavored to withdraw him from his attachment to a monastic life through these studies; and here they met with better success, for these were congenial to his ardent and aspiring mind. But the impression so deeply received, was not to be easily effaced. The image of his beloved mother was constantly before his mind; he thought over the discourses she had held with him, and the plans of life they had devised together; and the fervor of his imagination led him to believe that she sometimes took her stand by his bedside, and angrily reminded him that it was not for such vanities, but with far higher hopes, that she had directed his education.

On one occasion in particular, as he was journeying alone to meet his brothers, who were in the camp of the Burgundian army, then engaged in besieging the castle of Granci, this idea took possession of him, and the image of his chiding mother filled his whole soul. Overcome by his emotions, he retired into a church which was upon the roadside, and open, as all churches should be, at all hours, for the furtherance of the means of grace. Here he prayed with deep earnestness that God would confirm him in his purpose of following a religious life. He arose strengthened from his prayer, and with that ardor which was his distinguishing characteristic through life, he not only hastened to put his resolution into effect, but also sought to communicate his own views and feelings to his kinsfolk and friends. With many his persuasions were effectual. His uncle, a wealthy landed proprietor, and a man of high renown in arms, was the first to join him, and his example was followed by all Bernard's brothers who were come of age, except Gerard, his second brother. He had distinguished himself in deeds of chivalry, and at the same time had conciliated universal esteem and affection by his prudence and kindness of heart. But he rejected all the arguments of Bernard and treated this sudden resolution of his brothers as an impulse of the moment which a little

reflection would correct. On this occasion Bernard gave indications of that unyielding confidence, not to say anticipation of the future, which afterwards bore him onward through every obstacle that appeared to impede his progress. After a long, but ineffectual argument with Gerard, he exclaimed: "Yes, brother, I see it all. It is only by suffering that you will be brought to reflection; and," he continued, placing his hand on Gerard's side, "it shall come to pass, and that quickly too. A lance shall pierce your side, and thus open your heart to the counsels of salvation which you now reject." The prediction was verified; Gerard being wounded by a lance and left on the field of battle, was taken prisoner by the enemy. In this situation, and fearing for his life, he despatched a messenger to entreat the presence of his brother. Bernard was prevented from going, but he returned this answer: "Your wound is not unto death, but unto life." Gerard contrived to effect his escape, joined his brothers, and with them embraced the monastic life. Of his subsequent conduct and character we shall have occasion to learn from St. Bernard himself, and particularly from the pathetic funeral discourse which he preached on Gerard's happy death.

On the day that Bernard united himself to the chosen few whom he had won over to his vows, he repaired with them to church. One of the first texts which met their ear was that of the great apostle Paul: "Being confident of this very thing, that he who hath begun a good work in you, will perfect it unto the day of Jesus Christ." This was regarded by Bernard as a voice from heaven to encourage him and his companions to persevere; and it gave occasion to an animated discourse in which he confirmed the resolution of his followers, and prevailed upon others to renounce the world, and join them in their pious enterprise. Some of these new votaries being married, he thought it incumbent on him to provide a retreat for those pious ladies who participated in the purpose of their husbands, and he caused the nunnery of Juilly, in the diocese of Langres, to be erected for them; an establishment which

soon acquired wealth and celebrity. Guido, Bernard's eldest brother, and his wife had separated by mutual consent to devote themselves wholly to God, and she became the first abbess of the convent. Here also Hombeline, another of Bernard's sisters, subsequently retired, after the death of her husband, the brother of the duchess of Lorraine. This noble lady was also brought by St. Bernard to a sense of religion. An extract from one of the saint's letters, will show the influence he had acquired. "I thank God for your pious care of his servants; and of this be assured, that where we see the least spark of heavenly love in a heart of flesh, formerly puffed up by the pomps and the passions of this world, it is the result of divine grace, and not of human virtue. I entreat you to salute the duke, your husband, from me; and I exhort you both by the love of God, to yield up the castle which you are preparing to defend, if you have any doubt of the justice of your pretensions. Forget not, I entreat you, that warning voice—'What will it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'"

Meanwhile the work of self-devotion went bravely on. Bernard engaged a house at Châtillon where he spent six months with his companions, for the purpose of affording them time to arrange their affairs. It was usual for those who had determined to embrace a monastic life, to keep their intention secret till the time arrived for its fulfilment; and thus it excited the greater astonishment that so many persons of all ages were seen resolved on renouncing wealth, honors, nay, domestic affection itself, without swerving from their resolution during the long interval of probation preceding its accomplishment; and more than all, when this marvellous change was seen to be effected by the influence and eloquence of a young man of three and twenty.

It was a proof of Bernard's humility, that, instead of aspiring to the honor of being the founder of a new religious order, like other men of eminent piety at this period, he preferred joining a fraternity already established. Nor did he think fit to make choice of any of the richer and more

illustrious abbeys, that of Clugni, for instance, the heads of which had long been held in honor by Popes and emperors. He selected a monastery poorly endowed and numbering but few members, the many being deterred by its poverty, and by the extraordinary austerity of its discipline. This was the convent of Cîteaux, of the Cistercian order, situated in a barren wilderness in the diocese of Chalons-sur-Saône, and founded in the year 1098, by Robert, a nobleman of Champagne, in whom the laxity which he had witnessed in other convents had excited the desire of devoting himself, with a few companions, to a stricter course of life, and one more in accordance with the letter of the Benedictine rule. To this convent, then presided over by Stephen Harding, an Englishman, and the second successor of Robert, Bernard retired with more than thirty associates, in the year 1113.

A little anecdote associated with this event must not be forgotten. When Bernard and his brothers were taking a final leave of their paternal home, the eldest brother, addressing Nivard, the youngest, who was playing with the children in the street, exclaimed: "Well, little brother of mine, the whole of our inheritance will now become yours;" to which the boy with something above childish simplicity, rejoined: "What! do you take heaven for yourselves, and leave me but the earth? That is not a fair division." It may be added that the little Nivard, when of riper years, joined his brethren, and that Tecelin, their father, unable to bear the loss of his sons, retired to Clairvaux soon after the establishment of that house, took the vows, and died there in the arms of St. Bernard, in 1118. His patrimony, the Chateau of Fontaines, the birth-place of our saint, which had reverted to the crown, was granted by Louis XIII, to the congregation of the Feuillans, and by them converted into a monastery: thus, to use the words of a contemporary writer, "was the whole burnt offering made."

In his retreat St. Bernard soon excited observation and astonishment by the personal activity which he had the power of combining with the most profound abstrac-

tion of mind, and by the perfect subjection of the body to the spirit. One of the duties of the institute was to cultivate the land for the support of the community. During the hours devoted to field-labor, his mind was elevated to the contemplation of that which lies beyond and above nature; and in after years he was heard to declare, that "any knowledge of divine things that he might possess, or any facility in explaining the Holy Scriptures, had been obtained through meditation and prayer among the woods and in the fields, with but the beeches and the oaks for his teachers."*

The reputation of such a man could not fail to draw many votaries to Cîteaux; the convent could not furnish accommodations for the increasing numbers who flocked to its sanctuary; and some other place was to be sought, in order to suit the exigency of the time. In the bishopric of Langres, and within a league or two of Bar-sur-Aube, there was a wild and desolate spot, where a robber's cave had existed, and which from the plant wormwood (*artemisias absinthium*), which grew abundantly there, went by the name of the Valley of Wormwood (*Vallis Absinthialis*); but after the valley was cultivated, it obtained the name of Claravallis, clear or bright valley.† The site had been granted to Abbot Harding, by Hugo, a knight of Champagne, who had gone on a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and subsequently joined the Knights

* "This life of ours, exempt from public haunts,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

Shakespeare.

† A traveller gives the following description of the spot. "One cannot contemplate the valley of Clairvaux on a fine day, without feeling that it deserves the name,—the situation being extremely beautiful, lying open to the sun's rays in every direction. It is formed by two hills of gentle acclivity, one to the north, the other to the south of the valley. These hills extend towards a third eminence, by which it is divided into two long and narrow gorges at the western extremity. On the east it loses itself in a fertile plain, watered by the river Aube. The rays of the sun are thus darted full on the valley during the morning, while the declivities on the north and south, which recede as they approach the east, receive them during the remainder of the day. The light being thus continually reflected from the hills, no part of the circuit, except that covered by the woods, is in shadow, till the fall of eve, when the western hills receive the luminary, which sets in splendor behind the curtain of woods which fringe the heights.

Templars. Here Bernard laid the foundation of that monastery which soon became so famous, and contributed more than any other, to the extension and celebrity of the Cistercian order. When a building sufficient for present exigencies was completed, Bernard, then in the third year of his profession, was called to preside as abbot over the new establishment. He set out for this new residence, accompanied by his four brothers, his uncle Gaudry, by four monks, two bearing the name of Godfrey, one of whom was his relative, and the two others, aged men, Elbold and Guibert by name, and by an acolothist, known by the name of "Young Robert." The number twelve was chosen in allusion to the apostolic college, while the father abbot was supposed to represent the Divine Founder of the same.

The ceremonial observed on the occasion was simple and affecting. After a solemn service, the newly elected abbot received from the hands of Harding, the superior of Cîteaux, a processional cross. He then rose, and delivering the cross into the hands of young Robert, the acolothist, quitted the church, followed by his twelve associates, and having taken leave of the brethren of Cîteaux, the infant community departed, chanting an appropriate psalm. "When," says the Cistercian Chronicle, "Bernard and his twelve monks silently took their departure from the church, you might have seen tears in the eyes of all present, while nothing was to be heard but the voices of those who were singing the hymns; and even these brethren could with difficulty repress their sobs, notwithstanding that sense of religion which led them to make the strongest efforts to command their feelings; both those who remained, and those who departed, were infected with one common sorrow. At length the procession, which moved slowly, reached the gate which stood open for their departure, and which closed upon the inmates of Cîteaux."

In order to receive abbatial ordination, Bernard repaired to the bishop of Châlons-sur-Marne, the celebrated Guillaume de Champeaux, afterwards founder of the abbey of St. Victor, in Paris. Bernard,

who was then in his twenty-sixth year, is described as being so thin and emaciated as rather to resemble a tenant of the tomb than a living being. He was accompanied by a stout and well made Cistercian, and so striking was the contrast, that the good bishop could scarcely refrain from smiling, while some of the younger of his attendants burst into downright laughter. The prelate, who recognized the master mind, which, veiled beneath the mantle of humility, animated that wasted frame, became Bernard's most zealous friend and admirer, and during the rest of his life rendered him many very important services.

It was evident that the rigid mode of living which Bernard had followed, must, if persisted in, prove fatal to his declining health. Apprehensive of this, the bishop obtained from the Cistercian chapter the superintendence of his friend for the space of one year. Anxious to restore his languid frame, he caused a sort of hut to be erected for him beyond the cloisters, where he was to remain for a stated time, without interfering with the affairs of the monastery.

A description of a visit to him in this situation, from the pen of his friend, the Abbot Guillaume de St. Thierry, will not fail to interest the reader. "It was about this time (1116) that my visit to Clairvaux commenced, and coming in company of another abbot to seek the saint, I found him in his cell, which was similar to those seen constructed on the road-side for the reception of persons suffering with the leprosy. He had been relieved from the presidency of the convent, by the interference of the bishop, and the command of the chapter; and we found him enjoying a state of perfect tranquillity, living only to God, and transported with joy as though he had already tasted the delights of Paradise. When I entered this palace of the woods, and began to contemplate the lodgings and the guest, I was penetrated with the most profound respect. On entering into conversation with

him, I found such vivacity,* and such sweetness in his manner and discourse, that I conceived a strong desire to share his hut and his poverty. Yes, I am fain to confess it, had it been given me to choose my lot among all that the world has to offer, I should have desired no other than that of abiding continually with the man of God, as his servitor.

"After he had welcomed us with gracious kindness, we proceeded to ask him how he employed his time and passed his life in this cell. He replied with that benevolent smile which is habitual to him; 'I do well here, very well. Formerly reasonable beings submitted themselves to my orders; but now, heaven so wills it, that I am obliged to submit myself to a man devoid of common sense.' This he said in reference to a conceited kind of fellow, a quack who had boastfully engaged to cure him, and to whose charge he had been committed by the bishop and chapter. We sat at table with him, expecting to find him under the strictest regimen for the re-establishment of a health so precious to the world; but when we saw him served, and by the doctor's orders, with viands so coarse and revolting (lumps of rancid butter formed part of the fare), that a hungry person in full health would scarcely be persuaded to touch, we felt indignant, and our vow of silence alone prevented us from treating the aforesaid quack, as a brutish, not to say sacrilegious person. As for the man of God, he was wholly indifferent to these things, appearing to have lost the very power of discriminating the flavor of meats, his stomach being entirely disordered, and incapable of performing its functions. Such was the state in which I found this servant of Christ; such was his manner of life in his solitude: but he was not alone,—God and his holy angels were with him."

dove-like simplicity that beamed in his eyes, (which were scarcely ever spoken of without the addition of the epithet "columbines"), produced so powerful an impression upon the minds of men, even of those who scarcely saw him and heard nothing more than the sound of his voice, that, as it is related in his life, when a party of Germans came to Clairvaux to see the man of God, they were moved to tears by his discourse, without comprehending the language in which it was delivered.

* The aspect of St. Bernard, his extreme vivacity, and the fiery energy of his whole manner, as contrasted with the serene and heavenly expression of his countenance, and the angelical purity and

Bernard grew attached to this separate cell of his, which he was wont affectionately to call *his beloved Jerusalem*. He here found leisure to devote himself to the study and devotion of the holy Scriptures. He was sometimes heard to lament the interruptions to which he was exposed, in the visits of those, whom either an excusable curiosity to see this remarkable man, or the more reasonable desire of profiting by his enlightened counsels, brought to his cell. And yet, in the midst of his laments over such interruptions, he would instantly recollect himself, observing, "That the flame of divine love was not given for our solitary advantage, but also for the enlightening of our neighbor, and that thus to use it, was the most acceptable way of serving God, and imitating the Lord Jesus."

Of St. Bernard's enlightened views respecting monastic life, and of his just appreciation of its true spirit and character, a thousand instances might be adduced. Having found occasion to rebuke the pharisaical spirit of some of the Cistercians, who, for the non-observance of certain external precepts of the Benedictine rule, looked down upon the monks of Clugni with affected contempt, he pointedly observed,—"*Remember God's rule*, which cannot be in opposition to that of the holy Benedict. Forget not, that the kingdom of God is within you,—not in outward things, not in the meat and raiment, but in the virtue of the inner man. He is not a monk, who wears the cowl, but who is clad in the proper raiment of the spirit—piety, charity, and lowliness of mind. And say, is not humility in sables better than arrogance in a monk's habit? True it is, that the outward practices enjoined by the rule are not to be neglected; but the hidden man of the spirit—humility, piety and charity, are the essentials, without which all the rest profiteth nothing."

Speaking of the various religious orders, he observes, "It is well that there should be in the Church a variety in external forms and modes of life, in order to suit the various necessities and circumstances of men; but when the members of these

several communities are united by the spirit of love, these differences can be no cause of collision, no motive for a breach of charity. Although a man be a member but of one order, yet is he united to all through love, and therefore participates in the good of all; yea, sometimes with more certainty than the co-operating members; for it may happen that one may undertake an external work in vain,—for instance, if it be not undertaken in a proper intention and in the spirit of love; but a man can never err so long as he truly loves the good." Again: "What will it avail us, that our mode of life be austere, our dress simple, our personal labor painful and wearisome, our fastings and watchings continual, if at the same time we indulge a pharisaical vanity in despising others? Unless, indeed, we do our works 'that they may be seen of men.' But the Saviour has declared of such, that they have their reward in this world. Alas! alas for us 'if in this world only we had hope of Christ,' for then indeed should we 'be truly miserable;' yea, 'of all men the most miserable,' if after having taken such pains to be unlike the world, we have but placed ourselves in a situation to receive a smaller recompense, or rather a more severe punishment than the rest of the world. Surely we might have found a pleasanter way to hell than this!"

In the quietude and pure air of his hut on the hill-side, in which Bernard's affectionate associations saw an earthly Jerusalem, his health was improved; but, no sooner was he released from the state of surveillance in which he had been placed by the tender solicitude of those who loved and revered him, than "together with the duties of abbot he resumed his former austerities. The whole community was animated by his spirit and example. Men of illustrious family, who had formerly played a distinguished part on the theatre of the world, were seen laboring in the sweat of their brow, and bringing to a high state of cultivation, a soil which at first would barely yield them a subsistence. But what could not zeal and perseverance effect, when encouraged by the spirit and led on by the example of their enthusiastic leader?"

He raised those hallowed walls ; the desert smiled,
And Paradise was open in the wild.

Much as yet remains to be said of the great St. Bernard, and when once with such a man, it is difficult to tear oneself

from his presence ; and if we consent to close our remarks here, it is only on condition that we be allowed to resume the subject of him, to whom has been conceded the distinctive title of **THE LAST OF THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH.**

Translated for the U. S. Catholic Magazine.

HISTORY OF THE PAPACY.

Continued from page 367.

THE reign of St. Anicetus, the successor of St. Pius, lasted seven years and nearly nine months. To him is attributed the regulation which forbids ecclesiastics to wear their hair long, but he only renewed the prohibition already made by St. Anacleto, and which came from the apostles. It is said also that he conferred the sacred orders five times, ordained four deacons, seventeen priests and nine bishops. Under his pontificate, the greatest heretics and the greatest saints appeared at Rome ; the former infecting it with errors, the latter maintaining the purity of its faith. We must especially notice the heresy of the Gnostics, who, glorying in the name of Christians, abandoned themselves to the most abominable excesses ; and unhappily the Pagans, but imperfectly informed on the subject of religion, confounded them with the true Christians, so that this error, joined to their attachment to idolatry, strengthened their aversion to the disciples of Jesus Christ. Nevertheless, a great number of heretics were reclaimed by the testimony that St. Polycarp bore to the doctrine of the Roman Church. This bishop of Smyrna had come to Rome to confer with Pope Anicetus on the proper time of celebrating Easter. At Rome, and throughout the west, it was always celebrated on Sunday ; in Asia, on the contrary, they conformed to the custom of the Jews, who celebrated it on the fourteenth day of the first month, on whatever day of the week it fell. Polycarp was the disciple of the apostle St. John, who had

made him bishop of Smyrna, and he followed in this respect the tradition which he had received from him. Although he could not persuade Anicetus to alter the custom of the western Church, he ceded to him the honor of offering the holy mysteries in his place, and they separated in peace. St. Anicetus was crowned with martyrdom on the 17th of April, 173.

The 14th of May following, St. Soter, a native of Fondi, in Campagna, was elevated to the chair of Peter. During his pontificate of four years, less nine days, he sent considerable alms to the church of Corinth to aid the persecuted Christians. Dionysius, the bishop of that place, has paid a beautiful tribute to the charity of this Pope and of the Romans. The devil, who had in vain assailed the Church by the lewdness and the disorderly manners of the Nicolaites, Gnostics, and Adamites, then sought to ensnare it by the apparent austerity and hypocritical sanctity of the Montanists, into whose errors, Tertullian, one of the greatest men of Christian antiquity, had the misfortune to fall. The women of this sect having exercised some ecclesiastical functions, St. Soter forbade the deaconesses to touch the pall which covered the chalice, or to offer incense in the Church. It was during the life of this excellent pontiff that the miracle of the *storming* legion took place in the year 174. The Christian soldiers of this legion implored in prayer the aid of heaven for the Roman army, which (then in Germany) was nearly perishing with thirst, there being no

water near the place where they were encamped. Suddenly a rain fell which supplied the Romans with water for themselves and their horses. The enemy, on the contrary, were overwhelmed by a violent hail storm accompanied with thunder. The emperor, Marcus Aurelius, moved by this event, forbade, under pain of death, the further accusation of the Christians, and thus suspended the persecution for some time. Nevertheless, St. Soter was martyred on the 22d of April, 177.

St. Eleutherius, son of Abundius a native of Nicopolis, who had been deacon under Anicetus, commenced, on the 3d of May, a reign of fifteen years and twenty-three days. The first of these years is celebrated by the glorious death of the martyrs of Lyons; from their prison they wrote to the Pope against the heresy of the Montanists, and deputed to him St. Irenæus, a priest who was afterwards bishop. During the reign of Eleutherius, Lucius, king of England, sent an embassy to Rome, to request for his countrymen, a missionary to teach them the Christian religion. He died a martyr in the year 193.

The first of June of the same year, St. Victor I, an African, mounted the pontifical throne, which he occupied during nine years, one month, and twenty-eight days. This Pope wishing all the churches to unite in the solemnities of Easter at the same time, ordered that it should be celebrated by all on the Sunday after the 14th of the month of March, and notwithstanding the objections of the bishops of Asia, who wished to retain the contrary custom, he charged Theophilus, bishop of Cæsarea in Palestine, to assemble a council and to publish his decree. He even menaced those who disobeyed with excommunication; St. Irenæus, who disapproved of this menace as too severe, and which was not indeed executed, did not, however, reproach him with having exceeded the bounds of his authority. The decision of Victor proves that even then this power was exercised in the Church. The Montanists sought to deceive the Pope, by sending him presents, accompanied by apparently Catholic declarations; misled by their exterior virtues and

the severity of their morals, he had addressed to them letters of communion, when Praxeas, who afterwards became himself a heresiarch, having informed Victor of the true state of things, he refused their presents and withdrew his letters of peace. Under the pontificate of Victor arose the heresy of Theodotus the banker, who denied the divinity of Christ, and who was excommunicated by the Pope on that account. The reign of this pontiff, which was closed by his martyrdom in 202, forms the transition from the second to the third age of the Church. This third age commenced with cruelty towards the Christians, because the emperor Severus, who had until then been favorable to them, having suddenly changed, persecuted them so fiercely, from the year 201 until his death, that the reign of Anti-christ was believed to be near; this was the fifth persecution. The most violent tempests which the powers of hell had before excited against the Church were trivial in comparison with that which it suffered in the third age. The most common instruments of death were the wooden horse, the rack, gibbets, iron nails, boiling cauldrons and blazing furnaces. But if the cruelty of the executioners, and the torments which they used, strike us with horror, the constancy of the martyrs excites our admiration and instructs and humbles us. Notwithstanding all the persecutions inflicted on the Christians, their number was so great from the commencement of this age, that Tertullian did not hesitate to say in his *Apology*, that had they withdrawn to another country, they would have left Rome a frightful solitude—the Pagan priests also complained of the diminution of their revenues and the desertion of their temples. Indeed, how could they be frequented? There was not a Christian who could not draw from the possessed the confession that the true God was the God of the Christians, and Tertullian offered to make the trial before the magistrates. “*And if these gods,*” said he, “*do not confess that they are devils, if they dare to lie before a Christian, punish that Christian as an impudent imposter.*”

St. Zephyrinus a Roman, who succeeded St. Victor I, on the 28th of August, 202,

reigned seventeen years. His desire of dying for Jesus Christ did not make him unmindful of the wants of his flock, and he accordingly concealed himself during the persecution of the Christians under Severus; but after the death of Plantian, the emperor's father-in-law and the Christians' most bitter enemy, he resumed the public exercise of his functions. This Pope witnessed the sad fall of Tertullian, who became a Montanist in 205, and he was the more afflicted by it because, as St. Jerome relates, it was occasioned by the jealousy of some of the Roman clergy against that great man. In the year 212, the celebrated Origen came to Rome to see this renowned Church. Zephyrinus died the 20th of August, 219: he is said to be the first Pope whose death was not a violent one.

The tranquillity of the Church was in some degree restored by the protection which the emperor Alexander extended to the Christians during the pontificate of St. Callixtus or Callistus I, a Roman by birth, who succeeded Zephyrinus and reigned five years, one month and twelve days. There is even ground for believing that the Christians commenced the building of public

temples: thus Callistus built the church at present called "Our Lady's," beyond the Tiber. At least he took advantage of this favorable time to build that subterranean cemetery on the Appian way, known by the name of the Catacombs, where it is said that forty-six Popes and more than one hundred and seventy-four thousand martyrs are interred. The edifying institution of the Ember days is attributed to Callistus, and the prohibition of receiving charges against ecclesiastics from degraded or suspected persons, or known enemies of the accused; a wise precaution calculated to inspire a proper respect for the priesthood. Callistus conferred holy orders five times, ordaining sixteen priests, four deacons, and eight bishops. Notwithstanding the favor which Alexander showed towards the Christians, there were some martyrdoms during his reign, caused by popular excitements, or by the secret persecution exercised by the favorites of the emperor, who did not participate in his sentiments. Callistus himself is a proof of this fact, for he was arrested, and for a long time confined in prison, and was finally thrown into a well, on the 14th of September, 224.

TO BE CONTINUED.

From the Catholic Advocate.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN RUSSIA.

IN the seventh article of its last number, the *Dublin Review* invites the attention of its readers to the late harassing persecutions to which the Catholics of the Russian empire have been subjected by that cruel, tyrannical and intolerant government. The memorable allocution of the present Pope, addressed to the sacred college in the consistory of July 22d, 1842; a work from the pen of an ancient Russian counsellor of state; and yet another from the pen of the learned Dr. Theiner, priest of the congregation of St. Philip Neri, giving a "Modern History of the Catholic Church of the Latin

and Ruthenian rites," afford the occasion for this interesting article.

The persecution set on foot by the Russian government is less one of violence than of cunning. Unlike that of the ancient pagan emperors, wherein the mask was thrown off, the sword unsheathed, and the poison presented openly, with the avowed purpose of destruction, "it is a covert, artful, disguised hatred,—striking with the golden sceptre of an affected clemency, and dribbling out its hemlock under the name of medicine." It aims less to break down, crush, and destroy the body,

than to weary, pervert, and kill the soul. It does not boldly drag its victims to the dungeon, and send them thence to crimson the scaffold with their blood; but under the pretence of disobedience to its imperial edicts, it smites with sentence of exile the faithful bishops who have wisdom enough to perceive its malignant designs, and courage enough to resist them; and in their place it appoints the time-serving instruments of its own unrighteous policy. The affairs of the Catholic Church are by arbitrary assumption made the business of government, and the matter of imperial legislation, while in all cases the interests of the true Church are sacrificed to the unjust claims of that unholy schism, which recognizes the divine right of the czar to rule the Church of God upon earth. And so general, unsparing and pitiless is the scheme of persecution, that the favor of the Turk and Infidel has been courted, and their co-operation purchased with money, to make the poor Armenians and United Greeks, who are subject to the Porte, groan in unison with the persecuted Catholics of Russia.

A power without restraint, and a tyranny which has no soul to feel, have formed alliance with religious hatred to carry out the underhand, double-dealing, and systematic design of rooting out Catholicity from amid the heterogeneous races which constitute the empire of the autocrat. It is not merely the Catholics of generous, but unhappy, dismembered, crushed Poland, that have suffered from the iron rule of this heartless despot, but wherever, under the vast domains that are cursed with his influence and authority, the poor Catholics exist, there is at work the same intolerant, heartless, and insidious influence for the ruin of faith, and the subjection of conscience to the reign of heresy and schism. The persecution cannot, therefore, be regarded as political, but religious. And those who suffer from the lash of despotism, are not merely martyrs in the cause of patriotism—political martyrs, but in the true sense of the word, they are martyrs to their love of the same precious faith, for which, in primitive times, the Christians were accustomed to suffer and die.

A correct idea of the nature, extent, and horrors of this galling tyranny cannot be gathered from the occasional notices which have appeared in the periodical press. With few intervals of comparative tranquillity it has now endured for near half a century with equal violence. "From the unwomanly reign of Catherine II," says the reviewer, "to that of the present emperor, it has worked with the regularity of a machine, up and down,—ascending to excite hopes, and falling down to crush them,—with unwearying perseverance of evil purpose. Cunning has raised it, that cruelty might better impel it down."

The allocation of the Pope is confined chiefly to the later calamities of the Catholic Church in Russia, without presenting any general survey of those numerous tyrannical acts of which history makes record in preceding years: the French work gives enough of these to arouse indignation and excite sympathy, but "it is too much taken up with doctrinal arguments, and a history of the Greek schism." The work of Dr. Theiner is of more value and interest. "It enters most minutely into details; gives the biography of the principal actors in the scenes which it describes; makes use of local memoirs and rare publications, as well as of official documents, and thus presents a full and comprehensive, as well as painfully finished view of the eventful history of religion in Russia." This last work the reviewer takes as his principal guide.

The reviewer contradicts the very prevalent idea, that "the Church of Russia is an offspring of the schismatical Greek Church of Constantinople, and has been, ever since its origin, separated from the communion of the apostolic see." St. Ignatius was the first patriarch recognized by the Russians—and from his time (A. D. 867) till about 1120, no trace of breach of communion between the Russian Church and the holy see is discoverable, although by Greek forgery, attempts have been made to prove an earlier alienation. With occasional interruptions from 1120, down to the fifteenth century, Russia continued in communion with Rome, so that its separation from the rock of Peter may, with historical accuracy,

befixed about the opening of the fifteenth century, and was then the product or handiwork of craft, avarice, pride, ambition, and several other vices, as clearly manifested in the conduct of those by whom it was effected. In 1415 a division took place in the Russian Church in consequence of a deposition, by the bishops of a part of Russia, of the worthless patriarch Photias, and an election of Gregory Zamblak in his place. As many bishops still adhered to Photias, the Church was divided into two patriarchates, Photias holding that of Moscow, and Zamblak that of Kiew. These were once more united under Isidore, who had been sent out as metropolitan of both, by Joseph, patriarch of Constantinople. In Kiew, Isidore was well and joyfully received, but not so in Moscow. The Prince Wassili III seized him and cast him into prison, whence, after two years confinement, he escaped to Rome, and died in 1463, patriarch elect of Constantinople. Kiew and Moscow were again separated, the former remaining faithful to the holy see, the latter being schismatical. By the year 1520, however, the efforts of Moscow unhappily prevailed, and all Russia was plunged into the same sad condition.

Shortly after, occurred the disgraceful struggle for the see of Constantinople among four competitors; viz., Jeremias II, Metrophanes III, Pachonius and Theolept. This was one of the most shameful contests for Church preferment, "which has disfigured the annals even of that Church, in which, with the exception of those bishops who kept communion with Rome, the most worthless succession of prelates for centuries held sway." Jeremias succeeded by "gaining the interest of the Porte, through the influence of the Haram," but he exhausted the resources of his see, in paying bribes to effect the ends of his unholy ambition. The poverty of his treasury induced him to journey to Russia in search of contributions. And there, in the Kremlin, he bartered off the patriarchal dignity for a large sum of money, and consecrated Job who had been newly appointed archbishop by the czar. The prince, however, himself claimed the right of investing the

new archbishop with the emblems of the patriarchal dignity, and with his own hand put the mitre on his head. The consequences of this simony were, first, "a separation of the southern from the northern bishoprics," and secondly, "a defection of Russia from obedience to Constantinople." This event took place in 1589.

But the brutal tyranny of the monster, Iwan IV, who acted as head of the Russian Church, and in this capacity held ecclesiastical synods, over which he presided and dictated decrees; together with the perceptible progress of those frightful consequences which heresy and schism always bring in their train, had made many of the bishops remember the peace and repose enjoyed by themselves and their flocks while in communion with the holy see, and they began to deplore the existing miseries and sigh again for the return to their former happier condition. They repented, and longed to return to their Father's house. They held an assembly under Michael Rahosa, metropolitan of Kiew, and drew up a declaration of their wishes. This document was dated December 2d, 1594, and signed by the metropolitan, six bishops and an archimandrite. A large body of Ruthenian Christians followed these prelates, and, under the approval of Clement VIII, were re-united to the Catholic Church. But art and violence succeeded, after two hundred years, to sever this union once more.

Those Churches thus re-united are designated by the reviewer, as "the United Greek Church of Russia." When Michael Rahosa had taken this step, "the schismatical archbishop of Moscow, Job, summoned a council, and hurled his impotent censures against the union;" but God blessed the former and smote the latter. Michael enjoyed a peaceful life and tranquil death; Job, having perpetrated crime after crime, and become a mere instrument in the iniquitous hands of the murderer Godunow, whom he crowned as czar, was at length in 1604 imprisoned and strangled. Michael's successor was Joseph Rudaki, styled by Pope Urban VIII, "The Athanasius of Russia," who in 1623 was martyred by his enemies. But God rendered

his remains illustrious, making them, like the body of St. John Nepomucen, resplendent with a heavenly light, and permitting various great miracles to take place at his tomb. He was beatified in 1643 by Pope Urban.

We come to the epoch of Peter the Great. This prince, among other designs and achievements which entitle him to this epithet, contemplated and even desired to reunite Russia with the see of St. Peter. He admitted the Jesuits and Capuchins into his states, and in 1717 held correspondence with the divines of the Sorbonne, upon the subject of the *reunion*. In this noble design he was aided by his particular friend, Bishop Stephen Jaworski, who wrote a powerful work called *Petra Fidei*, chiefly extracted from the writings of Bellarmine. At length Peter, in 1720, convoked a meeting of the bishops, and urged the necessity of seeking a union with the holy see. The bishops refused: "Peter solemnly rose up, and with a stern mien pronounced these fatal words: 'I know of no other true and lawful patriarch besides the patriarch of the west, the bishop of Rome, *and as you will not obey him, from henceforth you shall obey me alone.*' And he handed them a statute already prepared, abolishing the patriarchal dignity, and appointing 'the most holy synod' in its place." This synod is a sort of convocation composed of bishops, but presided over by a layman appointed by the czar. Count Pratassow, an officer of the army, is at present the president, or *Ober-Procurator*. This synod is under the control of the president, and claims great prerogatives. A few years since, it pronounced valid and lawful the marriage of the Grand Duke Constantine with a second wife, the first being still alive. The Russian Church is manifestly by this statute, enslaved to the royal will.

This brings the reviewer to a period wherein he is led to divide his subject, to consider under different heads, the history of the United Greeks, and that of the Catholics of the Latin rite. Nothing remarkable in regard to Church affairs, occurred before the accession of Catharine II, in 1762. "This wicked woman, whose participation

in her husband's cruel murder, it is almost impossible to doubt—who feared neither God nor man—who believed in nothing, and honored the names of Voltaire and Diderot, beyond those of the holiest men,—of course conformed to the Russian religion, to gain her crown, and became as diligent an observer, as she was a hearty despiser of her new faith." Her religious persecutions are interwoven with her political intrigues.

Her first great conception of crime was a conspiracy with Frederick, the mis-called "great" king of Prussia, against the unfortunate and falling kingdom of Poland. Peter the Great had made the crown of this country hereditary in the house of Saxony. But the two sceptred harpies, who longed to prey on the unhappy country, restored to it the elective form of government, and on the death of the good Augustus III, in 1763, by exerting their joint influence, raised to the throne the weak and inexperienced Stanislaus Poniatowski.

The kingdom of Poland then contained between thirteen and fourteen millions of Catholics, whether of the Latin or Greek rite, and almost four millions of Protestants and Russo-Greeks. To effect their unholy ends against the nationality of Poland, the powers of Russia and Prussia caused their agents to stimulate religious animosity, by demanding for Protestants, not freedom from persecution, for they were not persecuted, not toleration, for they had it, but a perfect equality as regards all offices whatever, from some of which they were excluded. Frederick, among other things, demanded "that the Russo-Greek bishop of Mohilew should have a seat in the senate on equal footing with the Latin prelates." This, with other unreasonable demands, the senate rejected, under the intrepid leadership of Cajetan Soltyk, bishop of Cracow.

Catharine then *unmasked*, ordered forty thousand Russians to advance to the confines of Poland, and sent her emissaries through the country to excite rebellion.

The Polish government stood firm; and so unpalatable were the high-handed measures of these foreign powers to Polanders of all classes and denominations, that while the separated Greeks stood aloof, many of

the Protestants protested loudly against this uncalled for interference.

A new calamity befell the Catholic Church in the death of Ladislaus Lubien-ski, the venerable and virtuous archbishop of Gnesen, who was succeeded by Count Gabriel Podoski, an irreligious, immoral, reckless, but talented man. "This was the death-blow to the Catholic religion in Poland." And so rejoiced was the "wicked woman," Catharine, at the succession of Podoski, that she forthwith sent him a present of sixty thousand rubles, and, in return, found the archbishop a servile, willing tool, for effecting her evil designs.

Repnin, the active agent of Russia in carrying on these complex, religious and political intrigues, threatened with "attainder, loss of rank, of goods and life," all who held intercourse with those senators who opposed his schemes. Many who incurred suspicion or censure, saw their castles surrounded by soldiers, and were subjected to great annoyances.

The bishop of Cracow, among others, was forced to endure many insults; and after his estates had been plundered and laid waste, he was himself seized while dining in the palace of his friend, Count Meikek, and together with Zaluski, and the two Rzewuski, "was marched off under a guard of two hundred men, into the interior of Russia. On their way they were treated with all possible harshness and severity; and having, to a man, rejected an offer of liberty on condition of their yielding to the imperial will, they were carried in solitary captivity into the heart of Siberia."

A Catholic league, the Confederation of Bar was formed, and the Poles, under the brave and noble Pulawski, determined on self-defence against these acts of high handed tyranny. But the Cossacks and other hordes of barbarians sent against them by Russia, were too numerous and powerful for these brave patriots, and after a few partial successes they beheld their loved country ravaged by the horrors and cruelties of un-pitying conquest.

Dr. Theiner gives a startling narrative of the almost incredible atrocities perpetrated by Repnin and his hordes against this much

abused and oppressed people. When Bar fell into the hands of the Russian savages, one thousand two hundred men were taken prisoners and sent in chains into Russia. The country was laid desolate, the fields were covered with the slain, "three towns, fifty villages, and many thousand farms were reduced to ashes." Treachery, robbery, murder, and every possible enormity were committed with the approbation of the leaders in this savage and bloody invasion. No mercy was shown to those captured by the Russians, while on the other hand, the manifestoes of the confederates, expressly enjoined that all prisoners taken by the patriot troops should be treated with lenity and kindness.

The Russian Colonel Drewitz may be taken as a type of these savages. This wretch committed the most revolting and unheard of cruelties against the victims whom misfortune placed in his power. Some of his prisoners he bound naked to trees, as targets for the darts and muskets of his barbarians; others he chained together in groups, and amused himself "with having their heads knocked off in a brutally ludicrous way." Of whole troops of them, he caused both hands to be chopped off, and then sent them to wander over the country. Many he flayed alive, and caused their skin to be cut so as to represent the national costume."

When the division of Poland took place, it was with "an express stipulation that the Catholics should remain in full possession of all their ecclesiastical rights." Yet the ink upon this treaty was scarcely dry, before it was violated by a reckless persecution against the Catholics, and especially against the United Greeks, by those of the Russian Church. The monastic possessions were seized, and without pretence to title, were adjudged to the crown. Russian priests invaded the country, and intruded into the livings and churches of the Catholics, and remonstrance only brought further ill treatment.

Then came a second and third division of this ill-fated kingdom. Catharine in the meantime carried on the persecution as against those whom she had already in cap-

tivity, those still remaining in their own country. In 1779 by imperial ukase, she decreed, that "where a parish of United Greeks fell vacant by the death of the incumbent, the congregation should have choice whether they would have a Catholic or Russian priest for his successor." So disastrous and successful was this persecution, that, on authority of Pope Pius VI, it is said "eight hundred churches in a single diocese were taken from the Catholics, and one hundred thousand souls driven to apostasy."

Catharine, to show her good faith and honorable regard for treaties, devised another scheme for injuring the religion of her victims; this was to subject to the jurisdiction of the *Latin primate* of Russia, the archbishop of Mohilew, the united Greek Church. This prelate, though nobly descended, "was an unprincipled, haughty, covetous and ambitious man, a declared enemy of the holy see. His name was Stanislaus Siestrezenewicz, and from 1772 till December 1826, he lived to govern his see, and be a disgrace and scourge to the Church. A tool of Catharine, he not only invited but pressed the united Greek priests to pass over to the Latin rite, the effect of which was to drive the people from the churches, where the ritual was now unknown to them, into the schismatical churches, where they saw every thing practised as they had been accustomed to see them. Many in consequence were betrayed into apostasy.

On occasion of the second dismemberment of Poland, the stipulation in behalf of the Catholics had been again introduced into the treaty of 13th July, 1793, known as that of Grodno. But the very same year, Catharine summoned her council in St. Petersburg to debate "the best and most convenient way to bring back the United (Catholics) in late Poland to the profession of the orthodox Greek faith." And a schismatical mission, directed by a Russian bishop, was determined on as the best way, twenty thousand silver rubles being appropriated for this purpose. The missionaries went armed with the knout in place of the cross, and attended by bands of savage Cossacks as co-laborers. Their means were not words of peace, of love, of persuasion,

but denunciation, scorn, violence and force. To ensure success, Catharine furnished them with an imperial ukase, requiring that "all families which had joined the Catholic Church since 1595, should be compelled to abandon it;" that churches purporting by the registers to have been originally built by the schismatics should be restored to them; and finally, "that there should be no Catholic Church in any village where there were not a hundred hearths or families." In consequence "about *one half* of the Catholic parishes of Poland were suppressed. A crowd of poor priests were driven out to beg their bread, and thousands of poor people were deprived of the consolations of their religion."

The effect of this *Christian zeal* on the part of the tyrant may be known from the Russian archbishop, who said that "in one year no less than a million of souls were brought back" to the misery of schism.

By the period of the third dismemberment of Poland (October 14th, 1795), the whole of the Catholic Greek dioceses, except Lemberg and Przemyśl, had fallen into the hands of Catharine. She suppressed all of them, except the see of Polock, and seized their revenues, except what she gave to reward the zeal of her instruments. Also she suppressed the monasteries of Basilian monks; leaving only a few schools. She ordered the churches, without exception, to be taken from the Catholic clergy, where the people would not apostatize. By an act ludicrously styled "an act of grace," she gave to such priests as would not conform, the choice of exile or retirement on a pension of from fifty to one hundred rubles, equal to two pounds ten shillings, or five pounds a year! A generous offer not accepted by many, the majority having preferred exile.

In the midst of these persecutions Providence cut short the reign of the murderous and impious Catharine.

Paul, the successor of this empress, during his short reign did something to repair the injuries inflicted on the Greek Catholics by Catharine. A legate from the holy see was received, the archbishopric of Polock was confirmed, the bishoprics of Luck and

Brecc restored. The synod, or college for the transaction of ecclesiastical affairs, was re-established. An imperial ukase, breathing a spirit of justice and moderation, was issued also by Alexander I, in 1801. But in 1834 the persecution was again renewed. The reviewer promises at some future time to give us the history of this more recent calamity. In the mean time we may, from the following table, see how much the Catholics have suffered, by observing the frightful loss which took place between 1771 and 1814.

		Parish Churches.
1771,	13,000
1814.—In Russia,	1,388 }	3,684
“ Galicia,	2,296 }	
Loss,	9,316
		Monasteries.
1771,	251
1814.—In Russia,	91 }	105
“ Galicia,	14 }	
Loss,	146
		Persons.
1771,	12,000,000
1814.—In Russia,	1,398,478 }	3,535,144
“ Galicia,	2,136,666 }	
Loss,	8,464,856

Catharine did not treat the Catholics of the Latin rite with near such cruelty as she did those of the Greek. Paul, in agreement with the holy see, appointed new sees for the Greek Catholics, and increased the number of the Latin bishoprics.

“One of the last acts of Alexander's life was to show kindness to the Catholics of both rites, by granting them permission to build new churches.”

In conclusion, we must refer our readers to the article from which we have abridged this notice, if they feel an interest in the misfortunes and sufferings of their fellow-members in a distant portion of the Church. The sad picture of violence on the one hand, and heroic endurance on the other, of corruption among the perpetrators of these wrongs, and of weakness also in some who, through fear or ignorance, were estranged from the fold of unity, will awaken at times the most heart-rending sympathy, at other times the glow of indignation and resentment. The genius of liberty has mingled her tears with those of religion in contemplating the wrongs of Poland. The former has toiled amid the waste and ruin of the battle-field to collect the bones of her slaughtered heroes; the latter has sought out amid the same scene of misery for the revered remains of her martyrs. Both will combine to record the history of these misfortunes, and with the eloquent denunciation of truth, consign to the execration of after ages the names of those harpies whose rapacity was the cause of such bloodshed and misery.

It is a consolation too to know that those who suffer persecution will be blessed, while the avenger will, sooner or later, smite the oppressors?

MISSIONS AT THE COLUMBIA RIVER.*

NO. I.

THE two missionaries, Messrs. Blanchet and Demers, left Red River, July 10, 1838, and arrived on the 24th of November, after the fatigues of such a journey, at Fort Vancouver, situated four hundred leagues from the Rocky Mountains, and seventeen hundred and fifty-six from Mon-

treil. In consequence of the arrangement between the bishop of Juliopolis, and Geo. Simpson, the governor of the honorable Hudson Bay Company, the principal station of the missionaries had been fixed at the establishment of Cowlitz, on the river of the same name, because it is not situated as that of Wallamette, whose population is more considerable, in the territory which is

* From unpublished notes of Father DeSmet.

now a subject of litigation between Great Britain and the United States. This post is thirty leagues from Vancouver. The 12th of December, Mr. Blanchet set out to open this mission, where he found some Canadians, formerly employed in the service of the company, whose confessions it was necessary to hear, as well as to confirm their marriages and baptize their children. After some days employment in these functions, he took possession of a fine farm of six hundred acres for the use of the mission. On it a chapel was built, a presbytery of forty-five feet by thirty. The colonists are much pleased in having the missionaries established among them. The whole district is in a suitable condition to receive emigrants; the climate is mild, the soil fertile, hay, game, and fish abundant. January, 1839, was employed in founding a mission at the establishment of Wallamette, on a river of the same name, at the south of Columbia, and twenty-two leagues from Vancouver. The good Canadians of that post had come out to meet the missionaries, whom they were desirous to retain among them. In this hope they had built a chapel with a presbytery, of seventy feet in length by thirty. The first mass was said at Wallamette on the 6th of September, 1839, in the presence of the assembled Canadians, their wives and their children. What a happy day for them!

The recitation of prayers commenced after mass, and continued until noon, and again commenced at one o'clock, and finished at four in the afternoon. A part of the time was employed in explaining the creed and the great truths of religion. But these women and children did not all understand French, and besides there was a diversity of languages among them, according to the different countries from which they had come; some speaking the language of the savages called Flat Heads, who inhabit the vicinity of Fort Colville; others that of Tchinouk, living towards the lower part of Columbia river. Two interpreters were therefore necessary. The time of instruction continued three weeks, during which many women and children were taught to make the sign of

the cross, to offer their hearts to God, and to say the *Pater, Ave*, and *Credo* in their own language. In the evening prayers were recited, and pious lectures read to the people, or some edifying narratives were related, with the chanting of hymns, and the recital of the responses of the mass. The missionary profited by this time to give reading lessons in French to some young people, the most of whom knew how to read in English. For want of a schoolmaster, the missionary was obliged to attend to every thing, until more favorable circumstances arose. The children who are able to read French will be of service to the mission during the absence of the priest.

After three weeks' instruction, the missionary administered the sacraments of baptism and matrimony. Twenty-five Indian women were baptized in most excellent dispositions, and were married. One poor woman, having been instructed on death, left the world in two days after. An old savage who was also sick and in danger of death, and a young woman in the same state were baptized; the young female died in two days, and the old man soon followed her to the tomb. Both were interred in the same ground. What would have become of these unfortunate beings, but for the missionary's assistance? In the space of a month the missionary performed seventy-four baptisms, and twenty-five marriages, and heard the confessions of all the adults, even of those who had not received baptism, to accustom them to this duty. A marriage made without the certainty that the first wife of the husband was dead, was annulled, and a separation of the parties required, which was acceded to. Canticles were required to be sung at the morning and evening prayers, the missionaries having witnessed the happy results of this practice from the time of their arrival at Vancouver.

M. Blanchet visited all the establishments on the river Wallamette, and every where he was received with great demonstrations of joy by the colonists. He has taken possession of the country intended for the mission, which consists of a piece of land, measuring thirty-one by one hundred and forty-seven acres.

At Vancouver the missionaries began by reciting the evening prayers in common with the people; and they intend to continue this good practice. Mr. Demers was able, in a short time, to acquaint himself with a certain language called *Jargon* (or Gibberish) in the country, by means of which he is enabled to instruct the savages. They are obliged to repeat the catechism twice every day, once before noon, and then again in the evening. On the 20th of February there were not less than one hundred and fifty savages at prayers in the evening, and the number cannot fail to increase. He generally teaches catechism twice a day in French, at one time to the woman and little girls at the fort, many of whom know their prayers well enough to say their beads. The practice of this devotion, in honor of the immaculate Queen of heaven, was commenced at Columbia from the first arrival of the missionaries. Mr. Demers has already distributed fifty pairs of beads. The catechism is also taught to the women and children of the surrounding country.

Whilst Mr. Demers is instructing savages in the evening, Mr. Blanchet attends to the Canadians, who are occupied during the day at their work, and teaches the young men how to read in French, the most of them being able to read English. He also teaches them the responses of the mass and the plain chant. After these exercises, which continue until nine o'clock at night, the missionary hears the confessions of the laboring people, whose occupations

do not permit them to present themselves during the day. It is easy to perceive that they are not unemployed.

Fort Vancouver is situated on the north of Columbia, thirty-three leagues from the Pacific ocean. It contains seventy-six Canadians in the service of the establishment. There are about three hundred savages living in the vicinity. During the fourteen years that Dr. McLaughlin has been governor, he has rendered the most important services to the Canadians in a religious point of view. In a school supported at his own expense, are taught the catechism and the chant of the sacred canticles. To this estimable man religion owes every thing that the missionaries have been able to accomplish at Vancouver.

The company possesses twenty-eight establishments to the west of the Rocky Mountains to carry on the fur trade with the savages. Three hundred whites, almost all Catholics, are employed in the service of these establishments. This number, joined to the settlers at Cowlitz and Wallamette, and some other people, who are engaged in the chase in the southern prairies, including therein women and children, form already a Catholic population of about nine hundred souls. The number of the savages who frequent the instructions to prepare themselves for baptism, is about one hundred and fifty, and cannot fail to increase, if we may judge from the favorable dispositions shown towards the missionaries, by the greater part of the infidel natives of this country.

TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

(REGINA CÆLI LETARE.)

Oh! Queen of heaven, lift up thy voice,
And with triumphant love rejoice;
For He, whom thou deserv'dst to bear,
As mother, yet as Virgin fair,
Has, as he said he would, arisen;—
Oh! Maiden Mother, Queen of heaven,
Rejoice, and for us intercede,
Thy God, thy Son, has risen indeed.

Alleluia!

M. C. A.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

ROME.—A family of Israelites were baptized at Rome, on the 19th of February, by the Cardinal Vicar Patrizi. The baron and baroness of Pfeffer stood sponsors for the parents; the Count and Countess Mareschalchi for the children.

BELGIUM.—*Carmelite Order.*—In a recent letter from Belgium we find the following statistical information, relative to the religious order of Mount Carmel, a society distinguished alike for its antiquity, the austerity of its rule, and the number and sanctity of its members. Within the limits of Belgium, although the territory is comparatively small, there are thirteen monasteries for ladies, and another is soon to be established, all of which are subject to the government of the congregation of Italy. The Fathers of the order, by reason of their suppression and long continued sufferings and persecutions, had nearly all been carried off by the hand of death; but now, under the kind protection of Providence, they have again commenced to increase their numbers. Amidst many calamities, the Lord had preserved three venerable fathers, who re-established the order and successively governed it. As soon as some excellent subjects presented themselves as candidates to be admitted into the order, they were sent to Rome, there to imbibe the primitive spirit of the rule. These, afterwards returned to their native country. The present father provincial is one of that band of youths, and his labors in the direction of the houses of the order are blessed with the most consoling results.

During the course of last year the provincial visited Rome, in order to assist at the election of the new superior general. The father chosen is a native of Piedmont; his name in religion is Father Clement of St. Theresa. The present summer, he intends to make, in person, the visitation of all the monasteries of his congregation.

The daughters of St. Theresa seem more than ever influenced by the laudable and holy zeal of propagating their order and maintaining its original fervor and austerity; and this too, not only in Belgium, but throughout the kingdom of France. There, during the rampant fury and horrors of the first revolution, all the religious houses had been suppressed; the monasteries

either destroyed, or turned to secular purposes; and the members of the communities, driven from their sacred, peaceful asylums, spilled their blood in the wholesale massacres, which then occurred, or were scattered through the different countries of the civilized world. God, however, in his own good time, bid the storm cease, and brought peace to his persecuted children: within the last thirty years, the religious orders have again been established, and there are now flourishing, in their primeval discipline and sanctity, upwards of one hundred communities of Carmelites. It is truly consoling to see religion thus resuming its ground and influence in countries in which it had been subjected to the ordeal of the most violent persecution. May we not cherish the hope, that Spain, ere long, seeing the folly and criminality of her mad conduct towards the religion of her people, will retrace her steps, and become what she was formerly, the most chivalrous and Catholic nation of the world.

FRANCE.—*Conversion of an Israelite.*—A touching ceremony took place on the 14th of May last, at Verquières, in the diocese of Aix. We allude to the abjuration and baptism of M. Isaac Cohen, a learned Israelite, the son of a rabbi of the synagogue of Carpentras. M. Cohen was considered among his brethren as descended from the tribe of Levi,—the sacerdotal race. A doctor among his people, and initiated in the Holy Scriptures by a profound knowledge of the Hebrew language, he renounced his religion only after the most serious reflection. For twenty years he had been meditating this important step, and finally was thoroughly converted by reading the works of Bossuet, and now says if the Israelites will only read Bossuet they will come in flocks into the folds of the Church. M. Cohen astonishes every one by his thorough knowledge of the Bible, which he has studied in the original text, and especially of the prophecies, which he interprets as learnedly as the doctors of our Church. A large concourse assembled to assist at the pious solemnity of his reception, and to express their joy at his conversion. It was enough to move one to tears to see the baptismal water falling on his venerable head blanched by the snows of sixty-seven winters, and one could not refrain from thanking God for his mercy.

May this example, together with that of M. Ratisbonne and the more recent ones of MM. Bluen, a physician of Strasbourg, and Moses Rocca, a physician of Trieste, make the Israelites comprehend that their salvation can be found only in God's new temple, which is the Church, in which the promises announced by Abraham have been accomplished for eighteen centuries.—*Mélanges Religieux*.

Conversion.—A letter from Chalons says:—"Miss Andresen, a Danish lady, witnessed, on the 22d of May last, in the church of Damery, the public abjuration of the errors of Calvinism by a young lady of Calcutta. This example made a deep impression on Miss Andresen, and induced her to examine and ultimately to renounce the errors of Lutheranism, to which she was previously attached. After having received unconditional baptism, she approached the holy table, in company with many of the faithful, with a fervor truly angelical."—*Prop. Catholique*.

ENGLAND.—*Puseyism*.—The proceedings at the annual meeting of the Catholic Institute, held in London, on Monday, Lord Camoys in the chair, present some disclosures which have excited no little astonishment. In the course of his address Lord Camoys said: "Look at the controversy now going on in the established Church, especially at Oxford. [Cheers.] There was one regius professor (Dr. Pusey) just condemned and suspended for having advanced the doctrine of the real presence in the eucharist; whilst another regius professor of the same university (Dr. Hampden) had been subjected to an action for damages for his maintenance of an entirely opposite doctrine. [Loud ironical cheers.] Now, if the action were to terminate against Dr. Hampden, he thought that the University of Oxford would be in what the Americans were accustomed to call a "fix." [Cheers and loud laughter.] He had heard at one of the meetings of that Institute a hope expressed that they (the Roman Catholics) might live to see the day when high mass would be celebrated in Westminster Abbey. [Tremendous cheering.] He knew not how probable such an event might be, but this they knew, that the doctrine of the mass had been preached in the cathedral of the University of Oxford [loud cheering]; and it had been authoritatively declared that if Dr. Pusey's sermon had not been condemned (as we understood the noble lord), six or seven colleges of Oxford University were ready to have mass said directly. [Tremendous cheering and applause, in which the voice of a boy in the gallery was very distinctly audible.] There was indeed a very slender barrier between Puseyism and the

Church of Rome; and O! what a field was now presented for the Roman Catholics to demolish that slender barrier at once, and to restore this great country to that Catholic union which was so exceedingly desirable! [Vociferous cheering.]

Hint to Puseyites.—We endorse the following anecdote from the *Western Christian Advocate*, a Methodist paper, though in a different spirit from what is there manifested. "Fuller, in his ecclesiastical history, relates of Laud, that having once demanded of a lady who had lately become a proselyte to Popery, the reason of the change, he received for answer that 'she hated a crowd.' Upon being farther pressed to explain so dark a saying, she said: 'Your lordship and many others are making for Rome as fast as you can, and therefore, to prevent a press, I went before you.'"

Tractarian Ceremonies.—An English journal, commenting on this subject, says: "We have just received one or two communications upon this subject, which is now exciting very great attention in the Church. In another part of our paper we give extracts from an article in the *Quarterly Review*, which also treats upon it. We have, moreover, had described to us by an eye-witness the scene which occurred in one of the churches of the metropolis, on Sunday last, during the performance of the morning service. The altar is adorned with a large wooden crucifix in the centre, and two huge wax tapers in massive silver candlesticks, and covered with little golden chalice with opercula, patines in gold and silver, traverses for waters, bows for offerings, corporal cloths, and other *gew-gaws*. The whole of the internal arrangements of the church are also made to conform as closely as possible to those of a *Romish mass-house*; and the many deviations, in the reading of the services, from the established usages of the Church of England, were all in the direction of the Pontifical and Missal. Many additions to the rubric of the prayer book were described to us. We notice one or two of the most remarkable of them. The two clergymen who officiated were attended throughout the entire service by a boy in a surplice. This, we need scarcely remark, is borrowed altogether from the Roman Catholic ceremonial: he is called in their service books the *Acolyth* or *Altar-boy*. On ascending the pulpit-stairs, the incumbent of the church was observed to kneel on two or three successive steps in the course of his ascent, remaining for a few moments in silent prayer on each of them. He was doubtless reciting that portion of the mass-service which is called the *Graduale*. At the conclusion of the sermon, and during the reading of the sentences,

four velvet bags were taken from a silver salver, which stood upon the altar, and carried round the church by as many lay devotees to collect the offerings. The bag (*sacculus*) is used for this purpose in the Romish ritual, and nowhere else. On presenting the offerings, the layman made a profound reverence to the curate, who stood within the altar rail, holding the salver to receive the bags. Having done this, they made a genuflection towards the altar with the arms folded over the chest, uttering certain words (no doubt, *mea culpa, mea culpa*) in a low tone, and at the same time smiting the chest with the right hand, the well known Romish practice which the martyr-fathers of our Church of England reprehended so severely three hundred years ago, under the homely description of "kneeling and knocking."—*English Protestant Paper*.

The British papers announce another convert to Catholicity. The Rev. George Talbot, M. A., formerly of Baliol college, has resigned the living of Evercreech-cum-Chesterblade, Somerset, and joined the Church of Rome. This is said to be the FIFTH Tractarian member of the University of Oxford who has turned Catholic since the conversion of the Rev. R. W. Sibthorpe.

A Baptist preacher and four other converts made their first communion at Easter-week in the Catholic Church of Shrewsbury, England. The pastor had nineteen other converts under instruction. An eligible site had been purchased in the same town for a new church.

Roman liberality and Oxonian bigotry.—A few years ago, I visited St. Peter's church in Rome, and among the master-pieces of art which adorn that wonder of the world, I was somewhat surprised to learn that the mausoleum of Pope Pius VII had been executed by a Protestant sculptor, Thorwaldsen, the well known Phidias of Denmark. Expressing my astonishment to a dignified Italian clergyman, he replied, that really that circumstance did not occur to him before as any thing very remarkable; that his countrymen were in the habit of attending more to the talent than to the religion of the artist in matters appertaining to the fine arts. The good sense of the observation struck me most forcibly on reading in the *Sun* newspaper of Tuesday last, that "Important alterations are to be made in some of the colleges of Oxford University. Baliol is to undergo a thorough repair, the direction of which was intrusted to Mr. Pugin, the celebrated Catholic architect. The master of the college objected to the employment of this gentleman, and Mr. Pugin's engagement is consequently broken off."—*Correspondent of the Prior Park, Bath*.

The Very Rev. Father Mathew and the Holy Bible.—The apostle of temperance has addressed the following interesting letter, in answer to a most singular charge uttered against him by a Mr. Seymour, at a recent meeting in England. This voracious gentleman, among other things, charged this great and good man with having preferred the gew-gaws, or trumpery of medals and ribands, to the Holy Bible. It is a most curious circumstance, as the writer of these lines well knows, that for weeks before this foul slander had been uttered, the apostle of temperance had actually in the most marked manner arranged with Messrs. Coyne and Battersby, of Dublin, to print and publish the Catholic version of the Holy Bible, as recommended by all the bishops of Ireland, in such a manner, and on terms so low, that not only almost every teetotaler, but every Catholic in the three kingdoms may have a copy of the Divine Volume. The first issue of the Bible is to commence on the 17th of next month.—"To John W. Green, Esq., London.—Dear Sir—The letter of your amiable correspondent, dated Durham, addressed to William Digby Seymour, Esq., has afforded me much gratification. I thank him for his vindication of me and the Irish Temperance Society from, to use the mildest term, the unkind sneer of that young gentleman, whom I forgive, as readily as my good friend of Durham; and would to God that William Digby Seymour would as readily forgive him, whose feelings he has so deeply and carelessly wounded. I have never advocated temperance as a substitute for the eternal Gospel. God forbid! I have from my own private resources, without ever soliciting a shilling of public aid, distributed some thousand copies of the Douay version of the Holy Bible; and with the approbation of the Most Reverend the Roman Catholic prelates of Ireland, I have in the press a new edition of the sacred volume, to be published in twelve numbers, at the low price of 6d. each number. This will place the Old and New Testament within the reach of almost every head of a family in Ireland. If I had pecuniary resources equal to my wishes, every one of the six millions of teetotalers in this kingdom, would have a copy of the blessed book before the end of the present year. I shall only say to this romancing countryman of mine, what the celebrated William Cobbett said to an old gentleman of New York, who was exhibiting in a discourse some antiquated trumpery: 'Sir, you ought to have been born two hundred years ago.'—Believe me, dear Mr. Green, yours devotedly,

THEOBALD MATHEW.

"CORK, May 23, 1843."

SCOTLAND.—Pentecost in Edinburgh.—The *Edinburgh Courier*, speaking of the emptiness and desertion of the established churches in the Scotch metropolis on this great feast, thus describes the Catholic Churches on the same occasion:—"On turning to the Catholic Church—to St. Margaret's—St. Patrick's—and St. Mary's—there he would have found the spirit of truth, unity, and devotion. There was some difficulty in getting through the crowd at the door of St. Mary's; but, on entering, the sight was magnificent. The entire body of the church was completely filled, the three aisles being lined with military. Advancing up the centre aisle, through their open ranks, the richness of the altar decorations exceeded any thing ever witnessed in Edinburgh, perhaps even in Catholic times.

Hawick, Selkirk, Kelso, &c.—About six years ago, the Rev. W. Wallace accidentally turned his attention to the small manufacturing town of Hawick, where he found nearly two hundred Catholics—such exemplary Catholics, too, that even the public authorities of the place did them the justice to say that a Catholic had never been brought before them, even for a *misdemeanor*; yet there they were in a place where the feet of a Catholic clergyman had not trod since the devastating fire of the Reformation; and thus they might have been till the devastating fire of the last day reduced their neighbors to a level with them, if Providence had not led the above clergyman to visit and pity them. That which has been said here of Hawick, may in like manner be said of Selburgh, Selkirk, Kelso, Galashiels, and Peebles—in every one of which, were there a chapel, there would be a flock; yet it is well known that, with the exception of Traquair, there is not even a station from Edinburgh to Carlisle, a distance of more than ninety miles. In none of these places is there any hostile feeling to Catholics. But Hawick has the singular commendation that in it not only is there no hostile feeling, but, on the contrary, there is a strong and marked feeling in favor of Catholicity. Though a priest, and a total stranger, the Rev. Mr. Wallace found himself caressed, encouraged, and even supported by the most influential persons in the place. More than one of the best citizens of the town have even promised to *take seats in the church*, which is now begun; and if a charitable public would aid him to complete the shell, the earl of Traquair has nobly volunteered to seat it, and the Protestant inhabitants have signified their intention to aid, if not to defray, the necessary sum for purchasing an organ. *Tablet.*

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—Ordinations. At the Cathedral, on the 14th and 15th of July, the Most Rev. Archbishop conferred the orders of subdeacon and deacon on Henry Toppert and Herman Blatte, of the Society of the Most Holy Redeemer; and on Sunday, the 16th, in St. James' church, the same candidates were raised to the holy order of priesthood. At the same time, minor orders were conferred on Frantz Schugg, Frantz Seelos, and Karl Hofer.

At Georgetown, on the 2d of July, James Aloysius Ward, John Ev. Blox, Charles Henry Stonestreet, William Francis Clarke, and William Michael Logan were ordained sub-deacons by the Most Rev. Archbishop Eccleston, and on the 3d of the same month, deacons, in the chapel of the Visitation Convent. On the 4th July, they were elevated to the honor of priesthood by the same prelate in Trinity church, with much solemnity, before a large congregation, who were much impressed and edified with the whole ceremonial.

Confirmation.—The sacrament of confirmation was administered in St. Matthew's Church, Washington, D. C., on Sunday, 2d of July last, to two hundred and thirty persons, of whom eighty were converts from Protestantism.

In Georgetown, D. C., one hundred and thirteen persons, of whom eight were converts, received the same sacrament on the 15th of June last, at Trinity Church.

Sale of Pews in the Cathedral.—Through the great energy and zealous exertions of the Rev. Mr. Coskery, a sale of Pews heretofore vacant in the Cathedral, has at length been effected, and a material addition to the revenues of our metropolitan church has been thereby supplied. On the eleventh of July last, forty-two pews were offered at public sale in the cathedral, and were sold at prices yielding an annual rent of four hundred and forty-seven dollars, and averaging a fraction over ten dollars a pew.

This result, though encouraging to those who feel an interest in the pecuniary affairs of the cathedral, and highly creditable to the reverend gentleman whose influence and efforts contributed so largely to effect it, should rather stimulate than satisfy the zeal of those who feel anxious for the temporal prosperity of the Church in Baltimore. Great exertions are still necessary to meet the heavy and pressing demands against the church. Every member of the Cathedral flock should give his monthly mite in aid of the "Sinking Fund Society." If properly sustained by the Catholics of Baltimore, the society is destined to effect an important and salutary change in the condition of the cathedral debt.

Donations also should still be looked to as among the ways and means which will greatly assist us in our present difficulties. Many of our congregation made a liberal response to a recent and urgent call in behalf of the church, while others, well able to contribute, have as yet held back; some, perhaps, for good reasons, and some, we fear, upon very visionary prettexts. Unwise management, say some, has brought your difficulties on you, and therefore we will not assist you to shake them off. We hardly know that we ought to stop to consider such an objection. It is an excuse by which we may regulate future operations, but is a poor way to cure what is past and done. It is a subterfuge very similar to that used by the repudiators of state liabilities who are unwilling to pay for acts which, as they allege, they disapproved at the time of their passage. It is an excuse similar to that by which some citizens during the late war sought to justify their denial of aid in its behalf. There are, we believe, some men who think if their opinions or counsels do not prevail on the policy of any given project, that they are commendable for withholding all assistance in promoting its objects, be those objects of a religious or social character. There are others, who, though their church solaces and assists them, think they owe nothing to its maintenance, and that what they give, if they give at all, is a wonderful gratuity, or the offering, not of obligation, but of charity. To be sure they would tell you it would be sinful not to pay the quota levied on you for the support of social order, or to protect your homes from foreign invasion; but when the question is one of voluntary tax, equally binding in conscience (and in all Christian countries but America binding even in law), for the decent support of religion, you are politely told that civil obligations must be looked to first,—the crumbs and fragments that may be gathered after our wants and comforts are all supplied, we will give to our needy and distressed mother, the Church. There never was a more mistaken rule of conduct, and we say to all such, you are as much bound, in proportion to your means, to sustain the religion that you practice, and that serves you, as you are to uphold the plighted honor of your state, or to bear arms in support of your country. For what are any taxes but equivalents paid to the power taxing us for the service which it renders us. And if we consider our indebtedness by this rule of equivalents, if we measure what we owe by value received, the most of us, we fear, will be found in heavy arrears to our church; for while many of us have received no individual civil benefit correspond-

ing with the proportion of the civil burden imposed upon us, we have all experienced from our Church much spiritual assistance, and from her ministers constant care and an apostolic readiness to supply our many and frequent wants, to obey our summons for spiritual relief, be the same made at the midnight hour, or from the remotest part of our city and its vicinage.

DIOCESS OF BOSTON.—*Grand celebration of the laying of the corner stone of the College of the Holy Cross, in Worcester, Mass.*—On Wednesday morning last, the 21st day of June, 1848, the new college was commenced by laying the corner stone. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Fenwick, the Rev. Charles Constantine Pise, D. D., accompanied by the Rev. Mr. M'Closky, of St. Joseph's church, New York; the Very Rev. William Tyler, vicar general of the diocese of Boston; Rev. Messrs. Hardy and Rolof, of the Cathedral; Rev. Mr. Flood, of St. Mary's, Boston; Rev. Mr. Goodwin, of Charlestown; Rev. Mr. Lynch, of Roxbury; Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick, of East Cambridge; Rev. Mr. Conway, of Lowell; Rev. Mr. Strain, of Waltham; and Rev. Mr. Wiley, of Providence; all departed in a special train of cars for Worcester, accompanied by a large concourse of the citizens of Boston and several distinguished strangers.

On their arrival at the rail road station in Worcester, they were received by the Rev. Messrs. Mulledy and Fitton of Worcester, together with a crowd of the inhabitants, who greeted the Rt. Rev. Prelate and his Rev. associates on their arrival at that flourishing place. A band of music was in attendance at the public square, and the "Catholic Temperance Society," together with the "Young Men's," and "Young Ladies' Society" attached to the Sunday school of Rev. Mr. Fitton's church of Worcester, appeared with their appropriate banners on the spacious green. The day was beautiful—the sky clear—the atmosphere refreshing and invigorating—and the sun shed its noon-day lustre over every hill and valley for miles around.

The Rev. Messrs. Mulledy and Fitton formed the order of the procession, and the whole moved in the direction of the college site, distant about two miles. The band played "Adeste fideles," and "Hail Columbia;" and the star spangled banner of America could be seen in the distance waving triumphantly on the Alpine like heights of the romantic site, and the roaring noise of the cannon was heard throughout the town and adjacent country for almost an hour during the progress of the splendid procession. The procession was nearly one mile in length, and the ladies of Worcester graced the moving

throng with their presence. On arriving near the brow of the college ground, the superintendent, Mr. Boland, had already constructed arbors and shady groves for the accommodation of the visitors and youth now assembling. In the residence attached to the old seminary, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Fenwick and all the clergymen of the Catholic Church arrayed themselves in surplices; the bishop wearing his mitre and crosier. Here the most imposing and sublime part of the procession was formed, and as the glorious banner of the effulgent cross appears in front of the ecclesiastical body, and as the sacred notes of a solemn chaunt echoed along the breeze of the valley, amid the sound of artillery and beneath the stars and stripes of our beloved country, I felt proud of the magnificent scene; I felt proud of the worthy occasion of laying the first corner stone of the first Catholic college in New England: and I could not but rejoice for the civil and religious liberties we enjoy in a land hitherto known for its religious intolerance and religious persecution.

After the laying of the corner-stone, and depositing several coins and newspapers of the day, together with a record of the names of the officers of state, the procession moved around the foundation walls of the "College of the Holy Cross," and the Rt. Rev. Bishop blessed them in the usual manner. After reciting the *Veni Creator*, the Rev. Dr. Charles Constantine Pise, of New York, ascended the platform erected for the occasion and beautifully decorated with evergreen boughs. At this moment thousands of spectators gathered around the orator's stand, and covered the neighboring heights, in vehicles and on foot, in order to hear the reverend orator pour forth his lofty strains of eloquence. The reverend speaker paid a high compliment to the people of this commonwealth for their enthusiastic admiration of the arts and letters, and their ardent love for national education. He then reviewed and explained the history of the Jesuit Society from its origin to the present day, and paid a merited compliment to the generous hearted Bishop Fenwick, who has bestowed on his diocese as a legacy, the new college of the Holy Cross. The reverend orator then alluded to the indefatigable exertions of the Very Rev. Dr. Mulledy, S. J., formerly president of Georgetown College, under whose auspices the erection of this edifice has been commenced, and into whose hands it will be intrusted. He concluded his oration by invoking the blessings of Almighty God for the perpetuity and success of the college, destined to rear up Catholic youth and send them forth into the busy world adorned

with the gems of a well educated mind, and possessed with a soul inspired for every virtue calculated to ennoble and to elevate the condition of the human family.

At two o'clock, P. M., the bishop and clergymen, together with several distinguished strangers from Boston and Worcester, amounting to about seventy, sat down to a collation prepared for the occasion by the worthy and zealous pastor of the Church in Worcester—Rev. James Fitton. It was truly a feast in the evergreen bower. At the conclusion we gave three enthusiastic cheers for the bishop and orator of the day.

The new building will be one hundred and four feet long and fifty feet wide, four stories high, and capable of accommodating one hundred students. There is also a very neat frame building, two stories high and one hundred feet long, already finished, and the whole forms a capacious and splendid establishment. There are sixty acres of rich land attached to the college, and around the base of the college mountains there is a beautiful river suitable for bathing, fishing, sailing or skating. The college stands on an eminence of three hundred feet above the town level, and commands a panoramic view of the surrounding country for upwards of twenty miles. Worcester is situated forty-two miles west of Boston, and the journey from Boston is made in the short space of two hours, over the Great Western Rail Road which connects Lake Erie with Casco Bay.

Boston Pilot.]

J. D. S.

PROCESS OF MOBILE.—*New Catholic Cathedral.*—We are glad to perceive, by a notice of a meeting, in another column, that the Catholic congregation of this city have taken this matter in hand. We have been surprised that a building, so much needed in the city, and one that would redound so much to our credit in its appearance and in the way of architecture, should have been left so long uncompleted. The foundation was laid some six or seven years ago. We hope soon to see its walls starting up like magic.—*Mobile Daily Advertiser.*

PROCESS OF NEW YORK.—*The Bible-burning.* The following is the report of the committee, composed of Catholics and Protestants, appointed to investigate the burning of a number of Bibles at Corbu, last November. It will be in the recollection of our readers, that the Protestant press of this country bellowed forth the usual denunciatory invectives against Catholics and their religion on the reception of this intelligence, and it remains to be seen whether it will extend to us what justice demands—the publication of this report which places the subject in its true light:

"Report.—The undersigned, in compliance with a request of the Rev. J. Rooney of Plattsburgh, and in conformity to the wishes of Bishop Hughes of New York, as published in the papers, met at Corbu in the town of Champlain, for the purpose of ascertaining the facts in relation to the burning of Bibles at that place in November last.

"After having examined a number of witnesses, we have to report that Bibles were burnt, and that the number will not vary much from forty-two—we think that to be the precise number. They were burnt by Mr. Telman, a missionary from Canada, and recently from France, a Friar oblat—that Mr. Telman was the sole instigator and mover in the business of burning Bibles, and in opposition to the wishes and feelings of Mr. Durgas, the resident clergyman at Corbu. It appears that the number burnt was but a small proportion of the whole number distributed among the people. These Bibles were given to the Catholics by Protestant agents of the Bible Society, and in some cases were left with individuals, after an expression of repugnance to receive them, and but a small number of those who gave up their Bibles to be burned, could read at all.

It appeared in testimony that the bishop of Corbu five days after the above transaction, had expressed in strong language his disapprobation of the whole affair.

Therefore, in view of the above facts and circumstances, we have arrived at the conclusion that whatever odium or blame there is in this transaction, it belongs to Mr. Telman; and that it would be uncharitable and unjust to throw it upon the whole denomination.

EBEN'R A. SCOTT,	} Protestants.
HIRAM LADD,	
DAVID PARSONS,	
MICH'L HAGGERTY,	} Catholics.
JOHN RILEY,	
PATRICK MOFFITT,	

N. E. Reporter.

Exciting Ordination Scene in the Episcopal Church.—Eleven young men were on Sunday ordained at St. Stephen's Church, by the Rev. Bishop Onderdonk. The service was read by the Rev. Dr. Berrien, and the sermon was preached by the bishop. After he had concluded the eleven candidates stood around the altar, when he announced, as is customary, that he was about to ordain them, and requested that if there were any person or persons who had any objections to make, or knew aught against them, they would now announce the same. A moment of silence ensued, when the Rev. Hugh Smith, of St. Peter's, rose in the middle aisle, and stated

that he had by letter yesterday informed the bishop that he should protest against the ordination of one of the candidates, Mr. Carey, in consequence of his holding opinions favorable to *Romanism*; and he did now accordingly protest. When he sat down, the Rev. Mr. Anthon, of St. Mark's church in this city, who had been sitting in the same pew with Mr. Smith, also rose, and in like manner protested against the ordination of Mr. Carey, for the same reason.

Bishop Onderdonk stated that he had received the objections of the reverend gentlemen, and had in consequence appointed six competent and worthy persons to examine into the charge which had been made against Mr. Carey, and that they had unanimously reported to him that it was unfounded; and that also was his own conviction, and that he should proceed to ordain all the candidates. He then commenced reading the prayer, and during the ceremony Messrs. Smith and Anthon both rose and left the church.

It is supposed that the objections to the ordination of Mr. Carey arose from the idea that he held an opinion similar to those promulgated in the celebrated Oxford Tracts, and for which Dr. Pusey has been recently suspended in England. It is, indeed, a continuation of the same controversy which has divided the Episcopal Church on the other side of the Atlantic.—*Express*.

The above protest of Messrs. Smith and Anthon, shows that private interpretation of Episcopal doctrine is not, in their opinions, very palatable at least when it savours of "*Romanism*." To us it would appear that this attack upon the opinions of Mr. Carey has a more Catholic feature about it than the opinions of Mr. Carey himself, for it shows a desire, though vain indeed, to preserve a unity of faith, which is the most beautiful feature of what these horror-stricken gentlemen call "*Romanism*," and is found in no other religion.

"Low-Popery."—We learn from the *Spirit of Missions* (through the *Banner of the Cross*), that "three thousand dollars per annum are pledged for the support of three *unmarried* missionaries to China." This is one of those unwilling admissions of the superiority of our discipline, that our Protestant brethren are occasionally compelled to make—we value it the more on that account. We gather from the same source, that under the imposed condition, no candidates "have yet offered for the work." No one will wonder at the intelligence, for "this is a hard saying, who can hear it?" *Celibacy and China!* The conjunction must be dreadful to the imaginations of the "younger clergy," who are particularly appealed to, and with whom, it is alleged, rests "the whole responsibility of delay;"

because as we infer, the older ministers are disqualified by matrimony.

The Churches of the Reformation have been slow in learning what the results of their first experiments with a married clergy should have taught them. What, for example, can be more instructive than the case of Melancthon? His young bride was as remarkable for her warmth of affection, as the young professor for his coldness of manner. Ever full of anxiety for her husband, Catharine was alarmed by the least ap-

pearance of danger to the object of her affection. When Melancthon proposed to take any step that might compromise his safety, she overwhelmed him with entreaties to renounce his intention. 'I was obliged,' wrote he, on one of those occasions, 'I was obliged to yield to her weakness—it is our lot.' How many instances of unfaithfulness in the Church, may have a similar origin," is the philosophical exclamation of the historian—a Protestant, we aver!—*Catholic Miscellany*.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The History of Ireland, commencing with its earliest period, to the great expedition against Scotland, in 1545. By Thomas Moore, Esq. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 8vo. pp. 437.

This work has been laid on our table by the kindness of the enterprising publishers. The American edition is got up in a neat and creditable style, both as to type and paper. The work will be read with interest, as well for its great intrinsic worth, as on account of the well earned celebrity of its author. It looks like a task of supererogation to recommend to the public the production of an author who has never yet failed to delight, no matter in what branch of science or literature he chose to embark. His present work is another brilliant proof that the author's industry, research, and erudition are as consummate as his taste and genius are unequalled. His first chapters remove many of the doubts and mists that hang around the early history of Ireland, and show the claim of his country to a very remote origin from the Phenicians. "The Island of Saints" was, even in the days of her heathen worship, known to the Phenicians as the "Sacred Isle;" and the learning of her holy men, from the time of St. Patrick, is made to shine out through the gloom of the middle ages with great lustre and their good works are dwelt on with real Irish pride. The wrongs of his country brought on by domestic faction and Anglo-Saxon injustice combined, are graphically described. We regret that this history does not reach beyond the reign of Henry VIII, as every day from that time to this her story deepens in interest, and her condition at this moment is attracting the eyes of all Christendom to her people, and their great master spirit who has engraved his name upon the age in indelible characters. The work may be had at J. Murphy's Bookstore.

Catholic Family Bible. New York: D. & J. Sadlier.

The Messrs. Sadlier are now publishing in New York a new edition of the Catholic Family Bible, with the approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes. The first three numbers are now upon our table, and we can cheerfully recommend the work from the specimen we have as worthy of

the patronage of all Catholics who are not already supplied with a family Bible. The type is full and distinct, and the paper of fine quality, and the work, which is illustrated with beautiful engravings, may be had at the low price of twenty-five cents per number, to be completed in sixteen numbers. For sale at J. Murphy's bookstore.

Six Historical Lectures on the origin and progress in England, of the change of religion, called the reformation. By Rev. J. Waterworth, M. A.

The first number of a new edition of Waterworth's Lectures on the Reformation from the press of M. Fithian, Philadelphia, has been received by us, and we hope that the zealous and worthy publisher will meet with encouragement sufficient to compensate him for an undertaking so laudable and so well performed.

A Manual of Catholic Melodies, Hymns, Psalms, &c. with the ordinary exercises of piety. Baltimore: John Murphy. Cap 8vo. pp. 448.

The publisher has politely afforded us an opportunity of examining the sheets of upwards of four hundred pages of this long looked for publication. The want of a judicious collection like the present, has long been felt by the Catholic community. This want is now supplied by the work just issued from the press of Mr. Murphy. The clergy of France and other Catholic countries have constantly encouraged the use of spiritual canticles in their missions, and borne testimony to the numerous benefits resulting from them. A desire that the same advantages might be extended to the faithful in this country, induced the author to prepare this Manual. "Although," as the preface remarks, "it may be found principally serviceable to young persons, it is designed as a manual for general use, and as such contains all the devotions desirable for ordinary occasions. The prayers and hymns have been selected from the most approved sources."

Of the typographical execution it were needless to speak; we deem the publisher's name a sufficient guaranty on this point. In our next we shall give a more extended notice of this novel and excellent production. In the mean time we strongly recommend it to public patronage.

THE UNITED STATES CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1843.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S. J. (1595.)

BY GW. JOS. WALTER, AUTHOR, OF "THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR THOMAS MORE," ETC.

"And smit with feelings of the olden days,
Revive the music of neglected lays."

Daniel, (1585.)

Born at St. Faith's, in Norfolk, 1561.—Sent to Paris for his education, 1576.—Enters the Society of Jesus, 1578. Enters the mission in England, 1586.—Suffers martyrdom at Tyburn, February 21st, 1595.

THE eloquent Burke has said, that, "it is a more than pleasing, it is a generous labor to attend to the neglected, and to remember the forgotten." The charming writer, whom we feel proud to make the subject of our opening article, enjoyed the favor of the public in his day;—in those dark days of persecution, when it might have been thought, that they who held the religion of the author in such abhorrence, would not "have listened to the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely." And yet, that Robert Southwell's writings were the favorites of all creeds and professions, is evident from the numerous editions of his works, from the sale of the first publication in 1587, to his latest in 1592, numbering above twenty editions. We are credibly informed, that the great arch-persecutor himself, the stern Elizabeth, she whose hand signed the poet's death warrant,* was a devoted admirer of his produc-

tions, and carried a copy about with her in her progresses; nay more, Father More and others assure us, that, in spite of her characteristic parsimony, she caused an edition of his poems to be printed at her private expense. It is matter of surprise and regret, that productions once so popular, should have been suffered to slumber among forgotten things. Let us endeavor, to the best of our power, to atone for the neglect, by making some of Southwell's beauties familiar to our readers, and at the same time, by making them acquainted with the writer.

Robert Southwell, third son of Sir Richard and Brigit Southwell, was descended of an ancient family, distinguished in the an-

1922), he says, "I return you thanks for your very acceptable present of a copy of the poems of the blessed Southwell. The smoothness of his verses, in Elizabeth's reign, is the best argument that can be found for the genuineness of Chatterton's Rowley. How that female monster could tear in pieces so sweet a Philomel (admitting her to be destitute of all religious feeling), it is hard to conceive. Accept of my best wishes for the success of your endeavors to direct attention to works that have been but too long neglected; in which elegant language is made the vehicle of religious sentiments, and in which, to use the words of the blessed Southwell himself, "it may be seen how well verse and virtue can be made to suit together."

* In a letter from Bishop Milner to the writer (dated St. Mary's college, Oscot, October 20th, Vol. II.—No. 9.

nals of his country.* He was born at St. Faith's, in Norfolk, in the year 1561. We learn from one of his letters, preserved in the archives of the college in Rome, that, when he was little more than a year old, a Gipsy woman made her way into the room where he lay in his cradle, and stole him away; but that fortunately his nurse, who had quitted the apartment but for a moment, returned in time to perceive the vagrant and recover her charge. He is said to have been a very beautiful child,—an attraction which was no doubt speculated upon by the woman who stole him. In after years, Southwell was more than once heard to return thanks to God for his deliverance from what might have proved a career of turpitude and vice. One of his first cares after his return to his native country, was to inquire for his old nurse, to whose watchful care he was so deeply indebted—a trait of character highly honorable to his feelings. But he did not rest content with inquiries after her temporal well-being; learning that she had fallen away from the faith, and embraced the new religion,—a system more congenial to flesh and blood, he exerted himself, and with success, in bringing her back to those ways of peace, which rendered her last moments happy.

His early years are represented as giving promise of future excellence. Obedience to his parents, docility to his instructors, and gentleness to all, won him every heart. The liveliness of his manner was, at the same time, attempered by a gravity beyond his age. In his celebrated letter to his father, we have a pleasing allusion to his early years. His words are: "He may be a father to the soul, who is a son to the body.

* The family of Southwell derives its name from the manor and town of that name, in Nottinghamshire. Two of its members were privy councillors to Henry VIII, and to Queen Mary. In 1717, Sir Thomas Southwell was raised to the peerage, and in 1776, the third lord was created Viscount Southwell. In the English "Catholic Directory," of the present year, the name of Viscount Southwell is seen heading the list of the Catholic charities of his country. In 1837, the author of this article had occasion to consult his lordship respecting an original MS. of Father Southwell in his possession. On this occasion he declared, with much warmth, that he felt more proud in pointing to such a name in his pedigree, than of all the rest of the family honors together.

'Let him,' says St. Climacus, 'be thy father, who both can and will disburthen thee of thy sins.' Now, such a father you may have in your own son, to enter your family in the pre-cited affinity, of which it was happily a significant presage, or boding of the future event, that, even from my infancy, you were wont, in merriment, to call me your *father*; such being the customary style allotted to my present estate [Father of the Society of Jesus]." In another part of the same letter, he beautifully observes: "God measureth not his endowments by number of years. Hoary senses are oftimes couched under youthful looks, and some are riper in the spring, than others in the autumn of their age. The Scripture teacheth us, that God unveileth to little ones that which he concealeth from the wisest sages. His truth is not abashed by the minority of the speaker; for out of the mouths of infants and sucklings he can perfect his praise."

At the age of fifteen, he was sent by his father to Paris; for his education, knowing the dangers to which his faith would be exposed in the colleges at home. "In doing this," to use the words of Father Bartole, the biographer of the order, "the father little dreamed that he was providing for his own salvation in that of his son; and yet such was the fact. Sir Robert Southwell, after the death of his first wife, had married a lady, who was one of the dames of honor to Queen Elizabeth. This brought him in contact with a court, in the looseness of whose morality, and in the contagion of whose bad example, he had every thing to fear for the integrity of his faith. The consequence was such as there was too great reason to apprehend; Sir Robert fell away from the faith of his fathers, and accepted an appointment in the queen's household. Nothing could exceed the grief of his son Robert, when he heard of his father's apostasy. Not content with pouring forth daily prayers for his return to the truth, he addressed a letter to him, which is a model of that eloquence which goes directly to the heart. His father had but to read it, in order to enter into himself, acknowledge his error, and atone for the past by newness of life."

In Paris, Southwell was placed under the care of Mr. John Cotton, a member of the distinguished family of that name. Under his roof he had the good fortune to become acquainted with Father Darbisher, of the Society of Jesus, to whom he became warmly attached, and from whom he no doubt imbibed that love for the order, which afterwards ripened into the most enthusiastic attachment. His turn of mind becoming known to the gentleman who had the charge of him, he was closely watched, and every obstacle thrown in the way of his following what he conscientiously considered to be his vocation. He, however, found means to elude the vigilance of his guardian, and not having money sufficient to defray the expenses of a journey to Rome, travelled the greater part of the way on foot.

A college for the supply of missionaries to his native country, had, by the pious zeal of the good Cardinal Allen, been recently established in the capitol of the Christian world. Anticipating, as it were, the crown of martyrdom that was to be awarded to his zeal, our young enthusiast felt ambitious to enrol his name among the members of the infant community, into which he was received, on the 18th of October, 1578, being then in his eighteenth year. In this retreat, he was enabled to satisfy that thirst for knowledge, which seems early to have taken possession of his heart. His assiduity was unbounded, and he successively outstripped his competitors in the classes of poetry, rhetoric and theology. He at the same time applied himself closely to the study of his native language, an acquirement that was, in general, but too much neglected by those educated abroad. What degree of proficiency he made, is abundantly proved by his numerous productions both in prose and verse, to make our readers acquainted with which is the principal object of the present article.

At the age of twenty-two, he was appointed prefect of studies, an office that he filled with a capability, "which," to use the words of Father More, "was rendered necessary by the number of talented youth of which the English college in Rome could at that time boast." And he adds, "He won the hearts of all by the suavity of

his manners and by that modest dignity which is the best guardian of discipline and authority, and far better calculated to effect its purpose than austerity of manners."

But a new scene was opening for the labors of Southwell. He was to quit the shade of academic bowers, and to bear the heat and burden of the day in a trying field of action. In 1586, Father Persons, a name familiar to every reader of English history, wrote to Aquaviva, the general of the order, that laborers were needed for the English mission, the ranks of those zealous soldiers of the faith, who perilled life and limb to carry the succors of religion to their needy brethren, being daily thinned by the sword of persecution. The lot fell upon Henry Garnet and Robert Southwell. But in the order of God's providence, the work never waits for the workmen. No sooner was the call made than "it was promptly and cheerfully responded to. The lot fell upon Henry Garnet and Robert Southwell; but it did not take them by surprise. These soldiers of Christ had been trained and disciplined for the field, and according to the testimony of the historian of the order, had long yearned for this day of trial, and avowed their willingness to shed their blood in the cause of the truth, and in the generous purpose of carrying spiritual succor to their persecuted countrymen.

It may be well to pause for a moment, and take a view of the state of the English Catholics at this period. We shall thus be able to form some idea of the position of things when Southwell entered upon his mission. Upon the promulgation of the penal statutes, many of the Catholics sought, with their families, an asylum beyond the sea. Their lands and property were immediately seized by the crown, and given or sold at low prices to the followers of the court. The Catholics who remained, may be divided into two classes:—first, those who, to escape the penalties, attended occasionally at the established service, and endeavored to elude the charge of hypocrisy, by maintaining, from the words of the queen's proclamation, that such attendance was with them nothing more than the discharge of a civil duty, an expression of their obedience to the letter of the law,

and secondly, those, and happily the far greater number, whose conscientious scruples were not content with such an evasion. They kept aloof from a worship which they disapproved, and were in consequence compelled to pass their lives in solicitude and alarm. They lay at the mercy of enemies, or ill-disposed neighbors; they were daily watched by the *pursuivants*, a name invented for a mongrel breed, a something betwixt the spy and the blood-hound; they were liable at any hour to be hurried before the courts of high commission, to be interrogated upon oath how often they had been at church, and when or where they had received the sacrament; to be condemned as *recusants* (refusers to attend at church), to be fined and imprisoned, or as persons reconciled to the church to forfeiture and imprisonment for life. The terror of these laws were renewed every year by proclamation, calling upon the magistrates, the bishops, and the ecclesiastical commissioners, to redouble their vigilance, and enforce the laws respecting religion. Private houses were searched to discover priests, or persons assisting at mass. The foreign ambassadors were compelled to make complaint of the violation of their privileges, by the intrusion of pursuivants into their private chapels; and even the female head of the church herself, in order to set a good example, occasionally condescended to examine recusants, and to commit them to prison, when denounced to her in the course of her progresses; nay more, we shall find her stooping so far as to correspond with the scamps and ruffians, who, under the name of pursuivants, were paid for doing the foul work of the law.

The opening of the year 1581 was marked by new penal enactments. When the parliament assembled, the ministers called on the two houses for laws of greater severity, "to defeat the devices of the Pope, who had sent Jesuits into the realm, to preach a corrupt doctrine, and to sow the seeds of sedition." Every measure which they proposed was readily adopted. It was enacted, first, that all persons possessing, or pretending to possess, or to exercise the power of *absolving* (undue advantage was taken of the

ambiguity of this term), or of withdrawing others from the established religion, or suffering themselves to be so withdrawn, should, together with their procurers and councillors, suffer the penalties of high treason: secondly, that the punishment for saying mass should be increased to the payment of two hundred marks, and one year's imprisonment; for hearing mass, to one hundred marks, and imprisonment for the same period: thirdly, that the fine for absence from church should be fixed at twenty pounds per month (the calendar month); and that, if the absence were prolonged to an entire year, the recusant should be obliged to find two securities for his good behavior in two hundred pounds each: and fourthly, that to prevent the concealment of priests as tutors or schoolmasters in private families, every person acting in such capacity, without the approbation of the ordinary, should be liable to a year's imprisonment, and the person who employed him, to a fine of ten pounds per month.

During the course of this (1581) and the following year, the names of all the recusants in each parish, amounting to above fifty thousand, had been returned to the council; the magistrates were repeatedly blamed for their want of activity and success, and the prisons in every county were filled with persons suspected as priests, or delinquents against one or other of the penal laws. No man could enjoy security, even in the privacy of his own house, where he was liable at all hours, but generally in the night, to be visited by a magistrate at the head of an armed mob. At a signal given, the doors were burst open, and the pursuivants, in separate divisions, hastened to the different apartments, examined the beds, tore the tapestry and wainscoting from the walls, forced open the closets, and made every search which their ingenuity could suggest, to discover either a priest, or books, chalices, or vestments, appropriated to the Catholic worship. To resist or to remonstrate, was only to provoke additional aggression. All the inmates were interrogated; their persons were searched, under the pretext that *superstitious* articles might be concealed among their clothes; and there are instances

on record of females of rank whose reason and lives were endangered from the brutality of the officers.

The new and valuable additions to Dodd's Church history, for which we are indebted to the industry and research of Rev. Mr. Tierney, enables us to particularize some of the "searches," and other outrages against the Catholics here spoken of. The reader will be pleased to see an instance or two. The first is from Father Garnet's "Report" to the general of the order. "On one occasion, the sheriff of Northumberland having fired one of the beacons of the country, and raised a body of one hundred and forty men, proceeded, in the dead of night, to invest the three Catholic houses of Dissington, Rowchester, and the Grange. At daylight the search began. Dissington, the property of the Ogles, was first assailed; Rowchester, the residence of the Rutherfords, and the Grange, that of the widow Lawson, followed; and before the close of the day, each of the three residences had been subjected to the violence of these legalized ruffians. In the two last, however, the heads of the family had eluded the vigilance of the searchers. To complete their work, the party returned early the following morning to Rowchester, and having taken up free quarters in the house, announced their determination to remain, till Rutherford and his wife should appear. They had, however, concealed themselves in one of the hiding places of the mansion.* But hunger and confinement at length subdued their resolution. The voice of Mrs. Rutherford, begging to be released, betrayed the place of their concealment; the door which was unfastened from within, was flung open, and the captives, half dead from exhaustion, were brought forth, and immediately hurried off to prison. A similar attempt to secure Mrs. Lawson, at the Grange, was less successful, but other captives speedily made amends for the disappointment; and a general search through

* At the trial of Father Garnet, the earl of Northampton declared, that the places of rendezvous of the Catholics, were "like the lapwing's nest, to which there is no tracing the bird." We find the same image in old Middleton.

"I am afraid he has the lapwing's cunning,
That cries the most when farthest from her nest."

the three counties of Northumberland, Durham and York, at once terrified the Catholics, and gratified the avarice and malignity of the pursuivants. As the latter approached, the former fled from their dwellings, to seek a refuge wherever it might offer. Many were taken; others scarcely more fortunate, only escaped from the hands of their persecutors, to obtain a doubtful asylum in the woods, or in caves and amidst the fastnesses of the hills. Youth and manhood, infancy and age, the pregnant mother and the timid daughter, alike, were driven forth to the inclemency of the heavens, and for a period of nearly six weeks, numbers were glad to find a shelter in tents constructed for the occasion in some sequestered spot, or to hide themselves with the toad and the lizard among such ruins as their neighborhood afforded." The above is abridged from the Latin original, preserved among the valuable MSS. at Stoneyhurst.

Our next extract is from another "Report" of Father Garnet to his superior, descriptive of a search made in the house of a respectable family of the name of Trollope. "On the appearance of the pursuivants, the head of the family, his wife, son, grand-daughter, and two maid servants hastily concealed themselves, leaving every thing in the care of a trusty female domestic. Disappointed in their immediate object of seizing the family, the first care of the officers was to plunder the house; the next to discover the hiding place of the individuals whose good fortune had enabled them to elude their pursuit. For two whole days together, during which the party in concealment remained without food, the pursuivants continued the search. They compared the exterior dimensions of the building with the interior; they sounded the walls and the floors; they listened to every noise; they endeavored by every artifice to surprise the fugitives into a betrayal of their hiding place; nor was it until baffled at every point, and already in possession of plate, linen, clothes, and almost every valuable and portable article on the premises, that, at the close of the second day, they reluctantly abandoned their enterprise."

How exactly does Father Gerard's ac-

count of another of these searches correspond with the above. "What a thing it is," says he, "for a Catholic gentleman to have his house suddenly beset on all sides with a number of armed men, both horse and foot; and not only his house and gardens, and such enclosed places all beset, but all the highways belayed for some miles near him, so that none shall pass without being examined! Then too, these searchers are oftentimes so rude and barbarous, that if the doors be not opened the instant they wish to enter, they break them open with violence, as if they were sacking some enemy's town, which they had won with the sword. When the searchers enter, it is usual for them to run up stairs into every chamber, with their drawn swords; enough to drive the weaker sex and children out of their senses. They then begin to break open locks, and force all the doors, that they may at once search in many places. If they find no priests, or persons suspected as such, in any of the chambers or closets, they begin to search for secret places. They go round the house, inside and out, to see if one part corresponds with another, in hope to find some empty space, where a man may be hid. Sometimes, if the walls be not made of stone, but of wainscot or other weak materials, they will thrust through it with their swords in several places, hoping that in some place or other they may light upon a priest. This they also do in the roofs of the houses, supposing that there may be some passage, though they are unable to find it, for, indeed, the doors of the secret places are commonly made with such art, that it is very hard to find them, or spy them out; otherwise it would not be possible to keep priests so long, as some Catholics do, and have done. But if the searchers find any likely cause for suspicion, not content with that dangerous way of trying with their swords (in which case some priests have narrowly escaped being wounded or slain), they then pull down the very walls, and enter to search with candles and torches; nay, they examine the very roofs and house-tops, where for years nothing but rats and mice have harbored. When, with all their diligence, they find no priest, still they do

not give over; but supposing there may be some secretly hidden, they place a watch about the house of a number of men with guns, bills, &c., for many days together, sometimes for a week or more, for the purpose of starving them out. Sometimes they place watchmen in the chambers to see that no Catholic stirs to relieve the priests, though commonly they make sure of that, by locking them up in one part of the house all together. They will listen at every hole in the wall and chink in the floor, that the breathing or coughing of a priest may be perceived; and will sometimes cunningly talk aloud to each other, pretending to go away, as nothing is to be found there. They will make a noise as though they quitted the apartment; they will then creep stealthily into the room, and pretending to be some one of the household, will whisper to 'the good man' to come forth, for that the searchers are gone, thanks be to God. By this artifice was Father Cornelius taken. The priest is the principal thing which they hunt for in a man's house, for if such a person be found, the lands, goods, and even life of the persons who harbor him are forfeited; but if they do not find him, they will rifle the whole house, under pretence of finding chalices, pixes, vestments, and such like. They break open not only chests and trunks, but coffers and cabinets also, hoping to find letters, or spiritual advice, whereby to infer that the writers are priests; if they find these, or Agnus Dei, &c., then the lands and goods of the parties are seized, and the parties condemned to perpetual imprisonment, as was the case with Mr. Tregian."

The following description of a search in York castle, is from a "Report" of Father Holtby. "On the 18th December (1593) our keepers called us all down in great haste into the castle yard, where Mr. Rokeby was waiting for us. He said that the lord president and his council were informed that a seminary priest was among us, who had said mass the same morning in our house; that his name was John Fisher, and that some of our company had betrayed him; and that except he were found, they would not depart, but would pull down the

house upon our heads. Whereupon the searchers being appointed, fell to work rifling our chambers and poor lodgings, till seven at night. But they found not much that day. They then set their watch all night to see that no one conveyed the priest away; and returning in the morning, brought with them workmen with their tools and implements, to sound every hollow place, and break it up. 'The seminary traitor you have among you,' said they, 'and we will have him, or pull down the house over your heads.' With such like doings and speeches, they threatened us for three days, and during the search, they shut us all up, men, women, and children, in a close place, where we could scarce stand beside each other. No remedy could we have; though the young children cried, and the mothers lamented their babes, small pity was shown. In the meantime the searchers wrought diligently, knocking and sounding every wall, and every floor under their feet. They broke through walls, ceiling, floors, chimney-hearths, and at last untiled the house, and breaking down all within the chambers, they tossed and trod under their feet our beds and bedding, making their way over all without sparing. They found great store of books and church stuffs, chalices and cruets of silver, crosses of silver and gilt, with relics, pictures, antependiums, and other furniture for the altar, which had been bestowed upon us by former prisoners and good benefactors. And now, alas! they have harried us of all; many of us have not so much as a prayer book; nay, not a piece or part of one: all was fish that came to their net. These gentlemen searchers were followed up by hungry rascals, who licked up their leavings, sparing neither silver spoons, jewels, linen, clothes, kerchiefs, &c., that could be carried away. And the worst of all is, that we have a Judas among us, and cannot find means to exclude him from our company.

"The next day, being St. Thomas' eve, they came again in the same manner, to pull more down. 'It is confessed,' said they, 'by some of your fellows that he said mass among you; we shall find him yet; we have watched so that he could not steal

away.' So they kept knocking down and rifling till dinner time, nor left off till eight at night. The rooms being small, they divided themselves into many companies, so that when one company had searched, another came, and another, till at last the gleaners raked up, as sweepstakes, without scruple, all that the others had made some conscience of. A mighty spite they had about chimneys, keeping much ado about them. Climbing up to the house tops, they cast stones down to see whether there were any false tones. They termed one chamber 'the priest's room,' and at that they battered away most foully. They used the most threatening and barbarous speeches that could be uttered against priests and Catholics.

"Being disappointed in his purpose at the castle, the president caused another search for a priest to be made at a gentlewoman's house in Nidderdale, of the name of Ardington. He had been assured by his spies that Sir David Inglely, the lady's brother, and the lady Ann Neville were there, both of whom were accused as harborers of priests. The searchers, on their way, forced a poor man from his house, to be their guide. When they came near the lady's residence, they drew their swords, cocked their pistols, and buckled themselves for battle, as though they had to take some castle by assault, in lieu of a gentlewoman's house. The only resistance, however, consisting of a company of women, they put up their weapons, entered the door which stood open, searched, rifled, and turned all things upside down, but found nothing greatly for their purpose. Yet, fearing to be disappointed in their journey, they determined not to depart so speedily, but seated themselves in the house, and as though all had been their own, helped themselves at the gentlewoman's cost till Thursday or Friday following. All they could find in the house was certain apparel of some gentleman, such as doublets, hose, and Guernsey stockings. Upon them they seized by the president's warrant, whose beggarly disposition is such, that his only way of rewarding his trusty servants is with the spoils of those he persecutes. This

time, the chief pursuivant returned home all in a chafe, that he sped no better; nor was his wife better pleased that his budget came so light home; for she was always accustomed to give the first welcome to his knapsack, on his return, which seldom or ever came home empty."

Another "Report," also preserved among the Stoneyhurst MSS., affords us the following particulars of the stratagems practised by the pursuivants. "Their searches are many and severe, and their principal times for them are when Catholics are most busy to serve God, as on Sundays, holidays, Easter, Christmas, Whitsuntide, and such great feasts. They come either in the night, or at early morning. They lock up the inmates of the house all in a room together, and like young princes go rifling all at their pleasure. The livings of Catholics are begged, first by one and then by another, and the poor Catholic is obliged to compound with all, and to buy in his own three or four times over. The law prescribes two parts of the recusant's land and goods to the queen, and the other to the pursuivant. They buy and sell Catholics like calves in the market; and if they be in prison, their best course to get out, is to seek to be the pennyworth of some catchpole who, as a reward for his service, is often permitted to make a sale of some prisoner's liberty. The said pursuivants are, for the most part, bankrupts, and needy fellows, fled from their trade for debt, and furnished up with the queen's badge as a protection from jail, and the means of getting a living. What can be more intolerable to flesh and blood, than to see such base and infamous castaways come and crow over the best gentlemen, yea noblemen too, in their own houses, and use such imperious and princely behavior as would move to indignation the most potent and forbearing. What wonder that such beings should, under pretext of law, carry on the trade of thieves, stealing all they can find that is valuable. Their manner is to come with a troop of men, as though they came to fight a field. They beset the house on every side; then rush in and ransack every corner, even women's beds and bosoms, with such insolent be-

havior, that their villainies in this kind are half a martyrdom. The men they command to stand and keep their places, while they pack up whatever of value comes in their way, and pocket jewels, plate and money, under pretence of papistry. And what remedy for these evils? Catholics' suits, be they never so just, very seldom take effect, unless it be by bribery of the council or judges. The latter have been heard openly to say, that as papists will not obey the laws, they shall have no law at their hands. What sophistry! since who more obedient to the law than Catholics, except such only as are against their religion and their conscience? . . . The following instances will show the impossibility of Catholics obtaining justice. A worshipful Catholic esquire had his house searched by one Cobham, and two other catchpoles, accompanied by certain of the president's men who spoiled his house, and took away his plate and other things of value. The under sheriff of the shire being sent in the bishop's behalf to see that no outrage was committed contrary to equity, seeing Cobham and his fellows take away the gentleman's goods, and being asked why he suffered it, answered that he durst not oppose them, though he knew it was an injustice. On another occasion, the pursuivants in searching a gentleman's house, took a bag of money amounting to more than threescore pounds. The gentleman went to secretary Walsingham to complain of the wrong and the theft; but was answered, that 'the queen's must be considered, and that, if he put the matter in suit, it would be only throwing good money after bad.' But still more insidious and desperate means were resorted to for entrapping the Catholic. One Tyrrel, a notorious spy and renegade, confessed under his hand and oath, that justice Young and other magistrates bade him say mass, hear confessions, and administer the form of sacraments, for the purpose of entrapping Catholics, and drawing them into the penalties. Many other spies and renegades have done the same, and afterwards openly avowed to whom, and for what reward they had done so. They caused another ruffian purposely

to seek to be reconciled to Father J——, now in Wisbeach, and to come to confession to him; this he accordingly did, and the good unsuspecting father found himself entrapped at the very moment he thought he was administering the comforts of religion. Sometimes the pursuivant is forced to have regard to men of great calling, but from the priest they take all, purse, horse, apparel, books, in a word, whatever they find upon him or about him; there are none to claim justice for such outrage."

Of the barbarities practised on the clergy, during their imprisonment, the same writer has left us an appalling account. "The manner of imprisoning priests," says he, "is, that first they are kept in Topcliffe's house, or in that of some other catchpole. Topcliffe tortures them by his private authority, before they pass out of his doors; and he keeps their taking so secret, that sometimes it is long ere it be known where the party apprehended is, lest the rumor of his torturing should be spread abroad. From Topcliffe's house the victim is carried to Bridewell. There he is hanged up by the hands in manacles, and examined upon all hateful and odious points, and treated with such extremity of torture, that death would be far less misery than the bloody usage of this place. If they find him constant, he is carried to some other prison, and there kept close, with as hard usage as may be. . . . One of the principal methods of torturing is with manacles, in which some are made to hang nine hours together, the weight of the whole body being borne upon the hands, so that oftentimes the victim swoons under the torture, and when hardly recovered is oftentimes hanged up again.* Thus it was with Mr. Bales,

* The manacles spoken of above, are described as iron gauntlets, that could be contracted by the aid of a screw. They served to compress the wrists, and to suspend the prisoner in the air, from two distant points of a beam. He was placed on three pieces of wood, one piled above the other, which, when his hands had been made fast, were successively withdrawn from under his feet. "I felt," says Father Gerard, one of the sufferers, "the chief pain in my breast, belly, arms and hands. It seemed to me that all the blood in my body had ran into my arms, and was bursting out at my finger ends. Not that it was so; but the arms swelled, till the gauntlets were buried within the flesh. After being thus suspended for an hour, I fainted. When I came to myself, I found the executioners supporting me in their arms

Mr. Jones, Mr. Norton, Mr. Randal, and most of the priests that have been taken during these five years past [as we shall shortly have occasion to see, he might have added Southwell's name to the list]. They whip priests naked, as was the case with Mr. Beseley and Mr. Jones, and in so cruel a manner, that the persecutors themselves have been obliged to confess that they endured their torments with a constancy more than human; nay, they declared that they must have employed charm and witchcraft to produce such effects.

"One of Topcliffe's methods was to keep his victims from sleeping, till by continual watching they became half beside themselves. Others, as was the case with Mr. Jones, were tormented in Topcliffe's house (decency compels me, says Mr. Tierney, to omit this passage;) so filthy and shameful is their cruelty. As to their threats and terrors, it is needless to report them, as well as the barbarous lies and slanders which they utter against priests, seeking to make them all infamous with Catholics themselves, till the edifying deaths of the slandered martyrs have proved the reporters to be liars.

"If they confess not enough in their tortures, in order to make their arraignment the more odious, they work upon them while in prison by their spies and suborned persons, who pretend friendship, and appear to pity their situation, offering their help to carry letters or messages, or to fetch money if they have it in the keeping of any Catholic. By such devices, they seek to discover the persons to whom they have resorted, that they may be troubled and made a booty of by these ravening fellows.

"But of all the methods of torture employed on the unfortunate victims, that of the rack was the most terrible. The description of the fearful machine is familiar to all the readers of Lingard. One who had been put to 'the question,' says very feelingly: 'it is not, I assure you, a pleasant thing to be stretched and stretched till

They replaced the pieces of wood under my feet, but as soon as I was recovered, removed them again. Thus I continued hanging for the space of five hours, during which I fainted eight or nine times." (See Bartoli, 418.)

one's body becomes almost two feet longer than nature made it."*

But it is time to return to Southwell. We stated that in 1586, a request came from Cardinal Allen to Acquaviva, general of the Order in Rome, for a fresh supply of laborers for the English mission, to supply the places of such of their brethren as were suffering in prison, or had fallen in the good fight, and that the lot fell upon Fathers Garnet and Southwell. They lost no time in preparing for their departure. Father Persons accompanied them as far as the Ponte Milvio, and on giving them his parting blessing, and bidding them God speed, Southwell exclaimed with much emotion; "Father, forget us not in your prayers. We are two arrows sped to the same mark, and by God's blessing we shall reach our aim."

On reaching the French coast, and when on the point of embarking for England, he addressed a letter to his superior in Rome, which breathes all the spirit of a champion descending into the arena. Of the situation of the Catholics in England at this moment, a lively picture has just been presented to us: to which it may be added, that in consequence of the expedition fitting out in Spain, the coast was guarded with redoubled vigilance, emissaries were in every port, and spies scattered in every direction. But our two youthful missionaries succeeded in making their way through all the dangers that beset their way, and reached London in safety. Their escape was the more remarkable, as the spies of the government had scent of their coming. This we learn from the following notes among the Burleigh papers—

*Those who are curious as to the use and abuse of this mode of punishment, will find the subject ably discussed in Mr. Jardine's recent work "On the employment of the torture in England." Mr. Francis Pulgrave remarks that "the subject is one among others which shows that the English law must forfeit many of the encomiums for humanity, which have so long been current amongst us." The observation of a heathen writer on this mode of punishment, might well put Christian magistrates to the blush. "It is a perilous expedient, calculated to baffle, rather than promote the purposes of truth and justice. It is at once cruel and irrational; for what more senseless than to interrogate that portion of man, which responds not by the voice of the understanding, but by the force of pain."—*Quintilian*.

"January 10th, 1586. There is a famous Jesuit on his way to England, of the name of Southwell."

And in a paper headed, "From Ed. Boord, a Spy on the Seminaries," and whose words are; "I have directions to find out a priest, whose name is Southwell, the chief dealer in the affairs of our state of England for the Catholics."

On reaching the capital, he found an asylum in the house of the Lord Vaux, who a few years before, had been reconciled to the Church by Father Persons. Here he found means to exercise his priestly functions, to the comfort of many pious Catholics who had for some time been deprived of the consolations of their religion. Some six months after his arrival, the private chaplain of the Countess of Arundel, a name familiar in the history of this period, dying, Father Southwell was chosen to fill his place. In the house of this noble and excellent lady, his cautious but untiring zeal in the duties of his dangerous ministry, were attended with abundant fruits, and by the most cheering success in bringing back many stray sheep to the fold. It was also under the roof of his worthy patroness that he composed the greater part of those works, both in prose and verse, which were the pride and admiration of our forefathers, but were suffered to fall into unmerited neglect. In 1590, Southwell writes to his superior, in Rome:

"As yet we are alive and well, being, it seems, unworthy of a prison. We have oftener sent than received letters from your parts, though they are not sent without difficulty; while some, we know, have been lost.

"The condition of Catholic recusants here is the same as usual, deplorable, and full of fears and dangers; more especially since our adversaries have looked for wars. As many of ours as are in chains rejoice and are comforted in their prisons; and they that are at liberty, set not their hearts upon it, nor expect it to be of long continuance. All, by the great goodness and mercy of God, arm themselves to suffer any thing that can come, how hard soever it may be, as it shall please our Lord, for whose

greater glory, and the salvation of their souls, they are more concerned than for any temporal losses.

"A little while ago, they apprehended two priests, who have suffered such cruel usages in the prison of Bridewell, as can scarce be believed. What was given them to eat, was so little in quantity, and withal so filthy and nauseous, that the very sight of it was enough to turn their stomachs. The labors to which they obliged them, were continual and immoderate, and no less in sickness than in health; for, with hard blows and stripes, they forced them to accomplish their task, how weak soever they were. Their beds were dirty straw, and their prison most filthy.

"Some are there hung up, for whole days, by the hands, in such a manner that they can but just touch the ground with the tips of their toes. In fine, they that are kept in that prison, truly live in *lacu miserie et in latro facie*, Psalm 39. This purgatory we are looking for every hour, in which Topcliffe and Young, the two executioners of the Catholics, exercise all kinds of torments. But come what pleaseth God, we hope we shall be able to bear all in *Him that strengthens us*. In the meantime, we pray that *they may be put to confusion who work iniquity: and that the Lord may speak peace to his people*, Psalms 24 and 74: that, as the royal prophet says, *his glory may dwell in our land*. I most humbly recommend myself to the holy sacrifices of your Reverence, and of all our friends.

And again, March 8th, 1590:

"We have written many letters, but, it seems, few have come to your hands. We sail in the midst of these stormy waves, with no small danger; from which, nevertheless, it has pleased our Lord hitherto to deliver us.

"We have altogether, with much comfort, renewed the vows of the Society, according to our custom, spending some days in exhortations and spiritual conferences. *Aperuimus ora et attraximus spiritum*. It seems to me that I see the beginnings of a religious life set on foot in England, of which we now sow the seeds with tears, that others hereafter may, with joy, carry

in the sheaves to the heavenly granaries.

"We have sung the canticle of the Lord in a strange land, and, in this desert, we have sucked honey from the rock, and oil from the hard stone. But these our joys ended in sorrow, and sudden fears dispersed us into different places: but, in fine, we were more afraid than hurt, for we all escaped. I, with another of ours, seeking to avoid Scylla, had like to have fallen into Charybdis; but, by the mercy of God, we passed betwixt them both, without being shipwrecked, and are now sailing in a safe harbor.

"In another of mine, I gave an account of the late martyrdoms of Mr. Bayles and Mr. Horner, and of the edification which the people received from their holy ends. With such dews as these the church is watered, *ut in stillicidiis hujusmodi latetur germinans*. Psalm 54. We also look for the time—if we are not unworthy of so great a glory—when our day, like that of the hired servant, shall come. In the meanwhile, I recommend myself very earnestly to your Reverence's prayers, that the Father of lights may enlighten us, and confirm us with his principal spirit."

The troubles in which the noble family of Arundel was involved—of whose sufferings in the cause of the faith, we shall have occasion to speak in a future article—rendered the removal of Southwell necessary, and about the year 1591, he entered the family of a pious Catholic gentleman, of the name of Bellamy, who resided about seven miles from London, in the village of Uxenden, at the foot of Harrow-on-the-Hill.* "Here," to use the language of Father More, one of the elegant historians of the Order, "he was enabled to recreate the burden of his solitary confinement in the city, by breathing the freer air of the country." But this freedom he was not long permitted to enjoy. The following was the cause that led to his apprehension. Anne, the elder daughter of Mr. Bellamy,

* This place is known for its school, which serves as one of the nurseries to the English Universities. It has obtained additional celebrity, of late years, as the place where Lord Byron was educated, and which he has immortalized in his poetry.

was more remarkable for her zeal than her discretion. Being, against her parents' wish, on a visit to a family that had deserted the faith, she grew too communicative, and fell into the hands of a pursuivant, employed by the notorious Topcliffe, a man, of whom it will be necessary to say a word in passing. So notorious was this tool of power, for the ferocity shown by him in the discharge of his odious office, that the term *Topplifficare*—to play the Topcliffe, was a familiar word, indicative of every species of barbarity. And yet this ruffian was warmly recommended by the mired heads of the establishment, was confidentially employed by Elizabeth's ministers, nay, what is more extraordinary than all, was, as we shall presently see, in familiar correspondence with Elizabeth herself. Bishop Whitgift, one of the privy council, says, in an official paper; "Care should be taken that Recusants come not into her Majesty's court; for which purpose, such *ferretters-out*, by secret inquisition, as Mr. Topcliffe, should be *comforted* [liberally rewarded]." One honest pen was, however, found, to portray the miscreant. "He is," says Sir Thomas Overbury, a pettifogger, who loves to be fishing in troubled waters, and baits his hook with the penal statutes. He is the blood-hound of the law; he hath a quick scent to track his game, and a deep mouth in the pursuit; nor does he quit till he has drawn blood."

This is in perfect keeping with an anecdote in Father Bartole's history. We cite his words: "Topcliffe, when a youth, had been passionately addicted to field-sports, and found no enjoyment comparable to that of the chase. In after life he was, however, heard to declare, that, to his taste, a single day spent in hunting down those vile traitors, the priests, was equal to all the years of his former amusement."

Into the hands of this ruffian did Anne Bellamy fall. Shut up in the gate-house, the common prison in Westminster, her courage failed her, nor was her virtue proof against the bad example and worse counsels of the inmates of the prison. They observed that her beauty had won upon the infamous Topcliffe, and they persuaded her

to purchase her liberty at the price of her virtue. The abandonment of her religion was a natural consequence. Not long after, her charms having lost their attraction, her seducer married her to one Nicholas Jones, a creature of his own, and turnkey of the prison. This menial, learning from his wife the fact that a priest was concealed in the house of her father, was resolved to turn his knowledge to account by claiming the reward granted by the laws for the discovery and apprehension of a Jesuit. The now reckless daughter of the good Bellamy was induced to further the project; stimulated also by a revengeful feeling against her father, who, shocked at the disgraceful connection she had formed, had refused her a marriage portion. She was induced to write a letter to Father Southwell, pretending that she had become penitent for her past errors, and wished to make her confession; and that, if he would appoint an hour, she would come privately to him at her father's house. Unsuspecting of treachery, and rejoicing in an opportunity of reconciling a soul to God, Southwell was ready to meet her at the time and place appointed. Topcliffe, the chief promoter of the scheme, took with him a party of armed pursuivants, and set out with the young woman as his guide. It was evening when they reached Uxenden hall; the house was surrounded to prevent any one's escape, and admission was demanded. The fears and suspicions of the inmates had, however, been awakened, and Father Southwell had barely time to secrete himself in one of those hiding places, which are still preserved in several old Catholic mansions, as memorials of a period when Protestantism and toleration did not go hand in hand. The usual contrivance was a concealed trap-door to a lower apartment, or a closet, the entrance to which was masked in the junctures of the wainscoting. In a recess of the latter description was Father Southwell concealed. Topcliffe sternly demanded of Mrs. Bellamy the surrender of the priest secreted in her house. The good woman was summing up her presence of mind, and attempting to frame some subterfuge, when judge of her horror at the sight of her faithless daughter, who

unblushingly stood forward, prepared to betray the dearest secret that her family could cherish.* She pointed to the spot; the pannel was burst open, and there stood the meek but undaunted servant of the Lord. The eager assailants had found the long-wished object of their search; they uttered a cry of joy, and pounced like birds of prey upon their quarry. Southwell was placed upon a horse, with his hands pinioned behind him, and amidst the insulting jeers and execrations of the rabble that gathered by the way, he was hurried to London.

The first place in which the good father was confined was Topcliffe's own house, where he lay for some weeks. The reason of this arbitrary proceeding, is stated to have been a desire to screen from the public eye the inhuman barbarities practised upon the priests. Murmurs had arisen at the undisguised use of the torture, and it was judged prudent not to irritate the public mind by inflictions of this kind within the walls of the prisons of the capitol. But, as the tiger cannot readily forego its prey, permission was secretly given to Topcliffe, to continue the work of torture under his own roof. This will appear from the following extraordinary letter from this cool-blooded ruffian to the virgin queen.

"May it please your majesty—Friar Robert Southwell, a dangerous conspirator, is taken. I have him here within my strong chamber, in Westminster church-yard. I have made him assured for starting or hurting of himself, by putting upon his arms a pair of ———, and there and so, to keep him from view or conference with any, but Nicholas (Jones), the under-keeper of the Gate-house, and my boy: Nicholas being the man that caused me to take him.

"I have sent your majesty an examination, faithfully taken, and by him foully and suspiciously answered: and for what? Knowing the nature and doings of the man, may it please your majesty to see my simple opinions, constrained on duty to utter it.

* In "St. Peter's Plaint," is the following stanza:
O women, too to men, traps for their falls,
Still actors in all tragical mischances;
Earth's necessary ills, enchanting thralls,
Now murdering with your tongues, now with your glances.

"Upon this present taking of him, it is good forthwith to inform him to answer truly and directly; and so, to prove his answers true in haste, to the end that such as be deeply concerned in his treachery, may not have time to start, or make shift to use any means in common prisons: either to stand upon (?), or against the wall (which above all things succeedeth *and hurteth not*), will give warning. But if your highness' pleasure be to know any thing in his heart, to stand against the wall, his feet standing upon the ground, and his hands but as high as he can reach against the wall like a trick at *Trenshemarm* (?) will enforce him to tell all, and the truth be proved by the sequel: first, the answer of him to the question of the countess of Arundel; and secondly, that of Father Persons decyphering him.

"May it please your majesty to consider, that I never did take so weighty a man, if he be rightly considered.

"Young Anthony Copley, the most desperate youth that liveth, and some others be most familiar with Southwell. Copley did shoot at a gentleman the last summer, and killed an ox with a musquet; and in Hors-ham church threw his dagger at the parish clerk, and struck it in a seat in the church. There liveth not the like, I think, in England for sudden attempts, nor one upon whom I have good grounds to have such watchful eyes, for his sister Gage's, and his brother-in-law Gage's sakes; of whose pardon he boasteth he is well assured.

"And so, humbly submitting myself to your majesty's directions in this, or in any service with any hazard, I close until I hear your pleasure. Here at Westminster, with my charge, and the ghostly father, this Monday the 22d of June, 1592.

Your Majesty's faithful servant.*

RICH. TOPCLIFFE."

* Strype's Annals, vol. iv. The above curious production is highly characteristic of the coarse and brutal character of the writer. Whether the omission of the term "gauntlets," or manacles, within the bracket, was intentional, or owing to the delicacy of the copyist, could be ascertained only by a reference to the original MS. which is among Strype's papers preserved in the library at Lambeth. The following extract from a letter of Anth. Copley, spoken of in the above, may not be mis-

Under the roof of this inhuman tormenter, Southwell was exposed, for several months together, to every indignity and variety of suffering that malicious ingenuity could devise. From his family connections, and from the high esteem in which he was held by his brethren, he was supposed to be the great depository of their secrets. These were attempted to be wrung from him by the force of bodily suffering. In the hope to obtain from him revelations that would have entitled his tormenter to the blood-money accorded by the law, he was, day after day, suspended in the air, in the manner already described. On one occasion, while the poor sufferer was undergoing this cruel infliction, Topcliffe was called out upon some urgent business. Southwell was forgotten; in a secluded part of the house, his cries could reach no human ear, and the intensity of suffering was greater than humanity could support. On the return of his keeper, he was found in a fainting fit, vomiting blood copiously, and it was not without difficulty he was restored to his senses. On hearing of the heroic fortitude with which he had borne his torments, the Lord Treasurer, Burghley, is said to have exclaimed: "Greece and Rome need boast no longer of their heroes; we can match them here at home. Talk of extorting any thing from this man in regard to his accomplices; why, you cannot draw from him what was the color of a certain horse ridden by him on a certain day."

Ten different times was the good father tormented in this manner, Topcliffe looking coolly on, and urging him to confess the names of his accomplices, as he termed them, and the places of their retreat. On one of these occasions, having exhausted his efforts in the fruitless attempt to draw a single word from this champion of the faith,

placed here. "When fifteen years of age, I was under the charge of a kinsman, Mr. Thomas Southwell now beyond the seas, I stole away, and got over to Rome to my father and mother, who had been residing there since 1582. My father consented to my coming to Rome, and the more willingly, as, at that very time, a kinsman of mine, Mr. Robert Southwell, a Jesuit, hearing of my being beyond the sea, had, of his own accord and love towards me, procured me a pension of ten crowns from Pope Gregory, for my better maintenance there."

he gnashed with his teeth, exclaiming: "O that I had the whole gang of these Jesuit traitors under my roof; I would grind the catiffs into powder, and scatter it to the four winds of heaven!"

After staying nearly two months in this "kind of domestic prison," as Father Bartoli terms it, Southwell was removed to the Gate-house, a prison in Westminster. Here he was confined, for nearly a quarter of a year, in a damp and unwholesome apartment. At the expiration of this term, being brought out to undergo an examination before the judges, his appearance excited the compassion of all. His person, naturally pleasing and handsome, had wasted to a mere skeleton; his clothes were in tatters, and covered with filth and vermin. His father, who had conformed to the more fashionable religion of the court, and who, on account of the situation he filled then, had wished to lose sight of his son, could no longer stifle the feelings of nature at witnessing the state of utter destitution to which his son had been reduced. He threw himself at the feet of Elizabeth, and besought her to commiserate the situation of his child, and to order that, as he was sprung of gentle blood, he should, in some respects at least, be treated as a gentleman. This application was attended to, and he was removed to a better lodging in the Tower. Here he was supplied with proper necessities, and some of his family were admitted to visit him, and among others, his sister Elizabeth. At his request, she procured him his breviary, and a copy of the Latin Vulgate, and of the works of St. Bernard. His choice of this author should not be passed over without a remark. St. Bernard may be characterized as the Fenelon of the Fathers; he is remarkable for the suavity of his style, the pathos of his exhortations, and the unction and fervent piety of all his writings: qualities so conspicuous in the compositions of Southwell himself, and which may thus be traced to their source.

While in the tower, he gained the heart of his keeper, by the gentleness of his manners, and the winning sweetness of his conversation and deportment. Every indul-

gence was granted him, compatible with his situation. Some few obtained access to him, and enjoyed the comfort of his spiritual ministrations. Those who were deprived of this consolation, contrived to obtain his advice and the direction of their conscience by means of letters; and many there were, and among them were several Catholic ladies of good family, who, under pretence of visiting the garden of the Tower, came at appointed hours, and received his benediction from the window of the turret in which he was confined. How touching is a ministry thus exercised by stealth, and recalling the best and purest days of primitive Christianity!

What were Southwell's feelings in his dungeon, may be collected from that beautiful "Epistle of Comfort," which he had addressed to those who had preceded him in their sufferings for the faith. "The prison," he says, "is dishonorable; yet when the cause ennobleth the name of prisoner, the prisoner abolisheth the dishonor of the place. What thing, of old, more odious than the cross? What place more abhorred than the Mount of Calvary? What cells more reproachful than the grates and dungeons of the saints? Yet now—what thing more honorable than the Holy Cross?—What place more revered than the Blessed Mount? What sanctuaries more desired than the dungeons of the Saints? A reproachful thing it is to be chained in sin, to be enthralled in the vassalage of lawless appetites, and in the slavish bondage of worldly vanities. But, honorable it is in God's cause, to be abridged of bodily liberty, for maintaining the true independence and freedom of the spirit! And where can you so freely range among the choirs of angels, as when you are sequestered from the distractions of vain company?—When can you take a fuller repast of the sweet fruits of prayer and contemplation, than when the flesh-pots of Egypt are the farthest from sight? Your eyes are not too much troubled with impious and wicked sights; your ears are not annoyed with the heinous outcries of blasphemy; you are quiet from scandals, and severed from occasions of divers temptations. Let them

complain of the difficulties of a prison, who have fastened their affections upon worldly vanities; but for a Christian Catholic, that hath Christ for his leader, the Apostles for his witnesses, and all former saints for testimonies, it is a shame not to think worthily, and correctly, and reverently thereof. So honorable are the chains of a captive in God's cause, that Solomon in his costliest habits, and Herod in his most gorgeous attire, were not so much honored as John the Baptist, when he had achieved that title, 'John in Chains.' It was a great prerogative to be an Apostle, a Doctor, an Evangelist; it was a singular favor to be wrapt into the third heaven, and to hear secrets that it is not lawful for man to speak; it was a rare privilege to heal diseases, not only with the touch of the hand, but with that of the very girdles and handkerchiefs: but St. Paul acknowledges a greater title to honor, when, in writing to Philemon, he omitteth his usual style of 'Paul an Apostle,' and beginneth his epistle with 'Paul a prisoner of Jesus Christ.' Herein he followeth the custom of great personages, who, when from inferior dignities they are raised to more honorable titles, always, in their letters, omit the secondary and set down the principal title, proper to their newly achieved preferment." These are the glowing effusions of a mind fully impressed with a conviction of the truth of the sentiments inculcated.

Southwell remained three whole years a prisoner in the Tower, during which time, he was cruelly racked ten several times, with a view to extort from him a disclosure of certain supposed conspiracies against the government. At the end of this period, he wrote an epistle to Cecil, the Lord Treasurer, humbly entreating his lordship, that he might either be brought upon his trial, to answer for himself, or, at least, that his friends might have leave to come and see him. The Treasurer answered, "That if he was in so much haste to be hanged, he should quickly have his desire." Shortly after this, orders were given, that he should be removed from the Tower to Newgate; where he was put

down into the dungeon called Limbo ; and there kept for three days.

On the 22d of February, without any previous warning to prepare for his trial, he was taken out of his dark lodging in Newgate, and hurried to the Court of King's Bench, in Westminster, to hold up his hand there at the bar. The first news of this determination of the council, filled his heart with a joy which he was unable to conceal. The moment was approaching for which his heart had long yearned—which had mingled with his first aspirations—in search of which he had journeyed on foot to Rome, and braved the dangers which, during more than ten years, had surrounded the exercise of his ministry in his native land.

The judges before whom he was to appear, were Lord Chief Justice Popham, Justice Owen, Baron Evans, and Serjeant Daniel. When Father Southwell was placed at the bar, the Lord Chief Justice addressed the court. In a long and vehement speech, he attacked the Jesuits and Seminary priests, accusing them as "the authors and abettors of all the dark plots and secret treasons which had been hatched during the present reign." The bill of indictment, drawn up by Coke, the queen's solicitor, was then read. It ran to this effect: "Middlesex—The jury present on the part of our sovereign lady, the queen, That Robert Southwell, late of London, clerk, born within this kingdom of England, to wit, since the Feast of St. John the Baptist, in the first year of the reign of Her Majesty, and before the first day of May, in the 32d reign of our lady, the queen, aforesaid, made and ordained priest, by authority derived and pretended from the See of Rome; not having the fear of God before his eyes, and slighting the laws and statutes of this realm of England, without any regard to the penalty therein contained, on the 20th day of June, the thirty-fourth year of our lady, the queen, at Uxenden, in the county of Middlesex, traitorously, and as a false traitor to our lady, the queen, was and remained, contrary to the form of the statute in such case set forth and provided, and contrary to the peace of

our said lady, the queen, her crown and dignities."

The grand jury having found a true bill, Father Southwell was ordered to come up to the bar. He readily obeyed; and advancing with a calm and meek air, made a low reverence to the judges. His arms being then unpinioned, he modestly held up his hand according to usage, and on being asked whether he was "guilty or not guilty?" he answered: "I confess that I was born in England, a subject of the queen's majesty; and that, by authority derived from God, I have been promoted to the sacred order of priesthood in the Catholic Church, for which I return most humble and hearty thanks to the Divine Majesty. I also confess that I was at Uxenden at the time stated, when by trick and stratagem I fell into your hands, as is well known; but that I never entertained any designs or plots against the queen or kingdom, I call God to witness, who is the avenger of perjury; neither had I any other design in returning home to my native country, than to administer the sacraments, according to the rites of the Catholic Church, to such as desired them." Here the judge interrupted him, telling him that he was to leave all that alone, and plead directly guilty or not guilty. Upon which he said, that he was not guilty of any treason whatever. Being then asked, "by whom he would be tried?" he said, "by God and by you." The judge told him he was to answer, "by God and his country." This he at first refused, alleging that the laws of his country were not agreeable to the laws of God; and that he was unwilling those poor harmless men of the jury, whom they obliged to represent their country, should have any share in their guilt, or any hand in his death. "But," he added, "if through your fault it must be so, I cannot help it. Be it as you will; I am ready to be judged by God, and my country." When the twelve jurors were sworn, he challenged none of them, observing, that as they were all equally strangers to him, charity did not allow him to except against any one of them more than another. Coke, the solicitor, then began to prove the heads of the indictments,—that Mr. Southwell was an

Englishman, and a priest, by his own confession; and that his being so young was a demonstration that he had been made a priest since the time mentioned in the statute." Here the judge interrupting the speaker, and demanding of Southwell somewhat abruptly, what was his age? "The same," replied the father, as abruptly, "as that of our Saviour when He was brought before Pilate." This expression, hastily thrown out, shocked the pious ears of Topcliffe, who was sitting among the lawyers, and he exclaimed with holy horror, that this impious priest was guilty of unpardonable presumption in comparing himself with our Saviour. Southwell meekly replied; "You misunderstand me, sir; so far from comparing myself to our blessed Lord and Master, I confess myself to be the creature of his infinite bounty, and the meanest worm of the earth in his sight."

When Ann Bellamy was brought forward to give her evidence, Southwell's firmness seemed for a moment to desert him. To behold the apostate daughter of his worthy friend and protector, leagued with the enemies as well of her spiritual father, as of him who was her parent in the flesh, was a sight too painful for the sensibilities of his nature. For a moment he covered his face with his hand, while tears were seen to steal down his cheek.

When the evidence had closed, Coke rose and addressed the prisoner in a long and rambling discourse, in which passion claimed a far greater share than either reason or charity. When he had declaimed as long as he thought fit against the servant of Christ, and the other lawyers with the lord chief justice at their head, had loaded him with reproaches, jeering him upon his sacred profession, to which he offered no other answer than meekness and that silence which is sometimes more eloquent than speech, the jury retired to consult about their verdict. They were not long in deliberating, and their verdict was "guilty." He was asked if he had aught to say why sentence should not be pronounced against him. His answer was—"nothing—but from my heart I beg of Almighty God to forgive all who have been in any ways access-

sory to my death." The lord chief justice exhorted him to prepare for the welfare of his soul, during the short time that was left him. He thanked him for his friendly counsel, saying, "that by the grace of God, he had long since provided for that, and was conscious to himself of his innocence. The judge then rose, and pronounced sentence in the usual form. At the conclusion, Southwell made him a lowly reverence, returning him thanks, as for the most acceptable favor he could have done him. The judge offered him the aid of a minister to prepare him for death. Father Southwell begged him not to trouble himself on that head, as the grace of God would be more than sufficient for him. He was then remanded to Newgate; his arms were again pinioned, and he was led out of the court. A multitude of people thronged the streets of Westminster, curious to behold a man known as well for his distinguished talents, of which he had given proof in several publications, as from the circumstance of his being a member of an ancient and distinguished family, his father and sister* being known to fill situations in the queen's household; and doubtless it was matter of surprise to many, that, considering the relations in which Father Southwell stood to these influential personages, efforts had not been made to prevent the scene which had just been witnessed. Aware of the interest thus excited among the populace, and fearful of the sympathy always felt for virtue and talent in distress, it was determined to convey the prisoner by water to Blackfriars. To use the words of Father Bartoli, "scarcely was Southwell well lodged a second time in Limbo, when some half-dozen preachers came to prove to him that hell would be his next remove, if he did not quit the damnable errors of his Romish superstition." But they went away with less humor than they came, for the

* The Lady Mary Southwell was one of the maids of honor to Queen Elizabeth. In the Stoneyhurst MSS. is a curious paper entitled, "A true relation of what succeeded in the sickness and death of Queen Elizabeth," and which is thus endorsed in the hand writing of Father Persons;—"The relation of the Lady Southwell, of the late queen's death, po Aprilis, 1607. It is printed in the Rev. M. A. Tierney's new and valuable edition of Dodd's Church History of England, vol. iii. p. 70.

keeper of the prison, touched as he had already been by the piety and gentle manners of his prisoner, was now entirely won over to the faith by the triumphant manner in which he heard the good father refute the arguments of the said preachers, and put them, if not to silence, at least to confusion ;

For e'en though vanquish'd they could argue still.

On the morning of the 21st of February, 1595, the keeper of the prison came to his cell to announce that the day had arrived in which he was to suffer for the priesthood. He embraced him in a transport of joy, grateful for the happy tidings he had brought him. The keeper asked for some token of remembrance. "Here," said Southwell, with a placid smile, "it is a sorry gift, but the only one which my poverty affords," and he took from his head a silk cap which had been given him by a friend. The man is said to have treasured this memorial with religious care, nor could afterwards be induced by any consideration to part with it. At the door of Newgate a hurdle was awaiting him, on which he was to be drawn to Tyburn, a distance of between two and three miles. Upon this rude vehicle he stretched himself on his back, with his eyes turned towards heaven, and his hands joined upon his breast in the form of a cross. His lips were seen to move in prayer, and in a tone of deep emotion he was heard to exclaim : "And is it so, O Lord ! and can a wretch so vile as I be thought worthy of so high an honor ? But all is for thy greater glory." Such was the fervor of his manner, and the heavenly expression of his countenance, that several among the crowd could not withhold expressions of admiration : "God bless you !"—"Heaven support you !"—"Take courage !" were heard on every side ; nor could the efforts of the officers who surrounded the hurdle, repress these outpourings of popular sympathy. When the procession was on the point of moving, a lady, who was veiled, approached and bent over the hurdle. It was a Mrs. Bannister, one of Southwell's sisters. He gave her his blessing as well as he could do so, his arms being pinioned, and was heard to whisper to her : "I will remember you

in my prayers ; but retire ; you are in danger ; there, go in peace ; God bless you !" After this, he spoke no more the whole way, keeping his eyes raised to heaven, and his heart in communion with his Maker ; the only words that from time to time escaped his lips, was his favorite and customary ejaculation, *Deus meus et omnia*—"my God and my all !"

Care had been taken to keep secret the day he was to suffer, in order to prevent the concourse expected on such an occasion ; and a famous highwayman was ordered for execution in another outskirt of the city, to divert the crowd from witnessing the last conflict of the servant of God. But these precautions availed nothing ; great numbers, and among them several persons of distinction, flocked to Tyburn, to be witnesses of his glorious martyrdom.

When within sight of the place of execution, he was seen to raise himself forward from the hurdle, as if to salute the altar upon which he was to consummate the sacrifice. His countenance was covered with dust ; when the hurdle stopped, a friendly hand reached forward a handkerchief to wipe his forehead ; it was Father Garnet, the partner of his studies in Rome, and of the dangers that beset his return to England. This handkerchief was transmitted to Father Aquaviva, the general of the order in Rome, by whom it was treasured with care.

Below the gibbet stood a cart, in which the blessed martyr was placed. Making the sign of the cross in the best manner he could, he began to address the people in those words of the Apostle : "Whether we live, we live to the Lord, or whether we die, we die to the Lord ; therefore, whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord." Here the sheriff would have interrupted him, but he begged leave to add a few words more, assuring him that he would say nothing that could give offence. He then spoke as follows : "I am come to this place to finish my course, and to pass out of this miserable life, and I beg of my Lord Jesus Christ, in whose most precious passion and blood I place my hope of salvation, that he would have mercy on my soul. I confess that I am a Catholic priest of the Holy Roman

Catholic Church, and a religious man of the society of Jesus; on which account I owe eternal thanks and praises to my God and Saviour.”* Here he was interrupted by a preacher, who stood beside the cart, and as Father Bartoli remarks, “was determined not to have come there without doing something,” telling him, that if he understood what he said in the sense of the council of Trent, he ran the risk of eternal damnation. But a palpable hint from the indignant bystanders having silenced this rabid son of Calvin, Father Southwell resumed: “Sir, let me beg of you not to interrupt the little I have to say during the few moments I have to live. I am a Catholic, and in whatever manner you may please to interpret my words, I hope for salvation through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ. And as to the queen, I never attempted, contrived, or even imagined any evil against her, but have always prayed for her to our Lord; and for this short time of my life, I still pray, that in His infinite mercy, He would be pleased to give her all such gifts and graces, as, in His infinite wisdom, He sees most expedient for the welfare both of her body and soul, in this life and in the next. In like manner, I recommend to the same mercy of God, my poor country. I implore the Divine Bounty to favor it with His light and the saving knowledge of His truth, to the better advancement of the salvation of souls, and to His own greater glory. I have no more to say, except it be to beg of the Almighty and everlasting God, that this my death may be for my own and for my country’s good, and for the encouragement and consolation of the Catholics, my brethren.”

Having uttered these words, he looked calmly around him, and was seen to make a sign to some one in the crowd. It was

to Father Garnet, who, at the risk of his life, was there as a faithful witness of the triumph of his brother missionary. Southwell then crossed his hands as well as he was able upon his breast, and bowed—the meaning of the gesture was unknown to the gazing multitude—by the initiated it was recognized as a token of his receiving the last absolution from Father Garnet. While the executioner was stripping him of the single frock, which, in spite of the inclemency of the weather, was the only garment he wore, he said to the bystanders: “Whatever the ministers here present may report of me, I beg all good Catholics who are witnesses of my end, to bear testimony, that I die a faithful and obedient son of the Church.” He then blessed himself, and with his eyes raised toward heaven, repeated, with great calmness and resignation, those words of the Psalmist—“Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.” With his favorite phrase, *Deus meus et omnia*, and other short ejaculations upon his lips, the cart was drawn from under him. The unskilful hangman had not properly adjusted the rope, so that it was some time before he was strangled, the blessed martyr being several times seen attempting to make the sign of the cross while he was hanging. The letter of the law was, “to be cut down and embowelled while yet living,” and twice or thrice the executioner made an attempt to cut the rope, in order to do his duty. But several of the bystanders, and among the rest, Lord Mountjoy, stepped forward and stayed his hand; while a general cry of “Hold! Hold!” burst from the assembled multitude, so edifying were the last moments of the servant of God, and such was the sympathy he had excited, even in those of a different way of thinking. As he was still seen to open his eyes, the persons near him drew him by the legs, to put him out of pain; and when the rope was cut, instead of allowing the body to fall to the earth and be dragged to the spot where the embowelling was to take place, they received it in their arms, and bore it reverently to the block. When the executioner held up the bloody head, and exclaimed, as was usual, “God save queen

* Of Southwell’s devoted attachment to the order which he had embraced, we have ample testimony. That of Father More, the elegant historian of the English mission, is too remarkable to be omitted. “Nescio an quis alius unquam, post sanctissimum parentem ejus Ignatium, majorem de Societate Jesu sensum, majorem vocationis sue feverit estimationem, quam Robertus Southwell.” I know not if any one, our most holy founder excepted, ever cherished a deeper veneration for the society of Jesus, or a more profound sense of his vocation, than Robert Southwell.

Elizabeth!" no voice cried "Traitor!" or responded the customary "Amen!" A respectful silence prevailed, and tears of pity and admiration were seen in many an eye. Lord Mountjoy was heard to say to those around him; "If that man be guilty, God grant that I may die the death of such a culprit!" His head was fixed on the point of a spear, and placed on London Bridge, in the same spot which, some fifty years before, had beheld the decapitated head of another illustrious man, also condemned to bear the name of traitor, though posterity has reversed the sentence—the good Sir Thomas More. The four quarters of his body were affixed to the four gates of the city, but were collected by the pious solicitude of his sister, and decently interred.

We cannot close this memoir more appropriately, than by a remarkable extract from Southwell's beautiful "Epistle of Comfort to the reverend Priests and others, restrained in durance for the Catholic Faith,"—a work which should be in the hands of every lover of the beautiful and the pathetic.—"We find by experience, that whosoever suffereth, even though he suffer for an offence, is pitied; misery, though deserved, naturally begetting sympathy and tenderness in the beholders. But when such men as are of innocent life, of virtuous conversation, of gravity and learning, offer themselves to bear with fortitude every extremity, rejoice when they are tormented, smile when they are dismembered, and go to death as they would to a banquet; when such as want neither dignities to withdraw them, nor friends nor families to withhold them, nor powerful enemies to menace them, are ready to exchange their dignity for disgrace, to forsake their friends, and give themselves into the hands of their mortal foes, for nought else than for conscience' sake: men must need say, as they did in St. Cyprian's time: "It is a thing worthy to be known; yea, it is a thing deserving of the deepest consideration, for which a man is content to suffer death." Such men want no means to search out the truth, having both heard and read all that can be said on either side. They want not judgment to discover the good from the bad,

being known as men of deep insight and penetration. They can have no pleasure in pain, nor any temporal inducement to undergo such misery; yea, they have many delights, honors, and preferments to withdraw them from it; and by altering their opinions, and speaking a word, might easily avoid it. Certain, therefore, it is, that they find it necessary to do this; that conscience demands it, that their very soul lieth thereon; for mere flesh and blood could never bear up against such heavy endurance.

"But who is there, despite of all he can do, who may not suffer that by misfortune, which he shrinks from suffering in God's cause? Why, therefore, fear that which cannot be avoided? Live well, and die well, we may; but live long, and not die, we cannot. We should not think life shortened, when it is well ended. He dieth old enough, that dieth good. Life is better well lost, than ill kept. If we be taken away in the flower of our age, how can it be better bestowed, than on Him who gave it? If we die in God's cause, our pitcher is broken over the fountain, but the water is not lost; it is only returned from whence it was taken. We are destined to a glorious combat, in which the mere comfort of having such honorable lookers-on were enough to hearten us against all efforts. When we fight in the cause of faith, God and his angels behold us, and Christ himself looketh on upon the combatant. What a glorious dignity, what an enviable felicity, to fight under God, as the ordainer, and to be crowned by Christ, as the arbiter of the combat! Let honor to the constant, and remorse to the lapsed, spur us to the conflict. Christianity is a warfare, and the Christian a spiritual soldier; his weapon is patience, his leader is Christ, his standard is the cross. Now is the alarm sounded, and the war proclaimed; die you must to win the field. Nor is this news to you, who have professed yourselves the champions of Christ. You know that this is the sovereign victory,—by yielding to subdue, by dying to revive, by shedding your blood and losing your life, to win the goal of eternal felicity. Elijah must not think much to let fall the worthy mantle of the flesh, to be carried to Paradise in a fiery

chariot. Gideon may willingly break his earthen pitchers, to show the light that will confound his enemies. Your daily prayer has been,—‘thy kingdom come:’ the time is arrived to realize the petition. Let our adversaries, therefore, load us with the infamous titles of traitor and rebel; let them draw us upon hurdles, hang us, embowel us alive, mangle our limbs, and set our quarters upon their gates, as food for the birds of the air. We will answer them as the Christians of the persecutions of the olden time did:—‘Such is the manner of our victory; such the conqueror’s garb; in such chariots do we triumph!’ Yes, go on, ye good magistrates! so much the better in the eyes of the people, if you sacrifice the Catholics to their fury! Rack us, torture us, condemn us to death. You but renew what was done to them of old, of whom it was said, that the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church. Yes, when sown in their blood, the resurrection of immortality springs with more ample increase. Our palms spring the higher under the weight that oppresses them; our flame waves brighter by the attempt to suppress it; the spice tree when shaken yieldeth a richer odor. By persecuting us, you till and manure the ground of the Church; you think to root out the core, and you do but transplant the germs that will spring up in a more plentiful harvest. You think it is the seminary priest that enlarges the Catholic faith; know, that it is yourselves who make the chief seminary, from which the Catholics spread. Though their voice doth avail something, yet comparatively it doth but little. The voice of the blood of your murdered brethren crieth aloud against you, and this voice it is that so forcibly prevails. The missionary announces what books might teach; your deeds teach that which books could never do, and gain over more disciples than words. Our constancy under suffering and trial forces men to look more closely into our cause; and thus, by seeking they find, in finding they believe, and believing, they become as ready to die as ourselves. Our prisons preach. Our wounds convert; nay, our very dead bodies are able to confound heresy. You have labored to

suppress us these twenty-six years, and yet from our very ashes springeth increase; and our dead bones, as Ezekiel prophesied, ‘are come to be a high army.’ By the thunders of your rage, the cloud of error is dissolved, and the earth watered with profitable showers, to the ripening of the corn of God.

“But for ourselves, we would render good for evil; for your hatred, charity, for your ill treatment, prayer. We would willingly purchase your salvation with our dearest blood. But how well soever we be affected towards you, take heed that the earth which receiveth our blood, cry not aloud against you, agreeably to that saying, ‘The voice of thy brother’s blood crieth out of the earth!’ For ourselves, from our hearts we forgive your injuries towards us, and only pity your abuse of God’s benefits; that, in return for His favors towards you, you should persecute his flock, hinder the course of his religion, yea, endeavor to abolish the name of the Catholic Church. Alas! your labor is in vain; but incalculable your offence. She is a vessel of safety; howsoever the sea rage, or the winds beat; however tossed among the waves, she cannot sink, having Him at the helm, of whom it is said, that ‘the winds and the sea obey Him.’

“We are fallen upon times which many of our forefathers desired to see,—times, when they might not only profit the Church by the example of their life, but also—and how dearly did they desire it!—by the effusion of their blood. When England was Catholic, she had many glorious confessors; it is for the honor and benefit of our country, that she should also have to boast of her martyrs; and we have now, God be thanked! such martyr-makers in authority, as mean, if they have their will, to make saints enough to furnish all our churches with treasure, when it shall please God to restore them to their true honors. And doubt not, lest either they or their posterity, shall see the very prisons of execution become places of reverence and devotion; and the scattered bones of those who have suffered in this cause, though now thought unworthy of Christian burial, then shrined in gold, and held in the highest respect.

Let us, then, profit by so favorable an occasion of preferment in the court of the Most High, and be as studious, in this age, to aspire to the dignity of watering God's Church with our blood, as our forefathers were to further it by their virtuous example, and by the glory of their good works. 'The kingdom of heaven,' says St. Augustine, 'requireth no price but thyself. It is worth all thou art: give thyself, and thou shalt have it.' Oh! thrice happy you, who are now on the last step to this glory! Joy in your happiness; but in the midst of your joy, forget not us. Pray that God may accept us also, and promote us to the like happiness."

We offer no comment upon the above extract. Its eloquence, and the prophetic spirit which it breathes, will at once have struck every reader.

Southwell's merits as a poet were fully appreciated in his day; of this upwards of ten editions, in twice that number of years, is a sufficient proof; and yet few works have become more rare, a single copy in Long-

man's poetical catalogue being marked at six guineas. Were any testimonials needed in favor of their merits, the names of such eminent critics as Sir Egerton Brydges, Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Headley, would be more than sufficient. The former observes, that "a deep, moral pathos, illumined by fervent piety, marked every thing Southwell wrote, either in prose or verse. There is something," he adds, "singularly simple, chaste, eloquent and fluent in his diction on all occasions." "Southwell's poems," says Mr. Ellis, "all of which are on moral or religious subjects, are far from deserving the neglect which they have experienced." Another judicious critic observes: "That even those, who least love the religion of the author, must admire and praise his writings, and regret that neither his simple strains in prose, nor his polished metre, should have yet obtained a collected edition of his works for general readers." Our next number will contain some extracts from his poetical writings.

From the Dublin Review.

RELIGION IN ENGLAND BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

Life and Times of John Reuchlin or Caprion, the Father of the Reformation. By F. Barham, Esq. London: 1843.

WHATEVER ills afflicted this fair realm of England, from her conversion to Christianity under St. Augustine down to the fatal epoch of 1534, were most assuredly not attributable to the religion which, during that long and interesting period of her history, grew and flourished upon her soil in so singular a degree: for *that* was a religion more peculiarly adapted to bring a blessing on the land,—“a vision fair of peace and rest;” making it “a land of hills and plains expecting rain from heaven, and which the Lord God for ever visited, keeping his eyes for ever on it, from the beginning of the year unto the end

thereof;” (Deut. xi, 11, 12;) devoting her whole substance in this, to the interests of a future world, and consecrating her whole self, both spiritual and temporal, to those hallowed purposes.

For, in the first place, it was a religion which ever made the Church her homestead. There she enthroned her God in splendid pageantry, collecting all her means to honor Him whom she adored, and attracting to His worship all the people over whom she ruled. There was enticing imagery for the young, and solemn service for the old; the note of sorrow or of triumph in her voice, the sign of mourning or of gladness on her altars, the daughter of Sion robed in “the garments of her glory,” or clad in the weeds of her affliction, as the season suggested; the emblem of redemp-

tion elevated upon high, that while they gazed upon the sad symbol of their faith it might excite compunction, and with compunction hope, and with hope charity. More elevated still, they beheld the representation of the last and awful doom, with Him who was crucified for the sins of men coming in great majesty and power to judge mankind by the standard of the cross, attended by choirs of angels to minister to his will, with companies of prophets and armies of martyrs to attest the judgment, and the whole host of heaven to do homage to his wisdom and his justice; the blessed on the right and the reprobate on the left, a gleam of eternal brightness indicating the reward of the one, and sulphurous flame and tormenting spirits the portion of the other. But this was not the only instruction which the pious votary might read in the decoration of the material temple. If his soul were oppressed or his eyes wearied by the contemplation of this awful scene, and he sought relief by casting them on the ground, there was still a lesson ready for him, for they but rested on the memorials of the dead. If he were a sinner he was again struck with terror; if he were looking with pious expectation for what was to come, he read his hope and his consolation; for he knew that if death were the destruction of the wicked, it was also the resurrection of the just. Around him he beheld depicted the whole story of revelation, to elevate the mind by teaching it the dignity of a Christian, and the value of an immortal soul; the end for which it was created, and the price paid for its redemption. They were all appliances to excite devotion, and every requisite to satisfy it,—the daily sacrifice, the varied service, the frequent prayer, the priest of God to distribute his graces, to give strength to the weak and fresh vigor to the strong, to relieve the penitent of his burden at the foot of the cross, and impress the judgments of heaven on the obdurate sinner,—to afford consolation to the sorrowful, courage to the timid and assurance to the diffident; in fine, through the powers conferred upon her ministers by her divine Founder, as the vicegerents of Him who said, "Come to me all ye who labor and

are burdened, and I will ease and refresh you;" dispensing relief to all the miseries, temptations, and afflictions with which the poor wayfarer in this valley of tears is sure to be tried, bewildered or oppressed.

It was the religion which, from St. Augustine to Sir Thomas More, never omitted to put forth the most splendid examples of the noblest virtues, of the most steadfast faith, the most heroic courage, and the most ardent charity; leaving monuments of zeal to attest the disinterested and benignant piety of men who enthroned the covenant of God in the heart, and gave it dominion over the passions.

It was the only religion which ever possessed within herself such incentives to virtue, or which provided such safe-guards against vice; which ever realized the counsels of the Gospel, and of frail, sinful creatures, made men "rich in virtue,"—burying them in peace, but giving them a name which liveth unto generation and generation (Eccles. xlv, 6, 14), and sending their souls to that blessed abode, where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow, for the former things are passed away."

It was the religion which, even "in the darkest times, was ever found to be fighting the cause of truth and right against sin, to be a witness for God, or defending the poor, or purifying or reforming her own functionaries, or promoting peace, or maintaining the holy faith committed to her;"* and it was the only religion that ever put forth all her energies, or combated successfully in such a cause.

And thus it was that the ancient religion of the realm covered the land with consecrated spots, where men were separated from this troubled world, and carried into serene and tranquil regions before their time—where they escaped from the thorny desert to dwell among enamelled meads—from the contagious atmosphere of every vice to the salubrious abodes of every virtue. They "who were better than the world in their youth, or weary of it in their

* British Critic.

age;" they whose sensitive nature rendered them alike incapable of resisting either the soft breeze or the rude blast, whose sympathizing tenderness ever melted before the feelings, or whose unresisting timidity ever yielded before the violence of others; they whose iniquities sat heavier on them than they could bear to carry amidst the haunts of sin, and who must needs lay them at the foot of the cross; they whose pilgrimage of toil and mourning had so bruised the heart that it could alone be healed within the balmy influence of the cloister, because there alone the voice of God could reach it amidst the sacred stillness, converting its sorrows into love,—all found their solace and their joy within these holy precincts.

There, too, it was, that the apostolic man was schooled in the science of the saints, till he went forth as the herald of salvation on his triumphant course, conquering sin and death, enlarging the boundaries of faith, and establishing the kingdom of God upon earth.

There it was that the storms of a thousand years swept unheeded over the virtue, which required the protection of the sanctuary to bring it to maturity, and where alone the sublime perfection of the Gospel could be attained: there, that men were congregated together to pray for the sins of their fellow-men—"for a world which forgets to pray for itself"—and to invoke the blessings of God upon his fallen creatures.

There it was that the arts and sciences found their cradle and their refuge, in a rude and troubled age; there the lives of the saints were chronicled, and the history of passing events recorded that otherwise had been lost in oblivion.

There it was that the word of God was treasured up, and explored for the benefit of others with less learning and less leisure than themselves, and there, even, that the classic lore of antiquity was preserved for the amusement and instruction of after generations, till the arts of more modern days were to place them beyond all future danger; then, as now, "a cloister without a library was said to be like a castle without an armory."

There it was that the renunciation of the

superfluities of life was reckoned an honorable and meritorious sacrifice, and men were content to be abstemious themselves to enjoy the means of gratifying the necessities of others; for there the hand of charity doled out the daily pittance to the destitute, without any offensive inquiry into the cause of a distress, the presence of which was alone a sufficient recommendation for relief. The spiritual, too, kept pace with the corporal works of mercy, and while food for the body was distributed without, food for the soul was abundantly supplied within.

It was the monastic rule that enabled the possessors of the abbey lands to let them on easy terms, which, together with the hospitalities and charities which they practised, served as a check on the rapacity or cruelty of the feudal baron; and, as a consequence, a prosperous tenantry and a happy people were sure to grow up around the sanctuary. The same benefits were conferred by the property of the prelates and dignitaries of the Church, so that it became a proverb, "that it was better, to be governed by a bishop's crozier than by a monarch's sceptre:" and such was the condition of about a fourth part of the kingdom, from which not an eighth probably of the revenue was collected. Yet another blessing did they bring with them, that when war and misery had well nigh desolated the land, through the reckless ambition of some daring noble, or the rough tyranny of some lawless sovereign, these "cities of refuge" usually escaped the general wreck, and remained as nurseries of virtue and of learning, for the regeneration of the people; while, if the Church also fell into disorder or decay, from similar causes or from other untoward circumstances, it was the monasteries that ever furnished the materials for its reform.

Such were among the blessings which the religion of our ancestors conferred upon the country. But there were others still; let us take them discursively, as they present themselves to the mind, without order or method.

It was the only religion which has ever really dedicated to God what belongs to God, lavishing the richest produce both of art and nature in His service, and making all things subservient to her sacred and ex-

alted destinies; adorning the world with temples for His worship, which, having taken centuries to erect—and as many centuries having since passed over them—still stand to excite the admiration of all lovers of the beautiful and sublime, and to attest the superior zeal and piety inspired by the ancient faith.

It was the religion under which England was governed without a standing army, a star chamber, a national debt, or poor law unions; under which all the best and proudest institutions of the country rose and flourished, and attained maturity; which freed the nation from the tyrannical exactions of the forest laws, and which won, and then consecrated by her sanction, the great charter of our liberties.

It was the only religion that ever really provided, without any state assistance, for the education of all classes—of the poor as well as of the rich—in school, in convent, or in college.

It was the only religion that has ever filled the hospitals with unpaid attendants, who, actuated solely by the charity of the Gospel, have brought every virtue of the Gospel with them, and supplied with a kind heart and a devout zeal the best remedies for the body, because administered in conjunction with the best medicines for the soul.

It was the first religion that ever advocated the cause of the slave in the face of power and interest, which broke down the wall of separation between the singular and even antagonist diversities of the human race, and placed “the son of the stranger” upon an equality with the more favored and cherished of her children. It was the only religion which ever established a company for the redemption of captives, even at the risk of their own liberty, and which, after an honorable existence of six hundred years, still survives the occasion for which it was created; the only religion in which piety and humanity have united to conquer the repugnance of our nature, and to congregate men of feeling hearts and enlightened minds within the dark caverns of the unhealthy mine, burying themselves alive within the bowels of the earth, in the sub-

lime exercise of corporal and spiritual works of mercy to the wretched inmates of those dreary abodes, and whom the aversion of their fellow-men had condemned to this service of privation and misery.

It was the only religion that ever threw her mantle over the persecuted, the forlorn, and the unfortunate. Her voice was ever raised in their defence, and her laws were ever devised for their protection. She never failed to provide shelter and hospitality for the houseless traveller; the wayfaring man of business, the prince, the prelate, and the pilgrim, all equally partook of the charity which the pious care of the faithful of old, had so munificently placed at the disposal of men bound by the most solemn compact to do good service to all comers; while the house of God, which they tenanted and served more especially, stood open to yield its consolations where more was lacked than mere bodily rest and refreshment—that which might satisfy the cravings of the soul, heal the scathed spirit, and ease the burdened conscience. Even the most bold and indifferent, in those “ages of faith,” muttered a hasty *Pater* and *Ave*, and crossed themselves before they left the hospitable roof, and set forth upon their perilous way; while the sober and thoughtful made their more fervent orisons at the altar of God, offered up their griefs and their repentance, their hopes and their supplications, to the avenger of evil and the rewarder of good, the refuge of the weak and the comforter of the afflicted, that their pangs might be assuaged and their fears dispelled, claiming the protection of heaven, in the true feeling of a Christian, against the wiles of Satan and the machinations of wicked men; but more especially against the hazards with which those devout yet troubled times too often beset the path of the wanderer in this wilderness of sin and sorrow. There was a community of sentiment also between the casual guest and his hospitable hosts, which imparted such a consciousness of sympathy in all his feelings as infinitely to heighten the boon conferred upon him—which indeed seemed to be rather the immediate providence of heaven than the extorted charity of man,—and sent the pilgrim on

his way with a hymn of gratitude to the giver of all good gifts, and of increased confidence in His favor.

It was the only religion that ever consecrated matrimony with a sacrament, or honored celibacy as one of the first of virtues, remembering that the throne of the Lamb is surrounded by spotless virgins, who enjoy the blessed privilege of waiting on Him wherever he goeth.

It was the only religion that ever peopled the desert with anchorites, or filled the cloister with penitents from among the gay and dissolute; the only one that ever gained a barbarous people to civilization and Christianity; the only one that ever sent a tide of devoted warriors to stem the torrent of an infidel fanaticism which threatened to devastate the whole inheritance of Christ; the only one that ever converted a romantic lover into a true knight, or of a fanatic made a saint.

It was the religion that made Godfrey de Bouillon exclaim, in the gratitude of his triumph, that "he would never wear a crown of gold in that city wherein the Saviour of the world had worn a crown of thorns;" which induced Rodolphe of Hapsburgh, the sceptre not being at hand, to seize the crucifix, saying, "This is my sceptre, I'll have no other;" and when Gregory VII thus expressed himself on his death-bed, surrounded as he was by every worldly sorrow, "because I loved justice, and hated iniquity, therefore do I die in exile," that inspired a bystander to comfort him by the reply, "Sir, there is no place of exile for you, for the Lord hath given you the nations for your inheritance, and the boundaries of the earth for the limits of your dominion."

It was the only religion that ever knit all hearts together in blessed unity, which restrained the unlawful wanderings of the human mind, stifled schism in its birth, repressed error, reduced the loftiest spirits as well as the meanest understandings to a just obedience, established a happy sympathy between the greatest and the least, placed the prince and the peasant side by side on the bare pavement of her splendid temples, elevating the hopes of the one and depres-

sing the pride of the other, and instructing both in that wholesome truth, that they worshipped a God who was no respecter of persons. It was the only religion that, by sound of anointed bell, has ever invited the poor husbandman to prayer before the rising of the sun, and has assembled him again at the termination of his labors, when crowds of pious and believing souls came to sanctify the declining day by filling the house of God with their holy chaunt, and proffering their supplications to heaven for protection till the coming morning.

It was the only religion that ever respected the censures of the Church, and exhibited to the Christian world the spectacle of a sovereign prince remaining for three hundred years without sepulture—as did Raymond of Toulouse—because he died under the ban of a spiritual attainder, the open enemy of God; the only one that ever produced a prelate bold enough to close the doors of the sanctuary against imperial majesty, considering even the presence of an emperor—the fountain of honor, the anointed of God, and the depository of his power—as a profane intrusion, when excluded, by his crimes, from the communion of the faithful.

It was the only religion which, at the voice of outraged virtue, ever shut her temples, hushed her bells, and made a whole people mourn in sackcloth and ashes, till the sins of their brethren were expiated in repentance; the only one that ever brought an offending sovereign to kneel in sorrow and humiliation as a suppliant for pardon at the feet of the common father of the faithful, the common protector of afflicted humanity.

It was the only religion in which the rights of the people were ever respected, and in which, for ten centuries and more, the canonical law, or at least imprescriptible usage, required their consent and co-operation in the election of bishops to govern the Church of God, and even in the appointment of the sovereign pontiff himself; and such was the confidence reposed in their decision, that *vox populi, vox Dei*, became a proverb; and this honorable privilege might have remained in their possession to this day, had not the vices with

which they became infected, and the new order of things which grew up within the republic of Christendom, justly deprived them of it.

It was the only religion that could ever boast of the miraculous attestations of heaven in its favor, and which, in every age, has gone forth, and the signs have followed, casting out devils, speaking strange tongues, healing the sick, curing the lame, giving sight to the blind, and raising the dead to life.

It was the only religion that has ever sung the song of triumph over the solitary grave of a martyred missionary among the trackless deserts of the new world; and which, imparting fresh energies to their zeal, has carried the messengers of God with an heroic perseverance onwards in their enterprise, till, after incredible efforts and sacrifices, they at length reduced within the boundaries of civilization whole tribes of savage wanderers, almost as impatient of control as the wild beasts of the forests in which they dwelt, and converted them into a Christian republic, the most perfect that ever graced the annals of the human race.

It was the only religion that has ever carried the glad tidings of a crucified Redeemer among the empires of the east; among a people as singular for their civilization, as for their obstinate repugnance to the light of the Gospel, and where religion, after struggling under alternate destinies for three hundred years, fertilizing the fields of Christianity with the blood of one hundred thousand martyrs,—numbers of them immolated under the most excruciating torments,—still presents attractions to the pious zeal of the missionary, who, at the peril of his life, brings succor to the persecuted and dispirited remnant of what were once so many flourishing provinces of the kingdom of God upon earth.*

It was the only religion, which, by its love of labor, and its patient industry, has

ever converted an arid desert into a fruitful garden, and reared the standard of the cross among the mountain tops,—that cross, “whose breadth is charity, whose length is eternity, whose height is almighty power, and whose depth is unsearchable wisdom,” hallowing even the rugged summits of some desolate rock, by transforming it into the abode of piety and virtue; or, which planting the sacred emblem of our redemption along the common thoroughfare, invited the weary pilgrim to offer up his sorrows on the altar of Calvary, to drop a tear of compunction for his share in that tragedy of woe, to slake his thirst at that fountain of life, and gather strength and joy through the merits and sufferings of his Saviour.

It was the only religion that ever enlisted a society of volunteers in the cause of charity, to do daily duty amidst the dreary regions of the Alps, within the limits of eternal snows and incessant storm, beyond the habitation of man and the boundary line of vegetation—a society which a thousand years of ceaseless labor, has not robbed of the fresh vigor of its youth, and which still affords shelter and protection from the dangers of those inhospitable climes to all who need it, let their creed or color be what it may.

It was the religion which alone has adorned the calendar with its thousand saints,—with an Anthony, a Benedict, a Bruno, a Bernard, a Dominic, a Francis, an Ignatius, a Xavier, a Vincent of Paula, a Borromeo, a Francis of Sales, and Philip Neri—men who are despised and dishonored by the world, but who, if we estimate greatness by the only true criterion, the benefits conferred upon mankind, are infinitely superior to those who condemn them; so that well may we apply to them and to ourselves those prophetic words of wisdom, “We fools esteemed their life madness, and their end without honor: behold how they are numbered amongst the children of God, and their lot is among the saints!”

It was the religion in which “the covenant of the priesthood” has alone remained for ever in one unbroken line, verifying the promises of God to Peter, and through Peter, to Peter’s successors, “Thou art Pe-

* In 1596, there were in China about half a million of Christians, with more than two hundred and fifty churches; and in Japan, in 1715, three hundred thousand Christians, and three hundred churches, all through the indefatigable labors of the Dominicans, Franciscans, and Jesuits.

ter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it; and to thee will I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven, whatever ye shall bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven, whatever ye shall loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven," and then confirming the everlasting compact by the assurance "that heaven and earth should pass away, but that His word should not pass." Look at the singular verification of this great covenant in that eternal and mysterious city, which, serving for a thousand years as the capital of the last and most powerful of the five great empires, was appointed also as the spot wherein the grain of mustard-seed was to take root and grow into a tree, which, nourished by the blood of martyrs, soon covered with its shadow all the limits of the earth: a capital, which, after the lapse of a few ages, in which the rising religion had to struggle for its ascendancy with all the powers and principalities of this world of pomp and vanity, and of the world of darkness and of Satan, was transferred to the sovereignty of him whose only claim was his rightful heritage from the poor fisherman, Peter, who, in the pride of her imperial sway, had been barbarously and ignominiously crucified as a worthless and ignorant impostor. The heir of Peter he was the only lawful depository of the "perpetual covenant," and which, for its blessed fulfilment under an over-ruling and Almighty Providence, he has faithfully transmitted to every succeeding generation; while the covenant itself, in eternal memorial of its divine origin, like that to which it had succeeded, written, as it were, upon the tablets of heaven by the finger of God in the great cathedral of Christendom, "the house of prayer for all nations!" (Isaiah lvi, 7)—hangs suspended over the tomb of Peter,—over the very relics of the simple, unlettered fisherman, to whom that covenant was made, with all the splendor of art and nature collected around to honor and adorn the most gorgeous temple ever erected to God, or the most superb monument ever raised over the remains of man! Can any one doubt then of the accomplishment of the prophetic

pledge? Behold it verified to the letter in the material Church; while history, and the attesting faith of one hundred and fifty millions of Christians dispersed throughout the universe, yet all professing allegiance to this same successor of Peter,—with those who first afflicted her bowing down to her, and those who slandered her worshipping the steps of her feet, and calling the city of Peter, the city of the Lord—all proclaim its verification in the spiritual! (See Isaiah lv, 14.)

Such being the characteristics of the religion which prevailed in these islands previous to their fatal separation from the centre of Christendom, it is clear that we must look to other causes for the miseries which, even then, too frequently afflicted the land: nor need we go far in our investigation for the discovery. For it was not the Lord who had "deceived this people, saying: you shall have peace: and behold the sword reacheth even to the soul." (Jeremiah iv, 10.) Sin alone will account for all. It had driven our first parents from a paradise of happiness into a wilderness of sorrow; had so dimmed the knowledge of good and evil, that it was with difficulty discerned by a generation now become the children of wrath, and whose corruption at length was such, that only a universal deluge could cleanse the earth from the foul pollution. Notwithstanding this signal vengeance of a repenting Maker upon a whole world, sin again recommenced its ravages, and the depravity was so spread that even the chosen people of God were too often infected with the leprosy, and too often became obnoxious to the devastating scourge of heaven. Levi himself was "a vessel of iniquity;"—from him descended Aaron and the priesthood, which, in the end, crowned the measure of their crimes by condemning and crucifying the Messiah, who had won a title to their faith by the most stupendous miracles, and whom it was their duty to acknowledge and proclaim as their king and Saviour.

Sin it was that had so hardened the heart of Pharaoh that the signs and wonders wrought for his conversion but rendered him the more perverse and obdurate,—that had dri-

ven even the race most favored by God into bondage, delivered them into the hands of the spoilers, and cut them off to a mere remnant,—that had all but reduced man to the condition of the brute beast,—that had called down fire and brimstone from heaven to make a smoking holocaust of whole cities to appease the excited vengeance of the Most High,—that had caused innumerable wars, and all their attendant miseries,—that had raised the vanity of one man to be expiated by the destruction of seventy thousand of his people,—that for three whole years had denied rain to the earth, so that there was a grievous famine,—that had destroyed the temple of God, and profaned the sacred vessels in the service of Baal,—and which, after immolating the Son of God in its impious fury as a blasphemer against heaven, adored an idol of Jupiter on the very spot on which he rose from the dead, and erected a statue of Venus on the site on which the Creator of mankind was crucified for the sins of men! Neither did the expiation of past sins check the multiplication of new ones; and, ever since the birth of Chris-

tianity, the history of the world has still been but a succession of offences against heaven, and a series of just chastisements from God. We have still seen “in the place of judgment, wickedness, and in the place of justice iniquity;” we have still “walked in the way of the nations which the Lord had destroyed;” we have still been an obdurate and stiff-necked people, turning away our hearts and deceiving ourselves with error; we have still seen the people of God oppressed, and good “men fall before the children of iniquity;” we have ever been the friends of this world, and the enemies of Christ, and the obedient servants of sin unto death—so that there has been no cessation from crime, but for ever the same abundant cause for that beautiful and pathetic prayer of Tobias and Sara: “O Lord, take not vengeance of our sins, neither remember our offences, nor those of our parents.” What marvel then, that from time to time the hand of God fell heavy on us, and that evils and afflictions found us? It would indeed have been an undeserved mercy if they had not.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

BY THE RT. REV. DR. BAINES.

“The Lord God shall give unto him the throne of David, his father, and he shall reign in the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end.”—*Luke i, 32, 33.*

MY CHRISTIAN BRETHREN,

WHOEVER is familiar with the sacred Scriptures, must have noticed how constantly the Church of Christ is spoken of as a great kingdom or universal empire. In this character it is almost invariably described by the prophets, a circumstance which led the Jewish nation, whose national vanity, and inordinate love of this world blinded them to heavenly things, to believe that the promised Messiah was to be the greatest of earthly conquerors, and Jerusalem the seat of his empire. “He shall rule from sea to sea,” sung the royal prophet, “and from the river to the ends of

the earth,”—“all the kings of the earth shall adore him, all nations shall serve him.” (Ps. lxxi.)—“All the ends of the earth shall remember and be converted to the Lord, and all the kindreds of the Gentiles shall adore in his sight; for the kingdom is the Lord’s, and he shall have dominion over the nations.” (Ps. xxi.) The prophet Daniel is even more explicit, comparing the empire of the Messiah with the four great universal empires, viz., the Babylonian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman, and pointing out one essential difference between it and them, viz., that it

should never be destroyed, but should stand for ever. "In the days of those kingdoms, the God of heaven will set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed, and his kingdom shall not be delivered up to another people; and it shall break in pieces, and shall consume all these kingdoms, and itself shall stand for ever." (Dan. ii, 44.) In exact conformity with these predictions was the declaration of the angel Gabriel, when he announced to Mary the birth of her divine Son. "The Lord God shall give unto him the throne of David his father, and he shall reign in the house of Jacob for ever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end." (Luke i, 32, 33.) Hence, our blessed Saviour himself, being accused by the Jews of aspiring to royalty, when asked by Pilate if he were a king, answered positively that he was, but that his kingdom was not of this world. For this was I born; and for this came I into the world, that I should give testimony to the truth. Every one that is of the truth, heareth my voice." (John xviii, 37.) As if He had said, mine is the empire of eternal truth, to which all who love the truth must belong. Throughout the Gospels, our Blessed Saviour constantly speaks of his Church as "the kingdom of heaven" and "the kingdom of God." Thus, when speaking of its rapid progress, he says, "the kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed," and, when predicting the exclusion of the Jews and the vocation of the Gentiles, he says, "the kingdom of heaven is like to a king who made a marriage feast for his son."

The constant repetition of the assertion, both in the Old and New Testament, that the Church of Christ is a kingdom, can leave no doubt of its literal truth. But if any one will contend that the language is in some degree figurative, still it cannot be denied, that in all essential properties, the Church of Christ must bear a marked resemblance to a kingdom.

What, then, is a kingdom? It is a society of men united together under the government of a sovereign. But as the sovereign cannot be every where present, nor discharge all the duties which the office of a supreme ruler implies, he has under him

magistrates and officers of different grades, who perform various offices in his name. And, that all the subjects may know what their social duties are, and not be the sport of the passions or caprice of their immediate rulers, a code of regulations, or laws, common to all, are an essential appendage of every government. But as laws would be of little use unless there were authorities to explain their meaning and enforce their observance, hence, in every kingdom there are bodies of men set apart for these express purposes. Such were all the ancient kingdoms and monarchies which the sacred writers must have had in view when they spoke of the Church of Christ as a kingdom. In fact, no kingdom of any extent ever did, or ever could exist without the appendages above mentioned, viz., a sovereign, a code of laws, and an authority to explain and enforce the laws.

If it be said, that the kingdom of Jesus Christ "is not of this world," this can only mean that the objects it has in view are not of this world. The objects of earthly kingdoms are the peace and happiness of man in this life; those of the kingdom of Jesus Christ, their obedience to the divine law in this life, and their eternal happiness in the next. But the subjects of both kingdoms are the same, viz., men living in this world, and consequently their sovereign, their magistrates, their judges, and administrators of the laws, must also be men living in this world.

The kingdom, then, of Jesus Christ, is like its divine Founder and Sovereign, partly divine, partly human; partly spiritual, partly corporeal; partly internal, partly external. Divine, inasmuch as it regards the things of God, has God for its author, and tends to unite man eternally with God; human, inasmuch as the supreme Sovereign himself, the God-man, is human, and all his earthly subjects human: spiritual, inasmuch as it regards the souls of men, regulates their moral and religious conduct, and enforces the observance of the divine laws, with a view to the perfecting of man's spiritual nature here, and the salvation of his soul hereafter; corporeal, inasmuch as the soul being intimately and inseparably united

with the body, cannot, ordinarily speaking, be approached, governed, controlled or directed, but through the medium of the body : internal, inasmuch as the conviction of the truths of religion, and the obligation of obedience to its laws, as well as the graces by which alone its duties can be fulfilled, are internal ; external, inasmuch as neither the ignorant can be instructed, nor the obedient encouraged, nor the rebellious reprov'd, but by external means. In this view of the kingdom of Christ, we perceive how perfectly consistent are his divine declarations, when at one time he says to all, "the kingdom of God is within you," and at another, to his apostles, "Go teach and baptize,"—"he that hears you, hears me, and he that despises you, despises me."

Now, if this be a true description of the kingdom of Christ, we shall most likely find some vestiges of it in the Sacred Scriptures, and in the Church itself we must necessarily find it in full operation. For, as Jesus Christ expressly promised that he would remain with his Church for ever, we are sure to find in it at all times, whatever is essential to its legitimate constitution.

And in the first place do the Scriptures give any hint of a sovereign being appointed by Christ to govern his visible kingdom when he should be removed from it? For the most essential characteristic of a kingdom or monarchy, is undoubtedly a sovereign or monarch. On this head we have the most satisfactory information, both in the Scriptures and in the history of the Church. You know the commission given by Jesus Christ to his apostle Peter, after the latter had made his solemn profession of faith—"Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." Our Blessed Saviour had, upon his first acquaintance with this apostle, changed his name from Simon to Peter, which signifies *a rock*. He now assigns the cause : "I say to thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it : and I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. xvi, 18, *et seq.*) As the Apostle St. Paul, assures us, and as it is in itself clear, that Jesus Christ is himself the "*chief corner stone*," or foundation

of his Church, Peter can be so in no other sense than as his representative on earth. In like manner as Jesus Christ will not surrender to his Eternal Father the kingdom of his Church, till he shall, at the day of judgment, "have put all things under his feet" (Cor. xv) ; so, in constituting Peter the supreme governor of his Church, under the usual formality of the delivery of the keys, he could intend to constitute him so only as his vicegerent or vicar on earth.

But on this occasion, our Blessed Saviour only makes the promise to Peter of the supreme vicariate of his universal Church. Does he afterwards fulfil this promise? Yes ; but not till the moment when he himself was about to withdraw his visible presence from the world. It was after his resurrection, when Peter and some of his fellow disciples, having spent a wearisome night in fishing on the sea of Tiberias, without the least success, Jesus, in the dawn of morning, appeared on the shore, and, calling to the boat, "bade them cast the net on the right side of the ship," promising that they should be successful. They did so, "and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes." (John xxi.) This was not the first time in which the divine Saviour had given his disciples to comprehend, by this practical illustration, their own natural helplessness in the conversion of nations, and their wonderful efficacy in this superhuman work, when commissioned and aided by him. Jesus was pleased to premise it on this occasion to his official and final commission to Peter. He then proceeds to ask him, "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me more than these?"—as if he had said ; For, as I am about to confer upon thee greater authority than upon thy fellow disciples, I demand in return a greater love. Peter answered, "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee," not daring, as an ancient Father observes, after the sad experience of his recent fall, to say that he loved him more than his fellows. This was enough, and better indeed than more ; for this bespoke humility, and more would have betrayed presumption. Jesus "saith to him, Feed my lambs. He saith to him again : Simon, son of John,

lovest thou me? He saith to him: Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. He saith to him: Feed my lambs. He saith to him the third time: Simon, son of John, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because he had said to him the third time, Lovest thou me? Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. He said to him: Feed my sheep." (John xxi.) The narrator of this most striking and interesting event was the beloved disciple, who was present on the occasion, and whose amiable and generous humility seems to have taken pleasure in recounting thus minutely the enviable preference shown by his divine Lord to Peter. Its import is clear. The name of *shepherd* was a common appellation assumed by eastern sovereigns, as expressive of the mildness and gentleness of their sway. It frequently occurs in Homer and other Pagan writers, as well as in the Scriptures. In the latter, the prophet Isaiah thus describes the Messiah: "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather together the lambs with his arm, and shall take them up in his bosom." (Isaiah xl, 11.) These lambs and sheep, the object of the heavenly Shepherd's tender solicitude, he entrusts, on his departure from the earth, to the care of Peter,—thus constituting him the visible pastor of his earthly flock, the vicarious sovereign of his spiritual kingdom, and thus fulfilling the promise he had made, "I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

But as, under the old law, Moses, the visible ruler of the ancient theocracy, could not discharge alone all the duties belonging to his high station, and was, therefore, assisted by Aaron and his sons, who were solemnly consecrated for the functions of the priesthood, as well as by the seventy ancients, on whom a portion of the spirit of Moses was conferred, to aid him in the general government; so, in the theocracy, if I may so express it, of the new law, Peter, its supreme visible ruler, was assisted by the other apostles, who received from Jesus Christ a portion of the same power and of the same spirit which had been given to their chief. For though to none of them did he give "the keys of the kingdom of

heaven," nor the general commission to "feed his lambs and his sheep," he breathed on all and said to them, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." To all he said,—“As the Father hath sent me, I also send you (John xx); he that heareth you heareth me, and he that despiseth you, despiseth me (Luke x); go teach all nations, and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world.” (Matt. xxviii.) Of the whole apostolic body St. Paul spoke when he said,—“Take heed to yourselves and to the whole flock, wherein the Holy Ghost hath placed you bishops to rule the Church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood.” (Acts xx.)

Whilst the episcopal body was thus appointed to assist the supreme ruler of the Church in the government of its numerous provinces, the latter were commissioned to ordain priests and deacons, who might assist them within the limits of their respective dioceses, in preaching the word, administering the sacraments, offering the adorable sacrifice, and discharging the other functions of their sacred ministry.

Such is the form of ecclesiastical government which we trace in the Sacred Scriptures too clearly to be easily misunderstood. But in the history of the Church it is traced, if possible, still more clearly. That such is its government at the present day, none can dispute; that it was the same in the time of St. Gregory the Great, in the sixth, and St. Leo, in the fifth century, is equally manifest. That the episcopal body ruled the universal Church in the second century, every page of ecclesiastical history demonstrates. That the bishop of Rome either did or could usurp a sovereignty over the other great patriarchs and metropolitans, without any resistance being made, and historically recorded, is contrary to the nature of things, and more than morally impossible. So far the characteristics of the Christian Church correspond with that of an ordinary kingdom or empire. It has its monarch; it has its chief magistrates; it has its various grades of ministers, all moving in their respective spheres, subordinate to or connected with

each other, for the preservation of unity, truth and peace, amongst the people of God, and for the extension of his holy reign on earth.

With respect to the duties belonging to the rulers of the Church, they resemble those which belong to every government. To every government it belongs to enact laws for the benefit of the community, to promulgate and explain those laws, or, in other words, to teach them to the people, both as to their expression and true meaning, particularly the latter; for it is evident that however desirable it may be to know the exact words of the law, it is infinitely more so to know its true meaning, according to which judgment will pass, and reward or punishment be awarded.

It is true that in the Church of Christ, as in that of the Jews, the legislative authority is much limited,—God himself having, in both cases, taken upon himself the enactment of the laws. But it belongs to the Church to make such laws or regulations as may appear necessary for enforcing the observance of the divine laws, and these, as coming from the legitimate authorities, are equally binding as if they came directly from God himself. Such was the law which the apostles made at Jerusalem, when they enjoined abstinence “from things strangled and from blood,” and such were the regulations to which St. Paul alludes in his first epistle to the Corinthians, when, having complained of the abuses which had crept into the mode of celebrating the blessed eucharist, and given certain orders on the subject, he adds,—“The rest I will set in order when I come.” (1 Cor. xi, 34.) It is supposed that one of the regulations he then made was that of receiving the blessed sacrament fasting, a regulation which has been universal throughout the Church from the earliest ages, and which is still every where enforced as of strict and conscientious obligation. Such are the laws which the Church makes for the due sanctification of the Lord’s day, the commemoration of the great mysteries of our redemption, the celebration of festivals, the times and manner of abstinence, fasting, and other similar observances, which, though generally com-

manded by God, are not commanded as to the particular times or manner of their observance. Under the Jewish law which was intended only for a single nation and for a limited period, less discretion was left to its visible rulers, God himself having regulated every thing with considerable detail; but in the new law, which was intended for every nation of the world and for every period of time, our Blessed Saviour wisely left to the authorities of his Church a greater latitude as to the mode of enforcing his divine ordinances; it being well known to him that the various circumstances of countries, climates, habits, and constitutions, would require that the ceremonial, or mode of fulfilling his immutable commands, should be liable to change.

It is evident that to refuse to obey the laws of the Church, on the pretext that they are not expressly contained in Scripture, is to assume a right which no government would tolerate,—that of individuals setting themselves above the law, and saying, “we will not obey, because we disapprove.” In the Church such conduct entails the guilt of disobedience to God himself, according to those words, addressed to his apostles,—“He that hears you, hears me, and he that despises you, despises me.” (Luke x.)

I have already shown that the Church inherits from the apostles, and has exercised in every age the right of promulgating and expounding the divine law. Is the law written in the Sacred Scriptures? To the Church it belongs to declare its meaning, import, obligation, and mode of observance. Is it not contained in Scripture, but handed by the authorities of the Church in some other way? It is equally obligatory as if contained in Scripture, being equally taught and commanded by Christ, who did not say, “teach them to observe merely what shall be written in the New Testament;” but “teach them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.” (Matt. xxviii.) Thus, the sanctification of the Sunday is as obligatory upon Christians as if contained in Scripture, and the mode of its sanctification prescribed by the authorities of the Church, as obligatory as the command itself.

It is evident from this statement, that no individual, whatever his rank ; no nation, whatever its position, in short, no earthly power, can set aside the authorities appointed by Jesus Christ for the government of his Church, or substitute others in their place. Jesus Christ himself is the supreme though invisible Sovereign of his spiritual kingdom,—as such, he possesses the undoubted right to delegate to whom he pleases his inherent powers. It is a criminal usurpation of the divine sovereignty, and high treason against God, to assume the government of his people or the exposition of his law, without express authority from him. This is the crime of which Core, Dathan, and Abiron were guilty in the old law, and for which they were instantly destroyed, as recorded in the book of Numbers. The same is the crime of those who, rejecting the authority of the Church, fall into schism, or denying her doctrines, incur the guilt of heresy, thus making new sects, dragging the ignorant and unstable into rebellion against the delegates of God and consequently against God himself. Hence is clearly seen the fallacy of the reasoning so common in this country : “It matters little to what religion we belong, provided our moral conduct be good;”—for we have seen that it is not moral conduct alone which God requires of Christians, but the observance of “all things whatsoever he has commanded.” It is equally fallacious to allege that the differences in religious belief amongst different sects are not fundamental. For if any doctrine be held which the Church of Christ condemns, the teaching authority is in fact denied, and the guilt of heresy incurred by those who obstinately hold it ; and, if the doctrine be true, but held in wilful separation from the true Church, there is the guilt of schism, which is rebellion against God. What would be said of the soldier who should desert the ranks of his lawful sovereign and join the forces of his enemy, on the plea that the dress of both armies was the same, and the military regulations similar ? The Church is the ark, says an ancient father ; he who is not in the ark, must perish in the flood. “If a man could have been saved who was not

in the ark ; so can a man be saved who is not in the Church.”—(*St. Cyprian de Unitate Ecclesiae.*)

But it is alleged that belief is not an act of the will alone, but also of the understanding, and that if the understanding is not convinced, belief is impossible. Yet our Blessed Saviour declares, “that he who believeth not shall be condemned.” (Mark xvi, 16.) Does he then command impossibilities ? By no means ; but he requires sincerity, he requires exertion, he requires ardor in the cause of salvation. If our natural powers be insufficient, he bids us pray, and promises to strengthen them by his grace. You say, Christian brother, that you *cannot* believe. Yet the vast majority of the Christian world believes. Is there something peculiar in the structure of your mind, that you should not be able to believe what is believed by others ? Is your understanding weaker, or is it more powerful than that of all others who believe ? The former I am sure you will not admit, and you would hardly have the presumption to assert the latter. The fact is, the argument you use is one of many, which those who think lightly of religion assume without much reflection, and hold because they have no great anxiety to be undeceived. If they were as anxious as they ought to be to know the truth, they would see the reasonableness of believing whatever God has revealed, upon the testimony of an authority which he has commanded them to hear, and with which he has promised to remain. They would feel that they could believe without violating their intellectual independence, nay, that they could not disbelieve without abusing its privileges. If, from the frailty of their nature they felt a difficulty, they would say with the anxious father in the Gospel, “I believe, Lord, help my unbelief.” (Mark ix.)

In this country where much is known of the ancient religions of Greece and Rome, as well as of every form of modern paganism, and little of the religion of the Catholic Church, it is too often taken for granted that the latter resembles the former, in requiring from its followers the belief of gross absurdities, revolting to common sense

and repugnant to reason. Vast numbers, even of the well informed, are firmly convinced that the Catholic religion is a grovelling superstition, which debases the faculties of its followers, and that it is utterly beneath the slightest investigation. The clergy, even of the established Church, (who, being in general well educated men, ought to know better), spare no pains to convince the people that such is actually the case, and, for this purpose are forever misstating or caricaturing the doctrines of the Catholic Church. To compare the latter with the absurd systems of paganism is their favorite theme. To turn into ridicule some mystery, perhaps that of the blessed eucharist, and then infer the superstition and folly of those who believe it, is their daily occupation. The pulpits resound, the press teems with these favorite topics. By degrees the public acquires a conviction that what so many respectable witnesses attest must be true. Yet nothing can be more false.

Reason being given us by God as the guide of our conduct, cannot, if faithfully followed, lead us astray. It is, however, a limited faculty, and is every moment obliged to acknowledge its inability to explain the phenomena which even the external world presents. How the seed of the plant preserves its vitality for years, and when cast into the ground becomes an herb, a stem, a flower, a fruit; all this reason can attest, because it is visible to the eye, but explain it she cannot, any more than she can explain the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity or the eucharist. In all such cases where the powers of reason are insufficient, all she can do is to examine the evidence on which the fact is founded, and according to that evidence, pronounce whether we are to believe it or not. If in natural things the intuitive or moral evidence is conclusive for the fact, she requires us to believe what she cannot herself comprehend. If, in the supernatural order of things, the divine revelation is clear, reason, in like manner, declares that we shall sin against her, if we do not believe the fully-attested, but wholly incomprehensible mystery.

It is evident that a religion which pro-

fesses to have no mysteries above the comprehension of human reason, cannot be true Christianity, which is founded upon incomprehensible mysteries, the incarnation of the divine Word, the atonement of a crucified God and the Trinity of Persons in one divine nature. But it is equally clear that a religion which should require us to believe incomprehensible mysteries, without sufficient evidence, would be founded on false principles, and must therefore be a false religion. Only that Christianity can be true, which, whilst it requires the belief of mysteries above human comprehension, never does so but when reason itself attests the necessity of such belief. Now, the Catholic religion is the only one which answers to this description. In every other system you meet with inconsistencies or contradictions which reason condemns. Take as an example the Church of England, which professes to be the most rational of all the reformed sects. On what principle was it originally founded? Either on the principle of authority or of private interpretation of Scripture. If, when the Church of England sat in judgment upon the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and pronounced them erroneous, she acted on the principle of authority, that is, of a divine commission to teach and be obeyed, then must the parent Church have previously possessed the same authority; and, consequently, the decision of the English Church was an act of schism, its assumption of authority a groundless usurpation, and its profession of doctrines condemned by the mother Church a formal heresy. If, on the other hand, the Church of England professes to have founded her doctrines on the private interpretation of Scripture, the same privilege belongs to all her children, and the numerous sects which daily separate from her, have as solid a foundation as her own. In this case she must renounce her claim to authority, cease to put forward her boasted apostolical commission, and take her station amongst the host of self-constituted sects.

In the Catholic Church, on the contrary, every thing is consistent. The direct succession of its bishops from the apostles is undisputed matter of history. That the

apostles received authority from Christ to teach and to govern his universal flock, and exercised the same, is clearly asserted in Scripture; and that they transmitted the same to their successors is demonstrated by unquestionable historical evidence. That the undisputed successors of the apostles have continued to exercise this same authority, through every age, till the council of Trent, in the sixteenth century, and to the present day, has been demonstrated on a previous occasion. All this is plain matter of fact, in the examination and decision of which reason has full sway. She settles this as she might any other historical question, and the vast majority of the Christian world attests that her decision is right. But the moment the teaching authority of the Catholic Church is established, all her doctrines are based upon an immovable foundation. Christ has spoken through his Church. "He is the way, the truth, and the life." Our belief is no longer grounded on human opinion, but on the infallible word of God. The apostles heard the divine Teacher himself, and believed; we hear the same divine Teacher through the successors of the apostles, and we also believe. Our faith rests on his infallible word, delivered to us by those to whom he commanded us to give the same credit as to himself. "He that hears you, hears me, and he that despises you, despises me." (Luke x.) Do the senses seem to bear testimony against any Catholic doctrine, for instance, the real presence of Christ in the eucharist? But the senses may be deceived, or at least the judgment may be deceived in trusting to the evidence of the senses. The senses testified to every ordinary spectator that the Infant lying in the stable of Bethlehem was merely a helpless and destitute child of Adam; to the shepherds and magi, who were better informed, faith testified, in despite of the senses, that the helpless Infant was also the omnipotent Creator of the world. In like manner, to the uninstructed beholder, the bread and wine after consecration, have undergone no change by virtue of the Redeemer's words, but to the instructed and believing Christian, the same external appearances con-

ceal another substance,—and the God-man is seen by the eye of faith, though concealed from the eye of the flesh. Distrusting the senses here, as he did at Bethlehem, the Catholic believes, and reason approves his believing, upon the testimony of the teaching authority, that the God-man is really and truly present, though in an unusual form, assumed for purposes which require such concealment. Compelled by the authority which reason and revelation establish, he adds to the evidence of the senses, the testimony of faith, and says with St. Peter, "Lord, . . . thou hast the words of eternal life." (John vi.)

Hitherto we have shown the exact agreement between the Catholic Church and a kingdom in general. We have seen that it has ever possessed its visible sovereign, its magistrate, its legislature, its laws, and its legitimate promulgators, expositors, and executors of the laws.

But there are certain peculiarities belonging to the kingdom of Jesus Christ, the whole of which never were nor could be centred in any earthly empire. The first of these is *Universality*. We have seen how the prophets and evangelists assert this characteristic as belonging to the Church of Christ, in the same manner as it had belonged to the four great empires of antiquity. Reason shows that such ought to be the case; seeing that the Messiah came to redeem, not this or that particular country, but the world at large. This being the fact, we may safely conclude that a Church which is merely national, or confined to a limited space, is not the Church of Jesus Christ, and that if, on the other hand, there be one universal Church, and only one, this must be that Church, if such an institution exists.

There is another characteristic of the true Church strongly marked in the Sacred Scriptures, which in earthly empires, seldom accompanies universality; I mean *Unity*, with its usual attendant, *Peace*. The prophet Isaiah denominates its divine ruler emphatically, "*the Prince of Peace*;" and adds, "His empire shall be multiplied, and there shall be no end of peace." (Isaiah ix, 6, 7.) "In his days," says the psalmist,

"shall justice spring up, and abundance of peace, till the moon be taken away." (Ps. lxxi.)

Hence, when the angels announced the birth of Christ, they announced it as an event which should "bring glory to God and peace to men." Now, where there is not unity there cannot be peace. "Every kingdom divided against itself shall be brought to desolation," says Jesus Christ. He, therefore, wisely secured unity to his Church, by endowing his apostles with the spirit of truth, and commanding all men to hear them. At the same time he offered up such fervent prayers to procure for them the blessing of unity, that we might suppose he considered it the most valuable and the most essential of all heavenly gifts. "Holy Father, keep them in thy name, whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we also are; and not for them only do I pray, but for those also who through their word shall believe in me, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me; and the glory which thou gavest me, I have given to them, that they may be one, as we also are one." (John xvii.) From these words it is clear that our Saviour intended the unity of his Church to be so striking as to become a proof of its truth, "that the world may believe that thou hast sent me," and that this union should be of so strict a nature as to resemble that ineffable union which subsists between the divine Persons in the Godhead. Hence, the figure of St. Paul, comparing the Church of Christ to a human body, cannot be considered as conveying an exaggerated idea of Christian unity,—*"We being one body in Christ, and every one members of another."* (Rom. xii.) *"There is one body, and one spirit, as you are called in one hope of your calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism."* (Ephes. iv.)

These last words are particularly striking, as describing the points in which the unity of the Christian Church must be exemplified—*"one Lord,"* by which is indicated unity of government,—*"one Faith,"* which implies unity of belief,—and *"one Baptism,"* which implies unity of worship.

We may, therefore, fairly conclude, that if in any society, claiming to be the religion of Christ, there is not unity of government, unity of faith, and unity of worship, it cannot be the Church of Christ. On the other hand, if we find that, in any such society, there exists this threefold unity, particularly if the same is conjoined with universality, and this again with perpetuity, we may be morally, nay, more than morally sure that the finger of God is there; for in human institutions, universality, unity and perpetuity, never did nor ever can go together.

Another characteristic of the Church of Christ is *Apostolicity*, or in other words, descent from the apostles. For as Christ, on leaving the world, gave his power to them, and commissioned them to establish his religion in all nations, promising to remain with them for ever, it is clear that there can be no true Christianity which does not come down from the apostles. Unless, therefore, any sect of Christians can trace its origin to the apostles, it cannot be the Church of Christ; as, on the other hand, if there is a religion, and only one, which can trace its origin to the apostles, that one must be the Church of Christ, if such an institution any where exists.

Lastly, *Permanency* is a characteristic of the true Church, clearly promised in these and many other similar words,—*"Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."* (Matt. xxviii.)

Now, every one of these characteristics is found in the Catholic Church and in no other. It is universal. In numbers it immensely exceeds any other single sect, and, indeed, all Christian sects put together. Those numbers are variously reported—many Catholic writers having computed the numbers of the Catholic Church at more than two hundred millions, and the generality of Protestants at not less than one hundred and fifty millions. The most numerous by far of the sects which are separated from the Catholic communion are the Greek schismatics; but their numbers bear no comparison with those of the parent Church, and they are confined to the limited locality where they first arose. It is useless to speak of the Church of Eng-

land. Though she is anxious to be *called* Catholic, she never pretends that she is universal. She is a purely national establishment, confined to the limits of the British dominions, and even there forming a small minority amongst the multitude of dissenting sects and the overwhelming numbers of the Catholic Church.

As to unity of faith, she has never known what it is, and her condition becomes every day more desperate. Every one knows that there are within her pale, dignitaries holding doctrines the most opposite and contradictory, on points immediately connected with practical duty and the terms of acceptance with God. All is confusion, contest, and crimination. Whilst one calm, reflecting, and learned portion of her divines, is engaged in the laudable and not altogether unsuccessful effort to bring back her erring children to the leading doctrines of the parent Church, another portion, wild, furious and fanatical, is throwing her articles overboard, denying the efficacy of her sacraments, or administering them wholesale, clamoring for the alteration of her liturgy, and the abolition of her creeds, and stigmatizing those of their own party who differ from them as papists or infidels.

It is seldom that division has arrived at such an extreme in any single sect without immediate dissolution following; but the Church of England is wealthy, and gold can bind together the most heterogeneous substances. Nor is this want of unity peculiar to the Church of England. The difference between her and all other sects is merely as to the mode and manner of disunion. Disunion is the character of them all; for the principle on which they are founded, that of private interpretation of Scripture, is a principle which essentially leads to disunion, and cannot possibly co-exist with unity.

In government and worship these different sects agree as little as they do in faith. To call them a kingdom would be absurd. If they resemble any thing in the shape of a government, it is a multitude of independent republics, in which popular clamor, conflicting parties and systematic opposition, are the uniting principles. Take a survey

of the whole collection of sects, who have forsaken the unity of the Catholic Church, from the days of the apostles. It is ever the same. No extravagance, no impiety of doctrine, no diversity of government, no phantasy of worship that has not prevailed amongst them. Were it possible to assemble them altogether into one place, the confusion would be indescribable. Not a doctrine held by any of them which would not be condemned by their motley associates! scarce a single doctrine of the Catholic Church, which, if put to vote, would not be approved by a large majority! So that every impartial spectator must say of such an assembly, "Out of thy own mouth I judge thee."

How different is the state of the Catholic Church. Her empire extends to the remotest regions of the habitable globe. Her subjects are the various-colored inhabitants of the four continents who differ from each other in dispositions, habits, interests, civilization; whose mental culture is of every grade, from the profound scholar to the unlettered peasant; whose secular rulers are of every rank, from the stately European emperor, to the wandering Indian chief. Yet in religion all believe the same doctrines, all adore at the same altars, all obey the same authority. In religion all are brothers, all fellow-countrymen, all pursuing the same bright hopes, through the same narrow but well beaten path. The high have no advantage over the lowly, the rich over the poor, the learned over the ignorant; for all are members of the same body, each filling his respective office in obedience to the same head. To believe what God has taught, to worship as God has prescribed, to hear the teachers he has appointed, to obey the authorities he has placed over us, are the plain and simple duties of the Catholic, whether he wear the monarch's crown, the philosopher's robe, or the peasant's humble garb. In all this, I grant you, there is no room for the pride of station or intellect. No one can say in religion, "I will be subject to no authority; I am wiser than all the world; my own judgment alone shall be my guide." On the other hand, if submission be demanded of

one, it is demanded of all. In matters of belief, the visible ruler of the Catholic Church is as dependent as the humblest of his subjects. Should he attempt to teach or hold a single doctrine contrary to the faith of the Church (an event wholly out of the question), he would at once fall from his dignity, and incur the same anathema as any private individual. For the office of the rulers of the Church is to guard the sacred deposit from error. Their commission extends not to the alteration of a single title of the revealed law. How faithfully they have fulfilled this commission is attested by the fact, that whereas they have met together in general council, from every part of Christendom, eighteen times during as many centuries, their faith was ever found to be uniform on every point; so that they condemned, with one voice, the novelties which from time to time were attempted to be introduced.

That the Catholic Church descends in direct and unbroken succession from the apostles, and is, therefore, apostolical, is not disputed; that she has so far been permanent, having never ceased to exist, is equally manifest. Whether she will continue to exist till the end of the world, time only can disclose; but as the promises of Christ are express that he will remain with his Church, "all days even to the consummation of the world," and as there is no other Church but the Catholic, in which, combining the past with the future, this promise can be fulfilled, we cannot doubt that she will continue to enjoy his divine protection for the future as she has done for the past. Indeed her present state promises well for the future; for never did she enjoy in greater vigor, the strength and comeliness of youth. No symptoms of infirmity or decay impair her force or tarnish her beauty. An increasing offspring of converted nations and continents, prove that she is still the Spouse of Christ. In the meantime, her disobedient children, who, three centuries ago, revolted against her parental authority, proclaiming to the world that she had been divorced for her infidelities, and that they had succeeded to her honors, have remained in their native bar-

renness, and, though youthful in years, exhibit the wrinkles and decrepitude of age.

Will it be said that the Church of England has lately, by asserting her apostolicity, established her claim to be a *branch* of the true Church of Christ. But where are the other branches? Does she consider the English dissenters as another branch? No; she rejects their fellowship on the ground that they have not the apostolical succession. Then where are the other branches? for there is not an apostolical Church in the world which will hold communion with the Church of England. The Greek schismatical Church spurns her; the Nestorian and Eutychian sects abhor her, the Catholic Church anathematizes her. In vain, then, does she boast her apostolical descent. Even if she could prove it, which she cannot, the consecration of her first bishops being generally considered invalid, it could avail her nothing, since apostolicity, though one of the essential characteristics of the true Church, is not the only one. Whole national communities, with an episcopacy indisputably apostolical, fell into the Arian heresy. Will the Church of England say that they formed a *branch* of the true Church, because they were apostolical?

But a convocation of the Church of England sat in judgment on the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and pronounced them erroneous. Be it so; but at the same time a general council of the universal Church sat in judgment on the doctrines of the Church of England, and pronounced them heretical. Can both of these conflicting authorities be the Church of Christ? If not, which has the best claim to be considered such? One possesses all the characteristics of that Church—universality, unity, perpetuity, apostolicity. The other possesses only the latter, and that upon a dubious title.

One received from the apostles, and had exercised for fifteen centuries, the authority to "teach all nations;" the other, revolting against this authority, proclaimed her independence, and insisted upon becoming her own instructor. She was accordingly judged by the parent Church, condemned, anathe-

matized, and disowned. What avails it to call herself a branch of that Church, when she is severed from the parent stock? What avails it to assert that her doctrines are true, when the only legitimate authority on earth has pronounced them false? And who will obey her authority which is founded on disobedience and usurpation? It is true the evangelical tree has many branches, but these are all connected together in the same common stem, from which they all receive their vitality and growth. Under the shade of this gigantic tree, all the nations of the earth repose. If a moral storm now and then tear from it some fair branch, the latter fades and dies, but the tree itself, rooted in the divine promises, and watered by the dews of heaven, flourishes still.

Behold, my Christian brethren, the characteristic marks of the true Church. It is the empire of the Messiah, his universal, united, permanent empire. There is none other such in the world. What further proof do you require of its truth? Will you say, I must examine its doctrines in detail, and see how they agree with my Bible? An arduous task indeed! And why impose it on yourself in religion, when you would see the folly of doing so in the ordinary concerns of life? You are sending a friend to London to consult the first legal authority of the day. No man of all the bench is so infallible an oracle as he. What directions do you give your friend to find him? Do you put into his hands some compilation of our civil code, and say to him, "Study this well; get to understand it all thoroughly, and when you arrive in town, examine all the lawyers, one by one, to see whose opinions agree best with your book?" No; you would consider such a course absolute insanity. You give the lawyer's name and address. This is all you give, and all your friend requires. Again: if some stranger were about to visit Bath, for the sake of seeing its venerable abbey church, would you send a book containing a minute description of all its sepulchral monuments—(alas! they are the only monuments it now contains; for its altars are thrown down, its saints have forsaken their niches, and the glowing in-

habitants of heaven, who formerly looked through its windows, have all been scared away);—would you, I say, give your friend such a book, and tell him when he arrives in Bath, to go to all the churches and compare their monuments with his catalogue? No; you would tell him, "The abbey church is the ancient church built by our Catholic ancestors, and towering above every edifice around it, like a cedar amongst the brambles." This is all you would tell him, and it would be enough. He would know the object of his search before he had descended the surrounding hills. So does the wisdom of God act with all who seek his Church. He puts a creed into their hands which all learn; and he tells them in that creed, that his Church is the "*One, the Holy, the Catholic and Apostolic Church.*" There is not, there never was, more than one such Church. It is visible to every eye. It looks down on every other edifice in the city of this world. Its antiquity, grandeur and majesty, excite your admiration. Enter it, and you will be still more impressed. No partitions of wood and plaster divide it into separate and hostile conventicles. The beauty of unity and holiness dwells there. Its walls record the names of thousands of the faithful followers of Christ, from the apostles of the Lamb to the last of the sainted throng. The ambitious monarch, the ensanguined warrior, the eloquent orator, the enlightened statesman, find no niche there; but the heroes who shed their blood for Jesus Christ, who carried his Gospel to pagan nations, who sold themselves to redeem the captive, who gave up their possessions to relieve the poor, who renounced earthly pleasures to follow more freely the footsteps of their suffering Lord,—these are honored in his temple as his faithful servants. But God himself is the sole object of supreme adoration; for he alone is God. To him alone the altar rises and sacrifice is offered. A splendid priesthood throngs that altar, such as he himself instituted in the old law; a thousand lights blaze around in token of holy joy; clouds of incense perfume the sacred atmosphere, the sounds of heavenly music re-echo the divine praises, whilst millions of adorers, of every people, and tribe,

and tongue, crowd around, mixed with the invisible hosts of heaven. There, in some silent recess, the humble penitent pours forth the sorrows of his heart to the minister of God, who looses him from the bonds of his iniquities and bids him depart in peace. There the hungry soul is refreshed with a food more precious by far

than the manna in the desert. There, surrounded by the emblems of sorrow, the afflicted offer the commemorative sacrifice for some departed object of their affections, in the consoling hope that if any human frailties remain to be expiated by him, his sufferings may be shortened, and his glory accelerated.

DREAMLAND.

A LAY, a lay, good Christians!
I have a tale to tell,
Though I have ne'er a palmer's staff,
Nor hat with scallop-shell:
And though I never went astray,
From this mine own countree,
I'll tell what never pilgrim told
That ever rode the sea.

A lay, a lay, good Christians!
My boyish harp is fain
To chaunt our mother's loveliness,
In an eternal strain;
And true it is I never strayed
Beyond her careful hand,
And yet my lay, good Christians,
Is of a holy land.

In Dreamland once I saw a church;
Amid the trees it stood;
And reared its little steeple cross
Above the sweet greenwood:
And then I heard a Dreamland chime,
Peal out from Dreamland tower,
And saw how Dreamland Christian-folk
Can keep the matin hour.

And Dreamland church was decent all,
And green the churchyard round;
The Dreamland sextons never keep
Their kine in holy ground:
And not the tinkling cow-bell there
The poet's walk becalms;
But where the dead in Christ repose,
The bells ring holy psalms.

And Dreamland folk do love their dead,
For every mound I saw,
Had flowers, and wreaths, and garlands, such
As painters love to draw!

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I asked what seeds made such fair buds,
And—scarce I trust my ears,
The Dreamland folk averred such things
Do only grow from—tears.

And while I hung the graves around,
I heard the organ pour:
I was the only Christian man
Without that sacred door!
A week-day morn—but church was full;
And full the chaunting choir,
For Dreamland music is for God,
And not for man and—hire.

I saw the Dreamland minister
In snowy vestments pray:
He seemed to think 'twas natural
That prayer should ope the day:
And Dreamland folk responded loud
To blessings in God's name,
And in the praises of the Lord,
They had no sense of shame!

And Dreamland folk, they kneel them down
Right on the stony floor;
I saw they were uncivilized,
Nor knew how we adore:
And yet I taught them not, I own,
Our native curve refined,
For well I knew the picturesque
Scarce suits the savage mind.

And Dreamland folks do lowly bow
To own that Christ is God:
And I confess I taught them not
The fashionable nod:
And Dreamland folks sing GLORIA
At every anthem's close,
But have not learned its value yet
To stir them from a doze.

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I saw a Dreamland babe baptized
 With all the church to see,
 And strange as 'twas—the blessed sight—
 'Twas beautiful to me!
 For many a voice cried loud, Amen,
 When o'er its streaming brow,
 The pearly cross was characterized,
 To seal its Christian vow.

I learned that Dreamland children all,
 As bowing sponsors swear,
 To bishop's hands are duly brought,
 To eucharist and prayer:
 And Dreamland maids wear snow white veils
 At confirmation hour:
 For such—an old apostle wrote,
 Should clothe their heads with power.

The Dreamland folk they wed in church;
 They deem the Lord is there,
 And as of old, in Galilee,
 May bless a bridal pair:
 And strange enough, the simple ones,
 They see in wedded love,
 Sweet emblems of their Mother Church
 And Christ her Lord above.

I saw a Dreamland funeral
 Come up the shadowed way:
 The Dreamland priest was surplice clad
 To meet the sad array.
 And when his little flock drew nigh,
 To give the dust their dead,
 His voice went soothingly before,
 As if a shepherd led.

In earth they laid the Dreamland man;
 And then a chant was given,
 So sweet that I could well believe,
 I heard a voice from heaven:
 And singing children o'er the grave
 Like cherub chanters stood,
 Pouring their angel lullabies,
 To make its slumber good.

The Dreamland folk count seasons four
 All woven into one!
 'Tis Advent, Lent, or Easter-time,
 Or Trinity begun:
 The first is green as emeralde,
 The next of cypress hue,
 The third is glorious all as gold,
 The fourth is sapphire-blue.

The Dreamland folk are simple ones!
 Who knows but these are they
 Described in ancient chronicle,
 As children of the Day!
 They seemed no denizens of earth,
 But more—a pilgrim band,
 With no abiding city here,
 Who seek a better land.

So ends my lay, good Christians,
 And ye that gave me ear,
 Confess that 'twas of holy land,
 I beckoned ye to hear:
 Christ bring us all, who bear his cross,
 Unto his own countree!
 And so no more good Christians,
 Of Dreamland, or of me.

Translated for the U. S. Catholic Magazine.

HISTORY OF THE PAPACY.

Continued from page 367.

ST. URBAN I, a Roman, was elected on the 21st of October, 224. He had occupied a rank near the Pope's person engaged in the ministry of the Church, which he governed eight years, seven months and four days. Urban authorised the use of silver vases for the service of the altar; it is also said that he accepted lands which were offered him by the Christians, and that he appropriated them to the service of ecclesiastics. This is supposed to be the origin of

the temporalities of the clergy, so necessary to insure them an independent support, and to supply them with the means of exercising their charity. The zealous pontiff, emboldened by the good dispositions of Alexander, sought to make converts in the imperial court. But he was persecuted by the prefect of Rome, who insisted that Urban should sacrifice to idols; upon his refusal to do so, the prefect sent him into prison, and he was beheaded the 25th of May, 231.

The reign of St. Pontian, a Roman, who was elected about the end of the month of June, was not a prosperous one; for the Emperor Alexander, on a false accusation, exiled him to the island of Sardinia. Before his departure, Pontian wished to abdicate that a successor might be immediately elected, but he had inspired so much respect and attachment that the faithful were unwilling to proceed to another election before his death, which happened on the 19th of November, 235, after four years and nearly five months' reign. Maximin excited the sixth persecution against the Christians, through hatred of Alexander, his predecessor, who had favored them. Pontian during this persecution was severely scourged, though not to such a degree as to deprive him of life. Yet he was not the less a martyr for the faith, dying in misery and abandonment in the country of his exile. His body was removed to the cemetery of Calixtus at Rome, and it is commonly believed that the translation of his remains took place under the pontificate of St. Fabian.

St. Pontian was succeeded by St. Antherus, a Greek by birth, who governed the Church only one month and a day, having suffered martyrdom on the 5th of January, 236. He is regarded by some writers as the author of the Martyrology; it is certain that he occupied himself in collecting the acts of the martyrs, and placed them in the churches for preservation.

His successor, St. Fabian, a Roman, had a longer reign; it lasted five years and five days. According to Eusebius, the election of this pontiff was miraculous; the uncertainty in which the people and clergy were with regard to the choice of a Pope being suddenly dispelled by the presence of a dove, which alighted on Fabian's head, and thus inspired them with a great veneration for him. He justified the respect in which he was held by his zeal for the interests of religion. It is said that he built several churches in the cemeteries where the bodies of the martyrs reposed. He himself was destined to join their band, terminating his life on the 20th of January, 250, in the defence of the faith, at the commencement of the furious persecution excited by Decius, and

which was the seventh under the emperors. This persecution, one of the most cruel that the Church had suffered, was a just punishment of the relaxation which had been introduced among the Christians during the short intervals of repose which were allowed them by the pagans. "Every one," says St. Cyprian, "labored to acquire worldly goods; and forgetful of the voluntary poverty which the Christians had practised in the time of the apostles, and of the disinterested conduct they ought always to pursue, they were insatiable in their desire of riches, and were wholly engrossed in their acquisition. Piety no longer reigned among the priests; fidelity and integrity seemed to be extinct among the ministers; charity was little discernible in the lives of Christians, and their morals were unrestrained by a proper discipline. Led away by vanity, the men combed their beard, and the women adorned their faces; violating the purity of the eye by sullyng the work of God's hands, and that of the hair, by giving it an unnatural color.* They deceived the simple by their cunning and artifices, they surprised their brethren by infidelities and impostures. Members of Jesus Christ, they united themselves with pagans. They swore, not only without cause, but even perjured themselves. They contemned their prelates and defamed one another with envenomed tongues, and made war with a mortal hatred. They despised the simplicity which the faith requires of us, to seek all that could satisfy their vanity; they renounced the world with their lips only, and not by their actions, and each one loved himself so much that he was disregarded by all others." The persecution which was permitted as a punishment of this immorality, put to flight a great number of the faithful, and it was at that time, that St. Paul, having retired into Lower Thebais, gave rise to the eremitical life.† Many martyrs sealed their faith with their blood, but alas! many apostates betrayed it. It was principally for these that the different degrees of public penance were instituted.

The persecution of Decius was princi-

* What would St. Cyprian have said of the modern toilet and fashion?

† *Histoire des ordres religieux*, tom. i, p. 11.

pally directed against the bishops, particularly the bishop of Rome. Consequently after the death of Fabian a long vacancy occurred in the holy see. During this interval which lasted sixteen months, St. Cyprian and the clergy of Carthage wrote many letters to those of Rome, and they at length elected St. Cornelius, a Roman, son of Castin. Gallus having inherited the aversion which his predecessor Decius had cherished against the Christians, Cornelius sustained by his example and his exhortations the courage of those who were persecuted by that prince; he fortified the weak, and encouraged those to rise again who had had the misfortune to fall. He himself having generously confessed Jesus Christ, was exiled to Centumcelles, now Civita Vecchia; but some time after, Gallus recalled him to Rome, and commanded him to sacrifice to idols; Cornelius, having courageously refused, was beheaded the 19th of September, 253, after two years and five months' pontificate. A letter of St. Cyprian would permit us to suppose that he died at Centumcelles, but that he should nevertheless be regarded as a martyr; "because," says St. Cyprian, "should we not reckon among the most illustrious confessors and martyrs, him who was constantly exposed to the fury of the ministers of a barbarous tyrant, who was always in danger of being beheaded, burnt, crucified, of being put to the most cruel and unheard of tortures, who acted in defiance of the most fearful edicts, and who by the powerful influence of the faith, despised the punishments with which he was incessantly menaced? Although the goodness of God had preserved him from these sufferings, he gave sufficient proofs of his love and fidelity, by being always ready to suffer every variety of torment, and triumphing over the tyrant by his zeal."

The persecution of Gallus was not the only storm which the Church of Rome endured under the pontificate of Cornelius. Novatus, bishop of Africa, an immoral and irreligious man, excited a deplorable schism by the instrumentality of Novatian, a priest of the Roman Church, who, at the instigation of Novatus, abusing the reputation

which he had acquired for eloquence and philosophy, greatly opposed the election of St. Cornelius, misled many of the faithful and many confessors by his calumnies, and even carried his hardihood so far as to cause himself to be ordained by three bishops, simple, ignorant and unknown, who imposed hands upon him at the conclusion of a great repast, at which he had made them eat and drink to excess. Such was the ordination of Novatian, author of the first schism in the Church, and the first anti-pope. He joined heresy to schism by denying the power of the Church to remit mortal sin committed after baptism; he also rejected second marriages, and treated as adulterous those widows who married again. He considered it unlawful for those who had renounced the faith during the persecution, to be admitted to penance when they requested it; a proof that innovators in order to give credit to their crimes, always assume a mask of severity which deceives their proselytes. This dangerous schism passed from Rome to Africa, and the east, where it existed a long time; there were Novatians in Egypt even in the seventh century. St. Cornelius and St. Cyprian his friend omitted nothing to extinguish this heresy in its infancy; notwithstanding their solicitude, the schism was propagated under the name of *Cathari*, that is, *pure and free* from error, a truly ridiculous denomination.

The calumnies which Novatian had invented against St. Cornelius, obliged St. Lucian I, a Roman, who succeeded him on the 20th of October, to ordain, by a decree, that a bishop should always be accompanied by two priests and three deacons who should bear witness to his life and morals in the Church. Lucian was at once Pope and confessor, for he was banished as soon as elected, on which occasion St. Cyprian wrote a letter on his promotion and exile; but this pontiff was very soon recalled. After five months' reign, he died a martyr, the 4th of March, 255. About this time, God revenged the innocent blood of his servants by a frightful pestilence which extended throughout the empire, and lasted at intervals for twelve years.

TO BE CONTINUED.

From the London Catholic Magazine.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

"Oh, Mary, conceived without sin, pray for me, who have recourse to thee."

NIGHT was fast closing on the town of Angers, as two of the Sisters of Charity rapidly threaded their way through its crowded streets. They were already close to their convent gate when the sound of lamentation attracted the well-accustomed ear of one of these gentle sisters: and turning round, she accosted a little girl who had followed them, weeping bitterly.

"My grandfather," sobbed the child, "he is dying, holy sisters. Mother is out, and there is no one near him."

The heart of the good sister melted at these words of wo, and she looked at her companion, who was the elder by some years.

"It is not far," said the little girl, in a pleading voice;—"and he is dying," she added, still addressing her whose soft voice and gentle mien had won her childish affections in a moment.

The good sisters had walked far that day—they had wandered alternately from the bed of sickness to the house of sorrow,—and they were returning home, wearied alike in body and mind;—but not for a moment did it occur to them to reject the prayer of the child, in whom they beheld but an image of their Saviour in distress.

"We will follow thee, my child," said the gentle nun. She took the little girl by the hand, and addressed a few questions to her; but the child sobbed so violently, that her answers were inaudible. She led them through a narrow street, and paused before an open door. It was evidently the abode of wretched poverty; but poverty in all its forms was too familiar to the Sisters to create any observation; and without a remark, they followed her up the narrow stairs, and into a room where a man was lying, evidently within a few hours of his decease. After a few minutes' consulta-

tion, the elder of the nuns proposed returning to the convent, to procure spiritual assistance for the unhappy man; and when she had departed on this mission, the other advanced to the bed on which he lay. At first he seemed unconscious of her presence; but when his eye fell upon her black dress, and the white cross she wore on her bosom, he exhibited the utmost loathing and abhorrence; and raising himself up in the bed by a wonderful effort of strength, he poured forth a torrent of abuse and blasphemy.

The good nun was grieved, but not surprised. Alas! it was but too often her lot to stand by the death bed of the despairing sinner. She remained for a time in silent prayer, but when, rather shrieking than speaking, he bade her "begone, and leave him to his master, the Devil," she fell upon her knees, and cried out in a voice of holy energy, which for a moment awed the sinner into silence, "Man, I will not begone, until you have ceased to blaspheme your God. Oh! creature of Christ Jesus crucified," she continued, in a voice so sweet and soft, it was music only to sit and hear it; and rising, she held up the crucifix before his eyes, "can you behold Him, as He thus hung upon the cross, his sacred body torn, his spirit wounded because of your transgressions; can you see Him thus, and still offend Him by the sin of despair?"

Even as the rod of Moses brought water from the living rock, so did the sight of that holy image soften the hardness of the sinner's heart. He sunk back upon his pillow, and gazed wistfully upon the crucifix; but then again he closed his eyes, and muttered between his teeth, "Judas, Judas."

"Judas," resumed the nun, "betrayed his Master; yet had he repented, he had

even then found mercy. It was the sin of despair which made it better for him that he had never been born. One there was," she added, and her voice grew softer and sweeter as if the deep love in her soul had found a voice and spoken, "one there was who anointed his feet at the pharisee's supper, who followed him step by step on his way to Mount Calvary, who knelt at the foot of his cross, during the three long hours of his agony, who shared the favor of his last looks on earth with his sinless mother and his virgin disciple. Magdalen was her name. She had betrayed her Master many times; but many sins were forgiven her, because she loved much."

There was silence in the room broken only by the sinner's sobs. Sister Agnes placed the crucifix on his bosom. "Wear it round your neck and in your heart," she said, "and take also the image of Mary." She placed a medal in his hands. "She is the refuge and hope of sinners: entreat her to pray for you, and think not that Jesus will be deaf to his Mother's voice, when she asks Him to pardon the creature for whom He once deigned to die."

The priest who had been sent for from the convent, now entered the room. Agnes was preparing to depart, when the door once more opened, and a young woman entered, who, on beholding the sacred character of those surrounding the sick man, paused in a mixture of shame and fear. She was young, but the freshness of youth was no longer on her cheek. She had been handsome, and the sad remains of beauty yet lingered round her face and form. Her countenance might once have been full of innocent goodness; for even now it was not an expression of boldness, but of most reckless despair which betrayed the degraded sinfulness of the poor outcast's life. The sick man saw her, and the keenest remorse was on his face as he said:

"Stay, holy sister! and reverend father, say what hope of pardon can you give the wretch who sold his child to a life of crime?"

An unearthly shriek interrupted his words. The girl had remained standing in the middle of the room; but on hearing these words

she advanced rapidly to the bed, and falling on her knees, she exclaimed wildly:

"Father!—father, do not say so! Oh! anything but that. Do not say that you bartered me for gold!"

The man wept aloud.

"Do not curse me, child! Do not curse me before I die."

"I will not, father. I will not. Oh! why did you not let me be a nun, like my sister? What had I done, that you should use me thus?"

"Spouse of Christ," said the sick man, turning solemnly towards Agnes, "the sins of this unhappy child are upon my soul as my own. By the mercy for which you have taught me to hope, save her from the guilt into which I alone have plunged her."

The nun was weeping bitterly. A light had broken on her soul.

"Father," she whispered, "do you not know your child?"

The man gazed earnestly upon her; sickness had dimmed his eyes; but at last he recognized his child, and fell back fainting on his pillow. With some difficulty he was restored, and then pressing gently the hand of Agnes, he pointed to his youngest daughter, who still remained kneeling with her face buried in her hands, and whispered,

"Be a mother to poor Isabel."

Agnes bowed her head, and taking her sister's arm, she led her from the room. The priest closed the door after them, and then Agnes folded her sister in her arms. The poor girl neither returned nor rejected these caresses. She did not sob or scream: but the tears fell in torrents from her eyes, and she looked the very picture of shame and sorrow. Then struck by another impulse, she fell upon her knees, as if wholly unworthy to stand in the presence of one so pure as her sister.

"Oh, sister, sister!" cried Agnes, "treat me not thus. Look not as if you had forgotten me—your own sister—your own Agnes."

The mighty affliction of the poor sinner's soul found voice at last, and falling on her sister's breast, she cried out aloud,—

"Sister, I am a sinner!"

"And so was Magdalen—and so are we

all!" cried Agnes, her tears falling abundantly on her sister's head. "Oh, sister! let us kneel together, and say once more the prayers that we said in the days of our childhood. We were children then!—we are children still! We will tell our heavenly Father that we are sorry for our sins, and He will not refuse us his pardon and his love."

Twined in each other's arms, they knelt together, and Agnes prayed aloud. It was years since Isabel had heard that voice, the very tones of which were full of piety and love; it was years since a thought of grace, a hope of pardon had entered her soul, and now, with the prayer of her innocent childhood ringing in her ears, and the repentant love of a Magdalen burning in her bosom, full of fear for the future and remorse for the past, she clasped her sister more tightly in her arms, and sobbed aloud.

"Leave me not, sister,—desert me not! Oh, save me from this life of sin, and the God of the sinner and the saint reward you for the deed!"

Agnes folded her sister in her arms.

"My sister, I will never forsake you, until I see you restored to God and his holy Church! I leave you no more!"

The priest now recalled them to their father's chamber, he was about to administer the last awful rights of religion to him. Marie assisted in lighting the candles which her religious sister had now brought from the convent; but Isabel fell prostrate on the floor. How could she venture to look upon the Holy of Holies?—she, whose life had been full of sin! The priest recited a short prayer aloud, and then, with a heart full of contrition and joy, the dying man received from his hands the awful sacrament of the body and blood of his Saviour and his Judge. Afterwards the priest anointed him with holy oil upon the eyes, mouth, &c. praying aloud that the sins he had committed through each of the senses might be forgiven in virtue of the sacrament of extreme unction. The poor penitent wept with joy through the whole of this most consoling rite, and answered every prayer in a voice tremulous and broken by emotion. The lights were extinguished, but still the priest remained

by the bed of death, and prayed audibly for mercy and grace towards the departing soul. He ceased, and at a sign from her father, Agnes raised her sister, and led her towards his bed. The dying man raised himself up with difficulty, and extending his hand towards them, he said:

"My children, whom I have wropped, before God and his saints, I entreat your pardon."

The words were apparently intended for both, but Isabel felt them to be addressed in a peculiar manner to the injured innocence of her own soul, and bending over his withered hand, she murmured softly,—

"God bless you, father."

"Thank you, my child. I die content."

A smile was upon his lips as he sank back upon his pillow. Then turning towards Agnes, he whispered,—

"Remember this unhappy child."

He closed his eyes, and a shadow, as of death, fell upon his face. The priest saw that the hour was come, and rising up he read that awful recommendation of the departing soul to the mercy of its Creator, beginning, "Depart, Christian soul," &c. Ere his voice had ceased, the man was dead; and kneeling down he cried out aloud, "'From the depths I have cried to thee, O Lord! Lord, hear my voice,'" &c. And thus, in prayer and supplication, he passed the night by the corpse of the repentant sinner.

The sisters stood beside the grave of their father,—Agnes in the garb of religion, Isabel in the mourning of the world.

"And here we part, my sister," said Agnes. "We part, but it is to meet again. On earth in spirit at the foot of the cross. In heaven, I trust, on the bosom of our Saviour."

Even as she spoke the priest who had attended at her father's death-bed came and took Isabel by the hand.

"My child," he said, in a kind but solemn voice, "am I indeed to understand that you have determined to forsake your evil ways, and to repent of your sins?"

Isabel fell upon her knees.

"With all my heart and with all my soul I do repent of them, father! Would to God that all those whom I have scandalized

by my life could be witnesses now of my shame and sorrow!"

"I believe you, my child!" The good father hesitated for a moment. I have spoken to the superior of the 'Bon Pasteur,' and she will gladly receive you. You are now, for a time, at least, about to retire from the world, and in prayer and supplication to ask pardon for your sins. But there is *one* who has a claim upon you. You may see her once more before you depart."

The unhappy girl covered her face with her hands, and her whole frame shook with her violent emotion. It was but for a moment; then removing her hands, every trace of emotion vanished from her calm, pale face. She said, in a tone of quiet resignation,—

"No, my father, the child of sin shall never again bring gladness to the eyes of her mother. I shall see her no more. I commit her to God and Agnes."

"She shall be cared for," said Agnes, in a solemn voice.

The sisters embraced once more; then Isabel drew her veil tightly over her face, and followed the priest.

There is a convent at Angers, and the holy sisters who are professed within its walls have devoted themselves to the noblest work of which the human soul is capable—to the protection and reclaiming of the forsaken sinner. Others have devoted themselves to the preservation and instruction of innocence, which naturally awakens pity and love in the human heart; but these noble beings have given their lives, their fortunes, their talents, their very souls, to the reformation of those whom the world indeed has rejected with scorn, but whom Christ once suffered, in the person of Magdalen, to sit at his feet. He who reads all the secrets of the human heart can alone understand the merit of these holy sisters, who, with their pure hearts and spotless reputations have devoted their lives to continual contact with coarse ignorance and vulgar crime. He alone can appreciate their sacrifice and reward it, and truly He does reward it, even with the hundred-fold. He has promised to his servants on earth.

Yes! the sister of the "Good Shepherd"

lies down at night upon her humble pallet, the prayers and blessings of the rescued sinner falling like softest dew upon her heart. She rises in the morning to teach those to pray who never prayed before, to engrave the sweet lessons of love and hope upon hearts that but for her had grown hard beneath the influence of crime, desperate beneath the scorn of that world which had lured them to error. The consciousness of many souls rescued through her means from a life of crime, is a charm to make the rough path she has chosen pleasant to her feet; and, at the hour of her death, who shall say these grateful spirits may not surround her bed, like ministering angels, bidding her soul go forth without fear to meet that Judge, whose sorrows she had so often soothed in the sorrows of his poor, whose heaven she had so often made glad, with the joy that angels feel over one sinner doing penance. It was to this blessed retreat from sin and sorrow that the good priest brought Isabel; and as the gates of the convent closed upon her, she felt she had no wish upon earth but to spend the rest of her life in bewailing her sins at the foot of the cross.

Years passed away and the sisters had not met. The one continued in her blessed vocation to hang like an angel of peace over the bed of disease, and to breathe words of contrition and love over the frozen heart of the sinner. The other had entered the order of the Magdalens in the "Bon Pasteur," and had thus devoted the remainder of her days to mourning over the errors of her early youth.

It happened one day that a young novice who had been sent on her daily duties under the care of Sister Agnes, was taken so seriously ill, that the latter was obliged to ask shelter for her in the convent of the "Bon Pasteur," near which they chanced to be at the time. There she was received with all love and kindness, and a surgeon was sent for, who, upon seeing her, instantly declared that a few hours must terminate her existence. Sister Agnes whispered a few words to the superior, who replied in a tone of deep commiseration, "Poor thing, poor thing! she shall be sent for directly."

A priest now came and administered the last sacraments of the Church to the young girl, and as he went through the awful forms of extreme unction, a look of heavenly joy was upon her dying face. Perhaps at that moment her good angel was suggesting to her the sweetest consolations that the soul can know in the awful hour of its departure from this world. Perhaps he told her that those eyes which the priest now anointed with holy oil, had ever been closed upon the vanities of this world,—that those ears had ever been open to the voice of distress,—those feet been often wearied in seeking its abode,—those hands been ever employed in administering to its wants,—those lips been only unclosed to instruct its ignorance or to console its afflictions. Well might her soul rejoice in the anticipation of those blessed words, “What you have done to the least of my brethren, you have done even unto me.” Since, in the midst of her deep humility, she could not but feel that those senses, for the sins of which the priest was even now imploring pardon, and which by others are so often made the agents of crime, had been used by her but as ministering angels to the sorrows of her Saviour in the persons of his poor.

So thought those who knelt around her bed; so thought *one* who lay prostrate at the half open door, and who, in the depths of her humility, deemed herself unworthy to enter the chamber where a saint was about to depart to the espousals of her Lord! The lights were extinguished, the prayers were said, and then Sister Agnes bent over the dying girl, and whispered something in her ear. A shadow fell upon that angel face; it seemed as if she had

been disturbed in a dream of heaven. But then she looked at the sister with a smile of acquiescence.

Agnes approached the door and led to the bed side the tottering form of the Magdalen who had been prostrate there. Isabel gazed for one moment upon the holy face of her child, and struck by an awful idea of her sanctity, she fell on her knees and whispered softly, “Spouse of Christ, pray for and bless thy mother.”

The girl sat upright in her bed, every feature of her face bright in the holy exultation of her soul, and falling into the arms of her mother, she cried out,—

“Mother! my mother! we shall meet in heaven!”

They laid her back upon the pillow, but she was dead. Isabel hid her face in the coverlet, while they read the prayers for the spirit gone to judgment. The rest of the assistants now departed, and the mother was left alone with the corpse of her child. One of the nuns soon came to seek her. She rose, imprinted one last kiss upon those lips, where a happy smile was lingering still, and then she followed the nun, her arms folded meekly on her bosom. Agnes met her at the door—she drew her sister towards her,—they gazed wistfully upon each well known face, then they fell into each other’s arms, and lifting up their voices, they wept aloud. It was but for a moment: Agnes withdrew, and the sisters met no more upon earth. But their souls were often blended together in prayer; and in patience and humble hope they awaited the day when they should meet once again upon the bosom of their Lord—that guiltless and that pardoned one! M. C. A.

Feast of St. Catharine of Sienna.

CHRISTIAN ARCHITECTURE.

BY T. E. GRAUB, ARCHT.

THE erection of some buildings in the pointed style in these United States, having directed of late public attention towards the old Christian architecture, I have thought that by connecting a few extracts from the works of the celebrated advocate of that style, Welby Pugin, I might throw some light on the true principles of religious structures. "Any thing may be built and called a church—any style, any plan, any detail."—*A. W. Pugin.*

These words of the modern Pierre de Montreuil are, alas! too true. How different the structures now erected for the worship of the Most High God, from those venerable piles which the faith of by-gone ages has left as standing proofs of the unity of spirit which animated the children of the Christian Church.

"Formerly," says Pugin, "the word church implied a particular sort of edifice, invariably erected on the same principle; it might be highly ornamented, or it might be simple; it might be large or small; lofty or low; costly or cheap; but it was arranged on a certain regulated system. Churches built hundreds of miles apart, and with the difference of centuries in the period of their erection, would still exhibit a perfect similarity of purpose, and by their form and arrangement attest that the same faith had instigated their erections, and the same rites were performed within their walls."

What was then the style which the whole Christian world had adapted to the dwellings of the Son of God? The Gothic or pointed architecture, which was formed from a fusion of the Norman and Saracenic styles, and which attained its highest degree of purity and perfection in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. This Christian style was then formed in the bosom of the Church; it was, therefore, modeled to suit our sacred rites, for which the monotonous

symmetry of the Pagan orders was utterly unfit.

But, some persons will observe, if this style be essentially Christian (I understand "Christian," in the sense it had before the dawn of that age of light, the sixteenth century, gave it its many different, nay, even opposite meanings), why did not the Christian metropolis adopt it for its own buildings? The answer is easy. When the Roman hydra crouched at the feet of the disciples of the Galilean fishermen, the temples existing were converted to the purposes of the new faith, and the others subsequently built were modeled after these. Besides few were the crusaders from the Papal territory, and the pointed style was introduced in a great measure by these pilgrim soldiers; for if we pass over to Lombardy, we will see that, though in the midst of the much admired productions of the Greek and Roman schools, the Milanese Christians thought the style which their knights had vaunted, well adapted to the erection of one of the richest piles that ever graced fair Italy, and we even find Sienna giving its name to one of the varieties of this truly Christian order.

But many and deeply rooted are the prejudices existing against the style; some the result of the discoveries, made by the philosophic expounders of the Gospel, of the ignorance, barbarity and superstitions of the old Catholics; others caused by some monstrosities erected by modern architects and christened Gothic. Here I will quote the writings of almost the only architect who in this century of enlightenment ever surmised that the non-reformed Christians knew what they were doing.

"It is very probable," says Pugin, "that many well disposed persons have been led to approve, or at least tolerate these miserable erections from a mistaken idea that nothing could be accomplished in the

pointed style under an immense cost. Now so far from this being the case, this architecture has decidedly the advantage on the score of economy, it can be accommodated to any materials, any dimensions, and any locality. The erroneous opinions formed on this subject, are consequent on the unfortunate results attending the labors of those who when about to build in the pointed style, take some vast church for their model, and then, without a twentieth of the space, or a hundredth part of the money, try to do something like it. This is certain to be a failure. Had they on the contrary, gone and examined some edifice of antiquity, corresponding in scale and intention to the one they wish to erect, they would have produced a satisfactory building at a reasonable cost. Some persons seem to imagine that every pointed church must be a cathedral or nothing. This has even been cited as a reason why the proposed new Catholic Church at York should not be Gothic on account of its vicinity to the cathedral. Nothing can be more absurd: no one would think for an instant of attempting to rival the extent or the richness of that glorious pile; but were there not above thirty parochial churches anciently in York? and did the builders think it expedient to depart from Catholic architecture in the design, on account of the stupendous cathedral? Certainly not. There were many buildings among them, and small ones too, equally perfect and beautiful for the purpose for which they were intended as the minster itself. Architecture to be good must be consistent. A parish church, to contain a few hundred persons, must be very differently arranged from a metropolitan cathedral; and if this principle be understood, and acted upon, the Catholics of York may erect an edifice suitable to their present necessities, which would not be unworthy of William de Melton or Walter Skirlaw.

"Churches must be regulated in their scale and decorations (as was formerly the case) by the means and numbers of the people; it being always remembered that the house of God should be as good, as spacious, as ornamented as circumstances will

allow. Many an humble village church of rubble walls and thatched roof has doubtless formed as acceptable an offering to Almighty God (being the utmost the poor people could accomplish) as the most sumptuous fabric erected by their richer brethren. Every thing is relative; a building may be admirable and edifying in one place which would be disgraceful in another. As long as the Catholic principle exists of dedicating the best to God, be that great or little, the intention is the same and the result always entails a blessing."

Thus we see that costliness is not the sole merit of this style, which independently of the feelings of religious awe it excites in our hearts, saves a considerable expense by the very principle on which it is founded, viz: that "the severity of Christian architecture is opposed to all deception."

"The two great rules for design," says Pugin, "are these—first, that there should be no features about a building which are not necessary for convenience, construction or propriety: secondly, that all ornament should consist of enrichment of the essential construction of the building. The neglect of these two rules is the cause of all the bad architecture of the present time. Architectural features are continually tacked on buildings with which they have no connexion, merely for the sake of what is termed effect; and ornaments are actually constructed instead of forming the decoration of construction, to which in good taste they should be always subservient.

"In pure architecture the smallest detail should have a meaning, or serve a purpose; and even the construction itself should vary with the material employed, and the designs should be adapted to the material in which they are executed."

That these principles have been strictly carried out in the Gothic style, a study of the different parts of a pointed building would soon prove; but that study is not at present our object.

Here then in a few words may we draw the contrast between the Christian and the Pagan styles. The former constructs the essential parts and beautifies them: the latter builds its ornaments, though in some

cases entirely useless; and it may here be remarked that nothing but the blind admiration of modern times for the ages of Paganism, and the wilful prejudices of the enlighteners of the world could have destroyed even the feeling of Catholic art.

The high pitch of the roof, the division of the breadth into nave and aisles, the liberty of employing any material, and of dispensing with strict symmetry, and many others are facilities which the architect will seek vainly in the Pagan styles, and the possibility of erecting for any sum a church, Catholic in its construction, is an advantage which in a country like ours should not be overlooked.

Sincerely hoping that at some future day Catholic art may be better understood, I will end these extracts by again quoting my author in his description of the rich parochial churches of Catholic England.

"An old English parish church, as originally used for the ancient worship, was one of the most beautiful and appropriate buildings that the mind of man could conceive; every portion of it answered both a useful and a mystical purpose. There stood the tower, not formed of detached and misapplied portions of architectural detail stuck over one another to make up a height, but solid buttresses and walls rising from a massive base, and gradually diminishing and enriching as they rise, till they were termi-

nated in a heaven-pointing spire surrounded by clusters of pinnacles, and forming a beautiful and instructive emblem of a Christian's brightest hopes. These towers served a double purpose, for in them hung the solemn sounding bells to summon the people to the offices of the Church, and by their lofty elevation they served as beacons to direct their footsteps to the sacred spot. There the southern porch, destined for the performance of many rites, the spacious nave and aisles for the faithful—the oaken canopy carved with images of the heavenly host, and painted with quaint and appropriate devices—the impressive doom or judgment pictured over the great chancel arch—the fretted screen and rood-loft—the mystical separation between the sacrifice and the people, with the emblem of the redemption carried on high and surrounded with glory—the great altar, rich in hangings, placed far from irreverent gaze, and with the brilliant eastern window terminating this long perspective; while the chantry and guild chapels, pious foundations of families and confraternities, contributed greatly to increase the solemnity of the glorious pile. Such is but a faint outline of the national edifices which have been abandoned for pewed and galleried assembly rooms decorated only with gas fittings and stoves, and without so much as one holy or soul-stirring emblem about them."

MISSIONS AT THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

NO. II.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF SOME OF THE INDIAN TRIBES IN THE COLUMBIA TERRITORY.

HOUSE of the Lakes.—The savages of this post, near the Rocky Mountains, are called "People of the Lakes," to whom the Canadian travellers had frequently spoken of their "Black Gowns." The missionaries were very cordially received by this first portion of the great flock confided to their care. During seventeen days they

cultivated in the best manner they could this growing vine, which promised to yield the most excellent fruits. As soon as they spoke to these poor infidels of God, the fall of Adam, the necessity of baptism, &c. those who had children, with great eagerness brought them to be baptized, in order, as they said, "to render their hearts to God,

and keep them from sin." Zealous and eager to be instructed, these good savages are prepared to be admitted into the Church, as soon as a clergyman will settle among them.

At Fort Colville, the missionaries were received by the chiefs of the Chaudieres, the Cinq-poils, the Spokon, the Piscoons, and the Okanagan, accompanied by some of their nation. Scarcely had they perceived the skiffs of the missionaries when they ran to the shore to meet them. Men, women, and children, all pressed forward with the greatest delight to shake hands with the missionaries. They listened with the greatest attention to the instructions of the latter, who thus scattered abroad the precious seed of the word, hoping that it would be productive, according to the designs of infinite mercy over this until now abandoned portion of the human family. It is easily perceived what progress religion would make among a people so well disposed, if evangelical laborers were sent to reside in the country which they inhabit. The five nations whom we have just mentioned, as well as the People of the Lakes and the Flat Heads, speak languages that differ little from each other, a circumstance which greatly facilitates their mutual intercourse, and which would require a missionary to know the language of only one nation to be understood by all the others.

At Fort Okanagan, we found the same good dispositions among the savages. To make them fervent Christians it would be sufficient to teach them what they must do to become such.

Fort Wallamalla, or the *Nez-perces*.—Some of the great men of the Kdous nation had come to this post to see the chiefs of the French people (a name given by the savages to the missionaries). They manifested the same satisfaction in seeing the black gowns, and the same zeal to hear them. They speak the language of the Nez-perces, which is entirely different from that of the Chaudieres and Flat Heads, and understand that of the People of the Falls, the Dalles, and the Cascades, who are scattered along the borders of the Columbia river, from Fort Wallamalla to that of Vancouver. A great

number of these savages understand the Tchinouk jargon.

Fort Vancouver.—The Tchinouks are settled along the Columbia from the fort to the Pacific ocean. Previous to 1830, they were very numerous and very rich; but at that period nearly the nine-tenths of them were destroyed by the fever. This malady was thought to be a scourge from God on account of their wicked life. It is said that at present their conduct and manners are not so vicious, with the exception of those who live near the fort, and who, from their communication with the whites are greatly demoralized. The missionaries did not receive much encouragement from the latter, and had reason to regret their separation from the good Indians higher up the river. But the greater part of the nation that live in the vicinity of Fort George, at the mouth of the Columbia, not being so depraved, lead us to hope that it will be possible to render them more susceptible of instruction. At the very moment the missionaries were writing these lines, they were informed that the chief of the Tchinouks had just arrived at the fort to see the French priests, and to ascertain whether they would be willing to instruct his people in the truths of salvation.

The language of the Tchinouks is so difficult that it is almost impossible to learn it, and differs entirely from that of the surrounding tribes. But they understand a jargon by means of which the whites generally can carry on an intercourse with the savages who frequent Fort Vancouver. This jargon (or gibberish), which consists of from three hundred and fifty to four hundred words, borrowed from different languages, is so easily acquired, that three months after his arrival, Mr. Demers possessed it well enough to explain the catechism to the catechumens without being obliged to commit to writing what he said. A great number of the savages of the Cascades, as well as of the Tlikat nation, understand the jargon, frequent the catechism and the evening prayers regularly, at Vancouver. Mr. Demers has translated into this dialect a portion of the prayers, and will translate the remainder at his leisure. He intends to study the language of the Tlikat, which

will be of great assistance to him for the instruction of this nation, and the inhabitants of the Falls and Cascades, who understand it well.

Establishment at Cowlitz.—The savages who live in the neighborhood of this establishment, where the missionaries intend to locate their principal station, for the most part understand the jargon. They promise the missionaries a brilliant prospect. After the visit of Mr. Blanchet, they said to the Canadians: "The priests are coming and we are poor; but we wish to do something for them; we will work and do whatever they tell us."

Establishment of Wallamette.—Mr. Blanchet who has already passed a month among the Canadians of this establishment, gives an unfavorable account of the savages that he has seen there. Their name is Kalapoaga. Their number has been much lessened by the fever. They are poor and indolent, and have the reputation of being prone to thieving. They avoid the missionaries; but it appears that the different tribes of this nation, who are settled near the head of the river Wallamette, would more willingly avail themselves of missionary aid. The Kalapoaga almost all speak the jargon.

The tribes of which we have just spoken are settled along, or in the neighborhood of the Columbia, and form only a very small part of the numerous inhabitants of the immense region which the English possess to the west of the Rocky Mountains. Some of those that are established along the coast of the ocean, in a northern direction, towards the Russian possessions, are still so barbarous, that the whites have not as yet ventured to penetrate among them for the operations of the fur-trade. Those of the interior to the north of the Columbia are generally more civilized; and according to the statement of the Canadians employed by the company, they would be pleased to receive the assistance of the missionaries.

PRINCIPAL TRIBES SOUTH OF THE COLUMBIA.

The Flat Heads.—These savages are es-

tablished in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains, on a river of the same name, which discharges itself into the Columbia. They are good, docile, and well-disposed to hear the Gospel. They have a desire to be acquainted with the black gowns.

The Kootanis inhabit the borders of the river which bears this name, and is also a tributary of the Columbia. Travellers relate that this nation manifests the same happy dispositions that were evinced by those whose chiefs they met at Fort Colville.

The Nez-perces are spread over the vast prairies not far from the Rocky Mountains, in a southern direction. Naturally good, mild, and full of respect for all that relates to the Great Master of life, they have nothing so much at heart, as to learn what they must do to serve Him, and to enjoy the aid of clergymen who will make known to them the religion of the French. They have told the Canadians that if a priest should come among them, he should want for nothing, and that the best produce of their chase would be for him. A rigid moral discipline prevails among this nation. When we consider all this, who will not exclaim in the words of the Gospel, "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few?" What can two missionaries do for the salvation of so many savage tribes, buried in the shades of death?

The English and the United States have been for many years contesting the right to a part of the territory of Columbia. The one side contends that the river Columbia is the limit which ought to separate the possessions of the two powers, whilst the other is of opinion that the line of division should be the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, as is the case east of the Rocky Mountains. In the first hypothesis, Cowlitz, Vancouver, and the most important establishments of the company, with the exception of those of Wallamette, would remain attached to the British territory, whilst in the second, they would be included in the possessions of the American union. It seems that the question will shortly be decided.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

ROME.—*Association of Priests.*—On the 11th of April, 1842, a pious association was established at Rome, having for its object to address prayers to the pure and immaculate heart of Mary, for the conversion of sinners; and his holiness, Gregory XVI, has granted many spiritual favors to the faithful who unite in this charitable work. A small volume has lately been published in England, detailing the ends, advantages and happy effects of this excellent society, to which we will advert more freely in a future number of the Magazine. We wish for the present to call attention to an association of a similar nature, since established in the capital of the Christian world, and consisting only of priests, secular and regular, who, in virtue of their connection with this confraternity, will endeavor to promote, as far as they can, the honor of the immaculate heart of Mary, the Mother of God, and to further, by every possible means that a prudent zeal may suggest, the conversion of sinners and of those who are astray in the devious paths of error and infidelity.

With this view the association is composed of not less than thirty priests, each of whom is required, on some specified day of every month, to offer the holy sacrifice of the mass for the above mentioned object, and in the oblation to pray that through the merits of Jesus Christ, and the intercession of his blessed mother, the whole world may become but one spiritual flock, united in one faith, under one head, the bishop of Rome. It is moreover recommended that the members of this society, in all their sacrifices, appeal to the divine mercy in behalf of sinners and others who have need of conversion. If more than thirty clergymen are enrolled in the society, more effectual supplications will be offered every month, and more abundant graces will be obtained. Any priest wishing to become a member of the association, must hand in his name in full and his place of residence to the director of the confraternity, who will keep a record of the same, and will give to each one a certificate of membership.

The names of several clergymen in the archdiocese of Baltimore will be forwarded to Rome for this purpose about the first of October. Those

reverend gentlemen who may desire to have their names forwarded by the same opportunity, are requested to report them, before the 25th of this month, to the editor of the U. S. Catholic Magazine.

The following is the Papal brief, approving and enriching with indulgences and other spiritual graces, the confraternity of priests united for the conversion of sinners, under the auspices of the immaculate heart of Mary.

"GREGORIUS PAPA XVI. *Ad perpetuam rei memoriam.*—Cum nullis certe Nostris promeritis, sed ineffabili divinæ providentiæ consilio aman- tissimi Christi Jesu vicariam hic in terris geramus operam, qui Dei filius ante luciferum, et ante omnia sæcula genitus propter nimiam, qua nos dilexit, caritatem, æ cælo in terras venit in similitudinem hominum factus, vocare peccatores, omnesque salvos facere; cum singulari sane studio, atque omni ope illa pia Instituta fovere, ac tueri solemus, quæ eo potissimum spectant, ut qui in tenebris, et umbra mortis sedent, atque in peccatorum cæno jacent, ad veritatis lumen traducti, atque ad salutis tramitem revocati ingrediantur vias Domini; itaque per similes Nostras Apostolicas Litteras die 15 Februarii superiori anno datas Sodalitatem, seu Piam Unionem Sanctissimi Cordis Mariæ pro conversione peccatorum in Parochiali Æde S. Laurentii in Lucina hujus Nostræ Almæ Urbis approbandam, eamque cælestibus Ecclesiæ thesauris ditandam existimavimus. Nunc autem ut magis, magisque in justitiæ semitam possint redire, qui ab ea aberrant, Nobis expositum est in eadem Parochiali Ecclesia S. Laurentii aliam Piam Sodalitatem seu Unionem institui quæ sub auspiciis Immaculati Mariæ Cordis ex utriusque Cleri Presbyteris tantum constet, quorum numero non minori triginta, qui omnes statuto unicuique mensis die Divinam Hostiam pro omnium peccatorum, atque infidelium conversione immolare debent, quemadmodum ex ipsius sodalitatæ præscriptis patet, quæ italico sermone exarata hisce Litteris inserenda mandavimus, prout sequitur, nempe "Pia Unione di Sacerdoti riuniti sotto gli auspici del Sacro Cuore di Maria Santissima per la conversione de' Peccatori. Jam verò cum à Nobis suppliciter petitum fuerit, ut hujusmodi Presbyterorum Sodalitatem Auctoritate Nostrâ approbare velimus, Nos quibus nihil po-

tius esse potest, quam ut spiritualia cujusque generis comparentur subsidia, quibus errantes ad salutis semitam possint redire; piis hisce votis alacri, libentique animo annuendum censuimus. Quamobrem omnes et singulos, quibus hæ Litteræ favent, peculiari beneficentia prosequi volentes, et à quibusvis excommunicationis, suspensionis, et interdicti, aliisque ecclesiasticis sententiis, censuris, ac pœnis quocumque modo, vel quacumque de causâ latis, si quas forte incurrerint, hujus tantum rei gratia absolventes, ac absolutos fore consentes hisce Litteris Auctoritate Nostrâ Apostolicâ Piam Presbyterorum Sodalitatem, seu Unionem in Parochiali Ecclesia Sancti Laurentii in Lucina hujus Urbis sub auspiciis Immaculati Mariæ Cordis pro peccatorum conversione instituendam, atque illius præscripta hisce Litteris inserta approbamus et confirmamus. Atque huic Presbyterorum Sodalitati omnes, et singulas gratias, atque indulgentias, quibus alia ejusmodi nominis sodalitas in commemorata Parochiali Ede S. Laurentii jam instituta, ac prædictis Nostris Apostolicis Litteris probata fruitur, concedimus, atque impertimur. Præterea celestes Ecclesiæ thesauros ejusdem sodalitatæ Presbyteris largiri volentes, ipsis Presbyteris plenariam concedimus indulgentiam, quo die statutum sacrosanctum Missæ sacrificium pro peccatorum conversione celebraverint. Insuper de Omnipotentes Dei misericordia, ac Beatorum Petri et Pauli Apostolorum Ejus auctoritate confisi, ut quodcumque ejusdem Sodalitatis Presbyteri Sacrosanctum Missæ Sacrificium ad quodcumque Altare celebraverint, Missæ Sacrificium hujusmodi tribus tantum vicibus pro qualibet hebdomada Animæ, seu Animabus pro qua, seu quibus celebratum fuerit perinde suffragetur, ac si ad Altare privilegiatum fuisset celebratum eadem Auctoritate Nostrâ hisce Litteris pariter concedimus, et indulgemus. Denique in cujuslibet ipsius Sodalitatis Sacerdotum mortis articulo, si verè pœnitentes et confessi, ac Sacram Communionem refecti, vel quatenus id facere nequiverint, saltem contriti nomen Jesu ore, si potuerint, sin minus corde devote invocaverint pariter plenariam omnium peccatorum suorum indulgentiam, et remissionem in Domino misericorditer impertimur. Hæc concedimus, et indulgemus, statuimus et mandamus, decernentes has præsentis Litteras firmas, validas, et efficaces existere, et fore, suosque plenarios, et integros effectus sortiri, et obtinere, iisque ad quos spectat, et pro tempore spectabit hoc, futurisque temporibus plenissimè suffragari, sicque in præmissis per quoscumque Judices Ordinarios, et Delegatos, etiam Causarum Palatii Apostolici Auditores, ac Sanctæ Romanæ Ec-

clesiæ Cardinales judicari, ac definiri debere, irritumque et inane quidquid secus super his à quoquam quavis auctoritate scienter, vel ignoranter contigerit attentari. Non obstantibus Apostolicis, atque in Universalibus, Provincialibusque, et Synodalibus, Conciliis editis generalibus, vel specialibus Constitutionibus, et Ordinationibus, ceterisque in contrariam facientibus quibuscumque.

Datum Romæ apud Sanctum Petrum sub Anulo Piscatoris die 10 Mensis Februarii Anno 1843. Pontificatus Nostri anno decimotertio.

A CARD. LAMBRUSCHINI."

Indulgences granted to the pious association of the faithful who address themselves to the Sacred Heart of Mary for the conversion of sinners, and which are enjoyed also by the clerical association mentioned above.

1. A plenary indulgence and full remission of sin to each member of the association, to be gained on the day of his admission, provided he approach worthily the sacraments of penance and the holy eucharist.

2. A plenary indulgence at the hour of death for those who will have made a good confession and communion, or, if they cannot receive these sacraments, will devoutly invoke the most holy name of Jesus, in their heart, when they cannot pronounce it with their lips.

3. A plenary indulgence to those who will receive the sacraments of penance and the holy eucharist, on the Sunday preceding that of Septuagesima, and on the following festivals; the circumcision of our Lord, the Purification, Annunciation, Nativity, Assumption, Conception, and Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin; the Conversion of St. Paul, St. Mary Magdalen, and the third Sunday after Pentecost, on which day the confraternity celebrates the feast of the sacred and immaculate heart of Mary.

4. A plenary indulgence to those who will devoutly recite every day, a Hail Mary for the conversion of sinners. This indulgence may be gained once in the year, by any member, on the anniversary of his baptism, by a worthy reception of the sacraments of penance and the holy eucharist.

5. An indulgence of five hundred days on every Saturday in the year, to be gained by the members, and by any of the faithful who will piously assist at the mass which may be celebrated on that day in honor of the most sacred heart of Mary; provided at that time they pray for the conversion of sinners.

FRANCE.—Mademoiselle de Haber, a Jewess, and the granddaughter of M. Worms de Romilly, president of the central consistory of the Israel-

ites in France, has been converted, and was married the other day, says *L'Ami de la Religion*, to M. Groncy. The marriage took place with all the Catholic rites, in the church of Notre Dame de Lorette.—*Tablet*.

BELGIUM.—Education.—In 1840 there were in Belgium four thousand nine hundred and seventy-five primary schools, with four hundred and fifty-three thousand three hundred and eighty-one scholars. In the province of Antwerp seventy-seven schools, and two thousand four hundred and eight scholars have been added, in the last two years, to the numbers in 1840. In West Flanders the increase in schools is two hundred and two, and in scholars thirty-eight thousand fifty-seven. In East Flanders the new scholars are thirteen thousand nine hundred and thirty-three. In Limburg the increase of schools is thirty. In Hainault one hundred and twenty-four schools and six thousand eight hundred and two scholars have been added in two years; and in Namur ten schools with eight hundred and thirty scholars have been added. We have no reports from Luxembourg, Liege, or Brabant, but know that their progress is proportioned to that of the other provinces.

Children of China.—The following is from the *Journal de Bruxelles* of the 8th:—Yesterday (Friday) Mgr. Forbin Janson, bishop of Nancy, preached again in the church of the Friars Minors, as he had promised on the previous day; the auditory was still more numerous than before. The venerable prelate showed how much Christianity had ameliorated the lot of children. Among the greater number of the nations of antiquity, the father had power of life and death over his offspring, in some cases the law obtained the death of those who were born with weak constitutions. Among the modern nations whom the Gospel has not yet enlightened, the same barbarism still prevails. Law, manners, customs, even the very hearts of parents are pitiless of the life of infancy. Thus, in China, at the present moment, thousands of innocent creatures perish every year in the waters, or by exposure where they become the prey of beasts. For a long period has Christian charity been struggling to soften the obdurate barbarism, or to neutralize its effects; and never has an opportunity presented itself so favorable as at present—the coasts of China are no longer closed against Europeans. A project has been formed to collect, or to purchase up all the infants whom the indifference of families would sacrifice, to educate them in the neighborhood of that vast empire, and at length to send them back into their own land Christians, missionaries, the friends of European civi-

lization. Mgr. Forbin Janson is the zealous propagator of this noble work. Since May last, an association for the purpose has existed in France, and the pious prelate expresses his hopes that the Belgians, renowned for their attachment to the faith, would gather in crowds to labor in the "Holy Infancy." A spirited subscription of one sous will form a collection large enough to pay the emissaries, Christian and Chinese, who are to gather up and purchase these poor infant outcasts, and to deposit them safely in the arms of Christian charity, which will watch over them night and day.—*Tablet*.

Conversions.—In the church of the Madeleine, at Brussels, on the 15th July, at seven o'clock in the morning, an entire family of Protestants abjured their heresy, and were received into the Catholic Church by the hands of the dean. They consisted of six persons—a widow, four daughters and a son.—*Ibid*.

At Brussels, on the 30th July, in company with Bishop Hughes of New York, was the celebrated Père De Smet, whose labors among the Indians of North America, especially the tribe of Flatheads, were so remarkable.—*Ibid*.

SAVOY.—Miss Jane Whellier, daughter of the late Thomas Whellier, Esq., of Exeter, made a public renunciation of the errors of Anglicanism, and profession of the Catholic faith, on the 26th of June last, in the parish church of *Sizt*, in Savoy. The ceremony was assisted by three priests, and the Baroness — (sister of the Baron de Louche) as godmother; the new convert, according to the custom of the place, being clothed in violet-colored silk, white veil, &c., and kneeling in the middle of the church. Miss Whellier left England a few years ago a very zealous member of the Church of England, has since resided with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Glover, of the *Abbaye de Sizt*—both Protestants—and has been exposed to no human influence that could shake her faith, other than that of the example of the people of Savoy, amongst whom, as acknowledged by Protestant residents, *crime is unknown*.—*Tablet*.

SPAIN.—We have at length come to an end of the contradictory and unintelligible reports of what was going to be the end of the insurrection in Spain, by the sudden arrival of the end itself. This being so, we hope Mr. O'Connell's words at Tullamore may turn out to be prophetic. "I am come," said the Liberator, "to that time of life when superstition is said to darken the human character. It may be so with me, but I must say that I attribute the fall of Espartero to the silent voices raised towards heaven, under the direction of the sacred pontiff—to the universal

prayers recently offered to God for the Church in Spain. I do really think I can see the response of heaven in the mouldering away, without an effort, of all the power of that bad man." We say we hope these words may prove prophetic, and that the overthrow of Espartero, brought about as it has been, is not the beginning of heavier sorrows and affliction than those of which he was the minister. Undoubtedly, however, the power of this man, struck by the ban of the Church, has mouldered away, seemingly without an effort. He has stood against many formidable shocks, and some able rivals. He has weathered many difficulties, and he seemed to have triumphed over all obstacles. He stood alone. In another year the term of his regency would have expired, and he might then have relinquished peaceably, and with apparent honor, the helm of state, if he found himself unable to grasp it any longer. But no; this was not to be; and accordingly in the height of his power, apparently without any motive, without a plan, without a common object, all classes have united to hurl him from the power he had abused, and which, perhaps, every one of them would have abused as fearfully; many of them, indeed, much more fearfully. The insurrectionists under Narvaez—the confidant of Queen Christina—and the Esparterists, under General Seane, had an engagement on the 22d inst. at Torrejon. It lasted for a quarter of an hour, at the end of which period the troops on both sides "fraternized" for the benefit of Narvaez. Seane and the son of Zurbano were taken prisoners, while Zurbano took refuge in Madrid. The metropolis was summoned to surrender unconditionally; and on the evening of the 28d Narvaez made a triumphant entry into Madrid. Meanwhile, Espartero has been either unable or unwilling to strike a blow; and even if the prayers of the Church have not been heard in his downfall—if a worse government is designed to succeed that which is now passing away, we may, at least, be permitted to reflect that his downfall is the punishment of a public criminal, is an article of retributive vengeance against a cowardly persecutor of the Church.—*Tablet*.

We have heard, and believe that we may state it as a fact, that his holiness, by a decree of the 18th of March last, has conceded to the most illustrious and excellent Signor Don Juan Bonel y Orbe, bishop of Cordova, for a period of five years, the same powers which were set forth in the decree of 1837, to the late Patriarch, Allue y Sese.—*Catolico*, July 1.

The junta of safety, at Valencia, have decreed:

1. That all the national property which had be-

longed to the secular clergy and to the convents of religious of that province, and which had not been previously sold, should be placed in the hands of a commission, composed of three individuals, one elected by the secular, another by the regular clergy, and the third to be appointed by the Intendant of the province. The property so placed in commission to be applied to the support of the clergy respectively, the secular and regular, according to the original ownership of the property. The unappropriated property of the Church has also been kept for the same sacred purpose at Salamanca; and what is remarkable in the present insurrection, is the Catholic spirit that it breathes. "Santiago y Cierra España," is the general war-cry of the anti-Esparterists.—*Catolico*, July 24.

PORTUGAL.—*Lisbon*.—The bishop of Leiria was consecrated yesterday. The ceremony was performed by the patriarch, in his private chapel at St. Vincent's, assisted by the bishops of Cape Verd and Elvas.—*Tablet*.

Arrived at this court (Lisbon, July 10), by the English packet, the Signor Adriano Borgia, one of the guard nobles to his holiness, bearing the cardinal's hat to his eminence the patriarch of Lisbon. By the same packet were received despatches containing the confirmations granted in the secret consistory of the 19th ult., to the lord bishops of Oporto and Macao, and the archbishop of Goa. Thus fall the vaticinations that, with evil eye, foresaw the abandonment of all negotiations with the holy see relative to the church of Portugal. We hope to see concluded, within a short time, all that concerns a treaty so important—a matter so conducive to the perfect re-establishment of order and tranquillity in our country.—*Diario di Governo*.

LIBERIA.—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Barron, Catholic bishop of Liberia, after a short visit to his friends in Waterford, left that city for Bristol on Friday, on his way to take charge of the distant and laborious mission assigned to him by the holy see. His lordship, we are happy to say, is in good health. He was accompanied to Bristol by the Rev. John Sheehan, P. P., St. Patrick's; Rev. Martin Flynn, P. P., Trinity Without; and Rev. J. P. Cooke, of St. John's College.—*Cork Examiner*.

GERMANY.—At Cologne, on the last sitting of the committee appointed to superintend the works at the cathedral, the archbishop communicated a letter from the king of Bavaria, suggesting the establishment of an association of the members of the Germanic confederation, for the completion of the cathedral, and promising, for his own contribution, ten thousand florins

annually, during his life from his civil list, independently of the four painted-glass windows which he has already undertaken to present.

ENGLAND.—*Memoir of the late Rt. Rev. Peter Augustine Baines, Bishop of Siga, and Vicar Apostolic of the Western District in England, &c.* The following memoir of the late Dr. Baines, from the pen of one of his private friends, which has been handed to us for insertion, will probably be found interesting to many of our readers. With the numerous memoirs that must shortly appear of the Right Rev. Dr. Baines, this short and hurried notice, written in the deepest affliction, cannot hope to compete, either in its general detail, or in its manner of treatment; still, should the affectionate admirers of the deceased prelate be at all gratified with the following early particulars, the object of the writer will have been abundantly fulfilled. The Right Rev. Dr. Baines was born of respectable parents, in Kirby, a small village not very distant from Liverpool, in the Spring of 1786. When he was about eleven years of age, he was sent to Lampspring, a Benedictine Convent, situated in Prussian Germany, in order to pursue his studies for the Church, to which his parents destined him. He soon distinguished himself in this convent by his proficiency in his studies, and here it was that, at an early age, he laid the foundation of his future high attainments as a classical scholar. He remained in this convent about four years, until the period of the suppression of ecclesiastical establishments during the French revolution, when he was obliged to return to England. After a few months spent with his parents, he repaired to Ampleforth, which had just been purchased by the Benedictines for a conventual and collegiate establishment. Here, though very young, he was appointed to superintend the department connected with the studies of the college, which he conducted with very great ability and success, at the same time pursuing his own course of divinity, in order to prepare himself for the holy state to which he was an aspirant. At the age of twenty-four we see him ordained priest, and shortly after appointed to the Bath mission. Previous to his departure from the north, he preached several most powerful sermons; the one he delivered at Sheffield excited particular attention. In the year 1817, he arrived at Bath, in which his zeal for the progress of his religion had ample scope for manifestation. This was speedily shown by his dutiful discharge of his missionary functions, by the superior splendor with which the ritual of his Church was revived, and by his splendid pulpit discourses. It was in this town that his incessant labors,

both of body and mind, gave the first shock to a constitution naturally far from delicate. In 1823, Mr. Baines was appointed coadjutor to Bishop Collingridge, and was consecrated bishop in Dublin on the 1st of May, in the same year. He was, therefore, at the period of his decease, the senior vicar apostolic of the Catholic Church in England. Increasing bad health soon rendered a continental tour advisable, not to say necessary; and during the three years spent abroad with the object of repairing a shattered constitution, Bishop Baines amassed stores of knowledge which subsequently obtained for him the reputation of being one of the best informed men of his day. We may also look back to this period as to the time when the elegant taste with which he was gifted by nature was improved and fully developed, and which taste became afterwards so apparent in the arrangement and disposal of the college and grounds of Prior Park, purchased by him, almost unaided, and certainly with the greatest opposition from numerous quarters, soon after his return home. This event took place shortly after the demise of Bishop Collingridge. It is much to be feared that whatever advantages his enfeebled frame may have derived from his continental sojourn, were completely counteracted by the severe shock which his lordship must have experienced at the conflagration of 1836, by which the centre mansion, in which his lordship and the supporters of the college resided, was totally consumed. Few persons could have borne up against an adversity so unforeseen, so unexpected. Nothing daunted in mind, however much affected bodily, and with a faith capable of removing mountains, the subject of this notice proceeded to repair this so severe a loss, and with the blessing of God lived to see himself the founder and the father of two noble colleges, admirably adapted for the rearing of his youthful clergy, and for the instruction of children of tender age, as well as the education of young men preparing to tread the stage of life. We are lost in wonder when we behold the noble effects produced by the genius of a single man, working, we had almost said, alone. The system of studies, both secular and ecclesiastical, pursued at these colleges, and which is printed in the form of a pamphlet, was principally devised by Dr. Baines, and has met with the unqualified approbation of several of the leading men, both of the Catholic and the Protestant world. As a preacher, Dr. Baines had no superior, and to whom shall we point as to an equal? The popularity of his discourses may be illustrated by the fact that a single sermon preached by him at Bradford, in Yorkshire,

entitled "Faith, Hope, and Charity," has been translated into all the languages of Europe; and the number of copies circulated in England alone must have exceeded the enormous amount of three hundred thousand.* All who have had the pleasure of being present at his lordship's sermons must have fully appreciated the distinctness of articulation, the solidity of argument, the simplicity of subject-matter, intelligible to the meanest capacity, and that quiet ease in delivery, which, while it impressed every beholder with its perfect nature, grace, and beauty, caused each to wonder how it was attainable in his own particular case, and proved how much more easy it is to *admire* than to *imitate* perfection. His piety was so great that when speaking of the passion and sufferings of our Saviour, he never failed to melt into tears, and was often totally overpowered by his feelings. As a private gentleman, Dr. Baines must ever be remembered for his noble and independent spirit, for his unimpeachable honor, for his courtesy and solid acquirements. To an intimate acquaintance with the classics, together with the dead and living languages, must be added a refined taste for music, a love of the fine arts generally, and a success in the cultivation of poetry, only to be equalled by the masterly prose compositions which are the offspring of his varied genius. As a Christian minister, and a bishop of the Catholic Church, Dr. Baines fulfilled his duties impartially, and with unflinching zeal. To the poor his loss will be great—his heart ever bled for their sorrows, and in him they had a powerful and a willing advocate. One of the latest productions of his pen demands, rather than solicits help for the distressed; and in the Lenten Pastoral of 1848, the voice of the Church calls through him, in majestic language, for the exercise of the greatest of virtues, a virtue which "covereth a multitude of sins," a virtue by which those who "give to the poor, lend to the Lord." Dr. Baines, it has been justly remarked, died as he had lived, in the full discharge of his duties. When this benevolent, talented, and more than beloved pastor, had attended the annual exhibition of studies, and had opened a new church at Bristol, he knew and felt that his college and district were on a firm footing. What had he now to attach him to the world? "You will believe me, gentlemen," were his words on the evening before his decease, when he returned thanks for the rapturous manner in which his health had been received, "you will believe me, gentlemen, when I say that I have this night

met with the only earthly reward I could covet." This language was prophetic! He retired to rest, exhausted with his too great labors, and next morning, July 6th, Dr. Baines was no more! He had breathed forth his soul during sleep, and we trust has gone only to meet with that reward in comparison of which the rewards of this earth are as nothing. The consciousness of having done his duty faithfully, endowed his features even in death with a placid smile, which four days afterwards remained unaltered, even with the ravages of incipient decomposition. His lordship will be buried, as he had often during his life time expressed a wish, in the chapel of the college—there will be seen his tomb—but build no monument to Bishop Baines. Hasten to Prior Park and there

"Si quæris monumentum, circumspecte."

There view that colossal mind cast in stone! Thus, then, has the reminiscent thrown together the few remarks which he trusts will not be deemed uninteresting to the friends of the deceased bishop; and thus have a few general facts been attempted to be recorded in these sentences of a life which volumes hereafter will fail to sufficiently illustrate. Hundreds and thousands may weep over the loss which Providence in its inscrutable judgments, has called upon them to bear; but from the chain of individual existence can no single link have been riven with more violence, than from that of the compiler of these hurried remarks.

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,
Nulli flebilior quam mihi!

Tablet.]

MÆRENS.

More converts to Catholicity.—On the festival of Corpus Christi the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer celebrated the august ceremony of the mass at St. Mary's college, Oscott, near Birmingham. This estimable divine afterwards administered the holy sacrament of Communion to four divines of the Protestant Church, viz: the Rev. Messrs. Smith, Talbot, Renon and Sparks, who are about to take orders in the Catholic Church, and to the Rev. Messrs. Conolly and Sankey, the former a Protestant, and the latter a Dissenting clergyman. The Rev. Mr. Stanley was followed within the fold of Catholicity by not less than thirty-eight members of his flock. Nothing could be more solemn and imposing than the ceremonies, and more impressive than the proceedings upon this occasion.—*Tablet*.

IRELAND.—A very interesting volume has been lately issued in Dublin, containing the life of the Ven. J. B. de la Salle, founder of the Christian Schools, with an historical sketch of

* Two large editions, one of them stereotype, have been issued in the United States.

the institute to the present time; translated from the French of Père Garreau, S. J.; and also an account of the rise and progress of the society in Ireland. By the Christian Brothers. In reviewing this work, the editor of the *Tablet* makes the following just remarks: " 'Monks,' says a modern writer who ought to know better, 'are a very strange, extinct species of the human family; the gospel of Richard Arkwright once promulgated, no monk of the old sort is any longer possible in this world.' The gospel of Richard Arkwright, say we in reply, once promulgated and received with universal belief, 'monks of the old sort' are not only longer possible in this world, but more than ever indispensable to save it from absolute ruin. Nay, the more completely the Arkwright gospel has become the universal creed, the more necessary is it that rude, old-fashioned monkery should quietly rise up in opposition to it, and warn this new civilization that unless it can accommodate itself both to the garb and the spirit of that which has passed away; unless it can make friends with that which it least resembles; unless it can find out the necessity for, and joyfully use the services of this despised race, this 'extinct species of the human family,' its days must be troubled and evil, full of wretchedness and despair. What, indeed, is there in Arkwright's gospel, or in any gospel of mechanics and useful knowledge, to make monkery extinct? Whether man's clothes are made of woollen or cotton, whether manufactured by jennies or the simplest invented engines, it really seems to us that the powers of a man's soul, the functions of his body, and the discipline heathful for his immortal part, are now exactly what they ever were. The outer fashion of the monk may vary; the cut of his robe in the nineteenth century may differ from that of the twelfth; the blanket round his loins may give place to broad cloth, and the coarse garment with which he clothes himself may be of a different texture from what it was wont—but, on the whole, poverty and riches bear the same relation to each other that they ever did; deal boards are still hard lodging; dry crusts and water still make a homely diet; and whether the torn robe be fastened by a shabby button, or girded by a ragged cord, the outward appearance of poverty is still—nay, is now more than ever—an object of aversion and contempt. That these things are now, far more than in the twelfth century, abhorrent to all our notions, that poverty still exists in all its hideousness, that riches are more followed after, and more estranged from poverty than ever, and that a spirit of Epicurean luxury now more than ever snares, enfeebles,

and destroys the functions of the immortal spirit, binding it down in sad slavery to the interests of the flesh—these very causes which seem to have extinguished monkery are, to us, only proofs of its increased necessity, and pledges for its never being extinct.

"It was one of the functions of the 'monks of the old sort,' to keep schools and teach the poor; and now, as if by anticipation, to disprove the assertion of our human naturalist curious after 'extinct species,' we have in these dominions of Arkwright and Victoria an entirely modern order of monks—'of the old sort,' for all that—whose special business it is to teach the poor gratuitously, to live in voluntary poverty, chastity, and obedience, and to cultivate a spirit of voluntary penance and mortification for the salvation of their own souls. Under some little novelty in point of form, this seems to us in substance a 'monkery' of the 'old sort.' Under the impression that this is the case, we welcome it most heartily; at the same time devoutly hoping that if these worthy Christian Brothers have any of the Gospel according to Arkwright grimed into their souls (as it is very hard now-a-days to avoid such pollution), they will take the speediest and readiest methods of cleansing themselves down to 'the old sort' of spiritual cleanness. We welcome them, and also we welcome this book, the translation of a life (written by a Jesuit) of the venerable founder of their order—Jean Baptiste de la Salle.

"In fact, we think most of our readers will agree with us in feeling that in these times, when the question of primary education has assumed a most momentous and formidable appearance, the life of the venerable and holy man by whom, and by whose example France, Belgium, and Ireland have been covered with teachers, trained in the discipline of Christ's law of perfection for the accomplishment of this task, must have a very peculiar interest. It is not merely the history of an individual, but the history of the struggles of a system—the history of the struggles by which local prejudices, the natural distrust of novelties, and the opposition of pecuniary interests, were manfully resisted, and, in the main, overcome; and a Christian system of education finally and completely established. This history has much in it that directly concerns us. We have the same task to do as that accomplished by M. de la Salle. We have all around us a nominally Catholic but uneducated population, whom we have neglected hitherto, but whom we must find out the means of teaching. We are threatened with the baneful proselytism of power, and the imposition upon us

of teachers who cannot but be perilous and hurtful to the last degree; in other words, with the imposition upon us of teaching many degrees worse than ignorance itself. How are we to overcome these difficulties? How are we to fulfil these duties? The volume now before us will inform us how, in other times and another country, a hero and a saint underwent the buffetings of a life of martyrdom, in order to make these questions easier for us to answer; how he founded an institute, by which (as we have to do) he waged, in proportion to his means, a successful war against both ignorance and heresy, and assaulted the enemy in his strongholds. With the interest of a novel, it paints the rise and progress of this institute, its early struggles, its hardships, its triumph, its temporary destruction by the French revolution, its resuscitation after the storm had blown over, and its later progress in France and Ireland to the present time. *Tablet*.

Testimonial to the late Rt. Rev. Dr. England.—The Catholic clergy of Cork have nobly shown their piety and patriotism in coming forward to record their unanimous desire to erect an unfading monument to the virtues, talents, and apostolic efforts of the late illustrious bishop of Charleston, Right Rev. Dr. England, who was born in the city of Cork, in 1786, and whose fame and merits are esteemed by the best and brightest men of the new and old world.—*Ibid*.

Dr. Fletcher.—We are sorry to learn that the venerable and learned Dr. Fletcher, author of "The Comparative View," and many other useful works of Catholic controversy, is in a very feeble state of health. Dr. Fletcher was O'Connell's tutor at St. Omer's.

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—We have the gratification to announce that the Most Rev. Archbishop has returned to Baltimore, after an absence of four weeks, in a greatly improved state of health.

Cathedral Public School.—The members of the Cathedral congregation, and the friends of reli-

gious education generally, will learn with pleasure that this school, which is intended for the education of the male children of the Cathedral district will be opened on the first Monday of the present month. Arrangements have been made, by which the school will be placed, in the course of some months, under the direction of the brothers of the Christian schools. In the meanwhile the school will be entrusted to competent teachers, under the superintendence of the rector, and a particular attention will be paid to the moral and religious instruction of those who frequent it. See *Advertisement*.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF ANOTHER CONVERT.—The name of the companion of Mr. Bailey, in his studies for the priesthood, is Geo. F. Haskins, formerly an Episcopal minister at Boston, and director of the house of refuge. He was received into the Catholic Church by a clergyman of the diocese of Boston, Rev. William Wiley, if we are not misinformed, and subsequently went to Rome, where he contributed much to the conversion of Mr. Bailey. Subsequently they went to Paris, and entered into the institution of St. Sulpice, where they are at present. In letters to their friends they express their happiness in their present situation.—*Catholic Herald*.

OBITUARY.

DIED.—In Eastport, Maine, on the 23d July, at the residence of the Rev. B. Caraher, the Rev. E. L. Desmelier, officiating missionary amongst the Passamaquoddy Indians, aged thirty-eight. The deceased was a native of France—was fourteen years a missionary to the above tribe—had erected a beautiful church at Pleasant Point—was their chief adviser on all occasions—and it may well be supposed that his death will be severely felt by them.—*N. E. Rep.*

On Thursday, 3d ult., at St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum in Philadelphia, Sister Petronilla Smith, for fifteen years directress of this institution. For several years her health has been gradually sinking. Her death corresponded with her edifying life.—*Catholic Herald*.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Manual of Catholic Melodies, or a compilation of Hymns, Anthems, &c., with appropriate airs and devotional exercises. By Rev. James Hærner. Baltimore: John Murphy. 18mo. pp. 448. We have already observed, in noticing this

publication in its yet uncompleted state, that it was a judicious compilation and that the want of such a work had long been felt by the Catholic community. The publication of a volume like the present, we know, has been frequently sug-

gested by enlightened and experienced clergymen, and when we consider the pretensions of the work and the purposes for which it has been printed, we cannot but think that it will prove a very useful auxiliary to the cause of Catholic piety. The author has rendered considerable service to religion, although his production, as he intimates himself, is not free from imperfections. In fact, a work of this description seldom is. Some of the airs, not remarkable for any peculiar melody, might have been judiciously omitted, and others introduced; but this is a matter of taste, and "de gustibus non est disputandum." The main object of the work is to furnish a manual of sacred music, adapted to family use, devotional meetings, and the pious entertainment of youth on such occasions as first communion, confirmation, the opening and close of studies, catechism," &c., and in general for all occasions when the use of hymns in the vernacular tongue can be introduced without any departure from the spirit of the Church. A great portion of the hymns, psalms, and anthems, are in the Latin language and may be used at any time. The volume is very systematically arranged, offering to the pious Christian an ample collection of prayer and song in reference to the ordinary duties of a Christian life, the blessings and mysteries of religion, and to miscellaneous occasions. The vesper service abounds in excellent selections, and above all is to be commended for the wise adoption of the ancient airs for the psalms, which are not only venerable for their antiquity, but impressively beautiful and rich in melody. If the volume before us did no more than aid in the substitution of these airs for the light and flimsy chant that is so often used in singing the inspired song of the royal prophet, its usefulness would still be great. Prefixed to it is an essay on the "art of singing," which is a valuable accompaniment. As to the mechanical execution of this work, it must win additional laurels for the publisher, as a master of his art. The typography is elegant, and set off with three finely executed engravings.

Letters on the Spanish Inquisition: by M. Le Comte Joseph Le Maistre. Translated from the French, with a preface, additional notes, and illustrations. By T. J. O'Flaherty, S. E. C. Boston: P. Donahoe, 1843. 12mo. pp. 178.

We have been politely favored with a copy of this work, by Mr. Murphy of Baltimore. It is very neatly printed, on fine paper, and as a specimen of typography in general, it is very creditable to the publisher. We regret, however, that this excellent workmanship was not bestowed

upon a more meritorious translation of Count de (not Count le) Maistre's profound and instructive work on the Inquisition. The translation of an author's writings should be accurate, faithful, and as far as possible, expressive of his spirit and feeling, particularly when they hold so distinguished a rank in the philosophic and literary world, as those of Count de Maistre. We shall not point out the same errors of this production that have been noticed by our cotemporaries; we shall confine ourselves to one or two remarks in reference to other faults that have come under our observation. In the second letter, the translator, by rendering the text incorrectly, produces a countersense, p. 29. The words quoted by Count de Maistre, from a French periodical, are "qui ne croyoient qu'en Dieu," which mean, *who believed only in God*; in the translation this passage being rendered, *who did not believe in a God*, has introduced atheists, where the text alludes only to deists. In several places the translation is disfigured by the interpolation of sentences and words which the illustrious author never wrote, as at the end of page 56, and particularly in the note on page 71; and is also characterised by a tone of harshness which is altogether at variance with the spirit of the original, and is never judiciously employed in the defence of truth. The version of Count de Maistre's letters by Dr. Fletcher is distinguished for its fidelity and charitable tone, and were it republished in this country, would much better serve the cause of religion, than the work just issued from the press.

Review of the Second Letter and Postscript of the Rt. Rev. John H. Hopkins, bishop of Vermont, by Francis Patrick Kenrick, bishop of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: M. Fithian. 8vo. pp. 48.

We confess ourselves enchanted with the pamphlet of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Kenrick whose title heads this notice, and much beholden to the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Vermont, for being the instrument of furnishing the public with an exposition of Catholic tenets so brief and yet so lucid. In Dr. Kenrick's views of religious discussions, we cordially concur, and are pleased to find that our opinions in that particular are consonant with those of so distinguished a prelate. "In order that discussions be profitable," says the bishop, "both parties should be learned, honorable, and earnest in the search after truth: all vituperation and sophistry should be banished: the points in question should be steadily held in view; and the triumph of truth, not personal success, should be sought. Most persons will perceive that these conditions are not easily realized. I do not know with what appearance of consistency

Bishop Hopkins advocates such discussions, after having deprecated the proud war of words in his address to our hierarchy."

The defence of nunneries, the condition of the Church before the reformation, the doctrine of purgatory, the Catholic understanding of the pope's authority, indulgences, and the invocation of saints, are all exhibited to us in a manner which will delight every member of the good and learned bishop's communion, and realize the hope with which he concludes his article, "that his readers will be more excited to search after truth, and embrace it in unity."

Discourses delivered at the second commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrims of Maryland, May, 1843, by Rev. P. Corry, and Hon. John C. Legrand.

We are indebted to the politeness of the Rev. P. Corry, A. M., professor of Latin and Greek at Mt. St. Mary's, Maryland, and the Hon. John C. Legrand, secretary of state for the state of Maryland, for copies of their orations delivered on the 10th May last, in honor of the landing of the pilgrim fathers of Maryland. Though looking at this subject in different views, both of the above addresses are able, eloquent, and pertinent to the occasion. When we finished the perusal of Mr. Legrand's oration, we felt proud of our Maryland origin, and of the lofty sentiments of our forefathers, who, in liberality and justice, were two centuries in advance of the age in which they lived. "Within the confines of the civilized portion of the world," says Mr. Legrand, "where, according to the benevolent precepts of the religion it professed to support, should have reigned uninterruptedly, charity and good will, angry discussion and ingenious cruelty were the evidences furnished of the reign of the 'Prince of Peace;' and where the equalizing tendencies of Christianity, should have been hailed as glad harbingers of man's progress, in the blinded hope of winning divine favor, bigoted zeal sought the destruction of its image on earth. The heart sickening at such perversions of the soul—exalting and purifying doctrines of the Redeemer, the pious founders of Maryland in seeking out an asylum from the persecutions to which they had been subjected, determined to vindicate the religion of peace, and the rights of man, by laying down as the corner stone of the social edifice they were about to rear in the western wilds,—the rights of man, without permission or constraint of any kind, to approach the throne of his Maker, in whatever

form of supplication he might deem most acceptable."

The address of the Rev. Mr. Corry is a beautiful defence of the character of the Catholic clergy, and certainly no occasion could be more appropriate to such a subject than that which celebrates the policy of the Catholic founders of Maryland, with which the name of Father White is so eminently identified. He shows how from the earliest ages the popes and doctors of the Church contended for the responsibility of the prince to the people over whom he presides, and for the doctrine that all princely authority emanated from the people. "As we advance towards our own times," says the reverend orator, "the evidence accumulates, and it would be too tedious and difficult to detail it. You will pardon me, however, if I adduce one more proof of my position, from another writer of high authority in the Catholic Church; and it is the more decisive and interesting, as the author maintained the supremacy of the people against the very body of men that charge the Catholic clergy with being the enemies of civil liberty. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in the reign of Elizabeth, and afterwards in that of James, when the 'now enlightened' clergy of the Church of England were piously searching the Scriptures for divine authority to establish the divine right of kings, and forcing it upon the poor dissenters by the gentle suasion of rack and confiscation, Bellarmine, from the Vatican, 'from the very palace of the Pope,' denounces all arbitrary or irresponsible power as a usurpation, 'and condemns it as false that princes hold their power from God only: and that it belongs to the people to determine, whether they shall be ruled by kings or consuls:' that is whether their government shall be a monarchy or a republic. And this is the doctrine that is held by all Catholic theologians prior to the reformation."

The fourth number of the Messrs. Sadlier's Catholic Family Bible has reached us, nothing abated in the elegance of paper and print which characterised the former numbers. We repeat the hope that every Catholic, not already supplied with a family edition of the Bible, may make it a duty to purchase the work for the great gratification it will afford himself, as well as to encourage the enterprise of the worthy publishers.

✂—We are compelled, from want of space, to omit several other notices.

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OCTOBER, 1843.

SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS IN FOREIGN CHURCHES.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches and among Foreign Peoples. By Frederick William Faber, M. A., Fellow of University College, Oxford.

IF it may be permitted us to judge of the impression produced upon the minds of others, from that made upon our own, we should say that the extracts from the above remarkable volume given by us in a former number, are calculated to whet the appetite for a second repast. Even if this writer's matter were not of a kind to lay strong hold upon our feelings, still his manner alone would claim our admiration; for rarely indeed has it fallen to our lot to turn over pages in which the perfection of scholarship is more pleasingly displayed. True it is, that a tone of enthusiasm pervades the volume, and that many of its passages are high-wrought, perhaps declamatory, yet his reflections are just and sensible, and his enthusiasm chastened by good taste. The writer is sometimes hurried along by the warmth of his imagination, but it is always in evidence that

Audit currus habenas.

The *Dublin Review* has devoted a long and able article to Mr. Faber. We quote a

passage: "There will at least be a novelty in the impressions of such a traveller. Up to the present time, the British tourist was eminently unqualified to enter into or understand the religious circumstances of the Catholic countries which he visited. Trained up from infancy to regard the simplest act of our external worship as unmeaning, if not idolatrous; to look upon our ceremonies as idle pomp, and our liturgy as senseless mummery, he entered a church with no higher view than that of gratifying curiosity, if he did not carry with him a positive predisposition to ridicule and despise. Every thing was misconceived, and of course misrepresented. The spirit was utterly unknown, and as a necessary consequence the form lost all its significance. How could a mind formed in the Calvinistic school make allowance for the enthusiastic, and to him extravagant piety of the worshippers at the *Quarantore*, or the procession of the Blessed Sacrament? What had a Puritan imagination in common with the poor penitent in the Friday procession of the cross, or the stations of the *Addolorata*? What impression would the unmortified Protestant receive from the motley, and not unfrequently repulsive groups of religious (the Franciscans, and Capuchins,

and Camaldolese, or the *Sacconi* of the several confraternities)—who crossed him at every turn in the streets, and perhaps obstructed his view of some function in St. Peter's. For him, all had but one single name—superstition. He knew not their meaning. They were to him as if "speaking unto the air." And thus, even with that more liberal-minded class, who were indisposed to offend, the very utmost we could expect was a kind of compassionating toleration. They could have no sympathy with what they did not understand; and if a few sentences of barren praise were accorded,—if the 'effect' of the scene, the 'impressiveness' of the service, the 'picturesqueness' of the dresses, were spoken of in a tone of artistic commendation, we were fain to accept with gratitude the crumbs of half-patronizing, half-pitying criticism, thus carelessly flung to us, and be thankful even for the uninquiring indifference to which alone we were indebted for the boon. With a tourist of the new Anglican school, the case is different. For him much of this prejudice has ceased. To him a usage is not *bad*, simply because it is *Catholic*. The time is past '*when it was considered an argument against opinions, otherwise probable, that they were held by all other parts of Catholic Christendom.*'* The reverence for ancient Catholic forms is no longer proscribed; and the admission of the real presence, of the lawfulness of sacred images, of, at least, a modified invocation of saints, of the utility of monastic orders, and the advantage of public associations of piety, has established between the new school and the Catholic nations of the continent, a certain community of feeling which never before existed, and which must give a color to the impressions produced by the religious intercourse between them.

"Of this, Mr. Faber's work, although far from being quite free from the old spirit, will be found to furnish many gratifying examples. Indeed, if his views be different from those of most former travellers, the feelings with which he enters upon his tour are professedly the very opposite of

what modern tourists ordinarily entertain. He set out in the spirit, and, as far as his imagination could realize it, the feelings of a traveller of the middle ages; though he could not suppress the sad consciousness, how far, amid the comforts of modern civilization, we have lost sight of the spiritual advantages which a traveller of the olden time would have enjoyed; 'solid advantages, which a Churchman now-a-days may be permitted to regret, and for which he would be willing to forfeit no inconsiderable portion of our modern facilities.' He feels a host of little wants, 'utterly unsatisfied for modern wanderers amid the jealous and disjointed Churches.' He misses the thousand little blessings unprized, perhaps, by the worldly mind, but precious in the eye of faith and of religion,—the friendly shelter which was sure to await the traveller under every religious roof,—the morning benison which accompanied his departing steps,—the freedom of intercourse with the pious and the learned,—above all, the sense of unity and fraternal communion,—the consciousness that, though parted from family and friends, he had still a home in the bosom of the common Mother,—that, though separated from converse with the jarring tongues around him, there was still a language which he shared whithersoever he might go—the common voice of that common parent, soliciting in the same language for all the varied families of her children. He is sensible of these and a hundred other 'little needs, interesting the affections, and laying hold of the imagination, which of old were satisfied to the full to those who travelled in Christendom when at unity with itself.' Well, indeed, may he look upon the disease of the universal language of Europe, the Latin of the middle ages, 'as an image of the present broken and disordered state of Christendom!' What well regulated mind will not share his pious envy of those happy times, when, whatever their other deficiencies, the sojourner would always say with Sir Francis Palgrave's traveller, 'However uncouth may be the speech of the races among which the pilgrim sojourns, however diversified may be the customs of the regions which he visits,

* British Critic, for July, 1842, p. 105.

let him enter the portal of the Church, or hear, as I do now, the voice of the minister of the Gospel, and he is present with his own, though alps and oceans may sever them asunder. There is one spot where the pilgrim may always find his home. We are all one people when we come before the altar of the Lord.'

"Such is the spirit in which the *Sights and Thoughts* are written, and the author solicits a similar condition of mind in his reader. A few years back it would have been difficult to anticipate the publication of such a volume; even in a Catholic tourist, the idea would have required no ordinary hardihood; and perhaps it would not be easy to find a less equivocal evidence of the complete revolution of opinion which has taken place than the phenomenon of an Anglican clergyman, a refined and accomplished scholar, assuming, with affectionate reverence, the character of a pilgrim of the once deemed 'dark' ages, and journeying forth in this spirit and temper, through the kingdoms of modern Europe; 'where modern wants have clouded the bright past,' sorrowfully comparing what is now, with his recollection of what has passed away; and 'thinking such thoughts as he thought, where places remain unaltered!'"

Our readers will not fail to recollect Mr. Faber's visionary companion, his "Man of the Middle Ages," with whom he occasionally enters into familiar discussion, sometimes, it may be presumed, with a view of relieving his readers from the formality of a theological disquisition, but more frequently for the purpose of bringing out opinions with a greater degree of frankness than he would venture to express in his own person, the present position of his party considered. Among those confabulations with the "Stranger," is a dialogue on the expediency of the revival of the monastic institute in England. It is appropriately held in the beautiful Armenian convent of San Lazzaro, in Venice. The Stranger speaks:

"Ten years ago it would have been thought in your country the wildest dream to suppose that any wish should ever be entertained by members of the English

Church for the revival of monasteries; and now you see men, wide as the poles asunder in doctrine and habits of thought, uniting in a desire for religious orders, both of men and women; and boldly making that desire public. There is an instance of what I mean by the resurrection of opinions: I call it a resurrection rather than a revival, because it is a more religious word, and more truly expresses my meaning. The theories of the schools revive; the pious opinions of the Church are raised out of their tombs."

"And do you," I inquired, "think it would be well for us to have monasteries among us?"

"Undoubtedly," said he.

"But," replied I, "there is so much involved in such a step, that I should wish to learn more from you about it. I put aside all questions about vows and the like, as details quite unimportant, and easily arranged, when the more important preliminaries are settled. But does not the history of the Church show that these orders have been failures, and, in process of time, have become fountains of corruption? For instance, we find that at the end of the tenth century, a reformation of them became needful; and in the thirteenth again, their corruption was so great that a considerable reorganization of them was made; and once more, at the beginning of the sixteenth, the life was found in a great measure to have departed out of them."

"That," said he, "is an exaggeration. The order of St. Ignatius was certainly a striking modification of the old monastic principle, but neither life, energy, nor utility had passed away from the Dominicans. Still, let us see what there is in your objection. Monastic orders were failures, because they grew corrupt. Well; so was primitive Christianity then. It is a word somewhat overventuresome; yet, in your sense, Christianity itself has been a failure. Of course it has done much for the world in the way of civilization and general beneficent influence; yet how very little does it appear to have done, compared with what it claimed to do. How much less has it improved the world at large. No, my friend,

in these days, when you are given to argue in generals so much, it is important you should remember, whenever you approach Church subjects, that God's providences are thwarted by man's sin, and the merciful intentions of heaven fall short of the mark at which they are aimed. There seems, if we may so say it, to be a mysterious waste of mercy in God's dispensations, like his gracious rain, falling in torrents on the deserts of Africa. Yet, as here and there a knot of palms, or a little rushy oasis round a spring, receive the rain and are enlivened by it, so, in the world of man, does the Almighty Father seem to frame his dispensations of grace for all, the reprobate as well as the elect, and be content that they should find here and there the single souls, the few palms of the desert whom they will lead to salvation. At any rate I see nothing in the general objection that monastic orders have been failures, which will not equally apply to Christianity itself. But, after all, in what sense have they been failures? Date the commencement of monasticism when you will, whether among the recluses of the Thebaid wild, before the Nicene council, or with the rule of St. Basil after it, it was not till the tenth century that they grew so corrupt as to call for the interference of the Church. A space is left of at least six centuries. Now can Catholic doctrine—the Catholic doctrine of the trinity and incarnation say so much? Are not six centuries quite a duration for any thing religious, in a world which turns spirit into matter, and commutes the fine gold into dross so rapidly; a singular duration, I say, for any thing but the visible Church, whose existence is supernaturally secured by her gift of indefectibility? Your next epoch, it is true, is shorter,—somewhat short of two centuries and a half. But then the times were farther removed from primitive purity and strictness, and, consequently, the progress of corruption was more rapid. They were also trying times. It was during that interval that the Church saw fit to take up a very different position from the one she had previously occupied. She was casting herself into a new mould, that of the popedom, and many perils were

naturally attendant upon so extensive a change. Yet it was much for the orders to serve the Church's need for two centuries and a half. Your third epoch is from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. This was the time of the mendicant orders; and it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the advantage they were of to the Church at first, though they soon degenerated. And as to the modification of the monastic principle, embodied in the order of the Jesuits, you have only to look on the consistent encroachment which Rome has made on the stronghold of Protestantism ever since, in order to understand and estimate the extent of service performed by that order for the holy see. I cannot, therefore, agree with you that religious orders have been failures. On the contrary, a revival of the monastic spirit seems to be one feature in every crisis of the Church, and to bear fruit abundantly."

"But," said I, "the Roman Church herself seems, from time to time, to have regarded the orders with doubt and jealousy."

"Of course," he replied; "she knew their tremendous power, and the great importance of being always able to guide and overrule their movements. The fourth Lateran council, early in the thirteenth century, forbade any new orders, as leading by their multiplicity to confusion; and this was enforced again by the council of Lyons; the Pope alone having power to dispense with this rule. And yet, although a multiplicity of orders would lead to confusion in the Church, there is something very sublime in the idea which religious orders embody. It seems as if the whole mystical body, the Church, penetrated with a deep sense of her various offices towards the world, mortified intercession, illustrated poverty, ministrations to the sick, patronage of the poor, preaching in rude districts, literary labors, burial of the dead, teaching of ascetic penance, and the like, detached off from her centre, various small communities, each specially devoted to some one or more of these offices. They were as legates from her side, representing her in foreign places; and then the principle of obedience to the visible head of the Church circulated among them, encompassing and

embracing them all, and maintaining still the great unity. The Church spoke with many voices, and yet remained one. Each order was a voice, speaking a particular tongue. It was like a mystical Whitsun miracle; and as the life flowed into them from Peter's chair, so to Peter's chair it flowed back again, to be re-inforced and purified. The various unity of the Church Catholic has never been so magnificently represented to the world as by the religious orders."

"But," said I, "is there not some danger of creating a Church within a Church? In looking at the history of the middle ages we see two Churches, not one Church: the monastic Church, and the secular Church."

"Allow me," replied he, "to put a more accurate expression into your mouth,—the monastic clergy and the secular clergy."

"Well," said I, "at any rate there were two elements in the Church in perpetual conflict; and might not that danger be incurred again?"

"You seem to speak," said he, "not very modestly; as if there were no monastic orders in the Church now. You forget that the greatest part of Christendom, east and west, is full of them; and that in this, as in some other things, your own particular Church has not feared to make a very marked distinction between herself and the rest of the Catholic body. However, what you say is very true. . . . What, then," I continued, "are the advantages which you would anticipate from a revival of monastic orders among the English?"

"Why," replied he, "my last words will lead you to one of them. I think they would form a safety valve for much to escape that now condenses into dissent. You are a Church without penances, the first the world has ever seen; and there are many penitents whose ill-instructed enthusiasm, in itself laudable, leads them to show openly, by some strong step, and by taking up some obviously new position, their horror of the state of sin from which they are emerging. They become dissenters. And however ignorant they may be, however sad the consequences to themselves, I do not think there is in your Church sufficient

provision for such men; and they are probably not few. Almost any modification of monastic orders would meet this. Again, you have a great deal of zeal for teaching, and visiting, and being actively useful in a Christian way. Such a zeal, however ill-mannered its bearing may be at times, is surely not culpable. And now, it either separates off from the Church, or thwarts the clergy. To make such persons subordinate clergy, would probably secularise the clergy; and besides that, the case of pious, zealous women would not be provided for. Monastic orders would satisfy this want fully. Indeed, the principle of obedience, developed in its very strongest way, is the life of monasticism; and religious orders would, with God's blessing, be very likely to create that principle among you. This of itself would go far to kill dissent. Men would be monks who now are field preachers. Men would seek to satisfy the cravings of penitent zeal in the strict submission of a monastery, who now seek to do some great things for the Lord in the wild and impure sect of the Independents. How wonderfully has the Roman Church ever embraced and contained in unity every heterogeneous religious element! The monastic orders alone explain this."

"Another advantage would be an ability to cope with the immense manufacturing population of your country. I see no other means by which you can cope with it as a Church should. Picture to yourself the huge moral wilderness of countless souls, who throng the earth around the English factories. What spiritual lever do you apply to these masses of corrupt, yet energetic life? In each district two or three churches, with perhaps four priests, men of soft habits, elegant manners, and refined education. This forms what is called the English Church in the manufacturing district. Surely it is unnecessary to point out the absurd inadequacy, or genteel feebleness, call it which you please, of such a moving power. But set down one or two ecclesiastical factories amongst them in the shape of monasteries; combine in them much of the single, rude energy which now evapo-

rates in Chartism or dissent, and you will soon see a very different state of things indeed. Transplant the monastery of Camaldula from the bleak Appenine frontier of Romagna, with its cenobites and hermits; let there be an incessant round of prayer, preaching, education,—roughly, in season and out of season; send the poor monks out among the poor from whom they have been taken, interfere for the weak against the oppressor, let charity and sympathetic watchfulness, which is even more prized than almsgiving, run over exuberantly, and be flowing night and day from the gates of the monastery.”

“Ah!” said I, “did you but know England, you would see what a dream you are dreaming!”

“A dream, young man,” he answered sternly; “am I then to believe what I have been told on many sides, that your Church is but a dream and your Churchmen dreamers, with an unrealised theology, not a branch of the Catholic vine, true, healthy, strong, vigorous, growing, pliable, gifted, tangible, substantial? What! cannot it adapt itself by great turnings and bold measures to altered circumstances? Has its political establishment crippled its powers? Ah! have you not, perchance, made an illuminated transparency, a soothing sight for quiet times, and set before it so long and so complacently, that you now venture to call it a Catholic Church?”

I hid my face in my hands and after a while I said, “What have I done? You have never spoken to me in this way before. How have I made you angry?”

“You put forward,” replied he, “the highest possible claims for your Church, often in a tone of pharisaical self-conceit,” &c.*

“Nay, do not speak; I know what you would say. You would show me all these things on paper, and in the lives of a few men. This suffices not. I will consent to judge no Church by documents merely, or [by] a small party which has from time to time been put down among you. You say Rome is not to be judged by synodal

acts or Tridentine documents; so neither are you to be esteemed according to a ritual discountenanced and neglected, or by doctrines at best only permitted, and put down when that can be done decently. The measure ye mete to Rome shall now be meted to yourselves: better had it been for you, that ye had meted that measure more mercifully.”

In another place the stranger is made to rebuke the Church of England in the following strong language.

“Measure your attainments in holiness with the ritual of your Church, and you will find that you have been far from filling out her system, far from equalling her eminence, far from acting out her customs, far from reflecting her full light. Humble yourself and acquiesce. I speak not in severity; but look how you live and act before the misbelievers, and then confess yourselves to be dogs unmeet to receive the crumbs that fall from the Master’s table. Does it not even seem like a merciful providence that your ritual is not only what it is, considering what your lives are? and furthermore, I put it to you to reflect whether this craving for the beauty of holiness, when you are wanting in the severity of holiness, does not arise from a very disobedient, restless, and unhallowed temper of mind; whether it does not betray a want of humility, of self-knowledge, of affection, of single-hearted zeal and dutifulness; whether it does not betoken rather a love of excitement than of asceticism; and lastly whether circumstances considered, it is not (I speak deliberately) a most awful tempting of Providence.”

“It grows late,” said he, “and the gondola is waiting. Let us enter. I will there finish what I have to say about religious orders.” We glided for a little way quietly over the water, when he resumed: “a third advantage, which I think would arise from such orders among you, does not require many words, and yet it is of considerable importance. They would strengthen the hands of your bishops. . . . Monasteries, utterly and in all respects, and without appeal beneath their control and real visitation, would increase their moral might in the

* For the remainder of this extract the reader is referred to No. 7, p. 395 of our Magazine.

diocese immensely. They would, by numbers and example control the secular clergy in the exercise of that far too wide freedom conferred upon them by the laws of the land; they would present a perfect company of priests, evangelists, and other laborers ready to go here or there at all hours, and supply chance wants, and those intervals so common in your Church between the growth of a population and the satisfying of its wants,—intervals which schism exhibits an instructive adroitness in occupying. In short religious orders would do for your bishops as much as they did for the Pope, in extending and realizing their government of the clergy."

"But," he added, "you are perhaps not ripe for this. Indeed, there is a cloud over you just now, which, if it fall in hail, rather than fertilizing rain, will blight your expected harvest. I fear me it is charged with something heavier than summer rain. There is, however, an approximation to monastic orders, which is easy of adoption any where, and among poor clergy and a dense population of the utmost service: I mean the cenobitical life of the secular clergy. Four or five, or six or seven, of any unmarried priests, might, by hiring one house, make very small stipends go a great way, and edify each other very much by piety of life and due observance of the rites of the Church. A few bye-laws made by themselves, with the sanction of their bishop, might give somewhat of a collegiate mould to their lives, which would tend to strictness of life, and increase their spiritual influence. The little time left by parochial duties for theological studies might be made the most of by one priest taking one question in hand, and another another. This is that cenobitical life of the secular clergy, of which St. Eusebius of Vercelli is said to be the author; and it was organized and shaped anew by St. Chrodegang of Metz, in the seventh century; and, if my memory does not fail me, it was recommended and enforced by several provincial and diocesan synods from time to time."

In speaking of the accusations brought by the "Man of the Middle Ages," against the Church of England in the above extract,

the *Dublin Review* has the following just remarks: "It were well, however, if this were all, and if no more grievous impeachment could be preferred against the Anglican Church. But may she not, even on the showing of the Tractarians themselves, be convicted of what they, and all who seek even the shadow of Catholic principles, must regard as a direct and palpable suppression of the truths which they cherish as the very essence of Catholic belief? Has she not, in her articles, hidden and buried these precious truths under forms of words, not only 'equivocal and indecisive,' but so directly conveying the opposite meaning, that it is only by a process of ingenious torture, which all must deem unnatural, and which the Anti-Tractarians do not scruple to call dishonest, that they can be twisted even into the merest toleration of them? It is not alone that the truth is not professed; it is impossible not to see that it is studiously and wilfully concealed. How few are there who can detect it under the bald and barren phraseology of the articles? Nay, how few to whom they do not produce the effect, not merely of a *suppressio veri*, but of a plain and irresistible *suggestio falsi*? Who, for example, is not irresistibly impelled by the tone and tenor of the thirty-first article, to reject altogether the life-giving sacrifice of the altar? Who can persuade himself that it is not intended to exclude altogether every idea of an "offering of Christ for the quick and the dead?" Mr. Faber deals tenderly with this article, when he merely accuses it of "*clouding* the sacrifice of the altar." Surely it not only clouds, but obliterates every trace of its existence; and surely it is too mild a character of such teaching, to say, that it is "equivocal and indecisive." Can we doubt that it is "decisive upon the wrong side?" And, if we regard such doctrines as forming part of the great deposit of Catholic truth, can we hesitate to pronounce this cowardly and culpable suppression of them, a "detaining of the truth of God in injustice?"

To entertain oneself, therefore, with the idea of such an authority, is but to trifle with an imposing name. May it not well be suspected that the Catholic movement

in the English Church, which, far from originating either in the formularies of the Church itself, or in the bishops who might most naturally be taken as the representatives of her authority; on the contrary, if it be not actually condemned by both, cannot claim from either more than the merest toleration,—is, after all, a voice in, not of the Church;—a subtle refinement of private interpretation, without weight, because without commission; without permanence, because unembodied in any determinate organ; without utility, because incapable of being applied in any practical emergency; and far from being calculated to create and preserve unity, itself the very occasion of discord and disunion, by claims which cannot be supported and which will not be obeyed? And how can it be otherwise in a body which comprises members so motley and incongruous? What can possibly be hoped from, we will not say the union, but even the co-existence of two tendencies so utterly irreconcilable. What permanence, nay, what passing fruit can be hoped from an attempt to engraft Catholic doctrines upon a system whose institutions are essentially Protestant to their very core; to cherish Catholic feelings, and enkindle or keep alive a Catholic spirit in a Church which it is first necessary to “*unprotestantize*,”* as a preliminary to its reform? Men’s views are dependent on external things, and take their tone and color from the scenes in which they live and the objects by which they are surrounded. Will the mere change of name produce an alteration of spirit? Will the substitution of Catholic for Protestant, and the adoption of the technical language in which some of the leading doctrines of Catholicity are embodied,—especially when this is unauthoritative, if not against authority, be sufficient to eradicate from the constitution of the Church, the inveterate Protestantism in which her present form originated, and which centuries of rampant anti-Catholic prejudice have hardened and ground in? Alas! the life-giving doctrines of Catholicity, to whatever extent they may be embraced by indivi-

duals, must ever be strangers in such companionship;—a theory without a practice; a beautiful dream without a reality. No wonder it should ‘be thought by many persons that the doctrine of apostolical succession is formal, unpractical, little fitted to cope with the social evils under which we labor.’* Well may men sigh for the ‘secret intercourse between priest and penitent, by far the best adapted machinery which the world has seen, to keep alive that keen sensitiveness of conscience which worldly trouble so miserably deadens;† for the sight of ‘holy men, voluntarily renouncing the comforts of wealth, and reducing themselves to their level, in order to minister to their spiritual and bodily wants!’ While these and the other similar devices of piety which the Catholic Church alone cherishes, which are the necessary complement of her doctrines, and, as it were, the visible form in which her spirit is embodied, are wanting,—so long it is vain to talk of a ‘Catholic system.’ So long it will be but an array of names imposing but unreal; so long will faith be formal and unpractical, with a blight and a chill upon its energies; so long must rush upon the mind the startling question with which Mr. Faber closes his volume, in the ‘Stranger’s’ words: ‘You have led me through a land of closed churches and hushed bells, of unlighted altars and unstoled priests; is ENGLAND UNDER AN INTERDICT?’”

In another place, Mr. Faber reverts to the subject of a monastic life, citing the Benedictine institute as an example. We must make room for the whole of this exquisite passage. Our traveller has reached the memorable plain of Marathon.

“We are entering the low vine-clad convent which is to be our home for the night, and the priest is descending from the small chapel on the hill, where he has been saying the afternoon prayers, and the little boy who makes the responses is with him. He leads a happy life, yon old Greek priest. From sun-rise to sun-set, except at prayer-time, he smokes a cherry-stick pipe, and is happy. He threatens the cattle with evil

* See the British Critic, No. lxiil (July, 1842), p. 211, and following.

* Ibid.

† Ibid.

eye, and the people with anathema, and kids are brought him, and he is fed, and paid, and feared, and the cherry-stick pipe never goes out, and he sits under the shade of the convent fig-tree, and he gazes on Marathon always. The green lizard on the wall beside the tank is not happier than the long-bearded convent priest. But what if more be required of the one than of the other? Then it is not so well!

"Nature's fearful and most sweet sounds blend into one harmony, and nothing remains to offend the ear. Throughout the bright night was the air filled with the howling of wolves and the singing of nightingales, and the two were pleasant together. The woody mountain side was alive with nightingales, and they sang incessantly and loud. I was at rest in a Greek convent on the south western verge of the plain of Marathon, kept wakeful by the rough and tender serenade which overpowered the low voice of the shrunken brook. There was novelty enough in my position to make me feel no want of sleep. About midnight the Stranger appeared. I was the first to accost him.

"What!" said I, "in a *Greek* convent?"

"Not a word of that," replied he. "Come forth into the star-light. I come to remind you of *Latin* thoughts and things. Have you thought of what I said to you at Ancona?"*

* The following is part of the conversation alluded to.

"You are now," said the Stranger, "leaving behind you the last avenue to Rome. The road by Spoleto would soon lead you across the narrow peninsula to the eternal city."

"Certainly," replied I, laughing, "it requires an effort to pass by Rome; but I shall console myself with the thought that 'earth has something yet to show,' the haunted hills of the legitimate capital of Christendom."

"Are you not afraid," said he, "to acknowledge that title?"

"No," I answered, "Rome has been a marvelously fruitful mother, and the curious diligence of antiquarians cannot alter the fact that all we of the west, at least, are her children. . . . The papacy," said I, "is really an awful page in the history of man, and the lower we stoop to decypher the mysterious characters in which it is written, the more manifestly do they appear divine."

"This," said he, "seems to have struck the world so early as the council of Chalcedon in the middle of the fifth century."

"Yet," I replied, "the fathers of Chalcedon strove to make out the primacy of St. Peter's successors to be a political matter only."

"Yes," replied I, "the present state of my own Church, and the doubt and distressing perplexity which beset the path of an English clergyman, compelled me to think more deeply of it than perhaps I otherwise should have done."

"And have you," he asked, "come to any conclusion?"

In reply to the above question our traveller is free to avow, that "he appreciates the magnificence of the idea of the papacy, and is not slow to admit the many blessings of which it has been the cause," but his convictions "do not amount to making it a duty to adhere to the chair of St. Peter."*

The supposed dialogue between our traveller and the mysterious Stranger here takes a discursive turn. The spirit of the papacy and the power of the Church lead to a series of reflections upon the punishment of death for heresy. Among other observations is the following:

"You will have no more of it," said I.

"No," he added with a half smile; "you

"But," he answered, "the feelings of the Christian world did not respond to their notion. It was, I think, thrown out by them as a feeling. However, it did not satisfy men, and carried no influence along with it."

"Had it been but an affair of politics," said I, "it would not have kept its wonderful hold upon the reverence of the faithful when Belisarius and Narses had reduced Rome into one of the provincial cities of the eastern empire. . . . The early fathers saw something about Rome, they hardly knew what; something which distinguished her from other churches. One of the heathen emperors, Aurelius, if I mistake not, referred a dispute to the bishop of Rome in some such way as to show a belief in his mind that his Christian subjects looked up to the chair of Rome. He was doubtless expressing something which he had observed. Some of the fathers, as Tertullian, speak of the peculiar *happiness* of the Church of Rome, where the two apostles were martyred, and St. John confessed. Others seem to regard it in a peculiar way as the only clearly apostolical chair of the west; others again, as being in type as a church what St. Peter was as an apostle; and indeed this is true, for Rome is a type of the whole Church. I too see even in early times something distinguishing that Church very honorably,—an almost miraculous fecundity in planting Churches. Then other early writers mentioned her long freedom from heresy as something peculiar, and calling her the 'Virgin Church.' A passage in St. Gregory Nazianzen's poem on his own life shows with what affectionate reverence even the eastern doctors regarded her; and it is the more striking in that Gregory himself was patriarch of Constantinople."

* How far such an avowal is reconcilable with Mr. Faber's previous declaration, that "the characters of the papacy manifestly appear *divine*," we leave the lovers of consistency to determine.

have too many heresiarchs now; there is safety in a multitude. But," he continued, "let us away with this cynical strain. It ill beseems either the hour or the place. To sit in judgment and pass hard sentences is an unfitting boldness amid this tranquil beauty. It is we who sympathise not with the earth, not earth that sympathises not with us. Listen to that long howl above yonder copse. What a power has silence to absorb and incorporate herself with every sound that comes not from man or human toil! The howling of the wolf, and the baying of the watch dog do not interrupt the deep tranquillity. They enter into it, and form part of it. How divine a thing is silence!"

"Yes," replied I; "and with what wisdom did the authors of monastic observances make it a part of their discipline!"

"You will generally find," he answered, "most deep sagacity in the ascetic system of old times. It is a profitable study, because of the numerous holy uses and spiritual meanings comprised within it, the gradual contributions of many generations of saints."

"It seems," said I, "at first sight strange, that so large a portion of the practical rules of Scripture should concern the government of the tongue."

"And," replied he, "what a key-stone to the arch of all such precepts is made by those words of our Blessed Saviour, 'By thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned.' And as in Scripture, so in the Latin hymns of the Breviary, how numerous and beautiful are the allusions to silence as a penitential or elevating discipline, and in what singular combinations do they many times occur. We grow into an intelligent apprehension of them. It is very wonderful to observe the deeply scriptural character of all the systems of [Christian] antiquity, whether dogmatical or ascetic. A lively regard for and reverent custody of tradition seem to bring, as a natural consequence, a deep understanding of Scripture, and an affectionate dwelling upon it, and realizing of it, in its minutest parts. Though portions of Scripture, Levitical details, topographical

catalogues, or Hebrew genealogies, appear to have been full of Christ, full of outlines of his Church, so the affectionate temper of early times, where now to us the lamps have gone out. Even the genealogy of our Blessed Lord himself is often left unread in churches, as having no springs of heavenly meditation flowing from it. Yet if we open the commentaries of the fathers, what exuberant and beautiful wisdom springs beneath their touch from the dry desert of hard names, overflowing it all, and making it green with spiritual herbs good for the use of man. And this use of silence, as part of the old ascetic system, is another instance of the fidelity with which the record of antiquity, as a pure mirror, reflected the faintest shadows of Scriptural objects upon itself. Its uses as a penance, and again as an habitual restraint of a dangerous member, are very obvious; but such views as these fall short of ancient ideas on the subject. I have often been struck with the word *fed*, as applied to silence, as if there were some way in which silence feeds the soul. And cannot we in these times see some way in which it feeds the soul? A silent contemplation of heavenly mysteries, without shaping them into thoughts or melting them into words, may be to the soul what a silent study of some surpassing model is to the artist. It becomes a source of beauty, unconsciously transferring itself to the spirit of the beholder. It is like a stamp, whose reverted images are unintelligible until they are impressed upon another substance, when we may read and interpret them. St. Ephrem is very bold and majestic; he calls silence the language whereby the Father and the Son converse, understood by the co-equal Spirit only, and above even angelic comprehension."

"But," he continued, "it is not only Scripture which is with such affectionate fidelity, represented by the mind of antiquity; the objects of external nature are filled with a sort of symbolical theology, and elevated into the ritual of the Church. Earth's mysteries are sufficiently interpreted to enable us to consecrate common objects, and through them our daily life, which lies among common objects. Doubtless tradi-

tion was one great fountain of this knowledge to the ancient believers; but this aided them also to discern them in the deep places and bye-paths of Scripture. The one which I would specify now, as connected with the public and private devotions of Christians, is the frequent recurrence in nature of the powerful and hallowed sign of the cross. This is one of the safeguards against sin in common use among the ascetics; and there was no Christian who was ashamed to sign himself with the sign of the cross, especially when, from any sudden and apparently causeless irruption of bad thoughts, he has reason to believe his chamber filled with unclean spirits. Surely it is a great privilege not to be forbidden the use of that effectual token. To a serious man how quickly it raises a fence between the world and himself! How does it remind him of the new birth, when he rises in the morning! How does it meekly defy the evil angels when he leaves his chamber for the duties of the day! How does it bless his bed when he retires to rest! How does it, as it were, absolve him in the dead of night from the guilt of miserable dreams! How does it stay fits of sudden anger! How is it a very real and felt contact with the invisible world! O blessed sign! how art thou like the finger of the Lord, the touch of One whom we love and fear! How fearless, too, was the use of this dread admonition among the saints of old; for what is wanting in Tertullian's catalogue?—"At every stir and movement, at every coming in and going out, at putting on the clothes, and binding on the sandals, at the bath and at the banquet, at the lighting of the lamps, at lying down or sitting, whithersoever the conversation of our life leadeth us, we mark our forehead with the sign of the cross." And nature too was full of this sign to them when they walked abroad. Not only were the pools of water and the fields of corn instructive shadows of the font and the altar, and the olive yards of the holy unction, and the vines of the redeeming blood, but the cross, too, was every where, among the boughs, and in the clouds, and on the plains, and on the skins of animals. If St. Ephrem saw a little bird fly, he remembered that with outstretched wings it

was making the sign of the cross before the eye of heaven, and that if it closed its wings and marred the sign, it straightway fell to the earth. If he trusted himself on shipboard, he looked up to the mast, and behold! a cross; and when they spread the sail, it was like the body of One hanging on the cross, propelling the ship; and forthwith the ship became the Church, and the fierce sea the world, and there was one on board whose presence is our haven. I would that I could win the habit of so regarding the beautiful scenery of my daily walks that when my body is driven out into the air for recreation, my soul might feed on beautiful symbols, and be kept pure by images of heaven, and be drawn to Christ by a thousand sacred admonitions. But this is not a matter of the intellect. Such a habit must be won by continual meditation on divine things, by a love of Christ, and an imitation of Him. Leave off wrangling and let go high-mindedness. Throw yourselves into antiquity; its controversial witness is a great thing, but its beautiful spirit is a far greater. Strive to imbibe it; incorporate yourself into it. Fearlessly contract habits of thought alien to those you have now; and realize the truth that there is neither space nor time in the communion of saints."

At this moment the rim of the sun appeared above the mountain. "The earth's bridegroom cometh," said the Stranger, and he made the sign of the cross. We descended towards the convent.

"Is not," said I, "this little monastery a useless burden to the poor valley and circumjacent villages?"

"At present," said he, "the lamps are gone out within it, but they may be rekindled at any time. And be careful how you ever pull down a form wherein a spirit has once abided. A hundred lichens and medicinal mosses may cling and find nourishment between the stones."

"The priest," said I, "seems to have a low notion of a happy life."

"Yet," he answered, "who shall say that the recitation of the liturgies makes no stir in the invisible world, and brings out no blessing from it? The days may be at

hand for this monastery, when the true happy life shall be lived therein by a pious brotherhood of Greeks."

"What do you call the true happy life?" said I.

"The life," he answered, "bound one to another by a threefold cord of obedience, silence, and humility; the life, in short, which is lived by the spiritual children of St. Benedict in the west. Thus their days are passed: The monks rise at the eighth hour of the night, that is, at two in the morning, to join in the nocturnal office, or vigils. The time which remains from vigils to matins, which are celebrated at sunrise, is employed in learning the psalms, in holy reading, in meditation. The vigil service commences with *Deus in adjutorium*, &c. It is followed by the third psalm, the *Gloria Patri*, ninety-fourth psalm, and the hymn of St. Ambrose. Twelve of the psalms are to be chanted immediately after the hymn of St. Ambrose. On finishing six, however, the monks are allowed to sit; and after the *Benedicite* by the abbot, they are to read, each in turn, three lessons,—at the end of each all joining in a response, and rising at the *Gloria Patri*, in reverence to the holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity. Then come the six remaining psalms, followed by a lesson from the New Testament, and the *Kyrie eleison*. On Sunday this vigil service is deemed insufficient. After the *Deus in adjutorium*, and six psalms, come four lessons and four responses, after the last all rising to chant the *Gloria Patri*, next come six psalms with the antiphon, and four other lessons with the responses; then three canticles from the prophets, the *Hallelujah*, the *Deus in adjutorium*, and the *Benedicite*. Four lessons more from the New Testament, with their responses, are followed by the *Te Deum*, which the abbot commences; and the same dignitary reads the Gospel, all standing devoutly, and then is chanted *Te laus decet*, &c. The services besides the virgil, were seven, in conformity with the practice of the psalmist, 'seven times in the day have I uttered thy praise.' At prime, tierce, sext, nones, vespers and complin, which, as the names import, are celebrated at the first, third, sixth, and ninth

hours, at sunset, and before retiring to rest, hours corresponding to six, nine, twelve, three, half past four, and about six o'clock, and which are called the diurnal hours, a certain number of psalms, canticles, and responses are chanted, in such manner that the whole Psalter is read once a week. This, says St. Benedict, is as little as we can do, considering that our forefathers read the whole every day. After matins, in summer, come four hours of labor, from six to ten o'clock, either in the fields, or at some mechanical employment; then comes reading, followed by sext at twelve o'clock, when the brethren dine. After dinner, meditation during about one hour; and though it is then only half past one, the nones, which should be celebrated at three, are repeated, that the monks may again go out to labor till half past four, when they return to vespers. If the brethren, during their labors, are near the monastery, they repair to the oratory at the canonical hours; if they are distant, they kneel in the fields, to repeat certain prayers. In winter, after the tierce, which is said an hour earlier, namely at eight o'clock, the monks go to their agricultural labors, and work till nones, or three o'clock, when they dine. Their meals are two only, dinner and supper; and at both, flesh meat is prohibited. During meals, some brother reads aloud from the Scriptures, the expositions of the fathers, or some edifying book. As to apparel, each monk has two tunics, two cowls, and a scapulary, one for the night, the other for the day. Each has a separate bed; ten or twenty sleep in the same dormitory, which, throughout the night, is lighted by a lamp, and superintended by one of the deans, who is always an aged man. After confession no word is allowed to be spoken by any of the brethren, but one of the number usually reads aloud. Mental prayer concludes the arduous service of the day,—a service which appears too much for human nature. No monk is allowed to receive letters or presents without the superior's permission, and if the necessary business of the community leads him outside of the walls, he first commends himself to the prayers of the rest, and on his return passes

some time prostrate at the foot of the cross, to expiate or to recover from the distractions of which he may have been guilty; neither is he allowed to mention any report, any news, any transaction which he has heard or seen in the world. Such is Benedictine life, and no less beautiful to my eyes is the Benedictine temper:—To honor all men, to do as we would be done by, to deny ourselves so as to follow Christ, to discipline the body, to restrain all self-gratification, to love fasting, to fill the poor with joy, to clothe the naked, to visit the sick, to bury the dead, to rejoice in tribulation, to console the afflicted, to keep aloof from the world, to hold the love of Christ beyond every other tie; not to be angry or deceitful, not to neglect charity, not to swear, to speak the truth always, not to return evil for evil, to suffer injury with patience, to love one's enemies, to bless those who curse us, to suffer persecution for righteousness' sake, not to be proud, nor a wine bibber, nor a glutton, nor a sluggard; not to murmur, not to slander; to trust in God, to ascribe whatever is good in ourselves not to our own merits, but to God; always remembering, however, to accredit ourselves with any evil we may do, to have a feeling sentiment of the last judgment, to have death daily before our eyes, to dread hell, to have a spiritual yearning for eternal life, to watch over our actions every hour of our lives, to feel that God is every where, to open our evil thoughts to some spiritual director; to keep the tongue from evil speaking, not to love jesting or laughter, to listen with pleasure to holy reading, to be frequent in prayer, to confess past sins with tears and groans, to resist the evil motions of the flesh, to hate our own will, to be obedient to the superior in all things; not to aim at being thought holy, but to be really so; daily to fulfil God's commands, to love chastity, to bear malice to no one, to shun jealousy, envy, contention and pride; to reverence the aged, to love the young, to pray for our enemies with the love with which Christ prayed for them, not to let the sun go down upon our anger, never to despair of God's mercy. This is the Benedictine mirror of the Gospel. This is what

I called 'the truly happy life,' the life which may one day be lived here in this classic valley, a glory better far than that of Marathon."

"We parted on the stone steps which descends from the mountain side into the court of the convent. '*Suscipiat te Dominus,*' was his farewell, '*secundum eloquium ejus, et vivas; et non confundat te ab expectatione tua.*'

We had before occasion to remark Mr. Faber's tact in bold, rapid, and graphic description; nor are his moral touches less powerful. Witness the following.

"We spent the morning of Easter Monday in seeing a very beautiful procession at the arsenal [in Venice], and afterwards the blessing of the sea. It was a very interesting ceremony; and as we rode in our gondola, the crowded Schiavoni, the banners of the procession, the figure of the priest lifting up the Host over the sea, which was perfectly calm and clear, presented a picture which could not easily be equalled. In the afternoon we went to the Armenian convent. Our guide through the building was the simple-mannered Father Aucher, the translator of *Paradise Lost*, the *Night Thoughts*, and *Rasselas*, into Armenian. It was a little annoying in a place so quiet and Christian as that delightful convent is, to hear the name of Byron so much dwelt upon, and the kind of summer parlor where he used to compose, shown with a good deal of noise and parade. It was not, of course, the mere mention of an infidel poet's name which could desecrate the honor of the tranquil and studious Armenians; but it was brought forward in such a way as to show that our good cicerone had found that that name hallowed the convent more to English travellers than its own sacred character and beautiful propriety of arrangement.

"We will rest awhile in that pleasant panelled common room, hung round with pictures of benefactors, and of some of the more literary of the brethren. That one on the left hand of the door is Father Aucher himself; no one can mistake it. The windows look into a quiet little garden; and the whole room is filled with the fragrance of a

bunch of yellow jonquils, in a little vase upon the table. How quiet it is, after the holyday mirth and holyday crowds upon the Schiavoni! It was here the Stranger visited me once more. I had not seen him since we left Padua, and his appearance was doubly welcome in such a place as that common room.

"Now that all is over," said he, "do you not repent of not having gone to Rome during the holy week?"

"Not at all," replied I.

"You may now visit it in tranquillity," said he, "it will be nearly empty by the end of the week."

"No," I answered, "we shall go eastward."

"Eastward! whither?" rejoined he.

"To the Lord's tomb," said I, "if it be possible."

"I fear," said he, "the plague will render that a hazardous journey."

"Of that," I replied, "we can hear farther at Smyrna. I would fain see Jerusalem before I visit Rome."

"It is even a more awful place than Rome," said he, devoutly crossing himself. "Europe, if ever outward unity be vouchsafed her again, will turn her eyes thither once more. There will be another crusade, though after a different sort from what has been heretofore. But it is not well to travel thither as ye would to other lands, in a literary way, or in the spirit of an artist. It is the land which the Lord environed with his blessed feet."

"I would fain leave such a spirit behind me in visiting any land. I wish to regard the earth as a volume where God's judgments and his mercies are luminously recorded. I would strive to become a more earnest and intelligent Catholic, by interpreting what I see, and constrain each famous locality to give a voice and a soul to my dumb and spiritless recollections of history. Unfortunately, I loathe books and the in-doors pursuit of knowledge. I cannot profit in that school. I toil irksomely, and yet toil vainly. The restraints of scholarship are not sweet restraints to me. What I read seems but a bewildering mass of ill-strung facts. I would put life into it

all, by making for myself a sacred geography of this very fearful earth. Dumb cities should speak to me, interpreting the past, and put threads into my hands whereby I might guide myself a little way, and with a timid soberness into the profitable labyrinth of prophecy. The earth surely has a Catholic geography, as well as a moral and physical one, and no less scientific; and if physical geography be one of the most alluring and fertile of all studies, what must Catholic geography be?"

In the above extract, the observant reader will not have failed to trace the identical model according to which Mr. Faber's book of "Sights and Thoughts" has been constructed. We here obtain a clue to that peculiarity of manner, with which we must become somewhat familiar before we can either relish its tone or appreciate its value. He continues:

"And what is history but the key whereby to open the cabinets of prophecy?"

"Yet," he replied, "it is hard to make the wards of that key fit; and keys will sometimes open locks they were not made for. Look at the extravagant profaneness which has of late years been exhibited in the bold handling of unfulfilled prophecy. Your method of reading the earth supposes a very considerable knowledge of the earth's history, as well as a meditative study of the Holy Scriptures; and how is this to be attained by a book-hater?"

"If I thought," I answered, "that I could thus constrain the old earth to prophecy to me, it would cheer me in my studies; pain and toil, and lean hunger, and aching vigil would be as nothing."

"But," he asked, "may you not find this in books, or put it together for yourself from books?"

"No," replied I; "the truth seems to evaporate when sealed up in a book. Men seal it up lest it should evaporate, and lo! the spirit has escaped already. Truth's dead body is left behind. Some men think that enough, and of course it is a solemn thing. But many men are the creatures of localized affections, and they must out upon the earth, or seek some Socrates and learn by the living world. What tran-

scendent greatness was in Socrates to write no books. Plato himself thought that men were better taught without them. Language is a perpetual Orphic song, says a poet; but it must have sound to be so. How mighty is the mystery of words! Does not the very phrase lead us to the confines of the most ineffable of all mysteries?"

"Yes," replied he, very solemnly; "let us not venture out upon that sea."

We beg the reader to associate the following passage with those at page 392 of our former article. The "Man of the Middle Ages" is made to say to our Protestant traveller—with what degree of consistency we will not stop to enquire—

"It is true that you cannot, with your views, recreate and fortify your mind with the public vespers of the Church [in Venice]; but you can use the ritual of your own land in private, and bind the observance of it by vow upon your conscience."

"Ah!" replied I, "yet what a blessing it would be if we could enter that church and kneel among its worshippers. There is a spell in sacred music which unbinds the soul and calms it, as though the Spirit went forth in the sweet sounds, and breathed an absorbing breath upon you."

"Of course," said he, "the blessings of unity meet you at every turn, and this you cannot have. Yet I do not see what hinders that you should use these foreign churches as oratories for your private prayers, especially for intercession for all estates of Catholic men. Besides, there are whole services, or well nigh whole ones, in which you could join. Surely it is something to have a consecrated building, where God is, and angels, and a holy host, and many kneelers, and the sight of priests, and the voices of instruments, and the admonition of bells. These surely are not little things."

"No," said I, "indeed they are not. How can any thing be little which has to do with Christian practice? How can any thing be little which cleaves even to the outermost buttresses of the holy Church?"

Mr. Faber's remarks upon the historian of the council of Trent, are bold, unsparing and just, to the very letter.

"The character of Paolo Sarpi shows

how opinions (and so the holders of them) become debased when held for any length of time in a party way, and speaking without a legal mouth. Ranke, in condemning as an exaggeration the idea that Paolo Sarpi was a Protestant, says, 'it would be difficult to define to what form of Christianity he was inwardly attached; it was one often held in those times, especially by men who had devoted themselves to the *physical sciences*, a religion bound by none of the established systems, original speculation, but neither absolutely defined, nor completely wrought out.' From this it would follow, and did actually follow, that the spirit of complacent indifference in Paolo Sarpi was stirred up to a vehement and bitter hatred of *authority*, as interfering with and controlling his literary eclecticism; and with a system not afraid, as an authoritative system never is, of its conclusions, witnessing against a temper of mind so unhappy, and so little penetrated with true religious feeling. It is said of him that the most determined and irreconcilable hatred of the secular influence of the papacy, was probably the only passion he ever cherished, and that it was whetted by the refusal of a bishopric, attended by some mortifying circumstances. Thus what had been belief, pious, energetic, pure, obedient, quicksighted, hopeful, in Cardinal Contarine, became literary opinion, cold, lifeless, unpractical, unreal, scholastic, disobedient, in Sarpi. It exemplifies the natural degeneracy of unauthoritative schools within a Church. Faith has ever a tendency to become attenuated into mere opinion, where it has not supernatural 'coignes of vantage,' whereto it may cling. The public acts of the Church in teaching, or devotion, or ascetic observance, are alone those coignes of vantage. There is no instance of an authoritative school beginning well which did not end badly, if it was not incorporated into the system of the Church, either by tacit approval, or public recognition. The history of the papacy and its relations with the religious orders, is full of exemplifications of this.

"It is to be feared that we have among ourselves some characters analogous to that of Paolo Sarpi; especially among the most

thoughtful and intelligent of the laity. There are men who feel an ill-tutored and impatient weariness of verbal controversies, and see nothing providential, either in the way of trial or chastisement, in the doubt and uncertainty which attaches in these days to every (?) religious system. They arrive at their religious notions, not so much from having found their way thither by modest and unobtrusive works, from holy practice being guided to sound doctrine, but rather propelled by the discomfort of unsettled opinions on grave subjects, which will intrude even into the library of the man of letters! They have tried in the balance of reason, and by the test of revelation, the unreal system of impulses, sentiments, and motives, so long considered as the exclusive representative of the Gospel, and which has been found wanting, hollow, wordy, cheerless, inconsistent, delusive. They have next examined the claims put forward on behalf of the Church, in defence of her authority, mysterious gifts and supernatural prerogatives. But they have been disappointed and petulant that a claim of authority is put forward, and yet that definite and distinct certainty, if not infallibility, is not given in reward for the submission of the intellect. They are out of humor at discovering that these prerogatives, so great in name, so soothing in sound, are clouded over, and that we have to fight through baffling mists in order to find and identify the springs. They do not see moral discipline in this, or a divine chastisement, of which the awful divisions of Christendom give a mournfully sufficient explanation. The result is a kind of literary suspension between England and Rome. So much is involved in joining the latter, that they have not boldness enough for it. It is that which keeps them back, not allegiance to their English mother. Added to which is a recoil in favor of Rome from the discovery of the base and ribald character of popular controversy. The unreasonable generosity of their temper feels, as it were, bound to make up to Rome for this foolish, and to us very perilous injury. Their turn of mind also shows them the general beauty of the Roman system, and the particular

beauty which lies in the lap of each Roman error, while they have no time or taste for examining the multitudinous details of indictment brought by Anglican doctors against Rome; and they see that, at any rate, the outward face and frame of that indictment is highly scholastic, and therefore likely to be unreal. I know and love some, to whom, should these words meet their eyes, I would suggest whether they have not tried to learn doctrine in a way to which no blessing is promised; whether they have not begun in their libraries, rather than in their oratories (for in truth a library is but a profane place, if it be not an oratory also); whether their sins have deserved that they should be free from doubt or have unclouded views; whether they have not sought soothing medicines, rather than a rougher, but safer healing, and are endeavoring to allay the disquiet of the head, rather than feed the cravings of the heart? Let them contemplate themselves, as in a glass, in the character of Paolo Sarpi. Let them see and beware of the moral temper which is generated by a literary theology. They seek indifference for its dignified composure; and lo! it brings with it man's most disturbing passion, in its basest form,—a hatred of spiritual authority. It will not be consistent in logic, but it will be consistent in temper for these men to enter Rome, at last, by the very gate where they have been ashamed that their enemies should speak with them heretofore, the gate of infallibility."

Mr. Faber has run a vigorous parallel between the missionary and the monk; it reminds one of St. Chrysostom's celebrated contrast between the king and the monk. Here it is.

"A good missionary is a character of great religious dignity, and deservedly high esteem in the Church. In many cases, he is absent for an indefinite number of years, fixed in a region where there is not only no historical interest to afford subjects of thought to an ecclesiastical scholar, but not even civilization. He is often quite alone, except invisibly. Yet is his loneliness less irksome, from the very necessity of action; and it is a harder task, more difficult to flesh and blood, to ride tranquilly at anchor

in a monastery, than to be an isolated missionary. The monk and the missionary have two very different offices, except where the monk foregoes his monastery, as many have done, and received the crown of martyrdom. But for the most part the missionary has to extend the frontier of the Church, or to recover its lost possessions; whereas the office of the monk is to keep the heart of the Church pure, to inform it with intelligence, to detain by intercession jealous blessings ready to withdraw themselves, because they are slighted or abused. People who never tried them say that lives of monastic penance are easy to be passed. No; amidst the joys of marriage and the pretty science of young children, and the friendly looks of a kind neighborhood, it is easy to write off a life of penance in a few sentences; but who would in calm reflection, expand the years of solitary weariness, of hardship, and mortification, of wakeful scholarship and perpetual prayer, unvisited by a softness or a joy beyond what a bird or a tree, or an unusually blue sky may bring him, with a trust in Christ, as pure, complete, and self-abandoning as theirs who so write, and a knowledge of his Christian liberty as clear and enlarged;—who could expand all this out of the few current phrases into which it is compressed, and not confess that it was harder to be a monk than a missionary? And for the estimation of it, let people account whether monastic teachers of theology, such as the princely and erudite Benedictines, take not that 'special' rank St. Paul speaks of as the 'double honor' due to the presbyters who labor in the word and doctrine. O let us not, at least, condemn virtues as alloyed with impure doctrinal motives, when the truth is that we have not the heart, the hardihood, or the love, to prosecute such virtue ourselves."

There is no subject, however apparently unconnected with the purpose of his mission, which Mr. Faber cannot render subservient to his purpose. Witness the following:

"Francis I was *great* because he revived, at countless cost, expired chivalry in his own person. But all revivals of things

which have no intrinsic life are but splendid falsehoods. Now chivalry had at no period any life of its own, but only as far as it was moored alongside of the Church. When apart from the Church, like freemasonry, &c., it was an attempt to improve the manners of the times, and establish a code of morals upon a basis which can never be the foundation of a massive edifice. The broad stone of honor sank into the earth, when it ceased to rest itself against the corner-stone of the Church."

"*Ex pede Herculem*," was the criterion of an acute observer of the olden time, and such phrases as the following, are sufficient evidences of Mr. Faber's deep antiquarian spirit, and of his power of identifying himself with the objects of his research.

"At our feet, crouched like a living creature, lay 'Genoa the superb,' blazing with white houses, her crescent port, her domes, her towers, her palaces, that are, each and all, *old pages of history, torn from some illuminated manuscript of the middle ages*, and whereon the illuminations are well nigh faded or effaced, by time and violence."

Speaking of England, he says: "amidst many moral blemishes, her better characteristics are caution, sobriety, and a kind of natural honest inability to hold any sentiments, opinions, or beliefs, without commuting them into practice, and *tessellating them, so to speak, into the ground-work of daily life*."

From the fact that Mr. Faber has taken a prominent place among the leaders of the new religious movement, and that his book is already a scarce one, the first impression having, it is said, been disposed of in the course of a few weeks, we have been more liberal in our extracts, anxious to afford our readers sufficient materials for judging of the tone and spirit of this very remarkable volume. The object of the Oxford party is, to use a phrase of Mr. Faber's, "to work their system into the popular mind;" nor could they have chosen a writer better calculated than our author to carry out their purpose. His extensive reading, his masterly command of language, and above all the enthusiasm of his temperament, chastened, however, and subdued by his finished

scholarship and by the logic of which he is no unpractised master, render him in every respect qualified for the mission upon which he has been sent. Who will not look forward with more than common interest to

his promised "Sights and Thoughts" in Jerusalem, as preparatory to his visit to the eternal city? The movements of such a mind are influential, and we shall watch them with care.

SOUTHWELL'S POETRY.

BY W. JOE, WALTER, AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR THOMAS MORE," ETC.

OUR readers have already admired the character of Southwell as a martyr; his distinction as a Christian poet will appear from the following portions of his writings. His object in composing these poems is stated in a prefatory address to "his loving cousin."

"Poets, by abusing their talents, and taking for their subjects the follies and feignings of love, have so discredited the faculty that now-a-days, a poet, a lover and a liar, are almost synonymous terms. But the Almighty himself was pleased to deliver many parts of Scripture in verse, and his apostle wishes us to exercise our devotion in hymns and spiritual songs; hence we have warrant that the art is good, and its use allowable. Our Blessed Lord himself, by making a hymn the conclusion of his last supper, and the prologue to the first pageant of his passion, gave his spouse a method to imitate, as she has done, in the offices of the Church, and to all men a pattern to know the true use of this measured style. But as the evil one affected deity, and would have all the accompaniments of divine honor applied to his service, so has he, among the rest, possessed most poets with his idle fancies. For, in place of serious and devout matters, to which in duty they owe their abilities, they busy themselves in expressing such passions as only testify to what unworthy affections they have wedded their wills. Now, as the best course to let them see the error of their works, is to weave a new web in their own loom, I have here laid a few coarse threads together, to invite some more skilful hand

to produce a fitter piece, wherein it may be seen how well verse and virtue agree together.* In the meantime, my good cousin, with many good wishes I send you these few ditties; do you add the tunes, and let them, I pray you, form still a part in all your music."

His poetic apology, also, for courting the muses, is so pleasing, that he must be a stern censor indeed, by whom it would not be admitted.

THE POET TO HIS READER.

Dear eye that deignest to peruse my style,
With easy censure deem of my delight;
The soberest brow has sometimes leave to smile,
And gravest wits to take a breathing flight.
Of mirth to make a trade may be a crime;
But wearied minds for mirth must have a time.

The lofty eagle soars not still above,
High flights will force him from his wing to stoop;
Men must at times too studious thoughts remove,
Lest, by excess, before their time they droop.
In lighter studies, 'tis a sweet repose,
With poet's pleasing vein to temper prose.

Profane conceits, and fainting fits I fly,
Such lawless stuff doth lawless speeches fit;
With David, verse to virtue I apply,
Whose measure well with measured words doth fit.

*It is the sweetest note that man can sing,
When grace in virtue's key tunes nature's string.*

* The following is from a pleasing tribute to Southwell:

"The muses' fount is hallowed by thee,
And Poesy baptised Divinity;
Which most prevails, thy wit or grace divine,
We know not: but the grace of wit is thine."

Southwell's tact lies in his power of illustrating some moral truth by simple, yet apt and pleasing imagery. Take an instance. The maxim,—“Scorn not the least,”—is thus enforced by pretty analogies drawn from familiar objects.

Where words are weak, and foes encountering strong,

Where mightier foes assault, than friends defend,

The feeblér part puts up with enforced wrong,
And silent, sees what speech could not amend.
Yet higher powers must think, though they repine,

When sun is set, that little stars will shine.

While pikes range free, the silly gudgeons fly,
And crouch in privy creeks with smaller fish;
Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by:

These float in freedom, while those fill the dish.
There is a time e'en for the worm to creep,
And suck the dew, while all his foes do sleep.

The falcon cannot always soar on high,
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase;
The tender lark will find a time to fly,
And fearful hare to run a quiet race.
He that height on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,
Yet God did turn *his* fate unto his foe;
Though Lazarus pined while Dives' feast was kept,

Yet he to heaven,—to hell did Dives go.
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May,
Yet grass is green when flowrets fade away.

Of the same character is the charming little illustration of the “Dangers of Delay.”

Shun delays, they breed remorse;
Use thy time while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails make little course,
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Ling'ring labors come to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's leisure;
Seek not time when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
After-wit is dearly bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,
Take thy hold or else beware,
When he flies he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is bare.
Works adjourned have many stays,
Long demurs breed new delays.

Seek the salve while sore is green,
Festered wounds ask deeper lancing;
After-cures are seldom seen,
Often sought, but rarely chancing.
Time and place give best advice,
Out of season, out of price.

Drops will pierce the stubborn flint,
Not by force, but often falling;
Custom kills by feeble dint,
More by use than strength enthraling.
Single sands have little weight,
Many make a drowning freight.

Tender twigs with ease are bent,
Aged trees break with bending;
Young desires need small restraint,
Growth will make them past amending.
Happy man, betimes to knock,
Babel's babes against the rock!

But, independently of their merits in a moral point of view, these poems abound in rich poetic imagery, and possess a felicity of expression, and a harmony of versification, rare in the productions of this period. We give an instance or two from pieces not quoted by us in full. Addressing Martha and Mary, he says:

Ye sister nymphs, the sweet renowned pair,
Who blessed Bethania's bounds with your abode;
Shall I infect that sanctified air,
Or stain those steps where Jesu breathed and trod?

Again: how sweet this opening address to the Holy Innocents:

Joy, infant saints, cropped in the tender flower!
Long is their life, that die in blissful hour;
Too long they live, that live till they be nought:
Life saved by sin is purchase dearly bought.
Your fate the pen of angels should rehearse:
Whom spotless, death in cradle rocked asleep;
Sweet roses mixt with lilies strewed your hearse,
Death virgin-white in martyr-red did steep.

What can be more apt and beautiful than the following image in "St. Peter's Plaint."

The mother sea, from overflowing deeps,
Sends forth her issue by divided veins,
Yet back her offspring to their mother creeps,
To pay the purest streams with added gains;
But I, who drank sweet drops from fount supreme,
Repaid the Giver with polluted stream.

We give a specimen of his devotional poetry, which, though marked by all the quaintness of the age, has great force and concentration of thought.

LIFE'S DEATH—LOVE'S LIFE.

Who lives to love, loves least to live,
And doth each moment rue,
Apart from Him, for whom he lives,
To whom all love is due;
Who for our love was pleased to live,
And more content to die;
Who loved the ransomed more than life,
And love with life did buy.

Let us in life, yea, *with* our life,
Requite his living love;
For best we live, when least we live,
If love such life reprove.
True lovers here are ill at ease;
Extremes must disagree:
Love where it loves, life where it lives,
Alone at rest can be.

Then, since love is not where it lives,
Nor liveth where it loves;
Love hates the life that holds it back
From what it most approves.
Mourn, therefore, no true lover's death,
'Tis life breeds his annoy;
And when he taketh leave of life,
Then love begins his joy.

The most considerable poem in Southwell's collection is entitled, "St. Peter's Plaint," or lamentation after his fall. It has many vigorous stanzas, and some touches of the pathetic, by no means unworthy of the Shaksperian age. Our limits will allow but of some extracts, but they will be of a kind not to destroy the symmetry of the composition.

ST. PETER'S PLAINT.

The Author to the Reader.

Dear eye! that deignest to let fall a look
On these dear memories of Peter's plaints,
Muse not to see some mud in clearest brook—
They once were brittle mould who now are saints.
Their weakness is no warrant to offend;
No; from their faults learn thou thine own to mend.

If Justice' even hand the balance held,
When Peter's sins and ours were made the weights,
So small his share, compared to what we yield,
His bark would groan to feel some sinner's freights.
So ripe is vice, so green is virtue's bud:—
The world doth wax in ill, but wane in good.

This makes my mourning muse dissolve in tears,
For this my heavy pen doth plain in prose:
Christ's thorn is sharp, no head his garland wears;
Our finest wits are 'stilling Venus' rose.
In Paynim lays the sweetest veins are spent,
Few have to Christian works their talents lent.
Favor my wish, well-wishing works no ill,
I move the suit, the grant rests in your will.

St. Peter speaks.

Let me give vent to my o'erchargéd breast,
Let bitter grief find issue at these eyes,
Till tears wash out the stain by sin impressed,
And peace once more be won by plaints and sighs:
Foul was my trespass, and let tears not few
Baptize my spotted soul with weeping dew.

Vain my vaunts, I vowed, if all friends failed,
Alone Christ's hardest fortunes to abide;
Giant in talk, like dwarf in trial quailed,
Exceeding none but in untruth and pride.
Such is the distance 'tween high words and deeds;
So rare in proof the mighty vaunter speeds!

What trust in one that Truth itself defied?
What good in him that did his God forswear?
How can I live that thus my Life denied,
What can I hope, that lost my Hope in fear?
Fears without cause, fears feeling no mishaps;
O fond delusion, miserable lapse!

Ah, fear! abortive imp of drooping mind,
Self-overthrow, false friend, root of remorse;
Swift in foreseeing ills, in shunning blind,

Foiled without field, by fancy, not by force.
 Ague of valor, phrenzy of the wise,
 True honor's stain, love's frost, the mint of lies.

Could servile fear of rendering nature's due,
 Which growth in years perforce must shortly
 claim,
 So thrall my love, that I could thus eschew
 Avowed death, and miss so fair an aim?
 Die, die, disloyal wretch, thy life detest,
 For saving thine thou hast forsworn the best.

Ah, life! sweet drop, drowned in a sea of sours,
 A flying good posting to doubtful end;
 Still losing months and years to gain new hours,
 Fain, to me to have and spare, yet forced to
 spend:
 Thy growth decrease; a moment all thou hast,
 That's gone ere known; the rest to come or past.

The mother-sea from overflowing deeps,
 Sends forth her issue by divided veins;
 Yet back the off-spring to the mother creeps,
 To pay in purer streams with added gains;
 But I, who drank sweet drops from fount supreme
 Repaid the Giver with polluted stream.

Ah, whither was forgotten love exiled?
 Where did the truth of pledge and promise
 sleep?
 What in my breast could fester thoughts so wild?
 Why through my soul such foul suggestions
 creep?
 O shameful foil! a simple maiden's breath
 Could blow my courage down, and work my
 death.

In Thabor's joys how fain was I to dwell,
 An earnest friend while favor's light did shine;
 But when eclipséd glory prostrate fell,
 This heat of zeal to sleep I did resign.
 Thrice, in his care, sleep closed my careless eye,
 Presage that Him my tongue should thrice deny.

Parting from Christ, my fainting force declined;
 With lingering foot I followed him aloof;
 Base fear from out my heart his love unshrined,
 High in high words, but impotent in proof.
 It seemed my vaunts 'neath Sampson's locks
 were born,
 Yet, like those locks is all their vigor shorn.

Titles I made untruths. Am I the rock,
 That with so soft a blast was overthrown?
 Am I fit pastor for the faithful flock,
 To guide their souls who murdered thus my
 own?

A rock of ruin—not a rest to stay;
 A pastor—not to feed, but to betray.

Thou wakeful bird, rebuker of my crime,
 Faithful remembrancer of dastard fears,
 Be thou the daily larum of the time,
 When stinted eyes should pay their debt of
 tears.

Upbraid mine ears with thy accusing crow,
 To make me rue what first it made me know.

In time, O Lord, thine eyes with mine did meet,
 In them I read the ruins of my fall,
 Their cheering rays that made misfortune sweet,
 Into my guilty thoughts poured floods of
 gall;
 Those heavenly looks that blessed what they be-
 held,
 Looked terror, and at check my spirit held.

O sacred eyes, the springs of living light,
 The earthly heav'n where angels joy to dwell,
 How would you deign to view my deathful
 plight,
 Or let your heavenly beams look on my hell?
 But those pure eyes did so encounter mine,
 As spotless sun doth on pollution shine.

Sweet volumes, stored with learning fit for
 saints,
 Where blissful choirs imparadise their minds;
 Wherein eternal study never faints,
 Still finding all—yet seeking all it finds.

Ah, wretch! how oft have I sweet lessons read
 In those dear eyes, the registers of truth;
 How oft have I my hungry wishes fed,
 And in their happy joys redressed my ruth.

Those eyes whose glances are a silent speech,
 In cyphered words' high mysteries disclosing;
 Which with a look all sciences can teach,
 Whose texts, to faithful hearts need little
 glozing.

Ye suns, all but yourselves in light excelling,
 Whose presence day, whose absence causes
 night;
 Whose neighbor course brings summer, cold ex-
 pelling,
 Whose distant periods freeze away delight.

Twice Moses' wand did strike the stubborn
 rock,
 Ere stony veins would yield their crystal blood;
 From eyes like thine sufficed a single look
 To make my heart gush out a weeping flood.

Ye beams of mercy bent on sorrow's cloud,
 Pour suppling showers upon my parchéd
 ground;
 Bring forth the fruit to your due service vowed,
 Let good desires with good effects be crowned.
 Since sin did grace of riper growth devour,
 Water reviving virtue's tender flower.

Weep balm and myrrh, ye sweet Arabian trees,
 With purest gems perfume and pearl your
 rine;
 Gather your honey-drops, ye busy bees,
 A barren plant, no precious store is mine.

If David, night by night, did bathe his bed,
 Esteeming longest days too short to mourn;
 Tears inconsolable if Anna shed,
 Who in her son her solace had forgone;
 Then I, to days and weeks, to months and years,
 Do owe the hourly meed of stintless tears.

My eye reads mournful lessons to my heart;
 My heart doth to my thought the grief expound,
 My thought the theme doth to my tongue impart,
 My tongue the message in mine ear doth sound;
 The ears back to the heart their sorrows send,
 Thus circling griefs run round without an end.

My guilty eye seems still to see my sin;
 All things are characters to spell my fall:
 What eye doth read without, heart rues within;
 What heart doth rue, to pensive thought is
 gall,
 Which when the thought would by the tongue
 digest,
 The ear conveys it back into the breast.

My comfort now is comfortless to live
 In orphan state, devoted to mishap;
 Rent from the root that sweetest fruit did give,
 I scorn to graft on stock of meaner sap;
 No juice can joy me, but of Jessie's flower,
 Whose heavenly root hath such reviving power.

With mildness, Jesu, measure mine offence;
 Let true remorse the vengeance due abate;
 Let tears appease where trespass doth incense;
 Let pity temper thy deserved hate;
 Let grace forgive, let love forget my fall,
 With fear I crave, with hope I humbly call.

Redeem my lapse with ransom of thy love,
 Traverse th' indictment, rigor's doom suspend;
 Let frailty favor, sorrow's succor move;
 Be thou thyself—though changling I offend.
 Tender my suit, cleanse this polluted den,
 Cancel my debts—sweet Jesus, say, Amen!

Among other poems is a poetical commentary on the texts of St. Matthew: "When Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost. Whereupon Joseph, being a just man, and not willing publicly to expose her, was minded to put her away privately." The poet represents Joseph as determined to leave her, and thus beautifully describes the conflict in his mind.

Alas! and was my love so lightly prized,
 And was our solemn pledge so soon forgot?
 Could vows so plighted, be so soon despised,
 Could such a spouse be stained with such a
 spot?

O wretched Joseph, that hath lived so long,
 Of faithful love to reap such grievous wrong?

Could a foul worm breed in so sweet a wood?
 Could in such chaste demeanor lurk untruth?
 Could ill lie hid where virtue's image stood,
 Where hoary sageness graced such tender
 youth!

Where can affianced rest, to rest secure,
 In virtue's fairest seat where faith's not sure?

All proofs did promise hope; a pledge of grace
 Where good might have repaid the deepest
 ill;

Sweet signs of purest thoughts in saintly face,
 Assured the eye of her unstained will;
 Yet 'neath this outward lustre seems to lie
 Concealed a failing of the darkest die.

But Joseph's word shall never work her woe;
 I wish her leave to live, not doom to die;
 Though fortune mine, yet am not I her foe,
 She to herself less loving is than I.
 The most I wish,—the least I can, is this,
 Since none may save, to shun what is amiss.

Exile my home, the wilds shall be my walk,
 Complaint my joys, my music mourning lays;
 With pensive griefs in silence will I talk,
 Sad thoughts shall be my guides in sorrow's
 ways.

Such course best suits the disappointed mind,
 That seeks to lose what most it joyed to find.

One foot he often setteth out of door,
 The other loath uncertain ways to tread;
 He takes the fardel for his needful store,
 He casts the inn where first he means to bed:
 But still, ere he can frame his feet to go,
 Love winneth time, till all concludes in "No!"

Sometimes, grief adding force, he doth depart,
 He will against his will, keep on his pace;
 But strait remorse so worketh in his heart,
 That hasting thoughts yield to a pausing space:
 Then, mighty reasons press him to remain,
 She whom he flies doth win him home again.

But when his thought at sight of his abode,
 Presents the sign of his presumed on shame,
 Repenting every step that back he trod,
 He dries his tears and doth his weakness blame:
 Thus, warring with himself, a field he fights,
 Where every wound upon the giver lights.

But who can fly from what his heart doth feel?
 What change of place can change implanted pain?
 The thought of health will not the sufferer heal;
 Sick heart that shift no fits, shift rooms in vain:
 Where thought can see, what helps the closed eye?
 Where heart pursues, what gains the foot to fly?

The following stanzas, in a piece entitled,
 "Man's Civil War," have much felicity of
 expression.

My soaring thoughts would fly to heaven,
 And quiet nestle in the sky;
 My bark would fain in virtue's haven,
 Secure from storms at anchor lie:
 But mounting thoughts are all weighed down
 By heavy poise of mortal load,
 And blustering storms deny my ship,
 Safe anchor in that sheltered road.

The inward eye to heavenly sights
 To draw the longing heart is fain,
 When comes the world with its delights,
 And bids it back to earth again.
 Sad lot! when spirit, moulded free,
 Becomes the feeble sense's prey;
 Hard hap! when halves must disagree,
 And the worse half the whole betray.

What wisdom hates will fancy love,
 And overrule the feeble will;
 Though wisdom with her frown reprove,
 She leads her victim captive still.
 Resisting first, at length I faint,
 And from my firm resolves decline;
*Though reason woo me to the saint,
 Yet sense doth win me to the shrine.*

'The following is pleasing in its native
 beauty—*simplex munditiis*.

SEEK FLOWERS OF HEAVEN.

Soar up, my soul, unto thy rest,
 Cast off this loathsome load;
 Too long the date of thy exile,
 Too tedious thy abode.
 Graze not on worldly, withered weed,
 It fitteth not thy taste;
 The flowers of everlasting spring,
 Do grow for thy repast.

Their leaves are stained in beauty's dye,
 And blazoned with its beams;
 Their stalks enameled with delight,
 And limned with glorious beams.
 Life-giving juice of living love
 Their sugared veins doth fill,
 And watered with eternal showers,
 Their nectar-drops distil.

These flowrets spring from fertile soil,
 Though from uncultured field;
 Unstinted is the heavenly growth
 These happy regions bear;
 Whose sovereign sweets, surpassing sense,
 So ravish all the mind,
 That worldly weeds he needs must loathe,
 Who doth such flowrets find.

Southwell's "Profession of Philosophy"
 is easy and graceful, terse and vigorous.

I dwell in grace's court,
 Rich in fair virtue's rights;
 Faith guides my wit, love leads my will,
 Hope all my mind delights.
 From lowly vale I mount
 To pleasure's highest pitch;
 My simple garb true honor brings,
 My poor estate is rich.

My conscience is my crown,
 Contented thoughts my rest;
 My heart is happy in itself,
 My bliss is in my breast.
 Enough I reckon wealth;
 That mean the surest lot,
 Which lies too high for base contempt,
 Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,
 And easy to fulfil:
 I make the limit of my power,
 The bounds unto my will.
 I have no hope but one,
 And that of heavenly reign;
 This highest aim kept full in view
 Will lower hopes restrain.

I feel no care for gold,
 Well-doing is my wealth;
 My mind to me is all in all,
 Which grace affordeth health.
 I clip high climbing thoughts,
 The wings of swelling pride;
 Their fall is worst, that from the height
 Of greatest honor slide.

As shrouds of largest span
 The storm doth sooner tear;
 I bear so low and small a sail,
 As freeth me from fear.
 I wrestle not with wrath
 While fury's flame doth burn,
 It is in vain to stem the stream,
 Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,
 And ebbing wrath doth end,
 I turn a late enraged foe
 Into a quiet friend.
 And taught by frequent proof,
 A tempered calm I find,
 To be best solace to itself,
 Best cure for angry mind.

Spare diet is my fare,
 My garb more fit than fine;
 I know I feed and clothe a foe,
 Who, pampered, would repine.
 As fly that courts the flame,
 Will singe his wings and fall;
 So have they cause to blame
 Themselves, who seek love's thrall.

I envy not their lot,
 Whom favor doth advance;
 I take no pleasure in their pain,
 That have less happy chance.
 To rise by others' fall,
 I deem a losing gain;
 All states with others' ruin built,
 To ruin run amain.

No change of fortune's calm
 Can cast my comforts down;
 When fortune smiles, I smile to think
 How quickly she may frown.
 And when, in froward mood,
 She proves an angry foe,
 Small gain I found to let her come—
 Less loss to let her go.

The following rises into the sublime, and
 can boast of couplets whose vigor of thought

and beauty of expression, can scarcely be
 equalled in the language.

AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

Fair soul, how long shall veils thy graces shroud?
 How long thy exile here withhold thy right?
 When will thy sun disperse this mortal cloud,
 And give thy glories scope to meet the light?
 O that a star more fit for angels' eyes
 Should twinkle here, not shine above the skies!

Thy ghostly beauty offered force to God,
 It chained him in the links of tender love,
 It won his will with man to make abode;
 It stayed his sword, it did his wrath remove:
It made the rigor of his justice yield,
And crowned fair Mercy empress of the field.

This lulled our heavenly Sampson fast asleep,
 And laid Him in our feeble nature's lap;
 This made Him under mortal load to creep,
 And in our flesh his Godhead to enwrap;
 This made Him sojourn with us in exile,
 And not disdain our titles in his style.

This bro't Him from the ranks of heavenly choirs
 Into our vale of tears and curséd soil;
 From Paradise into a world of briars;
 From life to death, from bliss to tears and toil:
 This made him wander in our pilgrim-weed,
 And taste our torments to relieve our need.

O soul, do not thy noble thoughts abase,
 To lose thy soul in any mortal wight;
 Content thine eye at home with native grace,
 Since God himself is pleased to love the sight;
 If with thy beauty God well pleased can be,
 Base is thy love of any less than He.

Give not assent to muddy-minded skill,
 That deems the features of a pleasing face
 To be the sweetest bait to lure the will:
 Nor valuing right the work of ghostly grace.
 Let God's and angels' judgment win belief,
 That of all beauty deems the soul the chief.

Queen Hester was of rare and peerless hue,
 And Judith once for beauty bore the vaunt;
 But he that could the soul's endowments view,
 Would to the soul the palm of beauty grant.
 Then, soul, out of thyself seek God alone:
 Grace more than thine—save God's, the world
 hath none.

From the more cheerful and sprightly
 tone of the above, they might be regarded

as the effusions of a mind at ease. But, as we have had occasion to see, Southwell's lot was cast not "in the piping times of peace," but in a period of conflict and alarms; and there are portions of his poetry, which, in their severity of thought and solemnity of manner, bear the impress of the trying scenes amidst which they were composed. The following are of this character.

A COMPLAINT.

He that his mirth has lost,
Whose comfort is to rue;
Whose hope is fallen, whose faith is crossed,
Whose trust is found untrue;
If he have held them dear,
And cannot cease to mourn—
Come, let him take his place by me,
He shall not rue alone.

But if the smallest sweet
Be mixed with all his sour;
If in the day, the month, the year,
He feel one lightening hour,
Then rest he with himself,
He is no mate for me,
Whose time in tears, whose race in ruth,
Whose life a death must be.

The peace, the rest, the life,
That I enjoyed of yore,
Were happy lot; but by their loss
My smart doth sting the more.
The solitary wood
My city shall become;
The darkest den must be the lodge
To which for rest I come.

My tears shall be my wine,
My bed the craggy rock;
My harmony the serpents' hiss,
The screeching owl my clock.
Nor are the sorrows feigned,
Wherein I starve and pine;
Who feels the most, shall think it least,
If his compare with mine.

ON THE IMAGE OF DEATH.

Before my face yon picture hangs,
That daily putteth me in mind

Of those cold names and bitter pangs
That shortly I am like to find.
And yet, alas! full little I
Do think thereon, that I must die.

I often look upon that face
Of Death, so grisly, foul and thin;
That skull, where gapes each hollow space
Where living eyes had sometimes been;
I see the bones across that lie,
Yet little think that I must die.

I see the label underneath,
That telleth me whereto I must;
I read the sentence too that saith,
"Remember, man, that thou art dust!"
And yet, alas! how seldom I
Call up the thought that I must die.

Continually at my bed's head,
A hearse doth hang, and plainly tell
That I, ere morning, may be dead,
Though now I feel alert and well.
And yet, alas! how thoughtless I,
Not to take heed that I must die.

The gown that I am used to wear,
The knife wherewith I cut my meat;
And eke that old and antique chair,
My easy and familiar seat:
All these do tell me I must die.
And yet my life amend not I.

My ancestors are turned to clay,
And many of my mates are gone;
My youngers daily drop away,
And can I think to 'scape alone?
Ah no! I feel that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

Since none can 'scape Death's dreaded dart,
Since rich and poor his beck obey;
If wise and strong, all feel his smart,
Then how to 'scape shall I find way?
O grant me grace, great God! that I
My life amend before I die.

The prose productions of Father Southwell, are still more valuable than his poetry; we purpose to make them the subject of a future article.

From the Dublin Review.

RELIGION IN ENGLAND AFTER THE REFORMATION.

LET us now consider the character of the religion which succeeded to that, of which we have endeavored to trace a faint outline, and which had well nigh existed for a thousand years in these realms, and then see whether this new order of things was not even a fresh kindling of the wrath of God, and a still heavier chastisement for our sins, rather than a boon from Him, "who openeth his hand, and filleth with blessing every living creature;" whether it were not, of its very self, a curse that blighted wherever it touched, and an awful and distinctive token of the malediction of heaven—a malediction that carried with it this most miserable judgment also, that while it punished for past offences, it excited to new ones, so that the sinner has never ceased to add sin to sin.* Though in its course Protestantism swelled into a very deluge, which for a time swept every thing before it, both the altar and the throne; changing Carmel into a wilderness; converting a pleasant garden, abounding in many virtues, into a moral waste overgrown with thorns and briars; driving faith, hope, and charity from the sanctuary, and leaving us even to this day with "a land of closed churches, hushed bells, unlighted altars, unstoled priests, as if the kingdom were under an interdict;"† yet, all this came not at once, though it all sprang but from one sin. Like the fall of Adam, the unbridled passion of Henry cast its deadening shade over a whole empire, infused its poison into the veins of a whole race, and verified to the letter, that awful denunciation of divine vengeance, that "an unwise king shall be the ruin of his people."

True it is, that this "first born son of the reformation," came not in peace, but with a sword, and was indeed born for the fall of many; for he it was who, by severing the unity of the Church, removed the key-

stone from the arch, and exposed the whole structure to certain ruin; it tottered for a few short moments under the feeble props which a spurious and unnatural exercise of the power so lately usurped could supply, and then sunk into an utter and undistinguishable wreck.

Once that the covenant with Peter was violated, the only secure foundation for unity was torn up, and though every possible effort was made to repair it, no ingenuity could devise a substitute. The pride of innovation proved greater than its power; and act after act was in vain passed for "the repression and extirpation of all errors, heresies, and other enormities;" "for the conservation of the peace, unity, and tranquillity of the realm;" for abolishing "*diversity of opinions*;" for establishing "the most perfect unity and concord in all things, and in especial in the true faith and religion of God;" and though the whole power of the tiara was transferred to the crown,—which power the crown was nothing loth to exercise; and though it was backed by the civil authorities with fire and faggot at their command,—of which too, they in turn, were not slack to avail themselves; still diversity of opinions sprang up on all sides, and never ceased to occupy—often to elude all the vigilance of the royal inquisitor, and to baffle the most barbarous execution of the law. But the authority which was powerless for good, was soon found to be most apt for mischief, and the tyrannical and unflinching disposition of him who wielded it, acting upon the dastardly subserviency of the great ones of the land,—the caitiff descendants of the proud barons of England,—for the first time in the history of the country, laid all the liberties of the kingdom (which had been won with such heroic resistance to arbitrary sway) prostrate at the feet of the monarch, giving equal force to the proclamation of the sov-

* Wisdom iii, 28. † Faber's Foreign Churches.

ereign, and the parliamentary law of the realm. Nay, so abjectly submissive, so passively obedient did they become under the dawn of their new illuminations, and under the plastic hand of power, that they even passed a step in advance, and invested the *counsellors* of the king's successor, if he were under age, with the right of setting forth proclamations in his name, of the same authority as if issued by the king himself: and it was in virtue of this very act that the religion of the late reign was supplanted; that all the diversities of opinions, the errors, heresies, and other enormities which sacrificed the unity of the Church, the peace and tranquillity of the realm, and deluged it with irreligion, impiety, and sacrilege, were accomplished during the minority of the infant sovereign, who had succeeded to his more imperious, but less inconsistent father.

It was indeed to little purpose to pray to be delivered from schism, as they were ordered to do in the Litany of 1535, when they had wilfully run headlong into it; or, that all "perverse sects" might be avoided, when they had opened the broad road for their admission; or that they might "withstand the frauds and snares of their ghostly enemy," when they themselves had set the toils; or that they might "die in the very true Catholic faith," when they had not only most solemnly protested against it, and bound themselves by oath to abide in another, but had made the very profession of it high treason against the state! For is it not written that "the hope of the hypocrite shall perish" through his appointment "Who maketh a hypocrite to reign for the sins of the people?" And thus again did they earn the recompense that awaited them, and "the congregation of hypocrites was made desolate." That desolation came indeed with a rapid and appalling vengeance. It rent the veil of the sanctuary, but it had no better covenant to establish in its place. No, the covenant of God, the inheritance of Christ, his seamless coat, the pillar and the ground of truth, was treated with as little ceremony as an antiquated building, grown out of date and taste,—like one of those fashions which this capricious world

of ours has decked herself out withal for a season, and then discarded as something of which it had grown weary because it lacked novelty, and which they had as good a right to change as to change the fancy of their vain apparel. What had, therefore, been venerated for its antiquity, for its majestic comeliness, its beauteous splendor, its happy adaptation to its purposes, for the associations which had grown up around it, and to which every succeeding age added new charms, and imparted a new interest, became despoiled of half its glory, contracted in all its fair proportions, and profaned in its most holy rites.

To give zest to the meagre fare which was now served up to the religious appetites of the people, in lieu of the sumptuous feast to which they had been hitherto accustomed, that discarded Church which had heretofore provided it with such a lavish hand, became the object of the bitterest antipathy. The dark unfeeling zealots, and ravenous extortioners, who were dividing the land between fanaticism and infidelity, "knew full well that the sword of the law could not have been wielded with such deadly effect against the holy and ancient religion of these islands, if that religion had not first been decried, abused, and maligned, until it appeared to the multitude a very moral monster. 'From the sole of its foot,' like its divine founder, 'to the top of its head, there was no soundness in it;' it was buffeted, abused, spit upon; it was covered with a mantle of derision; it was scourged, and drenched with vinegar and gall; the water of affliction entered into its very soul; and it was, when thus disfigured by a clamorous rabble, and seemingly abandoned by God, that the bigots and the fanatic cried out to the agents of the law and the sword,—'away with it, away with it.'"

Having crucified it, they buried it, and esteemed it dead, but after a long sleep, it has risen, like its divine author, from the tomb: and God grant that the sower may again cast the good seed around! May he open rivers in the high hills, and fountains in the midst of the plains; may he turn the desert into pools of water, and the impassable

ble land into streams ! and may he plant in the wilderness the cedar and the thorn, and the myrtle, and the olive-tree ! (Isaias xli and liv.) May they again grow and flourish, and cast their shadow over the length and breadth of the land ; and may the desolate cities be again inhabited !

The consequence of this total alienation from the ancient creed, was a new order of things that left nothing wherewith the imagination might assist the reason ; no associations, no reminiscences ; the poetry of religion driven from her precincts, the mysteries of faith departing from her, no warmth of affection in her heart, and consequently no glowing devotion in her prayers. It tore itself asunder from all former feelings and prepossessions ; rendered the beautiful history of the English Church no better than a tale of fancy, and pronounced a verdict of condemnation against the greatest men that the nation ever produced, as well as against those to whom it was most deeply indebted. Not content with this state of internal desolation, it cut itself off from all sympathy with the rest of Christendom, and such was the fatuity by which the religious counsels of the country were thenceforth governed, that she appeared to be handed over to a judicial blindness in just punishment for her sins, a blindness which she has too faithfully transmitted from generation to generation : for her subsequent story has never presented one interesting feature ; exercising no influence beyond her own isolated territories ; undertaking no enterprise, either in the cause of civilization or Christianity ; adding nothing to the store of religious knowledge, or of ecclesiastical history, but on the contrary, manifestly retrograding in her course. As a member of the Christian community, she was a withered and lifeless branch, stirred only from time to time by the strife of her own internal dissensions. Usually sunk in apathy and indifference, she has been only roused to a knowledge of her own existence by the spirit of angry contention within her own bosom ; and even here she has been ever governed by external circumstances which belonged to the wretched concerns and interests of this world, and not of the next. In her infancy

she cared little for doctrine or principle, provided she went wide enough from Rome, and established sufficient safeguards for the protection of the plunder which the abettors of the change were then enjoying ; and, with this object in view, hostility to Rome was her best and surest resource. When the remembrance of Rome had been well nigh obliterated by a century of active persecution, the fears of a reaction in favor of the ancient creed, became a less powerful agent than the apprehension of an advance in the cause of innovation ; for Puritanism was beginning its work, driving on its approaches both against Church and State, undermining all authority, both civil and religious, and threatening universal anarchy and confusion. A return to better principles was the obvious policy of all who felt an interest in averting the impending evil, or who venerated any of the established institutions of the country. It was not, therefore, surprising that an attempt should be made to infuse a new spirit into the Church, if it were only as an object of human policy ; and to strengthen itself by drawing closer its alliance with the state, was its first and most natural impulse. The theory of the divine right of kings, and of passive obedience to their authority, was exalted into an article of Christian faith and employed as the engine most suitable to the purpose. For, with all its licentiousness of principle, breaking through all the trammels which had hitherto restrained the capricious exercise of the human mind, overleaping all the landmarks which their fathers had set, wandering into the wild regions of fancy, and emancipating itself from the thralldom of spiritual authority, the new religion was not only as positive in its dogmas, and as determined to enforce them as the religion it had supplanted, but actually introduced one doctrine (while it discarded many which had long been held by all),—which no sect or denomination of Christians had ever yet defined as an article of faith,—a blind and passive obedience to the temporal sovereign. The identity of Church and state was a principle most serviceable to both, and each was but too anxious to enhance the power and privileges of the other. The natural

tendency of this condition of things was an approach to the more substantial, better defined, better understood, and more comprehensive doctrines which had been overthrown or remodeled, under circumstances which drove the new teaching to seek excuses for its transgressions in the necessities of the times, in which a spirit of protestation against Rome was the leading principle, and which almost alone governed it in its decisions during the period of transition and separation. The attempt, however, was a signal failure, and the external energies of a new and fanatical sect carried the day over a frail and tottering system, which evinced symptoms of decay in its very infancy, and which soon lost its force when it abandoned the only principles by which it could possibly retain it. From the restoration to the final extinction of exclusion and persecution on account of religious opinions, the Anglican Church lay like a dismantled log upon the waters, disfiguring the fair ocean by its unsightly bulk, a serious injury to other craft, and wholly incapable of righting itself. During this melancholy period of death-like inertness, she seems to have reduced Christianity, as far as possible, to the standard of heathenism. There was neither reliance on, nor respect for her authority; her doctrines were a paradox, and, for aught that any one believed of them, they might as well have been the mythology of the Greeks; her revenues were a mere maintenance for the priesthood, her festivals only an occasion for feasting and display; while she was wholly bereft of any real influence over the faith and morals of the people, and performed a very secondary part amongst the social or political relations of the kingdom. But this moral sleep was not to endure forever, and during these latter days, a long period of peace, ever favorable for calm religious inquiry, a more intimate and friendly intercourse with other countries, and a general stir in the Christian world, have conspired to turn her attention upon herself again, upon her own inanimate condition, and induce her to endeavor to inspire fresh vigor into her system, and raise herself to a more elevated sphere in the religious com-

monwealth. Yet, after every attempt, how little has been achieved! and, whatever commendations may be due to the actors in this work of regeneration, we must still predict its utter failure, because of the natural and radical defects of the principles upon which they work; and when the heat of this singular controversy is over within the bosom of a Church which has adopted unity of belief as an essential token of truth, and which has fenced its creed with all the powers at its command—the powers of the earth, pains, penalties, and disabilities; a controversy carried on by the most learned and most dignified of her sons, and one which has well nigh engaged the whole kingdom within the lists, and embroiled even the least contentious in the dispute, who can say that the cause of truth will have advanced even by a single step? Thus hath the modern Church of these realms, been ever travelling on the confines of two worlds, the one of folly, the other of wisdom; too often does she cross the borders to the former, never does she enter the latter. Her language, too, partakes of the character of her conduct; it is one which none can understand, farther than as it betrays the troubled and feverish condition in which she finds herself.

From the clear, distinct, and definite ideas attached to the authoritative decisions of the Catholic Church, and which ever held her in a real and practical unity both of faith and discipline throughout the land, and joined her in communion with all the orthodox and united Churches in the world, we must now fain be content with “the ambiguous formularies,” as they call them, of the wretched system which has been substituted in its stead. They themselves tell us of the “perplexing embarrassment” so prevalent amongst them on doctrinal points; we hear of nothing but “the perplexity of controversy;” of “conflicting opinions;” of articles which, as to any intelligible meaning, are still in a state of transition, and, after a discussion of three hundred years, as little likely to find any fixed interpretation as if they had never been discussed at all; the Church not knowing how even “strictly to determine the

number of the sacraments,"—those "justifying rites, or instruments of communicating the atonement;"—and of a new "understanding of the Church and her system, in a way different from one of late popular." The doctrines of eternal truth are still-fashioned according to "the necessities of the times;" the whole Church is divided within itself into high and low,—at one time imbued with a spirit of Erastianism, at another with Calvinism; while a *via media* is recommended by some as a cure for all her evils,—for "doctrines popularly misunderstood," for "internal disunion paralyzing her efforts and wasting her energies." They tell us of her "maimed condition;" of her want of holiness sufficient to mark her out visibly as a true living branch of the holy Church;" of her possessing perhaps "the rudiments of everything, but *nothing* developed, so that it should at once be 'manifest' to all, 'that God is in her of a truth;" of "manifold divisions amongst themselves, contending upon points which they, on one side at least, state to be fundamental,"—"bandying about the name of heresy,"—and "casting out the names 'of brethren' as evil;" of "the impossibility of understanding each other, or making themselves understood;" of a state "more like the confusion of Babel," than that "city which is at unity in itself," and "in which it was promised that there should be one speech and one language;" of "the laity having thus far no living guide, 'the lips of the priest' not 'teaching knowledge' for them—for persons whom they alike respect, teach them differently, and one of the two great classes of teachers tells them often that the other is in fatal error;" of "our poor frail nature (being) fretted often, instead of being humbled by what is so unseemly," so "that persons have difficulty in recognizing a Church so disturbed, as the representative of her who is 'the pillar and the ground of truth;" of her "not possessing the note of holiness, so as at once, and without all doubt, to allay people's misgivings about her apostolic character;" of one party in the Church stigmatizing the other as 'the troublers of Israel;" of "the censures or admonitions of their bishops tending rather

to unsettle persons in their Church than to convince and correct;" of "antagonist principles" at work in the same body, and yet schism considered as no sin—dissension as no evil token. We hear the working of one party declared by the other to be "tending to re-establish error rather than truth,"—her ministers to be "the instruments of Satan to hinder the true principles of the Gospel," "on the very verge of an apostacy from Christ," and "as teaching another Gospel," and consequently "that they ought to leave the Church," in which they were so teaching; "that nothing but evil came from them,"—"defacing the brightest glory of the Church, by forgetting the continued presence of her Lord," and fit only to be "singled out from the rest of our Lord's flock, as diseased and tainted sheep, who must be kept separate from the rest, lest they be corrupted." They tell us that their "intestine divisions (are) such that they disagree among themselves as to what the doctrines of the Church are, even as to the very sacrament whereby persons are made members of it;" of "their miserable disunion, and want of discipline;" of "their present confusion and disagreement as to the first principles of their Church, and their practical contradictions or neglect of them;" so that for the present at least "she can be no spectacle of a Church 'holding the faith in the unity of the Spirit and in the bond of peace,' and that unity and peace seem to be the last characteristics which belong to her;" that the real teaching of the Church is not to be discerned amidst the multitude of opinions and teachings of her ministers, so that those who constitute the "mighty movement now swelling month by month, day by day, within the Church, have received a sectarian name, in itself a blot upon the Church," while they whose office it is to guide that movement into its legitimate channel, and to witness the doctrines of the Church, have allowed the leaders and abettors of that movement "to be entitled 'heretics,' for vindicating an article of the creed, and left it undetermined whether (these) or they who opposed that teaching, spake the mind of the Church," while "the chaos of con-

flucting opinions rolled onwards" unarrested. "What wonder," exclaims the original leader of the movement, and we exclaim with him, "if some are faint-hearted whether our Lord be in the vessel which is not only so tempest-tost, but whose very ship-men and pilots are so disunited, how or whither to guide her, 'neither sun nor stars appearing.'" And all this is but a consequence of the change.*

Let us now hear him who at first stood second on the list, but from being second is now first, having passed the original leader of the movement, as being perchance better qualified for the task, and having lately presented a splendid proof of his ingenuousness and sincerity: speaking, in his introduction to the famous Tract, No. 90, of the actual condition of the Church of England, after a chequered existence of three hundred years, but at a period when, if ever, she should have been walking in the ways of peace and light, in the full enjoyment of all the blessings of this peaceful and enlightened age: and yet what are his views? "It is a very serious truth," says he, "that persons and bodies, who put themselves into a disadvantageous state, cannot at their pleasure extricate themselves from it. They are unworthy of it; they are in prison, and Christ is the keeper. There is but one way towards a real reformation,—a return to Him in heart and spirit, *whose sacred truth they have betrayed*; . . . our Church's strength would be irresistible, humanly speaking, *were it but at unity with itself*: if it remains divided, part against part, we shall see the energy which was meant to subdue the world preying upon itself, according to our Saviour's express assurance that such a house 'cannot stand.' . . . Till we are stirred up to this religious course, let the Church sit still; let her children be content to be in bondage; let us work in chains; let us submit to our imperfections as a punishment; let us go on teaching through the medium of *indeterminate statements and inconsistent prece-*

dents, and principles but partially developed.* We are not better than our fathers; let us not faint under that *body of death* which they bore about in patience; nor shrink from the penalty of sins which they inherited from the age before them." Another, and a very reverential personage, and a very eminent partizan of this movement, has favored us with the following commentary upon these observations, and which tend still more to develop the real and radically inefficient character of the Established Church—of a Church without law or grace. "Is Mr. Newman," says Mr. Ward, "*(so cautious and guarded in his statements as all admit him to be)*, is he to be supposed to use words of such unprecedented strength as these, *without meaning and at random*? Or is it conceivable that he could use them, if he thought our articles fair and adequate exponents of Catholic truth? How could he speak and think as he does of the English reformation, if he supposed that the formulary then *originated*, was even as naturally susceptible of Catholic as of Protestant interpretation? No! he would acknowledge, and apprehend, that as it has been expressed, while it is *patient* of a Catholic, it is *ambitious* of a Protestant sense; that, while it was never intended to *exclude* Catholics, it was written by, and in the spirit of Protestants; that in consequence of it the English Church *seems* at least to give an uncertain sound; that she fails in one of her very principal duties, that of witnessing plainly and directly to Catholic truth; that she *seems* to include whom she ought to repel, to teach what she is bound to anathematize; and that it is difficult to estimate the amount of responsibility she year by year incurs, on account of those (claiming, as many of them do, our warm love for a zeal and earnest piety worthy of a purer faith) who remain buried in the darkness of Protestant error, because she fails in her duty of holding clearly forth to them the light of Gospel truth."†

Was such language ever used? was it

* See the charges of the bishops of Durham, Chester, Gloucester, Winchester, Calcutta, and of the archbishop of Dublin, as quoted and commented on in the Rev. Dr. Pusey's letter to the archbishop of Canterbury.

* Or, as it was expressed in the first edition, "with the stammering lips of ambiguous formulae."

† "A few words more in support of No. 90."

possible it ever *could* be used towards the ancient Church of these realms? But to that which has supplanted it, it applies with all the force of indisputable truth. Such, then, are her gains by the change! and such is the condition of the Anglican Church, as painted by those of her children who know her best, but which it is yet the boast and pride of most modern Englishmen to uphold as a model of perfection, and to glory in having substituted for the superstitions—as they in their frenzy and delusion call them—of the olden time.

The great unruly torrent of the sixteenth century, which in a day uprooted the united labors of many ages, was indeed a second deluge, not for the sudden destruction of one generation alone, but sweeping away the souls of men as quickly as they succeeded each other, for a period of time which still endures, and the termination of which, even after three hundred years of expiation, is known only to Him who afflicts us for the sins of our fathers and our own, until we confess our iniquities, and the iniquities of our ancestors, whereby they have transgressed against him, and walked contrary to him." (See Levit. xxvi.) And thus are we still visited with "the day of revenge;" and "who shall accuse thee, O Lord, if the nations perish which thou hast made?" "for thou shalt be justified in thy words, and shalt overcome when thou art judged."

Another consequence of the change, and a very important one too, has been, that it has disconnected its followers from all the saints and sages of venerable antiquity, and thrown us upon a dreary waste, in which the eye is refreshed neither by flower nor by fruit. It has cut them off from all affinity and relationship with any one saint in the calendar, whether native or foreign; from "spirits without a home and without a name" on earth, but who have inherited "an everlasting name" in the imperishable home of the blessed, for whom altars have been erected in every department of Christendom, and whose memories are enshrined in the hearts of all true believers. And what an unenviable position to be in! unable to claim any share in the glory of these

illustrious saints—with as wide a gulph between them as between Lazarus and Dives—compelled to acknowledge the value of, but without any partnership in the property, unworthy and unwilling to worship in the same temples in which *they* proffered their holy orisons, and in which *they* sacrificed the adorable mysteries, (unless perchance desecrated by the overthrow of both shrine and altar)—they are condemned to stand aloof in silent admiration at the crowds of faithful votaries who daily come to supplicate their intercession, with a devotion to which *they* remain wholly insensible. Should they not feel humiliated at the spectacle? Should it not startle them into reflection on the cause?—that they should find strangers where they ought to meet brethren—that they alone should be sceptics where all others are true believers? Why! it is a blessed thing to be associated with such beings, even in the humble position of suitors for their protection. What a wayward spirit must have taken possession of their minds, that they see it not! Hath not the Lord in his wrath, mingled for them the spirit of a deep sleep, and shut up their eyes? (Isaias xxix, 10.) How otherwise should they not discern the futility of their principles, which they declare to be calculated for unity and Catholicity. For are they not disunited every where, even in their own house; and are they not Catholics only amongst themselves? Let them but pass the limits of their own shores, and they are at once strangers in the land; they encounter an angel with a flaming sword at the gate of every sanctuary, because driven from the blessed plains of paradise in virtue of their disobedience, they are condemned to hard and unprofitable labor amongst the thorns and briars, and to wander like outcasts upon the face of the earth. Victims to their infidelity, they are alike aliens to a steadfast faith, as to a quiet conscience, and are become the inheritors of a vineyard which ever baffles their skill and refuses its produce. Every hand is against them, and their hand is against every other; their days are days of warfare, and the battle never ceases within their borders.

Even when at her best, there is something

so little about the interests and concerns of a mere national, isolated Church, in comparison with the gigantic concerns of the universal, that the thought of her must ever fall short of satisfying the mind or filling the heart, as it is in the nature of our being, that they should desire to be filled and satisfied. Rome, on the other hand, has ever commanded a mysterious reverence, which, even in the days of temporal oppression and humiliation, has won her the sympathies of the world, and pointed to her as the future hope and refuge of all that was good and virtuous. The imagination ever lingers over her as on a sunny and a sacred spot; the cradle of Christianity, the nurse of empires both spiritual and temporal, the mother and guide of all the faithful in all the domains of God; fertilized by the blood of martyrs, sanctified by the piety of confessors, and rejoiced by the penitence of sinners. Armed with privileges, and with power never entrusted to any other city, with power to bind or to loose, to bless or to curse, the limits of her dominion circumscribed only by the utmost boundaries of the earth, with all the nations under the sun for her inheritance, she stands unrivalled and alone. Yet, all participation in the glory of this spiritual and mysterious kingdom has England likewise forfeited by her apostasy.

Even in matters of smaller moment, how strikingly are not the characteristics of the two religions portrayed! In Catholicity, the most delightful associations, like so many cherished friends, follow and accompany you at every step, as you advance in her long and varied course—the presiding genius over music, painting, and sculpture; over history, eloquence, poetry, and philosophy. While Protestantism, dating only from a period of unrivalled excellence in the arts, has, nevertheless, nearly, if not entirely discarded them from her service; she cleared the landscape of all its beauties, and left it cold, dull, dreary, and desolate. Contrast their respective ceremonials, the furniture, beauty, and decoration of their respective temples! What an imposing spectacle is a pontifical high-mass in St. Peter's, with all its gorgeous splendor and picturesque magnificence, under the glitter-

ing fane which the inspiring genius of Christianity hath lifted into the clouds of heaven! Does it not transport us from this world into the next, to the choirs of angels, the altar of incense, and the throne of the Lamb? Can we dwell with the same mind upon the cold, tedious, heartless, lifeless worship, in its naked and misshapen rival in the national Church? Again; when death hath summoned us to our final reckoning, and the Church is called upon to perform the last sad offices over the lifeless corpse, and for the departed spirit, in what a different feeling is it not accomplished! In Catholicity it is a real Christian function, a long and solemn line of cloistered monks and pious clergy, bearing the emblems of our redemption in presence of the corpse enveloped in a blaze of light, to tell of the hope of a blissful immortality,—all chanting in mournful cadence a requiem for the departed soul, propitiating heaven in mitigation of her penalties, praying that the justice of God may be satisfied, and that the repentant sinner may speedily rest in his eternal home! Then the propitiatory sacrifice offered up on the altar of the Most High, before a supplicating multitude, impressed by the appalling spectacle of death,—and we have a lesson for the living, and a blessing for the dead!

But, turn we to the same scene under the *reformed* religion, and what is it? Is there anything so sickening to the heart as a great London funeral? Not an emblem of Christianity about it; belonging entirely to this world, without any reference whatever to the next,—a long, long pageantry of *empty* carriages, in mere mockery of woe, and so singularly emblematical of the hollowness of the religion in whose service they are engaged! and when the poor, forlorn remains have been consigned to that grave which is but too truly “covered with the dismal shade of death,” the final scene of the drama is still in keeping with the rest, and a monument is erected over them in a Christian Church, too often in total forgetfulness of heaven, recording only the deeds of earth, represented under the symbols of heathen mysticism.

All her religious services,—for the same may be said of all,—being thus lowered in

their character, and all her former religious associations being thus severed and lost, having descended from her proud pre-eminence in the commonwealth of Christendom, and faith, hope, and charity having each and all of them waxed cold and dim under the revolution of feelings, and war of principles, which, as we have seen, have never ceased to infest her, as the most fearful consequence of her schism; let us for a moment consider whether she has gained anything to compensate for all this, even among the transitory concerns of this fleeting world.

We have already seen what in this respect she was before the fatal epoch we have endeavored to illustrate; let us view her for an instant in her present condition. In lieu of monasteries, we have workhouses; in place of voluntary charity, an unfeeling compulsory assessment for the poor; jails are multiplied or enlarged, whole masses of the population are unemployed and starving; while vice and crime are increased beyond all former precedent, and discontent and turbulence reign throughout. We have principles of equality, where we had heretofore principles of subordination; a spirit of worldly ambition, and insatiable covetousness, where formerly was a chivalrous sacrifice of self, and a generous outlay of riches for the public good. Coarse, vul-

gar, riotous mirth have been substituted for the light-hearted, innocent amusements of the people; among the higher ranks, society is overgrown, and the best feelings of the heart are supplanted by pride, envy, hatred, emulation, and contention; while a universal, luxurious extravagance has dissipated the means of benevolence, and handed over half the ancient estates of the kingdom to the Jew and the stockjobber.

Still she has had her reward, and what is it? "The harvest of the river is her revenue: and she is become the mart of the nations; . . . her merchants are princes, and her traders the nobles of the earth." But with the reward of Tyre, may she not also inherit her chastisements?—"and the earth is infected by the inhabitants thereof: *because they have transgressed the laws, THEY HAVE CHANGED THE ORDINANCE, they have broken the everlasting covenant.*—*THEREFORE* shall a curse devour the earth, and the inhabitants thereof shall sin: and *therefore* they that dwell therein shall be mad, and few men shall be left." Long indeed have these prophecies been fulfilled amongst us—long have "the inhabitants of the island" been delivered over to a spirit of religious madness, and the faithful adherents of the ancient and everlasting covenant are but a few, a mere remnant of the inheritance of Christ.

RATRAMP, HIS TRANSLATOR AND EDITORS.*

SUCH is the title of an article that has lately appeared in relation to Ratramp's book, and is found in the *True Catholic, Reformed, Protestant and Free*, August, 1843, No. iv. Although it does not openly avow, it bears evidently on its face the intention of answering, right or wrong, some remarks on the same subject, published in the July number of the United States Catholic Magazine. Never perhaps did a controversial tract better deserve the praise of perplexed reasoning and almost unintelligible medley, than this late publication of our

*See articles on this subject in the July and August numbers of this Magazine.

Episcopalian brethren; and we certainly have to congratulate the public for being favored with such a specimen of learning and precision. As all this, however, must be already known to every one who may have had the courage to read it from beginning to end, it is useless to insist any longer upon this point. But we deem it our duty, in order to render the article more interesting in itself, and easier of appreciation, to elucidate it by the following plain observations.

I. The author opens his remarks with a very polite compliment to Bishop Whittingham, whose preface he represents as a valuable production; which it is much easier

to assert, than to refute the charges brought against it in the Catholic Magazine. He then states, that the editors of a preceding article upon the book of Ratramn, in the June number of the so-called True Catholic, had "no opportunity to compare the translation with the original, throughout;" inasmuch as "merely the English sheets, and but a portion of the Latin, had gone through the press, at the time the article was composed." In the very title, however, of this same article, the book of Ratramn, together with the preface of Bishop Whittingham, is announced as *entirely* printed, and the aggregate number of pages, English and Latin, is stated. Had not the editors, then, an opportunity to compare one with the other; and ought not this comparison to have been previously made by the bishop himself, not to hazard his statement by proposing as *accurate* a translation which contains so many serious inaccuracies?

II. Our actual opponent does not proceed far in his remarks upon Ratramn, without contradicting his predecessors. Speaking of the book of Paschasius Radbertus, he makes "its peculiarity consist in its broaching the dogma of transubstantiation;"* while according to the June article of the same *true Catholic*† "in that whole book of Paschasius, there is nothing that favors the transubstantiation of the bread, or its destruction or removal!" Again, the English translator, in his preface, however ridiculously bold in declaring that Bellarmine adduces no authority and not a shadow of proof for his assertions, still candidly acknowledges that, according to this cardinal, Paschasius was not an innovator, but "the defender of the Catholic doctrine;" while,‡ here the words of Bellarmine are quoted, to convince us that Paschasius was the "originator" of the notion of transubstantiation! Let the gentleman reconcile these things, if possible, and imitate "that great reconciler of contradictions, Cardinal Bellarmine himself;" and let him understand well, once for all, the

true meaning of the expressions of that great controvertist, who does not say that Paschasius was the first who wrote at all, but "the first who wrote in a *copious and systematic way* on the truth of the Lord's body and blood in the eucharist:" just as St. Athanasius was the first who wrote at length on the subject of the Trinity; St. Cyril the first who enlarged upon the doctrine of the Incarnation, and the unity of person in Christ; St. Augustine, the first who treated in the same manner the question of original sin. But, as the more ancient Fathers had often and clearly spoken of the Holy Trinity, of the Incarnation, of original sin, without writing particular and extensive treatises on these mysteries; so also, had they often and clearly mentioned, in different parts of their works, the real presence of Christ in the eucharist, together with the change of the bread and wine into his body and blood.* The task subsequently undertaken by Paschasius Radbertus, was no other than to collect their different testimonies concerning the holy eucharist in one regular treatise; a task which he performed with such success, as to deserve alike the praise of his contemporaries and that of future ages. This is the meaning of what Bellarmine says concerning Paschasius Radbertus, which our adversaries sometimes pretend or affect not to understand.

III. Neither do they understand any better, in several respects, the Catholic doctrine on the subject of the eucharist. 1. It is very true, that Catholics admit "the body and blood of Christ to be really and substantially present in the eucharist," for the nourishment or "the strengthening and refreshment of our souls;" according to these words of Christ himself; *this is my body, this is my blood*, (Matt. xxvi, 26, 28); *for my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed*, (John vi, 56). 2. We believe also "a change to be made, by the consecration, of the whole substance of the bread into the body, and of the whole substance of the wine into the blood of Christ;" because, as our Lord, after he took bread

* *True Catholic*, No. IV, p. 180, first lines.

† No. II, p. 63, note g, first lines.

‡ No. IV, p. 179, last lines.

* See No. VIII of the *Catholic Magazine*, from p. 465 to 469.

and wine into his hands, declared that which he held, to be his body and blood, there must have been necessarily a change of substance effected, unless we would have him say what was not true and violate all the rules of language. 3. It is likewise a part of our doctrine, which we have received from St. Paul, (1 Cor. xi, 23, 29). "That the body of Christ is not only spiritually manducated by the faithful recipient, but also orally manducated by all communicants, worthy and unworthy;" for, says the apostle, *he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not discerning the body of the Lord*, (1 Cor. xi, 29). But, when we are told in the article now under consideration, that "the Roman, and the Catholic (meaning here the *Episcopalian*), equally maintain a real presence;" that "according to the Roman doctrine, . . . there is in the eucharist whiteness and nothing white, sweetness and nothing sweet, &c." "and that mere appearances and properties feed the body, while the natural body and blood of Christ are digested in the stomach." All those are so many gross misstatements and inaccuracies, the ridicule of which must belong entirely to their authors and propagators.

As for Catholics, in maintaining the real presence, they do really maintain what the words mean; whereas the real presence admitted by their adversaries, is nothing more than a real absence of the real body and blood of Christ from the eucharist; and this is what our opponent ingeniously calls *real presence*.—Catholics are far from admitting the nonsense imputed to them, that there is in the eucharist "whiteness and nothing white, sweetness and nothing sweet;" they merely say that the color, savor, shape, &c. which remain after the consecration, are no longer attached to any substance.—Neither do they assert, that "mere appearances and properties feed the body;" but, that Almighty God being himself the author of transubstantiation, produces accordingly by his omnipotence, without the substance of bread and wine, exactly the same effects which, in other cases, he produces through the natural

agency of these elements; and they know nothing more "contrary to common sense and all known philosophy," than to deny such a power in God, the Sovereign Creator of heaven and earth.* In fine, instead of the shocking assertion that "the natural body and blood of Christ are digested in the stomach," their doctrine, always consistent with itself, is merely this; that Christ ceases to be present under the species, as soon as they are so altered in the stomach, as to present no longer the form of bread and wine. We would here beg leave to give the author of the article a word of charitable advice, viz. to save himself in future the trouble of stating Catholic doctrines; because it is a task for the performance of which, to judge from the extent of his theological knowledge, he does not seem yet to be sufficiently qualified. Let him content himself with explaining his own tenets, if he can; these words we purposely add, because the manner in which he speaks of the eucharist, affords evidence enough that even the leading men among our dissenting brethren, although they may know what they believe not, surely do not know what they believe.

IV. Our *True Catholic* is truly a source of wonderment, for instance, when he quotes as a "learned Roman Catholic historian," the Jansenist Dupin, a writer frequently condemned and of no authority amongst us; when he charges the *Romanist* with having substituted, in Ratramn's book, *invisible for visible, accidents for substance*, without substantiating this vague charge even by a shadow of quotation from the book where this pretended alteration is said to be found; when he mistakes a copiousness and clearness of expression for tautology; when, without any citation, or any grounds, he calls forth "the best writers" and "lexicographers," to vindicate his faulty translation of the word *species* by the word *nature*, in different passages

* This remark is equally applicable to all the other circumstances of the mystery of transubstantiation; viz. the change of a substance without the external qualities being changed; the existence of outward appearances or accidents without a subject, &c. since faith and sound reason alike teach us that the Almighty can do infinitely more than our limited understanding can comprehend.

of the book of Ratramn. But, no where is he more amusing, than when, after having strained his utmost to prove this point from the book itself, he himself supplies us with the means of demolishing his whole argument. For, he confesses that the English translator of Ratramn sometimes gives the meaning *appearance* to the word *species*, as in sections 69, 72, &c.; why then, we will ask, does he not always give it, as in sections 16, 57, &c? How does it happen that *appearance* becomes *nature*, when the Latin word *species* is applied by Ratramn to what remains of the eucharistic elements after the consecration? Is it because "the context demands it?" Let then the *True Catholic Reformed* show what difference of context there is between sections 69 and 72 on the one side, and sections 16 and 57 on the other. Let him show how the context can possibly demand the rendering of the word *species* by *nature*, when Ratramn expressly teaches on the contrary, (sections 9 and 10), that, by the ministry of the priest, nothing remains of the bread and wine in the eucharist except their sensible qualities and outward appearances. Consequently, the Romanists are perfectly correct in imputing a serious fault to the English translator and all his abettors, for rendering the expression *species*, or *visibilem speciem*, by the word *nature*, "whenever Ratramn speaks of the eucharistic elements after the consecration."

V. Let us examine how the other charges of "unfaithfulness" against the translation sanctioned by Bishop Whittingham, are disposed of by our writer. They are expressed thus in the Catholic Magazine, No. vii, p. 416. "Another glaring alteration is (in section 15), the turning of *non esse cernuntur* into *evidently are not*, instead of *are not seen to be*, and the addition of the word *substance* to the words of Ratramn." Again: "the preceding paragraph, number xiv, presents another instance of egregious perversion of the sense, the less justifiable in our opinion, as it cannot be excused by any plea of ignorance in the translator;" viz. "the transfer of the syllable *not* from one verb to the other, whereby is removed or, at least, is considerably obscured

the idea of transubstantiation which Ratramn clearly expresses." The manner in which the first of these charges has been answered, might appear incredible, were it not a reality. Our opponent, unwilling to acknowledge the fault of the translation, and wishing it to pass unnoticed, prints the very words complained of, *are not, corporeal substance*, in capital letters, and then goes on, with the hope that the improved quality of the type shall be deemed a sufficient indemnification for the alteration of Ratramn's meaning. As to the second, he omits it altogether, and does not venture a word in reply: very prudently indeed, because the fault is of such a nature as to admit of no excuse, and the meaning of Ratramn which the translator has endeavored to conceal, is so plain in favor of transubstantiation, as to exclude the possibility of a cavil.

VI. After this, our controversial opponent lays a great stress upon the comparison used by Ratramn, between the eucharist and the manna or the water gushing from the rock in the desert, and considers this as a strong proof of his views concerning the book of that author. He might have avoided this trouble and mistake, had he paid more attention, 1. To the rule of criticism commonly laid down for comparisons which are sometimes used by writers, that they should not be understood too literally nor too closely followed, because, as the axiom says, "*every comparison is defective, omnis comparatio claudicat.*" 2. To the excellent remark of Mabillon, an author whose learning and authority "prejudice itself dares not deny." In his preface on the fourth Benedictine century, section 122, he says: "The meaning of an author, is not to be derived from a single argument, much less from a comparison, which is often defective; but from the subject of his discourse, from his principles, arguments and conclusion; all which, in the book of Ratramn, directly point to the Catholic faith, that is to say, to the doctrine of the true and real presence and of transubstantiation." *Neque enim auctoris cujusquam sententia expendenda est ex uno aliquo argumento, multò minus ex comparatione, quæ sæpius iniqua est: sed ex ipsius disputationis*

scopo, principiis, argumentis, et conclusione: quæ omnia in Ratramni libro collimant ad Catholicam fidem, id est, ad doctrinam veræ ac realis præsentis et transubstantiationis.—It having been confidently asserted by the *True Catholic Reformed*, (who is so strangely mistaken both *in jure* and *facto*) that Ratramn “stuck a pin” on the pretended innovations in Catholic doctrine, we are curious to know what kind of pin in his own views he would consider this passage of the learned and justly celebrated Mabillon.

VII. The victory to which he lays claim from two other passages of Ratramn’s book, is still more groundless. The first is that in which Ratramn asks: “What outwardly appeareth, but the substance of wine?” *Quid aliud in superficie, quam substantia vini conspicitur?* (section 10), and here our adversaries exclaim: “Can any thing be more explicit?” Nothing indeed can be more so, but most assuredly not in the sense which they impute to the passage, viz. that the intrinsic substance of the wine remains in the eucharist after the consecration; it is plain, on the contrary, that Ratramn purposely uses the words, “*in superficie substantia vini conspicitur, outwardly* the substance of the wine appeareth,” to restrict his meaning to the assemblage of sensible and exterior qualities, without including the inward substance of the wine, which he positively excludes by the words that immediately follow, as he had excluded the substance of bread in the preceding section: “Taste it, there is the savor of wine; smell it, there is the odor of wine; behold it, there is the color of wine. But if thou dost consider it inwardly, then it is no longer the liquor of wine, but the liquor of the blood of Christ.” Can any thing, (we may with more reason ask in our turn) be more explicit?

But the ingenuity of our Episcopalian critic goes still further in his manner of distorting the last words of sect. 57; “non specie caro, sed sacramento. Si quidem in specie panis est, in sacramento verum Christi corpus, sicut ipse clamat Dominus Jesus, *Hoc est corpus meum.*” Taking it for granted that, “according to the Roman hypothesis, . . . by *sacramento* must be understood *appear-*

ances, he manufactures from this ingenious discovery the oddest interpretation that could possibly enter the mind of any individual. But he does it at his own cost; for the Romanists never thought of translating the passage of Ratramn in the sense which he has so liberally attributed to them. They have merely proved, in a preceding article of this Magazine, that the translation of Ratramn adopted by the English and American editors, is faulty and absurd. This translation runs thus without the change of a syllable: “*The flesh*, which now in a mystery containeth the similitude of the former, *is not flesh in its nature*, but in a sacrament. For *in its nature it is bread*, but sacramentally *it is the true body of Christ*, as the Lord Jesus himself declareth, ‘This is my body.’” Which means, *a flesh which is not flesh in its nature*, that is to say, no flesh at all; *a flesh which in its nature is bread*, and yet is also *the true body of Christ*; such is the contradictory, and preposterous language ascribed, not only to Ratramn, but in some measure to our Lord himself, whose words are quoted in support of Ratramn’s pretended meaning. Such is the translation which the *True Catholic Reformed* praises and recommends; whilst he should observe, what is indeed plain enough of itself, that the only grammatical, logical and reasonable sense of this passage, the only one that can vindicate Ratramn from the charge of nonsense, and our Lord himself from a false assertion, (the declaration of that to be his “true body;” which “in its nature is not flesh, but bread;”) is undoubtedly to translate the words in *sacramento* by the corresponding ones in the *sacrament*, and *specie* by *visible form or appearance*, which it really means; as in the following manner: “The flesh, which now in a mystery containeth the similitude of the former (namely, of the flesh of Christ *crucified and buried*), is not flesh in appearance, but in the sacrament (or under the veil of the sacrament). For in appearance, it is bread; but in the sacrament, it is the true body of Christ, as the Lord Jesus himself declareth, “this is my body.” Let the reader judge whether all this is in the least favorable to the Epis-

copalian view of Ratramn and of the eucharist, or rather is not decidedly in favor of the Catholic doctrine of the real presence and transubstantiation. Yet, however conclusive it may be in itself, Catholics consider it merely as an additional and unnecessary proof, when compared with the mass of evidence which they otherwise possess. In No. 8 of this Magazine, the truth of this remark is substantiated by a multitude of incontestible authorities.

How little entitled, therefore, is our Episcopalian opponent to assume that tone

of confidence and triumphant positiveness which appears chiefly in the end of his article, and to say that "he is not afraid to leave the subject in the hands of unprejudiced, well informed and discriminating men!" He is welcome to this assertion; and whether he advances the proposition without fear, we are unable to say; but one thing we know, it is, that Ratramn's book never will be of any service to his cause, and will rather prove for him and his colleagues what the pointed reed is to the hand that leans upon it for support.

Translated for the U. S. Catholic Magazine.

HISTORY OF THE PAPACY.

Continued from page 556.

LUCIUS was succeeded by St. Stephen I, a Roman, who was elected on the ninth of April, 255, and governed the Church two years, three months, and twenty-two days. The question of the *validity of baptism given by heretics* arose during his pontificate, wherein he showed himself to be possessed of great wisdom and strength of character. The tradition of most of the Churches prescribed that all heretics who were converted, should be admitted by the imposition of hands alone, without re-baptizing them, provided they had already received baptism with water and in the name of the three persons of the Trinity. Stephen decided that *it must not be renewed*. St. Cyprian and Firmilian assembled councils in Africa to oppose this decision, which was contrary to the practice of their Churches. The Pope refuted the opinion of Cyprian, used authority and menaces to make him abandon it, and refused to communicate with the bishops of Africa, then deputies to Rome, which, although a public mark of disapprobation, does not fully prove that Stephen had excommunicated the dissenters. "This great Pope, whose prudence equalled his sanctity, knew," says St. Vincent of Lerins, "that piety would not permit any

other doctrine to be received than that which has descended to us, and which we are obliged to transmit to others with the same fidelity with which we have received it; that we must not lead religion where we wish, but follow her wherever she leads us; that the property of Christian modesty is faithfully to preserve the holy maxims that our fathers have left us, and not to transmit our own ideas to posterity. What was the result of this dispute? The same as in every other similar affair. The ancient faith was retained, and the innovation was rejected. Indeed the council of Nice solemnly decided the question in favor of Stephen. The emperor Valerian, at first favorable to the Christians, having suddenly changed his conduct towards them, excited the eighth persecution, during which this pontiff obtained the glory of martyrdom, on the 2d of August, 257.

St. Sixtus II, an Athenian, was elected on the 24th of the same month, and notwithstanding the persecution of Valerian occupied the holy see three years. He was beheaded in 260, three days before the martyrdom of his faithful deacon, St. Lawrence, who had begged the favor of following him. The Church of Auxerre is under particular

obligations to this Pope, who sent thither its apostle, St. Peregrine.

After a vacancy of some months, St. Dionysius, a Greek by birth, who from an anchorite had been made a priest of the Roman Church, was called to replace Sixtus. This humble and wise pontiff, edified and instructed Christendom during a reign of ten years and three months. In the year 261, he held a synod when he anathematized the heresy of Sabellius, and the opposite error afterwards broached by the Arians. He ordained twelve priests, six deacons and seven bishops. He died peacefully, on the 26th of December, 270.

Four days after, St. Felix I, a Roman, son of Constance, was elected, who reigned four years and five months. He wrote a learned epistle to Maximus of Alexandria, against the heresy of Sabellius and Paul of Samosata, bishop of Antioch, who was degraded from his office; he built a church, ordered that masses should be celebrated on the tombs of the martyrs, and died himself a martyr, on the 30th of May, 275; not that his death was a violent one, but that it was probably produced by his imprisonment and the sufferings which he underwent for Jesus Christ. From this pontificate is dated the ninth persecution under Aurelian, and the retreat of St. Anthony, author of the cenobitical life.*

St. Eutychian, born at Lucca, was elected on the fourth of June. This Pope ordered that the bodies of the martyrs should be buried in tunics of purple, but St. Gregory the Great afterwards revoked this decree. During this reign, which lasted eight years, six months, and four days, the heresy of the Manicheans arose against the Church, a heresy as infamous as senseless, and which was more furious than any of the first three ages. The leader of this sect was a Persian slave, who changed his name from Cubricus to Manes. As he pretended to have the gift of miracles, he undertook to heal by his prayers the son of the Persian king; but the child dying, the impostor was thrown into prison; he escaped, and coming to the coast of Mesopotamia, there diffused his

errors about the year 277. The people wishing to stone him for his blasphemies, he fled, only to fall again into the hands of the king of Persia, who, in the following year, condemned him to be flayed with reeds, and devoured by beasts. Eutychian died for the faith, on the eighth of December, 283.

He was worthily succeeded by St. Caius, born at Salona in Dalmatia, son of Caius or Concordius, of the race of the Emperor Diocletian. Caius occupied the apostolic throne, twelve years, four months, and five days. He ordered that clerks should receive all the seven inferior orders of the Church before being ordained bishops. He showed the greatest zeal in animating the holy martyrs at the hour of death, especially his niece, Susanna, daughter of Gabin (whom the emperor wished to marry to Maximin Galerius, his son-in-law, and associate in the empire), thereby himself meriting the crown of martyrdom, which he received on the 22d of April, 296. During his pontificate occurred the ever memorable sacrifice of the whole Theban legion, numbering six thousand men, which perished in Valais, in the year 286. Maximian intended to avail himself of this legion to persecute the Christians, but these soldiers, who were themselves Christians, refused to obey this odious command. Maximian, irritated by their opposition, caused them twice to be decimated without being able to intimidate those who remained, and at length ordered his troops to surround them and hew them in pieces, which was accordingly done. Exuperius and Candidus, officers of that legion, were crowned with their soldiers, whom they had induced to offer this generous resistance.

The Church had just obtained a respite, when St. Marcellinus, a Roman by birth, the son of Projectus, was elected to succeed Caius, whose place he held seven years, eleven months, and twenty-six days; but this calm did not last long, and the persecution was recommenced with more violence than before, in the year 302. This was the tenth. Galerius was the instigator of Diocletian: the Christians had not, since the time of the apostles, been exposed to more

* *Histoire des Ordres Religieux*, vol. i, p. 20.

dreadful violence. The Donatists, through hatred of the see of Rome, accused Marcellinus of having succumbed and offered incense to idols. He soon acknowledged his fault, they added, and presented himself to the council of Sinuessa, to receive his condemnation, bathed in tears, covered with ashes, and clothed in sackcloth. The bishops were touched by these humiliations, and without condemning him they all cried out: "Peter has sinned, but he has washed away his fault in the water of his tears." This absurd tale has been victoriously refuted by St. Augustine. It is clearly proved that far from bowing down to idols, Marcellinus distinguished himself by the firmness of his courage. Animated with a holy zeal he offered himself a candidate for martyrdom, and confessing the name of Jesus Christ: he died on the 26th of April, 304. Thus the close of his pontificate opens the fourth age of the Church.

Such was the violence of the persecution that after the death of St. Marcellinus the holy see was vacant for three years and a half; to accept the sovereign pontificate was to immolate oneself; and none but saints could sustain its burden. St. Marcellus I received it on the 19th of May, 308, and retained it until the 16th of January, 310, the date of his death. This Pope re-es-

tablished the discipline, which had been a little impaired by the raging of the persecutions and the prolonged vacancy of the holy see; he also divided Rome into twenty-five parishes. The tyrant Maxentius condemned him to attend his horses in a filthy stable, situated on the high-way. Some months after, his clerks succeeded in liberating him, and conducting him in safety to the house of a holy widow, named Lucina; but Maxentius having discovered his escape, caused him to be reconveyed to the stable, where the stench of the place, the destitution and other miseries of his condition, soon put an end to his life.

St. Eusebius, a Greek by birth, and son of a physician, who succeeded him on the 20th of May, also suffered from the cruelty of Maxentius. This pontiff caused the pious rigor of canonical penances to be observed, especially with regard to those who had fallen from the faith during the persecution. His zeal created many enemies; among others, Heraclius, a turbulent man, who excited several disturbances against him, over all which Eusebius triumphed by his patience. This Pope died in Sicily, whither Maxentius had exiled him, on the 26th of September, after a reign of four months and six days. His body was conveyed to Rome.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ORIGIN AND BLESSING OF BELLS.

THE use of bells is very ancient in the Church, and may be traced to a period anterior to the eighth century. It is uncertain, however, by whom they were invented. Some writers contend that they were first used by St. Paulinus, bishop of Nola, in the fifth century; an opinion which is scarcely probable, as that prelate makes no mention of bells in the description of his church which he has transmitted to posterity. It is asserted by others that they were introduced by Pope Sabinian, the successor of

Gregory the Great. Venerable Bede assures us that towards the close of the seventh century, large bells were cast in Campania, and from this circumstance acquired the name of *Campana* in Latin. Bells of a smaller description, or tinkling instruments, (*tintinnabula*), were in use long before the Christian era, as is attested in the twenty-eighth chapter of Exodus, and in the writings of Suetonius, Ovid, and Tibullus. The Romans used them in order to notify the people of the opening of the markets, and of

other occasions. These instruments very probably suggested the idea of bells of greater dimensions.

During the first three ages of Christianity, the faithful, compelled as they were to screen themselves from persecution, had no public signal for the performance of their religious worship. But when the Church obtained her freedom under Constantine, it is likely that some method was adopted of publicly convening the faithful to the offices of religion; and it is supposed that the first means resorted to for this purpose was the use of wooden mallets or rattles.* The wooden mallet is retained to the present day among the Greeks. In certain monasteries, the inmates were assembled by the sound of the trumpet; in others, by the chanting of *alleluias*. But the invention and introduction of the larger bell gradually suspended all these imperfect signals, and in the tenth century its use became general.

With the use of bells was introduced the erection of belfries for the purpose of giving to the former a more advantageous position; and hence those lofty and massive towers which surmounted the churches of the middle ages, and which were destined to contain bells of various dimensions.

The blessing or consecration of these instruments which were intended to convene the faithful for the worship of the Almighty, or to perform other offices connected with the public welfare, was a natural consequence of their sacred and benevolent destination, and its advantages may be easily understood by those who do not deny the efficacy of prayer, in averting many of the evils to which we are exposed, and in drawing upon us the blessings of heaven.

"When man fell from God by sin, his whole nature became corrupt and rebellious; and at the same time, partly as a consequence, and partly as a punishment, even inanimate nature became disorganised with him. In the original formation of creatures, they had been created good,—absolutely and relatively good; they were

subservient to the wants of man, and destined to administer to his comforts. But sin disturbed this benevolent arrangement. And the devil, availing himself of this disturbance, has converted God's creatures into instruments of temptation and aggression: while man himself has played into the tempter's hands, and abused those same creatures for every lawless and vicious purpose.

"St. Paul, in the eighth chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, announces this melancholy degradation of the inanimate world, and its unwilling subserviency to *vanity*, that is, to the malicious hostility of the devil, and the wicked propensities of man; and he represents them as in a state of indignant impatience at their being made instruments of offence against their common Creator. 'For we know that every creature groaneth and travaileth in pain even until now. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him that made it subject, in hope. For the creature also shall be delivered from the servitude of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God.' (Romans viii, 20, &c.) Meanwhile, however, and awaiting this happy restoration of all things, the same apostle observes in another place that 'every creature of God is good' when 'sanctified by the word of God and prayer;' (Tim. iv.); and in this he approves a practice which the Church has ever since adopted, as her most ancient rituals and eucologies attest, of blessing, with religious invocation, all the ordinary materials of life. She blesses the houses in which we dwell, the ships in which we sail, the fire with which we are warmed, the bread which we eat, the water which we drink, the animals on which we feed, the clothes which we wear, the banners under which we fight, the arms we employ, the fields which we cultivate, and the crops which we raise upon them. By her holy prayers and exorcisms she changes, as it were, the moral character of these things. She deprives them of their liability to mischief and abuse which the devil's malice and men's passions are disposed to give them, and restores them to their proper rank of utility, and religious

* The wooden rattle is still used in many places, during the three days of Holy Week, when the bell remains silent.

subserviency for which they were originally created.

"But in doing this the Church does not believe, neither does she teach her children to believe, that any thing which she has blessed possesses any virtue in itself, independent of the will or of the power of God; but full of confidence in Him, 'who has blessed us with spiritual blessings in Christ,' and whose will, as St. Paul proclaims in his Epistle to the Ephesians, is 'to re-establish all things in Christ that are in heaven and on earth,' she piously prays that God would revoke, in regard of these his creatures, the malediction which our sins have forced him to pronounce upon them; that he would once more give them his blessing, so that when we use them they may not prove hurtful to our bodies, or prejudicial to our souls; that they may never minister to our ambition, our avarice, or concupiscence, but that they may become excitements to gratitude, and occasions to bless and praise his holy name.

"These principles will explain the ordinary benedictions of the Church as applicable to objects of familiar use amongst us. But there are occasions when she withdraws certain objects from all profane and secular purposes, and devotes them *altogether* to the purposes of religion. Then her ceremonies are more imposing, her prayers more solemn and multiplied, and she employs a holier material in blessing them, the unction of oil and chrism. This she denominates a *consecration*; and in this manner she consecrates churches and altars, chalices and patens, and the *bells* that are 'to praise God in their high places,' and to toll for his exclusive worship.

"Now, to speak only of the last,—as being the immediate object before us,—the bell has long been considered by the Church, in point of *material*, as the noblest herald in her service, as the trumpet to summon her children to their holy duties, to admonish them to lift up their hearts to God, to bow down their heads to adore his awful mysteries, to bless his holy name, to implore his help in their necessities, and to pray for the living and the dead. In the sublime language of her liturgy which the bishop recites in

her name, she prays that 'He who stilled by his voice the troubled sea, would vouchsafe to rise up to the help of his people: that he would shed upon this instrument the dews of his grace, that he would give a virtue to its sound that should scare away the enemy, and strengthen the faith of his Christian people. That as David's harp drew down the Holy Spirit, and as the thunder of the Lord thundered on the adversaries when Samuel offered up the holocaust of the Lamb, so when the sound of this metal shall move upon the air, that troops of angels may form around the church, and guard her believing children with an everlasting protection.* These are the benefits, spiritual and temporal, which the Church prays for, and hopes to receive, not from the bell itself, not from the *sounding brass*, or *tinkling cymbal*, but, on occasion of its use, from Him who employs the humblest instruments in the performance of his greatest mercies.

"Now the ceremonies which she employs in its benediction are these. She commences with certain select psalms, to implore the merciful protection of God, 'from whom proceedeth every good gift,' both in time and in eternity. Then she blesses water and salt, emblems of purity and wisdom, and having mingled them together, she washes the entire surface of the metal, both within and without. Now, inasmuch as the bell is symbolical of what the Christian ought to be on occasion of its summons, this ceremony points out the necessity of inward purity, as well as outward sanctity, and teaches us that while we labor to exhibit nothing in our *exterior* but what is edifying to our neighbor, and conducive to virtue, we should so carefully regulate the *inward* man that nothing may subsist there but what conscience can approve, and what God may behold with complacency.

"Next, the bishop makes upon it the sign of the cross,—that holy sign which shall appear in the heavens when the Lord shall come to judgment. And then with the holy oil, the *Oleum Infirmorum*, he seven

* Vid. Pontificale, sub finem.

times anoints it on the outside, and four times in the inside with the sacred chrism. The unction of oil is the symbol of grace which softens the asperities of the law, and makes the cross of Christ sit easier on our shoulders, at the same time that it strengthens the soul in her fearful conflicts with Satan, with the world, and her own unruly passions. The seven crosses, which are traced on the outside, bespeak the dauntless courage of the Christian. That so far from blushing at the practices of his religion, it is his duty to bear it visibly about him, and to glory, with the great apostle, that he carries the stigmata of Jesus Christ on his person; and this so effectually, that his character of Catholic may never be mistaken, but that by the modesty of his deportment, the wisdom of his words, by the sobriety of his tongue, the temperance of his habits, by his patience and forbearance, and his quiet acquiescence in the holy will of Providence, the world may recognise him for what he is, a worthy disciple of the holiest of Masters. Finally, as the quality of oil is to penetrate even metals, it teaches that he should be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his master Christ, so that whilst he outwardly bears about him the mortification of Jesus, he may inwardly encourage a love for his precepts, an affection for his sufferings, and be, both in heart and mind, a devoted servant of him who "hath anointed us in Christ, who hath also sealed us, and given the pledge of the Spirit in our hearts." (2 Cor. i, 22). And this interior unction of the Holy Spirit is shadowed out by the four inward applications of the holy chrism, on occasion of which the Church prays that all who assemble at the sound, may surmount all temptations of the enemy, and diligently pursue the maxims and precepts of their holy faith.

"And here it may occur to be asked, why the number of crosses and anointings, should be precisely *seven*, and *four*, neither more nor less. Every one who is at all conversant with the holy Scriptures and the writings of the Fathers, knows well that there is a mysterious character attaching to the number *seven*, a character of *completion* and *perfection*.

"Now as the material bell is the voice of the Church, and whilst it summons to the preaching, it illustrates the spirit and the progress, of the Gospel, these seven external anointings may seem to imply the seven-fold gifts of the Holy Spirit enumerated by the prophet Isaiah, *Tu septiformis munere*, &c., and the four anointings with chrism, in the inner side, at the four divisions where the tongue or the hammer is made to strike, will aptly signify the preaching of the Church, and the general diffusion of the Gospel from its centre to the four quarters of the globe. *In omnem terram exivit sonus eorum, et in fines orbis terræ verba eorum.*"*

Finally, the bell is dedicated to a particular saint, that under his auspices, the consecrated signal may exert a happy influence over the faithful, and that they may hearken to its holy appeals, as if to the voice of one who now reigns in heaven, and calls upon them to imitate his assiduity and fervor in discharging the duties of religion.

"When these mysterious anointings are finished, the attendants bring the censor to the bishop, with perfumed drugs, myrrh, and incense. These are put into the censor in the usual way, and left burning beneath until the singing of the last Gospel. Incense is of frequent use in the ceremonies of the church, and implies the energy and activity of holy prayers, which when heated by the fire of divine love, rise up and penetrate to the throne of God as a sacrifice of sweet-smelling savour. And this being a principal duty to which the bell invites us, hence the free use of incense in its consecration.

"Lastly, a portion of the Gospel is said or sung by the deacon from the tenth chapter of St. Luke, which describes the visit of our blessed Saviour to Mary and Martha, in which Mary is commended for her assiduous attendance on his sacred person, and the over-solicitude of Martha is gently re-proved, in that solemn and memorable admonition.—'Martha, Martha, thou art solicitous and troubled about many things,

* Discourse of the Rev. Dr. Weedall.

but one thing is necessary.' (Luke x, 41 and 42).

"Such is the great lesson which the bell is intended frequently to preach to us. It will break in upon our occupations, whether serious or gay, whether lawful or unlawful.—Like the voice of Christ to Martha, it will remind us of the inutility of much that we are doing, perhaps even of its sinfulness.—It will discourse, wisely and forcibly, of the value of the soul, and of the importance of attending to its salvation; of the shortness of time and the awful length of eternity.—It will sound like the solemn warnings of the last trumpet, and teach us to prepare whilst preparation is practicable. It will entone the angelical salutation three times each day, and bid us bend our heads, and humble our hearts in the adoration of the adorable mystery of the Incarnation. It will regulate a variety of duties, as its ancient inscription purports,

*Laudo Deum verum. Plebem voco. Congrego Clerum.
Defunctos ploro. Pestem fugo. Festa decoro.*

It will summon us to prayer, morning and evening; it will notify in deeper tones the celebration of the awful mysteries. It will remind us of the duty of praying for the dead, it will encourage us to pray in seasons of danger, it will multiply its admonitions on our holy Sabbaths, and give a cheerful solemnity to the days consecrated to a more particular worship."*

These remarks will suffice to explain the nature of the ceremony by which bells are consecrated, and to overthrow completely the grounds on which modern fanaticism has undertaken to brand it with the note of superstition. In the judgment of those who sincerely investigate the truth, and who find no gratification in the low artifice of impugning and denouncing, by unfair representation, every practice that savors of Catholic piety, it is obvious that the whole rite is nothing more than a solemn dedication of a work of art to the noble pur-

poses of religion, and a prayer of the Church by which she invokes upon her children the grace of being benefited by its use. How then can it be asserted that this ceremony is considered by the Catholic Church as a baptism? Does it follow that it is looked upon as a real baptism,* because this name is given to it in the popular language of certain districts, on account of the similarity between some parts of this solemn rite and the baptismal ceremony? Does it argue candor or reflection in our adversaries to prefer such a charge, when the absurdity implied in it is not less ridiculous than impious? If the bells that are consecrated are sometimes placed under the care or patronage of certain individuals, who may superintend their employment, these persons are improperly called sponsors, and the ceremony used by the Church does not require the presence of any such individuals.† As to the imputation that bells were rung at funerals and during storms, to frighten away the demons that were supposed to hover around the dead, or to be the authors of the tempest, it is too plainly the offspring of ignorance or malevolence. If our forefathers entertained the opinion that storms could be averted by the agitation of the air, resulting from the sounding of bells, perhaps they erred a little, although innocently, by calculating too largely upon a principle of natural philosophy; but they undoubtedly proved themselves vastly superior to their critics of modern times, in the theory and practice of that Christian philosophy, which led them to toll the bell at the funeral of the dead, as a warning voice to the living, and, in the fury of the tempest, to send forth its sound, hallowed as it was by the orisons of

*It is stated in the Capitulars of Charlemagne, that this prince forbade the ceremony, because, says a writer, it was thought by some to be a baptism. That this prohibition however was merely a prudential and temporary measure, to prevent the growth of an erroneous notion among the people, is manifest from the fact, that the ordinance of the emperor was not enforced, and the custom of blessing bells prevailed throughout the Church in a form not liable to abuse. Pope John XIII, in the tenth century, was not the author of this ceremony, as may be seen from Martene, lib. 2 de Antiq. Eccl. Rit. c. 21.

†See *Roman Pontifical*.

**Ibid.*

religion, as a cry of alarm and as a general supplication to him who wields the thunderbolts of heaven, that he would look to the affliction of his servants, and avert the dangers with which they were threatened. In all this there might be something offensive to that desolating puritanism which has endeavored to divorce nature from its Divine Author, by denying all religious influence to the external world, but in the eyes of reason, it will always be a mark of

true religion, as well as the glory of the Catholic Church, to make use of outward things, as fit and powerful agents for awakening in the heart of man the most salutary impressions. "Praise ye the Lord in his holy places: praise him with sound of trumpet; praise him with psaltery and harp; praise him on high-sounding cymbals; praise him on cymbals of joy; let every spirit praise the Lord." Ps. 150.

THEORY OF THE WESTERN PRAIRIES.

BY PROF. DUCATEL.

IT is not astonishing that a traveller coming from the eastern states, where he has been accustomed to see the surface of the country divided into cultivated fields, intermixed with groves of trees as regularly allotted almost as the fields themselves, and as he proceeds westwardly finds himself more and more pressed in by dense forests of lofty trees that seem to bid defiance to the further progress of civilization, should experience some surprise at the sudden appearance of those unwooded and uninterrupted plains of the farther west that have received the name of *Prairies*, adopted by us from the French. So it is not astonishing too, that the French adventurers who preceded us, coming from the champaign regions of their own country, should have left no record of a similar surprise; but on the contrary beheld in these flowery *meadows* something that reminded them of home, to which nothing was wanting but the stately chateau, the vineyard, and the hamlet to complete the resemblance. The latter, therefore, did not stop to speculate about the origin of this champaign country, which they looked upon probably as of very natural occurrence; whilst to us, by the contrast just referred to, it is the very reverse. On the other hand, one accustomed to the sight of the prairies with only their strips of woodland along the water courses, on going to the eastward, would

perhaps feel more surprise than the western traveller at the extent of the *forests*, and express greater wonder that they should so far have escaped the devastations of the fire and the hurricane.

But setting aside the surprise, we who have been accustomed to see these lands clothed with trees, may well ask why it is that these western plains are destitute of timber. The phenomenon, for such at first sight it appears to be, has given occasion for much speculation.

"It has been suggested," says Judge Hall, "that the prairies were caused by hurricanes which had blown down the timber, and left it in a condition to be consumed by fire, after it had become dried by lying on the ground. A single glance at the immense region in which the prairie surface predominates sufficiently refutes this idea." Mr. Kendall, in the interesting sketches of incidents connected with his Santa Fe expedition, mentions a prairie "*at least two hundred and fifty miles in width.*" Now, although hurricanes sometimes extend for many miles in length, their track is always narrow, and often but a few hundred yards in breadth. "And it is a well-known fact, that whenever the timber has been thus prostrated, a dense and tangled thicket shoots up immediately, and protected by the fallen trees, grows with uncommon vigor."

Some have imagined that the prairies have

been the bottom of lakes, but this hypothesis is not tenable. For, "as a general rule, the prairies are highest in the middle, and have a gradual declivity towards the sides; and when we reach the timber, instead of finding banks corresponding with the shores of a lake, we almost invariably discover valleys, ravines, and water courses, considerably depressed below the general level of the plain." And again as a general rule, "the prairie surface is slightly, but decidedly convex."

General Pike attributed the destitution of timber upon the prairies to the aridity of the soil, which, having so few water courses running through it, and these being principally dry in summer, has never afforded moisture sufficient to protect the growth. But this opinion is disproved, not only by the luxuriance of the wild growth, and the adaptation of the soil to the ordinary purposes of husbandry, but by the readiness with which forest trees, artificially laid out, take root and flourish in the prairie soil. A very remarkable instance of the facility with which the prairie soil becomes covered with timber, when protected from the usual cause of its absence, namely fire, is mentioned by Judge Hall, as having fallen under his observation. "An individual had enclosed a single field in the prairie, in which corn was cultivated for several years, when it was abandoned, and the rails that composed the fence carried away. In the meanwhile, the corners of the fence, and a narrow strip on each side, having been protected from the fire on the one hand, and the plough on the other, grew up in bushes. After the field was deserted, this natural hedge remained for years; having grown up into a row of tall trees, occupying the former line of the fence, while the interior of the square became also covered with brushwood; and thus a grove has been formed, which bids defiance to the fire."

Stoddard, in his "Sketches of Louisiana," says that the prairies were probably occasioned by fire; "because whenever copses of trees are found on them, the ground about them is low, and too moist to permit the fire to pass over it." The correct expression of the fact we apprehend would be

this:—On low and moist grounds upon the prairies, copses of trees are found that resist the ravages of the fire.

In the narrative of Major Long's first expedition, it is said: "If the prairies were at any former period covered with forests, it may be easily supposed, the yearly devastations of fires breaking out in dry seasons, would destroy many of the trees. The forests being thus broken, the growth of grass and annual plants would be greatly facilitated by the nakedness of the soil, and the free admission of the rays of the sun. Forests attract rain, and impede evaporation, while the reverberation from the surface of vast plains and deserts, tends to dissipate the clouds and vapors which are driven over them by the winds. In fertile districts like the alluvial lands of the Missouri and Mississippi, a heavy annual growth of herbaceous plants is produced, which after the autumnal frosts, becomes dry and peculiarly adapted to facilitate and extend the ravages of fire. In a country occupied by hunters, who are kindling their camp fires in every part of the forest, and who often, like the Mongalls in the grassy deserts of Asia, set fire to the plains, in order to attract herbivorous animals by the growth of tender and nutritious herbage which springs up soon after the burning, it is easy to see that these annual conflagrations could not fail to happen." Doubtless if the prairies were at any former period covered with forests, the most effectual agent that could be employed for their destruction would be fire. It would require, however, we apprehend, a much greater conflagration than is commonly produced by the Indian method of firing not only the prairies, but the woods themselves, for the purpose of securing their game. This method they have practised at all times, certainly with the effect of thinning, but without destroying the timber; as we see from the immense forests of Western Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, and Missouri, that were once also annually fired by the Indians, and are now, to a more limited extent, by the white hunters, to burn the high grass, in order the better to see their game. This practice, which effectually destroyed the undergrowth, only thinned the trees;

and now that the Indians have left these countries, we find the undergrowth occupying the ground again.

But the general and most popular opinion seems to be that the prairies are caused by the Indian custom of annually burning the leaves and grass in autumn, which prevents the growth of any young trees. Time, it is thought, will thus form prairies; for some of the old trees annually perishing, and there being no undergrowth to supply their places, they become thinner every year; and as they diminish, they shade the grass less, which therefore grows more luxuriantly, and when a strong wind carries a fire through the dry grass and leaves which cover the earth with combustible matter several feet deep, the volume of flame destroys all before it. After a beginning is made, the circle widens every year, until prairies open as boundless as the ocean. Young growth follows the civilized settlements, since the settler keeps off those annual burnings. The proof advanced for this theory is, that prairies are all upon rich, rolling, and comparatively dry soil, where much vegetable matter would accumulate to raise the flame, and but little moisture to counteract it. This opinion, which is the most generally received, is among the least well founded, being based altogether upon what have sometimes been called *false facts*. Thus there is no proof of fires in the woods having been so extensive or destructive as it supposes; the destruction of live timber being a very uncommon occurrence; and the fact is undeniable that where woodland and prairie are found adjacent, the fire ceases to display the same destructive energy in the former, that it exhibits in the latter. Again: the edges of the prairie do not exhibit appearances of encroachment by fire on the timber; but on the contrary, the woodland seems to be increasing; and it is much more common to see young thickets spreading out from the woods upon the plain, than to behold the stumps and trunks of trees, which had been killed by fire. The conclusive argument, however, in opposition to the opinion above, is, that the destruction of the forest by fire would have taken place on the hills, and on

broken grounds, as well as on the level, while the prairies only occupy the last.

Before proceeding to state what is conceived to be the true theory of the prairies, it may be well to convey an exact impression of their characteristic features. The following graphic description by Judge Hall, will doubtless answer the purpose.

"By those who have never seen this region," says the Judge, "a very tolerable idea may be formed of the manner in which the prairie and forest alternate, and the proportions of each, by drawing a colored line of irregular breadth, along the edges of all the water courses laid down in the map. The border thus shaded, which would represent the woodland would vary in width from one to five or six miles, and would sometimes extend to twelve. As the streams approached each other, these borders would approximate, or come into contact; and all the intermediate spaces not thus colored would be prairie. It is true, therefore, as a general rule, in relation to the states in which the prairies are situated, that wherever there is a considerable tract of surface, not intersected by water courses, it is level, and destitute of timber; but in the vicinity of springs and streams, the country is clothed in forest."

"Taking as an example the country lying between the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, it will be seen that in the point formed by their junction, the forest covers the whole ground, and that as these rivers diverge, the prairies begin to intervene. At first there is only an occasional meadow, small, and not very distinctly defined. Proceeding northward the timber is found to decrease, and the prairies to expand; yet the plains are still comparatively small, wholly unconnected with each other, and their outlines distinctly marked by the woodlands which surround and separate them. They are insulated and distinct tracts of meadow land, embosomed in the forest. Advancing further to the north, the prairie surface begins to predominate; the prairies now become large, and communicate with each other like a chain of lakes, by means of numerous avenues or vistas; still however, the traveller is surrounded by timber; his

eye never loses sight of the deep green outline, throwing out its capes and headlands; though he sees no more than dense forests and large trees, whose deep shade almost appalled him in the more southern district."

"Travelling onward in the same direction, the prairies continue to expand, until we find ourselves surrounded by one vast plain. In the country over which we have passed, the *forest* is interspersed with these interesting plains; *here* the *prairie* is studded with groves and copses, and the streams fringed with strips of woodland. The eye sometimes roves over an immense expanse clothed with grass, discovering no other object on which to rest, and finding no limit to its vision but the distant horizon; while more frequently it wanders from grove to grove, and from one point of woodland to another, charmed and refreshed by an endless variety of scenic beauty."

"This description applies chiefly to Illinois, from a careful inspection of which state we have drawn the picture; but its general outlines are true of Indiana and Missouri, and are applicable, to some extent, to Ohio and Michigan. But if our path lie still farther to the west, and conduct us to the wide tracts that extend from the waters of the Arkansas to those of the Missouri and Mississippi, we arrive at a region of boundless plains—boundless to the eye of the traveller, which discovers nothing but the verdant carpet and the blue sky, without a grove, a tree, or a bush, to add variety to the landscape, and where the naked meadow often commences at the very margins of the streams."

But there is another point of view from which we are bound to consider the prairies, before we adopt any opinion purely hypothetical in reference to the cause of their present condition; and that is their geological structure. Now, if we examine them in this respect, either in the *coulées* or chasms, that frequently intersect them, or by attending to the materials, which it is necessary to penetrate through in sinking wells into them—these materials being, where their rocky foundation does not come up to the surface or is immediately beneath

it, almost invariably a vegetable soil of more or less depth, and a thick deposit of plastic clay overlying a bed of sand or immediately superimposed upon the rock—there is no geologist who will not remain satisfied that they are the ancient floors of the ocean. If so, when the ocean waters first abandoned them they must have been without plants, and the naturalist who does not admit the doctrine of spontaneous growth, will conclude that when these did make their appearance, they germinated from seeds derived from plants, growing on lands left with a higher level than the sea that receded from the prairies. Their borders would be planted first, and by such plants as will grow upon the scantiest soil, and so on, until by natural and well understood causes the soil had acquired depth enough to support a hardier and more luxuriant vegetation.

Taking however a more comprehensive view, there is no reason why we should not suppose that the first covering of the earth was composed of those plants that arrive at maturity in the shortest time. And by whatever method it may be thought that plants begin first to germinate, it is evident that annual plants would ripen and scatter their seeds, many times, before trees and even shrubs could acquire the power of reproducing their own species. In the mean time the propagation of the latter would be retarded by a variety of causes—the frost would nip their tender stems in winter—fire would consume, or the blast would shatter them—and the wild grazing animals would bite them off, or tread them under foot; while many of their seeds, particularly such as assume the form of nuts or fruit, would be devoured by animals. The grasses, that are propagated both by the root and by seed, are exempt from the operation of almost all these casualties. Providence has, with unerring wisdom, fitted every production of nature to sustain itself against the accidents to which it is most exposed, and has given to these plants which constitute the food of animals, a remarkable tenacity of life; so that although bitten off, and trodden down, and even scorched, they still retain the vital

principle. That trees have likewise a power of self-protection, is evident from their present existence in a state of nature. It is only assumed, therefore, that in the earliest state of being, the grasses would have the advantage, over plants of less hardy, and of slower growth; and that when both are struggling for the possession of the soil, the former would at first gain the ascendancy; although the latter, in consequence of their superior size and strength, would finally, whenever they got possession of any portion of the soil, entirely overshadow and destroy their humble rivals.

We conclude then, that most of the prairies have never, since the ocean left them, been covered by any vegetables of greater importance than herbs and grasses, and that the growth of the timber has been

prevented by the causes above enumerated; the principal of which has been probably the annual fires, but a very efficient one also the devastation caused by the teeth and hoofs of the buffalo.*

* "This scarcity of wood in the western regions, so much at variance with what is seen in other parts of North America, proceeds from two principal causes. In the plains on this side of the Platte river, from the custom which the Indians who live here have adopted, to fire their prairies towards the end of autumn, in order to have better pasture at the return of spring; but in the far west, where the Indians do not follow this practice (because they fear to drive away the animals that are necessary for their subsistence, or to expose themselves to be discovered by the strolling parties of their enemies), it proceeds from the nature of the soil, which, being a mixture of sand and light earth, is every where so very barren, that with the exception of the ab-synth that covers the plains, and the gloomy verdure that shades the mountains, vegetation is confined to the vicinity of rivers,—a circumstance which renders a journey through the far west extremely long and tedious."—*Indian Sketches*.

PRASCOVIA, OR FILIAL PIETY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF COUNT XAVIER DE MAISTRE.

A TRUE STORY.

When they thrust me from my native land,
Didst thou stand forth, my firm and faithful guide.
And now, beloved daughter, to thy sire
What errand dost thou bear? What weighty cause
Moved thee to quit thy home?

Toll is light,
When we but labor in a parent's cause.

(Edipus at Colonus.)

THE pious fortitude and courage of a poor girl, who, towards the end of the reign of the Emperor Paul, wandered from Siberia to St. Petersburg, to obtain the liberty of her exiled parents, attracted sufficient public attention to induce a celebrated authoress to transform her into the heroine of a novel. But those who knew her personally are apt to regret that adventures and ideas of a romantic nature had been ascribed to a generous but sober-minded girl, who never felt any other passion than the most exalted fondness for her parents, and who derived from that exclusive feeling the first impulse for attempting a most adventurous undertaking, and the strength to carry it into execution.

The simple and unadorned narrative of her toils, is perhaps not fitted to produce the breathless interest which we sometimes feel for imaginary vicissitudes, and for beings of unreal existence; but we believe that her story, though possessing only the merit of truth, will be read by many with some pleasure.

Her name was Prascovia Lopouloff. Her father belonged to a noble family of Ukraina, was born in Hungria, whither accidents conducted his parents, and served for some time in the Black-Hussars; but went early in life to Russia, married, and engaged in the military service of that country, which was in fact his own. He made several campaigns against the Turks, and was at

the storming of Ismail and Otchakoff. His gallant conduct won him the esteem of his regiment. The cause of his exile to Siberia is not known, his trial, and the re-examination of it in latter times, having remained a secret. Some persons pretended to know that he had been accused of insubordination by his commanding officer, who was unfriendly to him. Whatever may have been the cause of it, he had been in Siberia fourteen years when his daughter undertook her journey to St. Petersburg. The place of his banishment was Ischim, a village on the frontiers of the government of Tobolsk: he lived there with his wife and daughter, upon the small allowance of ten kopecks a day, which is paid to the prisoners who are not condemned to hard labor.

Young Prascovia contributed by her industry to the subsistence of her parents. She lent her services to the laundresses of the village, or made herself useful at harvest time in the fields, and worked as hard as her strength permitted. Rye, eggs, and vegetables, were the reward of her exertions. She was a child when she arrived in Siberia; and having never known a more comfortable life, she gave herself up most cheerfully to continual labor, though it often exceeded her physical strength. Her delicate hands seemed destined for different occupations. Her mother, whose whole time was occupied in the management of her poor household, seemed to bear patiently her deplorable situation; but her father, who had been from his youth accustomed to the active life of a soldier, had never learned to resign himself to his fate, and often yielded to a despondency and despair which no misfortune, however great, can excuse. Although he endeavored to conceal from Prascovia the grief that preyed upon his mind, she had been too often, either by accident or through her attention to all that concerned him, a secret witness of his dejection, not to reflect on the cruel situation of her parents, long before they imagined that she was aware of their sufferings.

The governor of Siberia had never replied to the supplications which Lopouloff had addressed to him from time to time; an

officer, however, having passed with despatches, through Ischim, and having promised him, not only to deliver to the governor his letters, but to second his requests, the unfortunate exile entertained for a while some hopes of liberty or relief. But the few travellers and messengers that arrived from Tobolsk, added only disappointments to actual and increased sufferings.

It was in one of these distressing moments that Prascovia, on her return from her labors in the fields, found her mother bathed in tears, and was alarmed by the mortal paleness and the bewildered looks of her father. "There you see," exclaimed he, when she entered this abode of sorrow, "the object of my greatest grief; this is the child whom Providence has given me in its wrath, to increase my sufferings by hers, to make me witness of her gradual decay, when wasted by incessant toil, so that the name of father, which is a blessing to all others, is to me the strongest proof of heaven's malediction." Poor Prascovia, frightened to death, clung to his knees, and with the assistance of her mother and by their united entreaties, Lopouloff recovered gradually his self-possession: but this scene had made a strong impression upon her mind. Her parents had, for the first time, openly spoken in her presence of their hopeless situation, and for the first time she had been permitted to sympathise in their sorrows. She was then only fifteen years of age, and at that time, the idea of endeavoring to obtain her father's pardon entered her mind; or, according to her own account, one day when she had been praying, "it crossed her like lightning, and caused in her an unspeakable emotion." She was persuaded that it was an inspiration of Providence, and this belief supported her under the most trying circumstances.

The hope of pardon and of liberty had never before cheered her heart. It filled her now with delight. She threw herself anew on her knees and prayed with fervor; but her imagination was so disquieted that she knew not exactly what she should implore from the divine mercy, all the ordinary train of her ideas being lost in the nameless joy she experienced. Soon, however, the re-

solution of going to St. Petersburg, with the purpose of throwing herself at the emperor's feet, to obtain her father's liberty, grew more and more distinct in her mind, and became the prevailing subject of her thoughts.

She had long since resorted to a favorite place on the skirts of a neighboring wood, where she loved to pray; but now she visited it oftener than ever. Occupied exclusively with her great project, she implored heaven with all the ardor of her soul, to favor, to protect it, and to give her sufficient fortitude and means to accomplish it. She was, therefore, often somewhat negligent in her usual occupations, and was upbraided by her parents. For a long time she did not dare to disclose to them the enterprise she meditated. Her courage failed her, whenever she attempted an explanation, in which she could discern little probability of success. But when she became convinced that she had sufficiently matured her design, she fixed a day when she should disclose it to her parents, firmly resolved to overcome on that occasion her natural timidity.

On that day, Prascovia went, early in the morning, to the forest, to implore from heaven that courage and eloquence which she deemed necessary to convince her parents. She returned home afterwards, with no other uncertainty, but to which of her parents she was about to reveal her project. The first she should meet was to be her confidant: she rather hoped to meet her mother, on whose indulgence she trusted the most. But when she approached the house, she saw her father, seated on a bench before the door, smoking his pipe. She addressed him with great courage, explained, in part, her views, and solicited, with all the eloquence which she could command, permission to depart for the metropolis. When she had concluded, her father, who had not interrupted her speech, took her hand with great gravity, and entering with her into the room, where his wife was preparing dinner, he exclaimed: "My wife, good news! we have a powerful protector! Prascovia is on her way to St. Petersburg, and is good enough to promise to intercede in our be-

half with the emperor!" Lopouloff repeated, in a tone of irony, his whole conversation with his daughter. "She would do better," said her mother, "to mind her business, instead of dreaming of such follies." The poor girl had mustered courage against the anger of her parents, but she was unprepared to see her hopes brought to the test of ridicule and irony. She wept bitterly. The gay humor which her father had indulged for a moment, gave way to his usual austerity; but while he reproved her for weeping, her mother caught her to her bosom, smiled, and reaching a towel, said to her, in a coaxing tone: "Come, come, child, clean the table for dinner, and thou canst afterwards think more at leisure of thy journey to St. Petersburg."

Such treatment was more apt to dissuade Prascovia from her projects, than the severest upbraiding, and the worst usage. The humiliation of seeing herself treated like a child, did not, however, long oppress her, or prevail for a moment over her natural consistency. The difficulty of the first step was surmounted: she touched, afterwards, repeatedly, on the subject, and her entreaties were so frequent and urgent, that her father became angry, reproved her most seriously, and commanded her never more to speak of her plans of deliverance. Her mother proceeded with somewhat more gentleness to convince her that she was yet too young to meddle with such serious business.

This result of her first endeavors prevented Prascovia for three years from renewing her entreaties with her parents. In that interval of time she was obliged to attend her mother in an obstinate illness, which alone would have obliged her to postpone her journey, but never did she permit a day to pass, without including in her ordinary prayers a fervent petition that she might obtain from her father the desired permission; and the more she prayed, the more she became persuaded that God would grant her request.

Such a religious disposition and confidence in a girl of her age, is so much the more surprising, as they were not the fruit of her education. Though her father was

not irreligious, he did not set her an example of fervent and real piety; and even her mother, who was more attentive to these higher duties, was too little informed to awaken piety in hearts that were unprepared for religious culture. But Prascovia needed neither encouragement nor advice. To an exquisite sensibility, she united an excellent judgment, which, in the last three years, had acquired so much strength, that her parents began to listen, in their debates and domestic concerns, to her remarks, and she obtained insensibly a sufficient ascendancy over them to propose again, and to support with less hesitation, her great project. Yet her parents, in losing the advantage they had over her, in laughing at her presumption, did not render their resistance and objections less painful to her by representing how much her absence would increase their difficulties. With tears and a thousand endearments they told her that they had neither friends nor resources of any kind in Russia, and that upon her depended all their comfort, and in part their subsistence. "Could she leave her parents in a desert," they asked her, "to undertake a distant journey, which might prove fatal to herself, and imbitter the rest of their lives, instead of procuring them their liberty?" Prascovia could only answer with tears such reasoning; but, far from wavering in her determination, she grew every day more resolute and confident.

The opposition of her parents was not the only, nor the greatest obstacle she had to overcome. She could not set out on her pilgrimage, nor even leave her village, without a passport. In not answering the letters of her father, the governor of Tobolsk had given no encouragement to the hope that he would favor her plan.

Fortunately for her, there was in the village another prisoner, born in Russia, and son of a German tailor. This man had been servant to a student in the university of Moscow, and had, on the strength of that connection, assumed the reputation of a free-thinker amongst the rude villagers and prisoners, to whom he rendered himself serviceable, by his exertions in the useful art of his father. He sometimes

visited Lopouloff, and we are sorry to say, was permitted to laugh at his daughter, and to nickname her "St. Prascovia." She did not much care for it, but supposing that an unbeliever must at least know how to write, she hoped he would prepare for her a petition to the governor, which she thought her father would readily consent to send, if he had no other trouble than to sign it.

It happened that one evening, when she was about to pack up the linen which she had washed in the river, and was turning her steps homeward, Neyler (for that was the name of the free-thinker) met her while she was making the sign of the cross—an usual accompaniment to prayers in her religion. Neyler said to the poor girl: "Had you made some more gesticulations of that sort, your linen, by a miracle, would have returned home without your being at the trouble of carrying it on your back; but I will do as much for you without entreaties, and show you that infidels, whom you hate so much, are glad to help their neighbors." He did not give her time to make any objection, but taking the parcel, he went along with her towards the village. As they proceeded, it occurred to Prascovia, that the "philosopher" might be in a mood of extending farther his services to her, and write the petition to the governor; but his science did not go so far. He pretended that since he had begun his handicraft, he had bidden adieu to all literary pursuits, but he fortunately knew a man who could render her the service she desired. Prascovia felt obliged for the information he gave her about that individual, and rejoiced in the thought that she should, not later than the next day, make a decisive step towards the execution of her great project. When she entered the habitation of her parents, she found them in company with some of their acquaintance, to whom Neyler immediately imparted the service he had rendered her, in sparing her the trouble of working miracles by her prayers. He was not a little disconcerted, when Prascovia said, in answer to this and some other silly jests of the same sort: "Why should I not put my whole confidence in the divine goodness, when I remember that after a short

prayer, a professed infidel voluntarily rendered me his services: was not that a miracle?" The whole company laughed heartily at the discomfited tailor, who, instead of waiting for better success on a new attack, silently strutted off.

The next day, Prascovia called on the person whom Neyler had mentioned to her, and who promised to write the petition, in the requisite form, but informed her that she, and not her father, ought to sign it. After some new difficulties, her father at last yielded, and forwarded the petition, with a letter of his own, relative to his personal situation.

From that moment Prascovia ceased to feel unhappy, her health improved rapidly, and her parents wondered and rejoiced to see her suddenly recover her former gaiety. This change had no other source than a strong conviction that she should obtain the desired passport, and an unlimited confidence in the protection of her Creator. She often extended her walks far on the road of Tobolsk, in the hope of meeting a state messenger. For some time she regularly called on the old soldier who distributed the letters, at the place where the post horses were kept; but she was soon discouraged from repeating her inquiries, by the rudeness with which the man in office received her, and by the jests in which he indulged on her projected pilgrimage.

Nearly six months had already elapsed since Lopouloff had forwarded the petition, when a person came to inform him that a messenger, just arrived at the post-house, had brought several letters. Prascovia ran in all haste, and was followed by her parents. When Lopouloff had reached the place and told his name, the messenger delivered to him a sealed packet, containing a passport for his daughter, and asked for a receipt. This was a moment of great joy for the whole family. In the entire abandonment in which they had been left for many years, the granted passport seemed to them a great mark of protection. Yet there was no answer to the requests which Lopouloff had addressed to the governor on his own affairs. His daughter being neither slave nor prisoner, could not be re-

tained in Siberia against her will, and the passport was, therefore, in fact, but an act of strict justice. The silence of the governor as to what might be considered a reliance on the emperor's mercy and forgiveness, seemed, on the contrary, to prove that he did not in any way feel himself authorized to mitigate his sufferings.

Inferences and reflections of such a nature, soon damped the first joyous emotions of his heart. Lopouloff took the passport, and, in a fit of disappointment and ill-humor, protested that he had petitioned for it, in the expectation that it would be refused, like his other requests, and only to free himself from the importunities of his daughter.

Prascovia followed her parents to their habitation without uttering a single word, but full of hope, and thanking God for having heard her prayers. Her father enveloped her passport in a handkerchief, and laid it between his clothes. Prascovia was glad to observe that he took so much care of it, for she had feared he would tear it into pieces, and she ascribed that behavior to a particular design of Providence, who judged probably that the propitious moment for executing her plan was not yet arrived. She hastened to her ordinary retreat in the grove, where she passed two hours in fervent devotion. Her prayers were rather thanksgivings than new petitions. Her heart beat with joyous presentiments; all her anxieties were at an end, and her piety increased her transports.

These details may at first seem too minute: but when we shall have shown how the enterprise of this poor girl was successful beyond her own hopes, against all probability,—and notwithstanding the numberless difficulties which she had to encounter, our readers will be convinced, that no human agency could have lent her the necessary strength, and that she could owe it only to that "Faith which overcomes the world." Prascovia saw the will of heaven in every event: "My confidence in God," said she often afterwards, "has been frequently put to severe trials, but was never deceived." An incident which occurred, a few days after the arrival of the messenger, would have strengthened her courage, if it

had not been still more calculated to diminish the resistance of her parents. Her mother could not be called a superstitious woman, but she endeavored often to beguile her actual cares, by endeavoring to explain certain incidents of her monotonous life, as prognostics of better times; and, without believing in good or evil days, she carefully avoided beginning any thing on a Sunday; and, when salt was dropped on the table, regarded it as an accident, if not absolutely ominous, at least not perfectly indifferent. She sometimes opened the Bible, to find in the first passage that should present itself, something that might bear on her situation, or furnish a lucky omen, a practice quite common in Russia, for investigating the secrets of futurity. If the passage in Scripture is insignificant, the book is closed and consulted again, and, by a "liberal construction," an ingenious mind is not long without finding what it desires. Those who are under the pressure of misfortune, readily believe all that can mitigate their sorrows, and, without giving implicit faith to such presages, experience some relief, never probably remembering their fallacy, when wanting and seeking new consolation.

Lopouloff ordinarily read to his family, every evening, a chapter of Scripture, and explained the Slavonish words which his wife and daughter did not understand; the latter waited always anxiously for such instruction. At the close of a melancholy evening, they were sitting silently at the table, the Bible before them, after the usual lecture, when Prascovia, without any other view than to re-animate the conversation, begged her mother to read the eleventh line of the right page, wherever she should open the book. The mother took it speedily, opened it with a pin, and counting the lines, she read aloud the eleventh, containing these words: "And the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her: what aileth thee, Hagar? fear not." This passage seemed to have a striking application to the journey she meditated. With enthusiastic joy, she seized the Bible, and kissed several times the auspicious page. "This is truly re-

markable," said the mother, fixing her eyes on her husband. But he was not prone to favor their opinions, and declaimed violently against these superstitions: "Do you imagine," said he, "that a human creature can interrogate the Almighty, by opening a book at random with a pin, and that He would condescend to indulge your foolish whims?—no doubt," added he, addressing himself to his daughter, "no doubt an angel will be ready to accompany you in your peregrination, and minister to all your wants. Do you not see the folly of indulging such ridiculous fancies?"

Prascovia replied, that she was far from expecting that an angel would appear to assist her in her undertaking; "but," said she, "I believe firmly, that my guardian angel will not forsake me, and that the object of my hopes will be ultimately accomplished, though I should even abandon it." Lopouloff felt his resolution shaken by this strange perseverance; yet another month passed, without any further discourse about Prascovia's departure. She became silent and pensive; courted solitude; spent more time than ever in the place where she prayed, and seemed to have forgotten her usual tenderness for her parents. They began to fear that she was serious, when she threatened to depart without the passport, and their anxiety increased whenever she returned later than usual. One day they had already given up the hope of seeing her again. Prascovia, on returning from church, whither she had gone alone, had accompanied a few peasant girls to a hamlet in the neighborhood, and had spent several hours there. When she came home, her mother took her in her arms, and said to her, with a faltering voice: "Thou hast been very late, Prascovia; we feared that thou hadst gone forever." "You will soon have that mortification," replied her daughter, "if you do not give me the passport, and you will then regret having refused it, and parted with me, without giving me your blessings." In saying these words, she did not return the caresses of her mother, whom her melancholy and altered voice affected deeply. Anxious to tranquillize her, the poor mother promised

not to combat in future her determination, but to let it depend entirely on herself and her father. Prascovia did not urge her, but her profound distress was more persuasive than the liveliest entreaties, and her father also felt sadly her alteration. One morning, his wife begged him to bring some potatoes from the small garden which they cultivated. Lost in a train of gloomy reflections, he seemed at first not to listen to her; but recovering suddenly, he roused himself and said: "Come, help thyself, and I will help thee." When he had finished these words, he took a hoe and went into the garden; his daughter followed him: "Yes, father, we must help ourselves, when we labor under misfortunes, and I hope that God will graciously aid me in the entreaties I come to make you, and that He will move your heart. Give me the passport, dear and unfortunate father! believe, oh believe, it is the will of the Almighty! can you wish to force your daughter to disobey you?" All the while she addressed her father, she embraced his knees, and endeavored, by that mixture of firmness and humility, to inspire him with the hopes which filled her own heart. Her mother having joined them, she begged her to help her to convince her father; but the good woman could not be persuaded to do it. She could master her feelings sufficiently to consent to her daughter's departure, but she had not courage to advise her husband to follow her example. However, Lopouloff could no longer resist such affecting entreaties, and he saw, besides, too clearly, the decided character of his daughter: "How dissuade this child?" exclaimed he; "we must let her do her will." Enraptured with these words, Prascovia threw herself on his neck. "Be sure, dear, dear father," said she, co-

vering him with kisses, "be sure that you will not repent having complied with my wishes. I will go, yes, I will go to St. Petersburg; I will kneel before the emperor; and Providence, who inspired the thought, and touched my heart, will move also that of our good sovereign in your favor."—"Dost thou think, poor child, that it is possible to address an emperor, as thou speakest to thy father? Sentinels watch at every entry of his palace, and thou wilt never find means to pass its threshold. A poor beggar girl, without clothes and without recommendation, how couldst thou dare to appear before him; or who would present thee or befriend thee?"

* Prascovia could not gainsay the ordinary probability of a failure, but did not yield to it. A secret presentiment triumphed in her bosom over the ordinary suggestions of reason. "I too feel the fears with which your kindness for me fills you," she replied, "but what are they in comparison with my hopes? Think only, dear father; remember how many unexpected favors God has already granted me, because I had put my trust in Him! When I had not the least hope of obtaining a passport, He sent an infidel to point out to me the means of obtaining it. The Almighty softened the heart of the inexorable governor of Tobolsk. Lastly, has He not overcome your reluctance, and obliged you to consent to my departure? Be, therefore, certain, my dear father, that Providence, who alone could have enabled me to triumph over so many obstacles, and who has protected me until now, will know how to carry me safely to the feet of our Sovereign. Providence will put in my mouth convincing words, and your liberty shall reward you for the permission you have given me."

TO BE CONTINUED.

INTELLIGENCE.

STATISTICS OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

Bishoprics and their respective population.

EUROPE.

States.	Archb's.	Bish's.	Dio'cs.	Population.
Albania and Epirus,....	2	4	6	88,788
Austria,.....	9	24	33	15,555,916
Baden,.....	1	—	1	852,824
Bavaria,.....	2	6	8	2,977,675
Belgium,.....	1	5	6	4,217,750
Cracovia,.....	—	1	1	142,202
France,.....	15	65	80	31,000,000
Greece,.....	1	3	4	22,900
Hanover,.....	—	2	2	216,758
Hesse, Granduchy,...	—	—	—	203,632
Hohenzollern Hechingen,...	—	—	—	21,000
Hungary,.....	3	25	28	7,578,122
Ireland,.....	4	23	27	7,500,000
Ionian Islands,.....	1	1	2	2,630
Islands of Archipelago,...	—	1	1	160
Lombardy, Ven.....	2	17	19	4,645,594
Lucca, Duchy,.....	1	—	1	165,198
Malta and Gozo,.....	1	—	1	109,000
Modena, Duchy,.....	2	2	4	378,000
Monaco, Princip.....	—	—	—	6,500
Papal States,.....	9	59	63	2,732,436
Parma, Duchy,.....	2	4	6	476,187
Poland, Russian,.....	1	8	9	3,887,313
Portugal,.....	4	17	21	3,549,420
Prussia,.....	2	6	8	5,612,556
Rhenish Provinces,.....	1	4	5	—
Russian Empire,.....	2	5	7	5,590,000
San Marino, Republic,...	—	—	—	7,600
Sardinia,.....	7	34	41	4,650,350
Servia,.....	1	—	1	10,000
Spain,.....	8	51	59	12,286,941
Switzerland,.....	—	4	4	882,854
Two Sicilies,.....	22	80	102	8,156,310
Tuscany,.....	3	18	21	1,436,785
Prim. Archb. Armenians,1	—	1	—	27,560

Total in Europe, 108 469 577 124,993,961

ASIA.

Oriental Rite.

Armenians, Patriarc. of, .1	2	3	8,000
Chaldeans, Patriarc. of, .5	5	10	17,218
Greeks, Melch. or Cath.			
Patriarchate,.....7	5	12	50,000
Maronites, Patriarch.....3	12	20	500,000
Syrians, Patriarch.....2	4	6	30,000

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Latin Rite.

Asiatic Turkey,.....1	4	5	11,400
India, Portuguese,.....1	1	2	538,000
Persia,.....—	1	1	1,000

Total in Asia, 25 34 59 1,155,618

AFRICA.

Algiers,.....	1	1	75,000
Angola,.....	—	—	—
Azores,.....	1	1	225,000
Canary Islands,.....	1	1	208,000
Cape Verd Island,.....	1	1	80,000
Ceuta, Tangier, &c.....	2	2	17,071
Congo,.....	1	1	—
Madeira, Island of,.....	1	1	112,500
St. Thomas, Island of,...	1	1	41,000

Total in Africa, 9 9 758,571

NORTH AMERICA.

English Possessions,....1	5	6	750,000
United States,.....1	15	16	1,300,000
Mexico,.....1	10	11	7,500,000
Central America,.....1	4	5	1,900,000
West Indies,.....1	2	3	1,020,862

SOUTH AMERICA.

U. States of the South, .1	8	9	828,000
Venezuela,.....1	2	3	945,348
Bolivia,.....1	2	3	1,300,000
Peru,.....1	4	5	1,700,000
Chili,.....1	4	5	1,400,000
Paraguay,.....	1	1	250,000
Uruguay,.....	—	—	250,000
States of the Plata,....1	3	4	675,000
Brazil,.....1	7	8	5,000,000

12 67 79 25,819,210

OCEANICA.

Philippine Islands,.....1	3	4	3,000,000
Australia,.....1	2	3	50,000
	2	5	7 3,050,000

Total of bishoprics with their population.

	Bishops.	Pop. latton.
Europe,.....	577	124,993,961
Asia,.....	59	1,155,618
Africa,.....	9	758,751
America,.....	79	25,819,210
Oceanica,.....	7	3,050,000

Grand Total, 731 155,777,548

In our next number we will present a statistical table of the different Catholic Missions throughout the world, with their population.

ENGLAND.—*Rev. Mr. Palmer.*—A work has been lately published in London, written by a late member of the University of Oxford, and exhibiting the character of the Rev. Wm. Palmer, M. A. of Worcester College, as a controversialist. This Mr. Palmer is the polemical opponent of Dr. Wiseman. We hope that this work will soon be put into circulation in this country; on account of its concise mode of refuting the Oxford divine. In the meantime, we will quote from the *Tablet* the following specimen of the manner in which Mr. Palmer's tactics are exposed.

"The following passage gives first Mr. Palmer's accusation, and then the evidence in reply:

"1. The next three quotations (pp. 22, 23), are from a homily, 'In Annunciatione,' ascribed also to Damascenus. It appears from Ceillier, that Leo Allatius believes this homily to have been composed by Theodore Studites the younger. When this writer lived, I cannot at this moment discover, but the *elder* Theodore flourished in the ninth century, nearly a hundred years after the time of Damascenus. Ceillier observes, that there are passages in the homilies on the annunciation, 'which do not correspond with the modesty and gravity of this Father.'"

If Mr. Palmer had not been in so desperate a hurry to prove all Dr. Wiseman's citations spurious, he might have saved himself the disgrace of this exposure. *Neither Ceillier or Leo Allatius say any thing that Mr. Palmer here attributes to them.* If he will be kind enough to turn once more to Ceillier, he will find that this critic most distinctly acknowledges the genuineness of the homily cited by Dr. Wiseman. His words are these:

"The sixth (homily) is on the same mystery, (the Annunciation). *St. Damascene, who never allows an opportunity to escape of showing his devotion to the Blessed Virgin*, renders thanks to her in this sermon, because by means of her we have images representing Jesus Christ, the Roman empire enjoys a settled peace, and the arms of the Saracens have been defeated," &c. &c.

"The two next homilies are on the *Nativity* of the Blessed Virgin. Allatius ascribes the second to Theodore Studites the younger.

"It is in the first of these homilies on the *Nativity* that Ceillier absurdly says, that there are passages 'which do not correspond with the modesty and gravity of this Father;' but this homily Dr. Wiseman has nowhere quoted.

"The following condensed criticism on Mr. Palmer is worth reading:

"The *Origines Liturgicæ*, and the *Treatise*

on [the Church, are Mr. Palmer's great works. The former of these, the *only* work of the kind ever written by a member of his communion (Brett wrote *his* after he had left the Church of England), owes every thing valuable in it to Renaudot, Assemani, and such writers. Wherever Mr. Palmer tries to be original, he falls into some disgraceful blunder. On the *logic* of this book I must say one or two words. It is written to show the similarity between the Anglican and Primitive Liturgies. To prove his point, Mr. Palmer should have taken the Primitive Liturgies, and shown that the Anglican one contained the same things. He has, however reversed the plan, and proved nothing which any one would deny. Most heretics prove their perfect agreement with Scripture and antiquity in the same way. They show that Scripture and antiquity contain all the doctrines they believe. This, of course, no one denies. What we assert is, that Scripture and antiquity contain doctrines which they do not believe. And so with reference to the Liturgies. The Primitive Liturgies contain all that is contained in Protestant prayer-books, *but they contain much more.* The 'awful, unbloody, propitiatory sacrifice,' which is the very life and soul of all the Primitive Liturgies without exception, and to which every thing in them is made subservient, is cut out of the Anglican. To look in the latter for any sacrifice except that of praise and thanksgiving, which any layman is qualified (nay, bound) to offer, is like seeking for refreshing streams in 'that dry and thirsty land where no water is.'

"The 'Treatise on the Church,' strange as it may appear, is neither more nor less than a castigated and Anglicanized version of such books as Tourneley, Bailly, and similar works, which every Catholic student is obliged to have at his finger's ends, before he is admitted to the priesthood. I think I might safely challenge Mr. Palmer to point out a single passage he has quoted from the Fathers, for which he is not indebted to *our own* theologians. No! if 'Romanism' had really been 'neglectful of antiquity,' Mr. Palmer's work would never have been written, or at least would have been written in a very different manner, both as to matter and form."

Invocation of our Lady.—Traverse the whole of Europe, take your stand before its ancient monuments, interrogate them, ask who called them forth from the earth with all their wonders, and a voice will answer from the stones whereof they are built, from tradition, and from the annals of nations; Devotion to Mary. Fond devotion to her has adorned the Catholic world

with so many magnificent churches, so many rich abbeys, so many hospitals, so many poetic recollections. In France, once so Catholic, what churches, what chapels, what hospitals under the invocation of our lady, and what endearing titles are given to the divine Virgin. Here we have our lady of good help; there our lady of pity; a little farther on, our lady of universal joys; in another place, our lady of universal aid; near the hospitals, our lady of the seven dolours; there, where a victory has been gained, is our lady of victory; at the bottom of a valley is our lady of peace; on a mountain is our lady of grace; near the fleet is our lady of good port; and there our lady of deliverance, our lady of snow, our lady of the rocks, our lady of lilies, and our lady of angels.—*Orthodox Mag.*

Sisters of Mercy.—The Superioress of the House of Mercy in Baggot-street, Dublin, with seven other religious ladies of that convent, sailed from Kingstown, on Monday evening last, in order to take possession of the new establishment in Liverpool. The Superioress, it is expected, will return to the parent house after having laid the foundation of all things connected with the new and interesting branch, which it is expected will be fruitful of lasting benefits to religion and charity.—*Tablet.*

Conversion.—We learn from the secular papers that Rev. Daniel Parkins, curate of Marden, Wiltz, an old Tractarian, has embraced the Catholic faith.—*Catholic Herald.*

GERMANY.—We quote the *Univers* :—

While, on the one side, the Rationalism of the day, engendered by the theory of individual interpretation in matters of faith and revelation, saps, with indefatigable effort, the German Protestantism, there is manifested, on the other hand, among the theologians of this communion (the German Lutheran), who would maintain the fundamental principles of Christianity, a tendency which has some analogy to the primary notions which, in England, gave birth to Puseyism. Thus the Danish doctor, Claus Haums, a pastor at Kiel, has declared as the logical result of his reasoning on the relation between the Bible and the Church, that "*the Church possesses and preserves the true understanding of the Scriptures.*" Speaking of the Protestant sects with which he comes in contact, and of their pastors, he says, "*I would undertake to write upon one of my nails all that at this day remains of their belief.*" Again, the Prussian pastor, Sintenis, of Magdeburg, preaching with indomitable zeal against the theory and practice, says, "*Oh! it does little honor to our Protestant Church to enter on a controversy in this matter*

with the Catholic Church, which, upon this point, does much more than ourselves maintain the original holiness of the conjugal tie; for, when the thing becomes inevitable, it pronounces the separation of the married, but it never permits the repetition of the sacrament of marriage to either. How can we Protestants, with any right or reason, demand for ourselves, and against the Catholic Church, the honor of admitting the sacred Scriptures only as the measure of our faith and morals, since, in the matter of divorce at least, it is they, and not we, who hold fast by the written word of Jesus Christ and his disciples." This striking homage to the true evangelism of the Catholic faith was delivered in the ancient cathedral of Magdeburg, and opposite to the well-remembered inscription :—

Expulso Antichristo 1587.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—M. Huguenin, of Bordeaux, has received a letter from Father Tignac, procurator of the congregation of Picpus, dated Valparaiso, 28th October, 1842, in which it is stated that Father Maigret had informed him that eight thousand neophytes had already been made in the Sandwich Islands, notwithstanding the persecutions raised by the Protestant missionaries. The speedy conversion of all the inhabitants to the Catholic faith is likely to follow, if the Catholic missionaries be allowed to pursue their holy functions without molestation.—*Catholic Herald.*

CANADA.—*Consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Phelan as Coadjutor Bishop of Kingston.*—Agreeably to the announcements in the several papers, this important rite was performed at Montreal on the 20th of September, and occupied the entire forenoon. An immense assemblage witnessed the grand and imposing scene, and we feel safe in affirming that when the newly consecrated prelate passed through the aisle of the church after his solemn inauguration, to administer his benediction to the thousands around him, never was a congregation more sensibly affected by the mingled feelings of devotion to God and reverence to a beloved pastor. Bishop Phelan proceeds forthwith to his Episcopal seat, whither he will be assuredly followed by the kindest wishes of all who were honored with his acquaintance, and who were witness of his useful labors in Canada East.—*Montreal Times.*

DUELING.—In allusion to a deplorable affair of honor that recently took place in England, the London *Times* has the following sensible remarks. Were the conductors of the press generally to denounce, in the same terms, the bar-

barous practice of duelling, they would contribute much towards advancing the civilization of the age :

"Let it be felt—and we trust to see the day when it will be felt—that the man who deliberately goes to Chalk Farm or elsewhere to shoot his fellow-man, and *does* shoot him, is a murderer. Whatever be his motive, whether absolute revenge, or the less atrocious but not less wholly inexcusable fear of being thought a coward, or an irrational habit of acquiescence in the demands of society, the law should have but one name for his act. He is subject to no physical necessity : it is a mere quibble to say he is defending his honor or his life. He does not disprove a slander or annul an injury by killing his slanderer. He cannot plead the necessity of defending a life which nothing but his own act has put in jeopardy. If the challenger, he is avenging, or affecting to avenge himself, and nothing more ; if the challenged, he is defending himself by the death of his opponent, because he has not the independence or the courage to repair what he has done wrong, or to refuse "satisfaction" (as it is called) for what he has done right. But revenge, or frivolity, or pusillanimity, or habit, must not be allowed to impose their fantastic and unchristian notions on the law of England. They have too long done so, but we trust the time of their dominion is passing. Duelling has become generally ridiculous, when not ridiculous, hateful, and requires but a blow from authority to become the crime of a past age. Our day has plenty of its own to answer for—let us at least get rid of this inherited stain, which is scarcely ours. It is upheld by a mere shadow, an opinion, an imagination. Men of sense despise it, men of religion hate it, men of determination rebel against it."

Those who would be better pleased with a more facetious, but equally lucid demonstration of the proposition, established by the *Times*, may read the following :

"The late eccentric mathematician, Professor Vince, of King's College, Cambridge, being once engaged in a conversation with a gentleman who advocated duelling, is said, to have thrown his adversary completely *hors de combat*, by the following acute and characteristic reply to his question :—"But what could you do, sir, if a man told you to your very face 'you lie.'"
"What cud I do? Why, I wudn't knock him down, but I'd tell him to pruv it. 'Pruv, sir, pruv, it,' I'd say. If he cudn't *he'd* be the liar, and there I shud have him ; but if he did pruv that I'd lied, I must e'en pocket the affront, and there I expect the matter wud end."—*Tablet*.

REV. MR. SIBTHORP.—The conversion of this able writer to the Catholic Church greatly annoys our Episcopalian brethren, who are endeavoring to show that it was no extraordinary event, if we consider the vague and ultra-Protestant notions of Mr. S. before his admission into the true fold. We are free to confess that we do not consider a conversion from Episcopalianism, more remarkable than one from any other sect of Christians, because, in the first place, the doctrine of the Church of England is by no means a settled point, and secondly, for this very reason, the Anglican Church is a most fruitful parent of religious doubt and perplexity, which the inquirer after truth finds it impossible to discard, until he enters the bosom of Catholicity. If Mr. Sibthorp passed from *ultra-Protestant* views to the faith of the Catholic Church, he did so, because the Anglican Church offered no rest to his mind. Even in this country, what is the Protestant Episcopal doctrine? Is it that propounded by Bishop Onderdonk of New York, or that which is upheld by Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio?

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—*Ordination.* An ordination was held by the Most Rev. Dr. Eccleston, in the chapel of St. Mary's Seminary, on the 2d Sept., on which occasion, Messrs. Timothy Reardon, John Norris, Edward McNerhan, Stephen Hubert and John Hayden received the holy tonsure ; Mr. Wm. D. Parsons received the four minor orders ; and Messrs. O. L. Jenkins, Charles Brennan, Michael Slattey, and Thomas Foley were promoted to the order of subdeaconship. On the next day, Sunday, Messrs. Joseph Maguire, Oliver L. Jenkins, and M. Slattey were advanced to the order of deaconship ; and Rev. Wm. A. Blenkinsop, deacon, was promoted to the priesthood.

New Church and Fair.—A fair is to be opened in Calvert Hall, Baltimore, on the second of this month, for the benefit of St. Peter's church, the corner stone of which was laid on the 22d of May last, by Bishop Hughes of New York, assisted by Bishop Kenrick of St. Louis. This building has so far advanced as to be ready to receive the roof, which is now in progress. As soon as it is enclosed, the plastering will be commenced and every effort made to prepare the interior for service by Christmas day. Its size and design will render this building the greatest ornament of the western part of the city, and will entitle it to rank among the first class of ecclesiastical structures in this country. The following description of it may not prove uninteresting.

teresting to our subscribers. The building is designed in the Grecian style of architecture and in the Doric order. The front on Poppleton street measures sixty-eight feet, and the depth on Hollins street, one hundred and twenty-one feet. The chief characteristic of the design is the depth of the front portico, which, as seen from Baltimore street, will present a fine appearance. The portico will have six columns, behind which are an equal number of square pillars, four of which form the front of the open recessed vestibule; thus giving the richness of a double colonnade. The building is of brick, and is intended to be painted; the basement is of hammered granite, in courses; and the whole is constructed in a thoroughly substantial manner. The whole entablature is executed in brick, moulded expressly to form its different parts, such as trygliphs, drops, &c. The interior will be finished with Corinthian pilasters, and an ornamental ceiling. A gallery is at the west end for the choir with large galleries above it for colored persons. There are to be no side galleries. The altar will present, for the first time in this city the ancient arrangement of a lofty canopy or *ciborium*, over the altar. In locating the Church due regard has been had in placing the axis east and west. The basement story, which is high and airy, is intended for school purposes, and is provided with an altar for its own service. A belfry will be erected over the sanctuary, preserving in its design, the Doric character of the edifice. The building is designed by R. C. Long, architect, and the work is executed under his superintendence by the following contractors, viz., for the granite work, Messrs. Emery & Gault, for the brickwork, Francis A. Gibbons, for the carpenter's work, McClaskey and Leakin, and for the plastering, Wilson and Griffen. Mr. Michael Warner, Jr. in the manufacture of the moulded bricks for the entablature, has succeeded admirably, and their introduction here will no doubt lead to a more extensive use of this material in an ornamental form. The roof is to be of metal and is to be executed by Mr. John Gross. A great part of the basement of this church was executed by gratuitous labor.

Immediately adjoining the church is the residence of the rector, the Rev. Edward McColgan, a neat and tasteful building in the Doric style, to correspond with the church to which it is attached. This property has been erected by and belongs to John McColgan, Esq., brother of the rector.

Official.—The Very Rev. James Ryder, S. J. has been appointed Provincial of the Society of Jesus, for the province of Maryland.

NEW CHURCHES.—The corner stone of a new church (St. Peter's) was lately blessed in West Kensington, Philadelphia; also at Nicetown, Pa. On the 6th of August, Rev. Mr. Labbe performed the same ceremony at Biloxi, Mississippi.

NEW ORLEANS DISTURBANCES.—Under this head the *Catholic Advocate* states the principal facts, connected with the late outrage perpetrated in the Catholic cemetery at New Orleans, by a set of Freemasons.

"It seems that the Freemasons desired to erect a masonic monument in the Catholic cemetery, as a common receptacle for the deceased members of their fraternity, and deputed one of their number to purchase the ground, without letting their intention be known.

The ground was purchased of the trustees of the Cathedral, and the masons, with much ceremony, took possession of it, laid the corner stone of their monument, delivered discourses in eulogy of their institution, &c. &c., and this too, in the consecrated city of the dead, which the Church by her laws protects from profane intrusion. The news of this strange and most uncatholic procedure, reached the bishop's ears, and as his duty required, he forthwith caused an investigation to be made. It turned out that the president of the board of trustees was also grand master of the lodge, and that the members of the board approved the desecration of the cemetery, being more solicitous for the honor of the secret society, of which the Catholic Church disapproves, than for the glory of the religion and the Church for which they pretend to feel interest as trustees of the New Orleans Cathedral. The bishop discharged the duty marked out for him by the laws and discipline of the Church, and they denounce him. They have the ridiculous effrontery to call themselves "Catholic Freemasons," as if such a thing were possible, and speak of their bishop and clergy in the most disrespectful manner.

The fact is evident that they have neither religion, respect for religion, nor perhaps even a correct knowledge of what the faith and discipline of the Catholic Church are. They know that they have it in their power to give trouble, and they are determined to do so.

These pretended *Catholic Freemasons* seem to make slight account of the fact that their institution, with its secret oath, is disapproved of by the Catholic Church; that the clergy cannot admit to the sacraments those who are members of such secret associations; that consequently those who die without withdrawing from such societies, are not buried with the rites of religion, nor their remains interred in consecrated ground;

of all these facts they make slight account, because they are Catholics, *of a new sort*; Catholics upon the conditions most agreeable to themselves; Catholics as far as suits their convenience; liberal, philosophical, *free-thinking* Catholics, who in the plenitude of their self-sufficiency, are superior to councils, popes, and bishops; Catholics who are determined to go to heaven their own way, and for whose salvation such paltry virtues, as *faith, obedience, humility, a resort* to the sacraments, and a *respect* for the prelates placed over them to advise, warn, instruct, reprove, encourage and govern them, are by no means required. They are Catholic freemasons, forsooth! who, in place of doing any good for religion, labor with zeal and warmth to prevent the good of religion, to excite prejudice against the bishop and clergy, to stir up the passions of the irreligious multitude, to break down those salutary spiritual sanctions which have been wisely designed by the Church to give efficacy and force to her discipline. Such persons would do much better, both for themselves and the Catholic community at large, to withdraw altogether from the household of faith, since "the worst enemies of a man are those of his own household."

AMERICAN BOARD OF MISSIONS.—Report.—The number who have joined the missions is nine less than have been removed by deaths and dismissions.

Of the Missionary Herald, twenty-one thousand copies, and of the Dayspring fifty-thousand copies have been published monthly.

The amount received into the treasury of the board during the year ending on the 31st of July last, was \$244,224 48; and the amount of payments was \$257,247 25; leaving the treasury indebted to the amount of \$13,022 82.

The number of missions sustained during the year is twenty-six; connected with which are eighty-six stations, at which are laboring one hundred and thirty-one ordained missionaries, eight of whom are physicians, eight other physicians, fifteen teachers, ten printers and bookbinders, six other male and one hundred and seventy-eight female assistant missionaries, making the whole number of missionary laborers sent from this country and sustained by the board, three hundred and forty-eight, which is eight less than the number last year. If to these be added fourteen native preachers, and one hundred and sixteen other native helpers, the whole number of missionary laborers connected with the missions and sustained from the treasury of the board, will be four hundred and seventy-eight, which is ten less than were re-

ported last year. Of these missionary laborers, four ordained missionaries, and two male and nine female assistant missionaries, in all fifteen, have been sent forth during the last year, being the least number of preachers, and the least number, including all classes of laborers, that has been sent forth during any year since 1831.

Organised by these missions, and under their pastoral care, are sixty-two churches, to which have been received during the last year, two thousand, six hundred and ninety; and which now embrace, in regular standing, twenty thousand, seven hundred and ninety-seven members. This number does not include some hundreds of hopeful converts among the Armenians, Nestorians, and other communities in Western Asia. The number of printing establishments connected with the missions is sixteen, with four type foundries, forty-three founts of type, and thirty presses. Printing has been executed for the missions in thirty-three languages, exclusive of the English, fifteen of which were first reduced to a written form by the missionaries of this board. The copies of works printed at the mission presses during the past year exceed six hundred thousand, and the number of pages is about fifty-six millions, three hundred and eighty-three thousand; making the total number of pages printed for the missions since they commenced, about four hundred and forty-two millions, fifty-six thousand, one hundred and eighty-five.

In the department of education the missionaries have under their care seven seminaries for educating preachers and teachers, in which are six hundred and ninety-nine pupils, more than four hundred of whom are girls. Of free schools the number is six hundred and ten, containing thirty thousand, seven hundred and seventy-eight; making the whole number of pupils under the care of the missions, thirty-two thousand.

A LOW EXPEDIENT.—The *South Churchman*, an Episcopalian paper, has disgraced its pages by the introduction of a series of questions and answers called a *Roman Catholic catechism with Bible answers*, extracted from the *Protestant Visitor*. The series commences as follows:

Question.—Who made you?

Answer.—God.

Q.—Who is God?

A.—He is the Son of the Blessed Virgin Mary. (See Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary.)

Bible Answer.—He is the Creator of heaven and earth. (See Genesis i, and John i.)

Q.—Who is the Virgin Mary?

A.—She is the queen of heaven, refuge of sinners, morning star, and gate of heaven. (See office of the Rosary in any Popish prayer book.)

Bible A.—She was the mother of Jesus, and espoused to Joseph. (Matt. i, 21.)

Q.—Who was the mother of the Virgin Mary?

A.—St. Ann. (See Popish Calendar, July 26.)

Q.—Who is St. Ann?

A.—She is the grandmother of God. (See Popish Calendar, July 26.)

Q.—How old was the B. Virgin when she died?

A.—It is blasphemy to say she died. She was assumed up into heaven, accompanied by all the holy angels, and with great jubilee and exultation of the whole court of heaven, crowned by her son with the *brightest diadem* of glory. (See the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, fourth mystery, in any Popish prayer book.)

We should have judged that the source from which this article emanated, would have been sufficient to exclude it from the columns of a journal pretending to respectability, independently of the falsehoods which it contains and the stupidity which it evinces.

STRANGE LOGIC.—The *Banner of the Cross* intimates to its readers that the organs of the Church of Rome in this country are not so deficient in sagacity as in honesty, in the expression of their opinion relatively to the Oxford Tracts. This is one of those bold assertions which being altogether gratuitous are refuted by mere contradiction. No useful discussion can be pursued, while resort is had to expedients which Christian charity and courtesy equally reprobate. There are other ways of accounting for the opinions of the Catholic press than the imputation of *crafty views*. Why may not the Catholic journals in this country honestly and consistently differ in opinion about the tendency of the Oxford Tracts? Why does a portion of the Catholic press consider them a help to the propagation of truth? Because, judging from experience a multitude of Tractarians, and some of them clergymen, have gradually passed from their views to the orthodox faith. And why may not another portion of the press consider these tracts an obstacle to the progress of true principles? Because many may be deceived by the specious language which they use, assuming, as they do, an appearance of sound doctrine, while the doctrine itself is discarded from their belief. Do they not employ the terms *Catholic, Real Presence, Church*, in a way which may easily lead the ignorant or unwary to suppose that there is no material difference between the Anglican Church and the Catholic Church? There may be, therefore, an intelligent and well founded discrepancy of sentiment upon this subject; but there is one point in relation to which we do not hesitate to pronounce the Catholic journals in

this country unanimous, that is, in acknowledging no alliance with the *Puseyite party*, as a religious body, so long as it is separated from the centre of Catholic communion, the see of Rome. Every Catholic periodical here and elsewhere, is prepared to address the successor of St. Peter, at the present day, in the language of St. Jerom to Pope Damasus in the 4th century: "Whoever gathereth not with thee, scattereth."

In the same number of the *Banner*, we find the subjoined paragraph:

"THE CHURCH OF ROME SCHISMATICAL.—It is an undeniable historical fact, that the Church of England, for many years after the accession of Queen Elizabeth, (when things were restored to the state they were in before the interruption of the Reformation by the bloody Mary), remained one united body in discipline and faith—until the followers of the Pope schismatically set up their rival communion in that country, of which the Roman sect in the United States is an off-shoot. We mention this, to introduce the following capital sentence from Mr. Gresley's *Forest of Arden*:—"It is a point very much to be regarded, that, during a considerable portion of Elizabeth's reign, THE REFORMED CATHOLIC CHURCH OF ENGLAND EMBRACING THE WHOLE NATION, WAS ONE AND UNDIVIDED."

We have not the slightest disposition to charge the *Banner of the Cross* either with *crafty views* or a want of *intelligence*; but we must confess that the article just cited did not appear to us indicative of a very attentive application of the intellectual faculties. If the reasoning which it contains has any force whatever, by the comparison of dates, the following argument, *a fortiori*, will be conclusive:

It is an undeniable historical fact that from the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to the reign of Henry VIII, the Church of England was one united body in discipline and faith, united also with the see of Rome, until the kingdom was schismatically wrested from the centre of Catholic unity, by that monarch, who to gratify his lawless appetites, had no other expedient than to walk in the footsteps of Luther, by rising in open rebellion against the authority of the Church.

OBITUARY.

Died at New Orleans on the 19th of September, Rev. Ferdinand D. Bach, Rector of the Cathedral of that city, aged fifty-three years.

On the 5th of the same month Sister Frederica (McDonald), who, at the age of twenty-one years, fell a victim to her heroic charity, while ministering to the sick in the yellow fever hospital at New Orleans.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The True Path for the True Churchman wandering in the mazes of Protestantism. By Richard Waldo Sibthorp, B. D. Oxford, late Protestant minister, Isle of Wight. New York: Casserly & Sons. pp. 51.

There can be but one opinion in reference to the worth of this admirable pamphlet, which has been issued from the press of the Messrs. Casserly. It is every where spoken of in the highest terms by Catholics, and, we can say, deservedly so, not merely from our own estimation of its merits, but from the ability that has been awarded to it even by those who are not of the Catholic Church. Witness the following expression of opinion from the *Boston Courier*:

"It is the production of the Rev. R. W. Sibthorp, late a Protestant minister in the Isle of Wight, and consists of two letters, written to a friend, in answer to the inquiry, 'Why have you become a Catholic?' The writer, so far as the Church of England is concerned, makes out a good case—we should say, an unanswerable argument, but there is no argument that is unanswerable; at least, we have never met with one that did not admit of some sort of a reply. We fully concur with the author in his declaration respecting those who consider the doctrines of the Council of Trent reconcilable with open communion with the established Church of England—'*If Rome be right, these persons do not go far enough; but, if Rome be wrong, they have gone much too far.*'"

The Third Book of Reading Lessons compiled by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Philadelphia: Eugene Cumiskey. 12mo. pp. 322.

This, as a reading book, is one of the best compilations that have come under our notice. The extracts are numerous and various and abound in useful instruction. The character of a large portion of its contents adapts it particularly to the use of Catholic schools. The work is published in Mr. Cumiskey's usual style of excellence, and is for sale at J. Murphy's bookstore.

An Address delivered before the Tulliphabian Society of St. John's Literary Institution, Frederick, Aug. 1, 1843, by John H. O'Neil, Esq.

We have read with much pleasure this address, which traces in a strain of glowing thought the progress of philosophy from its origin to the present time. We regret that our limits do not permit us to place before the reader an extract from this beautiful sketch of the history of mind.

The Souvenir and other Tales; Baltimore: John Murphy, 32mo. pp. 179.

This is a charming little volume, forming No. 4 of the *Cabinet Library*. The excellent lessons which it contains, and the insinuating style in which they are delivered, should suffice to induce every parent to place this little book in the hands of his children.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

The introductory article of this number, although the continuation of a subject that has already been presented to our readers, will amply repay its perusal. The extracts from Mr. Faber's work have been judiciously made by the reviewer, who is a gentleman of acknowledged literary taste, and show still more plainly the longing of the Oxford school for something more spiritual, more consistent, more allied to primitive times, than is to be met with in the Anglican Church.

The article on the *Origin and Blessing of Bells* was suggested by some remarks in a late number of the *Presbyterian*, whose attention we direct to it, as a much more authentic source of information, than a political print swayed by anticatholic prejudices.

As the far west is becoming an object of increasing interest, both in a political and religious point of view, the observations of Professor Ducatel on the *Theory of the Western Prairies*, will be read with considerable interest, not so much as a matter of curious speculation as of practical utility.

We have learned from various sources that some of our readers would be better satisfied with the Magazine, were a certain portion of its contents to consist of interesting narratives. With a view to gratify them and the public generally, we have made room for the very entertaining history of Prascovia Lopouloff, a story of real life, not less instructive than pleasing. We shall not fail to introduce, when practicable, other narratives of a similar description.

THE
UNITED STATES
CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1843.

TRUTHS AND FICTIONS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

O voi eh' avete gl' intelletti sani,
Mirate la dottrina che s'asconde
Sotto 'l velame degli versi strani.—DANTE.*

The Merchant and the Friar. By Sir Francis Palgrave, K. H., Keeper of the Records of the Treasury of her majesty's Exchequer.

MEN are at length beginning to do justice to the middle ages. There was a time,—and that no distant day,—when the very term “Middle Ages,” arose to the mind of the readers of popular history, associated with the ideas of ignorance and superstition. They were taught to regard this period as one melancholy blank in the history of humanity, claiming by turns their pity and contempt. The veil is beginning to be withdrawn. Truth is allowed to vindicate her cause, and to claim her own. Atonement is being made for the injustice of the past,—tardy it may be, but grateful, though tardy,—we are content to realise the homely proverb, “Better late than never.”

We know of no person, who, from the character of his studies and pursuits, was better qualified to co-operate in this noble object than Sir Francis Palgrave. He was

already known to the public by his learned researches in the field of Saxon literature; and when, under the reign of George IV, a commission was issued to examine into the state of the public records of England, and to print the most valuable of them, he was appointed one of the learned antiquaries to carry into effect the munificent and enlightened project.* The name of Sir Francis Palgrave appears as the editor of the following important contributions towards a full and authentic history of Eng-

* The printed report of the committee contains a list of the members composing it, among which occur the following distinguished names: Lord Brougham, Henry Hallam, Cam Hobhouse, &c. In the same report is a statement which will be read with pleasure: “There have also been sent thirty-five copies to the United States of America, and we have the satisfaction to report that they have been received every where with demonstrations of gratitude and esteem.” By the term “sets,” will of course be understood series of the printed records and other national documents. The value of the gift will be appreciated when it is known that each set already amounts to eighty-two volumes in folio, and thirty in quarto illustrated by numerous engravings of royal seals, autographs, &c. On the reverse of each title page is a printed memorandum, indicating the library to which the work is presented. The following is a copy:

RECORD COMMISSION, MARCH, 1840.

THIS BOOK IS TO BE PERPETUALLY PRESERVED IN THE BALTIMORE LIBRARY.

CHARLES PARTON COOPER, Esq., Sec'y.

* O ye of upright heart and judgment sound,
Admire the skill, and learn the art to prize,
Which veils home truths beneath a strange
disguise.

land: "Rolls and Records from the reign of Richard II, to the reign of Elizabeth," "Proceedings and Ordinances of Privy Council, during the same period;" "Ancient Kalendars and Inventories;" and "Documents and Records for the history of Scotland."

On the subject of the volume before us, we beg leave to quote the British Critic. A lively writer in that able journal has the following remarks: "No one can fail to be pleased with this book, who is at all a lover of antiquity, and has any wish for information respecting the times of our ancestors,—information that he can depend upon. It contains a great store of interesting facts, relating to those times, which have the additional recommendation of being true. This is an important feature in the book, and deserves notice. Sir Francis is often humorous, often philosophical, but he never speaks off the book, though superficial readers might be deceived at first by his manner. His most lively sallies are certain to be based on Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, &c. in the record office, or other documents of equal infallibility. And any one who, presuming on the free and imaginative form in which the author brings out his information, should choose to challenge the solidity of it, would shortly, we have no doubt, find himself dragged through black letter dormitories, and sepulchral repositories of all kinds; or perhaps be treated as the bear was by the Aristotelian student, compelled to swallow some venerable parchment, a treat in its way, but not of the palatable sort."

The manner in which the same reviewer describes the traditional process of transmitting error and misrepresentation, is too good to be omitted. "We have great respect for a writer who always keeps in this way within hail of his facts; especially if, like Sir Francis, he can manage to be authentic and amusing at the same time. It is well known that a contrary habit has prevailed among our historians for some time past; especially those who have treated on this subject—the middle ages. A few selected facts have served for all of them, one after the other, as one of the wittiest writers of the day [*Macaulay?*] has most enter-

tainingly shown us, in one or two remarkable instances. First, Mosheim produces a statement from some original source; isolated, perhaps, but still professing to be an original statement. This being done, it is done once and for all, they think. They go on swimmingly after it, and would go on to all eternity,

Labitur et labetur, in omne volabilis ævum.

It glides, and as it glides, forever will glide on,

if there was no one like the writer we referred to, to call them to account. Robertson, Jortin, White [*Blanco?*], all receive what Mosheim has given them, and hand it over, more or less accommodated to their own views. They show no inclination to enlarge their number of facts; this would be contrary to *their* idea of philosophical history. No; they are quite satisfied, if they can refer to a note somewhere or other, which refers them back somewhere else, whence they would be directed to some other source, how far from or near the original truth itself, they neither know nor care. Meantime, in proportion to their ignorance of facts is their precipitate and unscrupulous use of the few they have. They are merciless in their application of them. One positively is not safe in one's chair from the inferences they are ready to raise on the most paltry and minute premise imaginable. A single fact, under their judicious management, will blow up and change the aspect of a whole world, ancient or modern, as the case may be; or, at any rate, play tremendous work with several centuries, with which it had no sort of connection. This is what we may call the historical lever. It shows what we can effect by the power of machinery, when applied to the manufacture of history; for history, it seems, is to be manufactured in this way, as well as articles of a grosser and more material character. Archimedes wished only for some ground to work from, and he would undertake to move the world with his lever. Two or three well-chosen facts supply this desirable ground to our modern historians. They do not desire more. Give them only these, and with their inferential lever, they will produce the

most astonishing results. They will prove at once, without further ceremony, a whole series of ages to have been all dark, or all enlightened, as they may wish to make out; that all was dark up to a certain time; that then a sudden move took place, a spring was touched, and we became perfectly civilized and enlightened as we should be. In this way the whole history of mankind is speedily disposed of. All from the creation of the world downwards is arranged into three or four grand eras, which succeed each other very conveniently, and all entirely of one character or entirely of another, which makes them easy to remember. If the age be not enlightened, then it is dark; if it is not dark, why then it is enlightened. At this rate we get over the ground quick; in a hop, skip, and jump, we are brought from primeval chaos down to the nineteenth century, and Mr. Pinnock's catechism, which compresses all history into a nutshell, turns out to be no unfair or inadequate abridgement."

Now Sir Francis Palgrave is no reckless and wholesale historian of the class thus graphically described. He is content to take a limited field for his observation, but to survey it well and accurately. He has no theory of his own to carry out, right or wrong; he is satisfied with having collected a suitable body of facts, and with so disposing them as to illustrate in a pleasing and intelligible manner the state of knowledge, government, religion, and society, in the age of which he treats.

Nothing can be more inartificial than the plan of the "Merchant and Friar," nor more simple than the grouping of the figures that compose the picture. The merchant is the famous traveller, Marco Polo, who has found his way to England upon some mercantile speculation; the friar is no other than the celebrated Roger Bacon. They fall in with each other at the hall of the regal abbey of Abingdon, where they are entertained by the abbot and his brethren with all the hospitality characteristic of the time. Marco and his party were travellers, and "travellers from Cathay," a strange land, the details of which are listened to with wonder and delight. A sym-

pathy between intellectual men is natural; Friar Bacon accompanied Marco to London, where he takes him to the places and institutions worth seeing in those days. The heads of the chapters will indicate the principal objects that elicited inquiry;—the "County Election," "Guildhall," "Parliament," and "the Friar's Study." The observations called forth in the visits to these places, are of a profound and striking character, showing that the writer is a philosopher when he chooses it, though he makes no parade of his philosophy. At times he is humorous, not to say satirical. Before proceeding to graver extracts, we may be permitted to entertain the reader with a quotation in a livelier vein. It is one of the "Fictions," spoken of in the title of the book, and the home-truths which it conveys will suit other political latitudes than those of the British Islands. The friar has accompanied Marco to Guildhall, where a criminal is placed at the bar. The accusation opens.

"William of the palace, thou art indicted as a felon, for that thou hast broken open and robbed the treasury of our lord, the king, at Westminster. How wilt thou be tried?" The culprit was about to speak, when Andrew Horne, a lawyer who had suddenly determined to retain himself for the prisoner, loudly took up the word, and silencing William of the palace by a wave of his hand, exclaimed, "The culprit wages his law as a freeman of the city of London, as one of the burgesses, to whom it is granted by the conqueror that they should be 'worth' the same law as in the days of good St. Edward. Therefore is he entitled to refute the accusation by the declaration of his friends. Seven shall be the compurgators, chosen and named by the prisoner himself, according to our old Anglo Saxon law. If they all concur in testifying his innocence,—if their oath declare him guiltless, he is quitted forever of the transgression which the king has laid to his charge. This franchise of our city bars the plea of the crown."

Even as the candidate who now promises to advocate the abolition of imprisonment for debt, excites the warmest response from

the shirtless multitude; the same being received by them as an "instalment of justice," a part of payment on account of their just demands not to pay any debts at all, so did a shout of applause from the crowd, testify the satisfaction with which the bystanders heard this declaration of their city privileges. This Anglo-Saxon law was a matter in which a great many of them took an interest by no means theoretical, since it afforded, could it be established, a comparatively easy mode of escaping the legal noose.

"An observation of Marco Polo, that possibly Master Andrew might be anticipating the fruition of some good thing in the gift of the worthy citizens, was answered by a knowing nod of unwilling assent from the alderman whom he had addressed. There is a peculiar state of the atmosphere producing a mirage, by which he who, long practised in the management of public bodies, 'doth bend his eye on vacancy,' is enabled to discern the approach of such vacancy of place or office, when the same is still far below the political horizon. Andrew Horne was a seer of this class, and thus, within a short period afterwards, this sturdy and patriotic champion of popular rights was rewarded by the consciousness of his deserts, and—the honorable and lucrative employment of town-clerk of the city.

"Andrew Horne's city law was not, however, suffered to pass unquestioned by the court. 'The right of compurgation which you claim for the prisoner is taken away by the implication arising from the tenor of the assizes of Clarendon, re-enacted at Northampton,' sternly exclaimed the chief justice.

"'Cry your mercy, my lord,' replied Andrew, with firm humility; 'your objection, most humbly do I submit, is wholly nought. London is not specifically noted in the assize. The enactment is in general terms; and it is the franchise of the London citizens that no statute affects their privileges, unless they be therein specially named.'

"'But the culprit, good Master Andrew,' observed the recorder, trying to trim his course accurately between the chief justice,

to whom he looked up for promotion, and the common council, to whom he looked down for his salary, 'must be a full citizen, and not merely a nominal member of our community. Unless he is actually resident, paying scot and bearing lot with the rest of the ward, he cannot claim these rights. I sincerely hope that the poor fellow at the bar is duly qualified, and I should regret exceedingly if Master Chamberlain were compelled to inform the court that the name of William of the Palace doth not appear upon the Talliage roll.' The hint was not lost upon the chief justice. Search was made upon the roll, and, as may be anticipated, the name of William of the Palace was absent; he had not been rated or assessed to the charge. The want of participation in the civil contribution deprived the culprit of the franchise of the civic community, and he was left to the common law."

The following scene is a graphic description of the law term, "claiming benefit of clergy." Marco Polo and the friar had just entered Guildhall as the sergeants were compelling by main force a manacled criminal to stand at the bar.

"The malefactor had been apprehended in Cheap, in the very act of cutting a purse from the girdle of Sir (*Dominus*) John de Stapleton, vicar general of the bishop of Winchester. Cases of flagrant delict, according to our ancient common law, or, to speak more accurately, according to the law of all nations in the simple stages of society, required no other trial than the publicity or incontrovertibleness of the fact. They proceeded by law in the same manner as the mob do now by impulse, when the pickpocket is dragged through a horsepond. Open guilt was instantly followed by vengeance. The murderer grasping the deadly weapon, the 'bloody hand' of the violator of the royal forest, the robber bearing his spoil, received at once the punishment of their misdeeds. According to these principles, Sir William de Ormesby [chief justice of the king's bench] intimated to the officers, that as they might—and indeed ought—to have struck off the head of the prisoner before the conduct in Cheap, it was unnecessary thus to give the court the

trouble of passing judgment. 'Let him be hanged upon the elms at Tyburn,' was forthwith pronounced as his doom. Pale and trembling, and suing for mercy, the wretch was taken from the bar, not indeed without exciting some suppressed feelings of compassion in the court. The punishment was evidently disproportioned to the crime; but the maxim of considering that the sentence once denounced by the law was immutable, had practically the effect of stifling the sentiments of humanity.

"Louder and louder became the cries of the miserable culprit as he receded from the judges, and just when the sergeants were dragging him across the threshold, he clung to the pillars which divided the portal, shrieking in a voice of agony which pierced through the hall, 'I demand of holy Church the benefit of my clergy!' Perhaps, in strictness, the time for claiming this privilege had gone by, but the officers halted with their prey, and one of the prothonotaries having hurried to them with a message from Chief Justice Ormesby, the thief was replaced at the bar. During the earlier portion of the proceedings, the kind-hearted vicar general had evidently been much grieved and troubled by his enforced participation in the condemnation of the criminal. Stepping forward, he now addressed the court, and entreated permission, in the absence of the proper ordinary, to test the validity of the claim.

"Producing his Breviary, he held the page close to the eyes of the kneeling prisoner,—he inclined his ear,—the bloodless lips of the ghastly caiff were seen to quiver. '*Legit ut clericus*,'—he readeth like a cleric, instantly exclaimed the vicar general; and this declaration at once delivered the felon from death, though not from captivity. 'Take him home to the pit,' sued the vicar general, 'where, shut out from the light of day and the air of heaven, he will be bound in irons, fed with the bread of tribulation, and drinking of the water of sorrow, till his sufferings shall have atoned for his misdeeds and expiated his shame.'

"Whatever abuses may have arisen from this privilege,—the 'benefit of clergy,'—which, by the well-known merciful conni-

vance of the law, was (as in the present case) extended to all who could read, or could be supposed to read their 'neck-verse,' we should reject the common, though most erroneous idea, that it was intended to afford an indemnity to crime. The imprisonment, as you have just heard it truly described, was most severe; and though, in some cases, the ecclesiastical immunities mitigated the common law, by saving the life of the offender, yet there were others, in which signal chastisement was bestowed upon those who would otherwise have escaped all retribution.

But a higher principle was developed. In the theory of her criminal jurisprudence, the medieval church had fully and unhesitatingly adopted the wise and truly beneficent doctrine—that punishment is to be inflicted by fallible man upon his fellow creatures, not merely in terror, but in love. Imprisonment, with its accompaniments of hardships and privations, was considered in the light of an ecclesiastical *penance*; not thundered in vengeance for the satisfaction of the state, but imposed for the good of the offender, in order to afford the means of amendment, and to lead the transgressor to repentance and to mercy. From the doors of the dungeon he was to come forth, not as a degraded criminal, but as a pardoned sinner. This was the doctrine of the legislation of the clergy, now the butt and mark for common-place contempt and shallow contumely.

Amid the transmitted misrepresentations of servile copyists, and the rude attacks of party virulence, it is highly honorable to our author's feelings to find him throwing himself into the breach, and defending the cause of the much calumniated hierarchy of the middle ages. After drawing an amusing contrast between the present rage for representing the people, and the reluctance, not to say aversion, with which a call to parliament was in those days of honest simplicity shunned as an infliction of the most grievous kind, Sir Francis Pulgrave continues: "But the nation, thus indifferent to popular suffrage, manfully defended the laws of England, from the old time 'used and approved.'" All preroga-

tives, however important to the sovereign, however calculated to increase his authority, however congenial to his pride and feelings, had, whenever they became a grievance, been restricted, restrained, abolished. Every attempt to exact any tax or tribute beyond the legal rights of the community, was ultimately defeated. The present exertion of arbitrary power always suggested the creation of a barrier against the future abuse; as soon as any weak point in the fortress was discovered, the garrison erected a bulwark to defend it. There was no lack of protectors of popular rights. And where, then, were they to be found?

"Divesting ourselves of modern opinions and prepossessions, an answer can readily be given by consulting the chronicle and the charter. Amongst the 'prelates, Magnates, and Proceres,' are we to seek for all the real and potential materials of the new popular branch of the legislature. Examine the origin, the position, the influence of the dignified ecclesiastics, and the hierarchy will rise before us as the most democratic element of our old English commonwealth.

"Consider the ancient clergy, in their relation to what may be termed the *individuality* of the country. Much of the value of a popular government consists not, as the demagogue employs it, for the purpose of opposition to authority, but as the means of imparting the benefits and rewards of a well-governed society, in due gradation, to the several ranks and orders of the community. Whatever inequality might subsist in other respects among the people, they meet on equal terms on sacred ground. For the civil or political ennoblement of talent, the way always opened through the Christian hierarchy. The mitre, the cardinal's cap, the tiara itself, fell oftenest on the humblest brow. The church is the surest possession of the people; when they pillage the altar they despoil their own property, they waste their own means, they desolate their own children's inheritance, they rob themselves.

Such an institution was an easy and acceptable path to greatness for the lowest of the low; for among the prelates, who some-

times constituted the most numerous, and always the most influential portion of the great council, the majority had arisen from the humblest rank in society. Were they all truly deserving of their honors? Certainly not. Some, it must be admitted, obtained their advancement by casting aside the real duties of their station, and by making the business of the world their primary object. But this was the sin of the man, not the vice of the hierarchy.*

The most favorite sophism employed by those who seek to attack or vilify existing establishments, whether ecclesiastical or temporal, is to ascribe to institutions the faults of the human individuals who compose the institution, and to maintain, that, by reconstructing the state you can eradicate the abuse. But the stones with which you raise the structure, are infected in the quarry. Pull down and rebuild the edifice as often as you list, change or alter its plan or elevation as much as you please, and the old moral leprosy will streak and fret the new walls as foully and deeply as before. Princes and rulers, magistrates and judges of the earth, are only men; the visible church is composed of men; and, collectively, man's nature is little susceptible of reform. The head spring of evil is inexhaustible. It is an atmosphere which constantly follows and surrounds us. Plant the '*mal seme d'Adamo*'—the evil seed of Adam, where you choose, the same bitter fruits will always rise above the ground.'"

In another place he says:—"The Church, as I have observed, and I repeat the observation, is the democratic leaven of our balanced monarchy. It is formed out of the people; it exists for the people. The dignified ecclesiastics of the Church of England were, during the middle ages, always the best, and, not unfrequently, the only advocates of the real interests of the poorest, and, therefore, the most defenceless classes. So have they been, at all times, the means by which the gifts of intellect and intelligence raise the possessor to the

* Again!—"It is a talent cast upon the owner, for which he is awfully responsible. Shame fall upon him if he misuse the gift: but disgrace is his; the gift itself is unstained." p. 228.

highest station in the community, the connecting link between the cottage and the throne."

This view of the hierarchy of the middle ages, and of its claim upon the affections of the lower classes of society, will be strengthened by the following passage from Froude's "Remains." In a sketch of the contest between St. Thomas of Canterbury, and Henry II, of England, he has the following observations.

"The government party at this period, (1160), was made up of two elements,—the clergy, who took the part of Becket, and the higher order of the society, who, in this instance, sided with the king against the church, that, when they had removed this powerful obstacle, they might afterwards fight him single-handed. On the other side, the lower orders were all in their hearts attached to the cause of the church. With our notions, it will doubtless be surprising to find the party who in the twelfth century advocated what are now called high-church principles, maintaining this ground on the affections or common people against a united aristocracy. A modern high churchman has been taught from his youth, to identify the church and the establishment; to suppose that the respectability of the clergy is the result of their connexion and intercourse with the higher classes; and that, in the event of any change which should render the clerical profession distasteful to the wealthy and well connected, the church must necessarily sink into insignificance. Such, however, was certainly not the case in the times now spoken of. The high-church party of the twelfth century endeavored, as much as possible, to make common cause with the poor and the defenceless. Becket always speaks of the poor as *pauperes et parvuli Jesu Christi*—the "little ones of Jesus Christ;" and the condescension, zeal, and love which the prelate manifested towards them, appear to us incredible. One of Becket's practices,—a practice insisted on by his enemies both ancient and modern, as a proof of his ostentatious sanctity,—the daily custom of washing the feet of thirteen poor men—

seems to have been nothing more than was expected from persons in his station. The same thing may be said of his extensive charities, which attracted so little notice at the time, that we might infer, even from this circumstance alone, what we have abundant evidence of from other sources, namely, the commonness of such munificence among those by whom the claims of the church were most strongly upheld.

"A further instance of the patronage which the church afforded to the common people, is distinctly pointed at in the sixteenth article of the Council of Clarendon, which declares, that "The sons of peasants ought not to be ordained without the consent of the Lord, of whose land they are acknowledged to be born the serfs." It is clear from hence that the privileges of the church, which made ordination equivalent to emancipation, were exerted for the benefit of the lower orders, who were thus enabled to emerge from hereditary vassalage, and sometimes even to attain an elevation equal to that of the highest lay nobility. How extensively this system was acted upon, may be inferred from a speech of Henry the II, in which he complains bitterly of the monastic orders for "admitting as brothers such men as tanners and shoemakers, of whom not one ought, even on a pressing necessity, to be promoted to a bishopric or an abbacy." The claim which the church put forward to exclusive jurisdiction in the cases of widows and orphans, was part of the same system, and was also regarded with equal jealousy. Indeed, it is easy to see, that any system which allied the lower orders to the church, would, for that very reason, tend to alienate that nobility from it. And more particularly would the latter feel indignant at a power which intruded itself between them and their vassals, and, in our age, when hereditary distinction was especially valued, took upon itself to dispense with the privileges of birth, often authorizing the peasant to exercise spiritual authority over his lord."

In describing the funeral of a knight, he has the following striking passage:—"The *De Profundis* of the stoled priest spake the universal language adopted by the most

sublime of human compositions—the liturgy of western Christendom.* Though no objects appeared which could awaken any lively curiosity in the traveller, there was much in their very familiarity to excite the sympathy of the wanderer in a foreign land. With an altered tone he said to the friar: ‘Saddened is the spirit of the pilgrim by the dying twilight and the plaintive vespers bell. But he who braves every danger for himself, may feel his heart swell within him when the pageant of triumphant death brings to his mind the thought, that those from whom, as he weened, he parted for a little while only, may have been already borne to the sepulchre. Yet there is also a great and enduring comfort to the traveller in Christendom. However uncouth may be the speech of the races among whom the pilgrim sojourns, however diversified may be the customs of the regions which he visits, let him enter the portal of the church, or hear, as I now do, the voice of the minister of the Gospel, and he is present with his own, though alps and oceans may sever them asunder. There is one spot where the pilgrim always finds his home. We are all one people when we come before the altar of the Lord.’”

Speaking of the architectural embellishments of the old palace of Westminster, Sir Francis has the following remarks. “Of these representations many more symbolical or allegorical, and belonging to a date which sometimes strangely puzzles the antiquary, until he learns to read the mystic lore displayed to every observer, and yet concealed. There might be seen emblems of the law and the Gospel: the LAW represented under the semblance of a queen, her

* “I can see no claim which the prayer book has on a layman’s deference, as the teaching of the church, which the breviary and missal have not in a far greater degree.”—*Froude’s Remains*.

“I do not wonder you should envy the Latin service-books, for any thing more elevating and magnificent than the western ritual is not to be conceived. There is not such another glory upon the earth. It gives to men the tongues of angels; it images on its bosom the attitudes of heaven, and it catches glorious shreds of echo from the eternal worship of the Lamb. It has a language of its own, a language of symbols, more luminous, more mystical, more widely spread, than any other language on the earth. I do not wonder you should envy the Latin ritual.”—*Faber’s Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches*, p. 614.

crown falling from her tresses; a thick veil covers her downcast eyes, and the broken tables drop from her grasp. Opposite is the emblem of the GOSPEL, a maiden, brightly looking upwards, her head endiademmed, the budding lily in her hand. Over the king’s throne was a representation of the day of judgment. But the portal opening into the chapel had no other ornament excepting a vine, which, springing from the impost of the door, spread around, richly filling and most gracefully entwining every moulding and columnette with its flowing branches, its tendrils, its leaves, and its fruit. Each of those embellishments taught a lesson connected with the purposes to which the building was applied. It was the custom of the medieval architects thus to appeal to the imagination, sometimes to the conscience, in the decoration of their edifices, by which they gave a degree of sentiment to their structures which the moderns cannot attain. Allegory constitutes the intellectuality of the æsthetic arts: but it is wholly alien to the multitude in our own age. We have no means whereby it can be vernacular. None of the forms, none of the graphic symbols which we can beg or borrow, ever became naturalized. We may be clever mocking-birds, but we have no song of our own.”

The following anecdote is new to us. “When the fury of the Bianchi and the Neri ran so high upon the expected intervention of Charles of Valois, there came, as Dius Compagni, the Gonfaloniere and historian of Florence, says, ‘a good and holy thought into his mind.’” Summoning by virtue of his office, a general assembly of the citizens in the baptistery of St. John, where every Florentine is christened, he there urged the people to peace and concord. How could they, he asked them, all brethren of one state, joint owners of one noble city, and who had all beneath that dome received the seal of baptism, thus live in perpetual hostility. Upon the holy font which stood before them, and in which they had all been adopted as the children of one common father, he besought them to swear that they would fulfil the pledge of love and charity. Melting into

tears, they unanimously gave the promise which he required, and promised to put away their enmity forever.

"The argument of the *Gonfaloniere* contains the only principles, upon which government can be securely founded. Without neglecting, as collateral inducements, to insist upon the temporal blessings which Providence always confers upon those who faithfully seek the paths of peace; still the only mode of insuring our continuance in them, is by looking to the example, and following the precepts, of the great shepherd of mankind."

We close our extracts from Sir Francis Palgrave's very interesting volume with an illustration, which appears to us original.

"New institutions originate just as a path is made in a field. The first person who crosses the grass, makes so slight an impression, that the sharpest eye can hardly discover the harm. After the first passenger, however, other people follow; and within a little while marks of their footsteps begin to be perceivable. Nobody noticed the first foot prints; at what period they became visible, nobody can recollect: but now, there the footsteps are, the grass has changed its color, the depressions are distinct, and they direct other wayfarers to

follow the same line. Not long afterwards, the grass is trodden in, and the naked earth is seen; the continuous path is formed. But the path does not continue single; one traveller treads upon the boundary of grass to suit his convenience, another wantonly, a third for want of thought; more footsteps, more bare places. Tracks enlarge the path on either side. At length the trespass has received the sanction of usage, and the owner of the field complains, but the law, however unwillingly, is compelled to pronounce that a public right of way has been acquired, which can never more be denied or closed.

"When this happens, how often and how fruitlessly does the proprietor regret that he did not take due measures for preventing the incursion, by stopping up the incipient path, when he was possessed both of the right and the power. There is a moment when you can warn off the trespassers and stop up the footway; but if once forborne, your power is gone forever. And then, to avoid the breaking down your hedges, and prevent all the mischief you can, you make a style to let the folks go easily over. Take matters quietly, when they have come to this pass, for there is no help. Grudge not what you have lost: save what you can."

SKETCHES FROM BRITISH HISTORY.

NO. III.

BY W. JOE. WALTER, AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR THOMAS MORE," ETC.

THE LADY E. A.

IN the celebrated collection of manuscripts, so rich in records of early English history and biography, known as the "Cottonian collection," and now preserved in the British museum, was a volume entitled, "The Book of Lacock Abbey," to which was appended a tract under the following heading, "Epistles of Sisters Beatrice and Mary, of Lacock Abbey, containing an eu-

logy of that most noble woman and venerable mother, Ela, Countess of Salisbury, and formerly abbess of the said house." In the destructive fire which in 1731, consumed a portion of these literary treasures, these manuscripts unhappily perished. Fortunately, however, a portion of their contents, and it is to be hoped, not the least valuable, had been transcribed by the in-

dustry of an amateur of the name of Vincent, and these transcripts are preserved in the library of the college of Arms, London. From them have been obtained the following authentic particulars of the Lady Ela, the mother of a long line of illustrious men and the venerable foundress and abbess of the nunnery of Lacock.

Ela was born in 1188, in the castle of Amesburg, a town about seven miles distant from old Sarum. She had the misfortune to lose her father, Earl William of Salisbury, when only in her ninth year. Until that period, Ela had been reared, not only with religious care, but also in princely state in her native county of Wilts. The earl, her father, was one of the most distinguished subjects of the chivalrous Richard I, and possessed a high place in the royal favor. We find him taking a prominent part in both the coronations of him of the lion heart. At the first, which was solemnized with great state at Westminster, on the 3d of September, 1189, when each of the great earls of the kingdom filled his distinctive post in the ceremony, the earl of Salisbury carried the virga or rod, having a dove upon its summit. At the second, which took place at Winchester, April 18, 1194, after Richard's return from captivity in Germany, he was one of the four earls who bore the canopy over the head of his sovereign. The same year, he was named keeper of the king's charter for the licensing of tournaments throughout the realm, a situation of no mean responsibility in that age of chivalry. One of the five great "steads," or fields appointed for the exercise of tournaments, was situated between Salisbury and Wilton; and on that spot, when a child, the future abbess of Lacock may have first witnessed the gallant but perilous feats of knightly valor, those proud exhibitions of personal courage, and those ambitious attempts to outrival in external splendor, which served as the nurseries of the chivalry of the age.

But while still a child, on losing the protection of her father, this heiress of many fair domains was suddenly snatched from the scenes familiar to her infancy, and subjected to a jealous seclusion in a foreign

land. What were the motives of this proceeding, we are left to conjecture. All that is said in the "Book of Lacock" of the captivity of the maid of Salisbury, is this: "Ela being now deprived of both her father and mother, was secretly conveyed into Normandy by her relations, and there brought up in close and secret custody."

And now began the romantic part of the youthful Ela's history. Immediately upon the inquisition held after her father's death, the lands of the minor would, in due course, be taken into the custody of the king, she being a royal ward. But the abstraction of her person might, in all probability, have thrown some difficulty in the way of the inquisition, or the legal proceedings consequent upon the same. The sequel of events arising from these circumstances is highly characteristic of the manners of a court where the minstrel monarch, the lion-hearted Richard, presided over his train of gallant and chivalrous troubadours. An English knight, named William Talbot, undertook to discover the place of the youthful heiress' concealment; the idea being probably suggested by King Richard's own discovery, a few years before, by the minstrel Blondel.

Assuming the garb of a pilgrim, the gallant Talbot passed over into Normandy, and there continued his search, wandering to and fro, for the space of two years. When at length he had found the retreat in which the Lady Ela of Salisbury was detained, he exchanged his pilgrim's dress for that of a harper or travelling troubadour, and in that guise made his way into the court [*curiam*], in which the maiden was detained. As he sustained to admiration his character of a gleeman [*homo jocosus*], and was perfectly versed in the geste, or historical lays, which recorded the doings of former days, the stranger was kindly received, and soon treated as one of the household. A favorable moment was found, and the secret of his visit imparted to the fair detinue. Ela was then in her sixteenth year. Youth is adventurous, and it was not long ere the chivalrous undertaking was accomplished. Beneath the friendly shades of evening they eluded the vigilance of the castle wardens,

and in the disguise of peasants, made their way to the coast. A vessel was found to convey them to England, and, faithful to his trust, the adventurous knight presented the lost heiress to King Richard.

Among the gallant knights who graced the court at this period, there was no one of more winning manners, and at the same time of more lofty bearing than William Longespé [*of the long sword*]. He was the natural son of King Henry II, by the fair Rosamond Clifford, whose melancholy story traditional fate, and storied bower, so dear to the muse of romance, have all contributed to perpetuate that celebrity which her beauty acquired in her own day. It was with such great heiresses as Ela of Salisbury that provision was usually made for the younger offspring of royalty; it is, therefore, easy to conjecture that King Richard would take the earliest opportunity to confer upon his half-brother a provision suitable to his birth. It is probable that the heiress of Salisbury was at once assigned by the royal will, to William Longespé, when the death of her father left her the heiress of his estates and dignity, and while her person was still detained from the king's legal possession. In such case, it requires no effort of the imagination to conceive that the troubadour knight, William Talbot, was not only one whom the king could trust for his loyalty and discretion, but one who felt proud to be numbered among the most devoted friends of the youthful Longespé. Respecting Talbot we have this interesting fact that his name occurs among the witnesses to several of the earl's charters to Bradenstoke abbey; which shows that whether he had been a friend of Longespé from his early youth, or whether he had earned that friendship by his chivalrous services in recovering the person of Ela, he continued, in subsequent years, the faithful retainer of the house of Salisbury.

After the marriage of Ela we have nothing to recount of her for several years, unless it were to enumerate the names of her flourishing family of four sons and as many daughters.

In the year 1220, her name is brought before us on a highly interesting occasion,

the ceremony of founding the beautiful cathedral of Salisbury, a noble pile, which still challenges the admiration of every lover of Gothic architecture. Considerable preparations had been making in order to give due effect to the imposing ceremony. The bishop of Salisbury had been led to expect that the king would have honored the solemn occasion by his presence, and that he would have been accompanied by the legate and the archbishop of Canterbury, and many of the nobility of England; he had, therefore, incurred a great expense in order to do the rites of hospitality to all comers, and entertain them in the sumptuous style of that day. But the bishop was disappointed; the king was obliged to be absent in order to attend a negotiation then pending with the Welsh at Shrewsbury. The ceremony, however, could not be deferred any longer, the day having been fixed and publicly announced throughout the diocese.

An account of the ceremonies of the day has been left us by William de Wanda, who at the time was precentor, and afterwards dean of Sarum. "On the day appointed, the bishop came with great devotion, few earls or barons of the county attending, many of them being absent with the king; but a vast multitude of the common people crowded thither from all parts. When high mass had been performed at the old cathedral, and the grace of the Holy Spirit invoked in that touching hymn, *Veni Creator Spiritus*, the bishop having put off his shoes, went in procession with the clergy of the church to the new foundation, the litany being sung by all present. After the litany a sermon was preached to the people. The bishop then laid the first stone for our lord, Pope Honorius, who had granted the license for transplanting the church; the second for Stephen, archbishop of Canterbury, and cardinal of the holy Roman Church, who was then with the king in the marches of Wales; and the third for himself. Then the fourth was laid by William, earl of Salisbury [who held that title in right of his marriage], and the fifth by the Countess Ela, a woman whose worth is beyond all praise, being filled with piety.

and the fear of the Lord. After her, the few noblemen present added each a stone; then Adam the dean, William the precen-tor, Henry the chancellor, Abraham the treasurer, and the archdeacons and canons of the church of Sarum, who were present, did the same, amidst the acclamations of the multitude, who wept for very joy, and contributed to the good work according to their ability."

William de Wanda adds, that "several of the earls and barons, on their return from Wales, where service to the king had called them, came and laid the stones reserved for them in this ceremony, binding themselves to contribute an annual sum for the next seven years, towards building the cathedral."

The first visit of the king to the new cathedral, was on the Friday next after Michaelmas, on which occasion he was attended by the judiciary, Hubert de Burgh. The offering made by the king was ten marks of silver, and a rich piece of silk; the judiciary promised for the use of the cathedral, a copy of the Gospels, in the original Greek, bound in gold and ornamented with precious stones. This precious volume was brought the following week by the justiciary's chaplains, Luke, the dean of St. Martin's, London, and Thomas de Kent. The second visit of the king and the judiciary took place on the feast of the Holy Innocents, when the latter offered in person, at the altar, with great devotion, the splendid *Text*, or copy of the Gospels. At the same time, the king, not to be outdone in munificence, took from his finger, a ruby ring of great value, both the gold and stone of which he directed should be applied to the further ornament of the rich cover in which the said copy of the Gospels was encased.

In the spring of 1224, the earl of Salisbury sailed with sixty knights on an expedition to Gascony, which had refused to render homage and fealty to King Henry III. They all landed safely at Bordeaux, on Palm Sunday (April 7), where they were honorably received by the archbishop and citizens. They soon succeeded in reducing the refractory to obedience. In the stormy month of the October following, they set out

on their return to England. The voyage was disastrous to the earl, not only on account of the present hardships he encountered, but in its consequences as affecting the peace of the virtuous Ela, and eventually the life of the earl himself. The following is the account of the voyage, as given by Matthew of Paris.

"After the earl had been many days and nights at sea, tossed by the tempest, and despairing of life, as did the sailors themselves, and all that were in the ship, he threw into the sea his precious rings, and whatever he possessed in gold and silver, or valuable raiment, in order that as he entered naked into this temporal life, so, despoiled of all earthly honor, he might pass to his eternal country. But while he was thus despairing of his life, a wax-taper of large size, and shining with great splendor, was seen by all in the ship, resting upon the summit of the mast, and near it they saw standing a maiden of surpassing beauty, who preserved that bright waxen light, shining through the nocturnal darkness, from the violence of the wind and rain. Encouraged by this vision of heavenly brightness, the earl, as well as the whole of the crew, were led to trust that divine aid was vouchsafed to them. While all was amazement, and no one in the ship could conceive what the vision portended, Earl William alone assigned the favor of the benign appearance to the Blessed Virgin Mary; for the earl, on the day when he had been first honored with the belt of knighthood, had appointed a wax-light to stand before the altar of the most blessed mother of God, that it might burn during the mass which was daily wont to be devoutly chanted, together with the canonical hours, in her honor, till its temporal light should be exchanged for that which is eternal.

"When day-light dawned, they made the isle of Rhé, where they landed in their boats. There was a Cistercian abbey in the island, to which the earl sent messengers, requesting that the father abbot would allow him to conceal himself from his enemies within its walls, till a favorable wind should allow him to depart. The abbot kindly consented, and received him and his companions, not only

with hospitality, but with honor. The island was under the charge of Savaric de Maloleone, a chieftain who had good reason to know the earl, he having been of the number of those who formerly devastated the isle of Ely. After staying three days in the monastery, intimation was given him that unless he left before the following morning he would fall into the hands of his enemy. Upon this the earl flew to his ships, and again trusting himself to the winds and waves, continued struggling for nearly three months with the contrary currents of the channel, before he landed in England which was upon the coast of Cornwall and upon Christmas day.

Meanwhile, his friends in England, had despaired of his safety, all but the faithful wife of his bosom, who, though now a matron whose age and dignity should have commanded greater respect, became an object of pursuit to the fortune-hunters of the court. One of the persons who had then the greatest sway in the country, was the justiciary, Hubert de Burgh; a man no less remarkable for his power and prosperity under one king, than for his trials and sufferings under another. This powerful personage, with most indecent haste, put forward Reimund, a nephew of his, as suitor to the presumed widow, the lady of Salisbury; and the youth, entering with a kindred spirit into the interested views of his ambitious relative, at once proceeded to seek an interview with the countess, and, it is said, hesitated not at once to insult her with his personal addresses. Ela, however, like another Penelope, possessed a heart which could not be alienated from her absent lord. When Reimund, with flattering speeches and large promises, was proceeding to open his suit, the Lady Ela, with all the calm dignity natural to her, replied, "that she had lately had the happiness of receiving assurances from persons upon whose report she could rely, that the earl, her husband, was in health and safety; that, even had she been so unfortunate as to lose her lord, she would in no case have received him for a husband, the inequality of their rank and station forbidding such a union." She added: "Young man, let me advise you

to seek a match elsewhere, and that too of your own choice. As to your present visit, you must be content to know that you have come hither to little purpose." And so Reimund de Burgh, to use a homely proverb, "departed with a flea in his ear."

On the 10th of January, 1225, the earl of Salisbury returned to protect and console the faithful Ela. It was the Saturday after the Epiphany; at the hour of vespers he repaired to the new cathedral to offer thanksgivings to God for his preservation and safe return; and on the Sunday following, himself and Ela were received at the door of the cathedral by a procession of the clergy, who welcomed his return with every demonstration of joy.

On the morrow he proceeded to the king, who was then at Marlborough, by whom he was welcomed in the most cordial manner. He lost no time in making his complaint to Henry, alleging, that while employed in his service in a distant country, the judiciary had sent a man of low birth, who would fain have contracted an adulterous marriage with his wife, he himself being still living. He demanded redress from his sovereign, insinuating that if it were not promptly made, he should be compelled to seek it in person. Upon this, the judiciary who was present, stepped forward and frankly avowed that the fault rested with him. The earl had a heart alive to the precepts of his Divine Master; the hand of forgiveness was extended, and the judiciary was again received into favor. That same day the earl was feasted by the nobleman whom he had pardoned, and the disappointed Reimund is suspected of having caused poison to be mingled in his cup. The year following, this unhappy young man was drowned at Nantes, the horse on which he was riding by the side of the river Loire, having been precipitated down a steep bank into the stream.

The following day, the earl returned to his castle at Salisbury, and took to his bed, grievously sick. His illness increasing, and symptoms of approaching dissolution appearing, he begged the attendance of Richard Poore, the bishop of the city, who was his confessor, that he might receive the con-

solutions of the church, as befitted a Christian in his condition. When the bishop entered the bed chamber, bearing in his hands the precious body of the Saviour, the earl by one of those extraordinary efforts which sometimes precede dissolution, started from his bed, having nothing around him but the sheet in which he was wrapped. He caused a coarse cord to be tied around his neck, and prostrated himself upon the floor bathed in his tears, declaring that he was the last of sinners, and a traitor to his God. In this humble posture he insisted upon making his confession, nor could he be prevailed upon to be replaced in his bed, till he had, in the same suppliant posture, received the body of his Redeemer. During the whole of the following day he persevered in acts of the deepest penitence, and on the evening of the third day, Saturday the 7th of March, 1226, placidly yielded up his soul into the hands of his Maker. To quote the words of De Wonda, "his body was brought from the castle, amidst the tears and deep sighs of many, and borne along to its last resting place, on the very same day and at the same hour on which, exactly eight weeks before, he had been welcomed back in triumph to this beautiful new cathedral. On the morrow, being Sunday, he was honorably buried in the new chapel of the Blessed Virgin, there being present, the bishops of Sarum and Winchester, and a bishop of Ireland, a visitant there, William Marshall, earl of Pembroke, William de Mandeville, earl of Essex, and the barons Robert de Veteripont, Hugh de Gurnay, and Ralph de Tsarri, with a great multitude of knights.

The splendid monument raised to his memory by the munificent piety of his beloved and faithful Ela, was, till of late years, to be seen in the chapel of the Virgin, of whose patronage and favor he had esteemed himself so eminently the object; when, alas for cathedral improvements! in the year 1790, it was removed to its present situation in the nave of the church. The appearance of this "son, brother, and uncle of kings," to judge from his martial figure in grey marble, sleeping, as it were, from century to century, with his sword

and lion-defended shield at his side, must have been singularly manly and commanding.

The following items are selected from the earl's will: "In order to satisfy for prizes unjustly taken to my use, in war, the moiety of the proceeds of the lands of Bigod; the other moiety to reward those who have served me; except the manor of Oakley, from which I assign two hundred marks to the new building of the cathedral of Salisbury. *Item*, I assign to the building of the HOUSE OF GOD AND PLACE (*Locus Dei*) of the Carthusian order, all the profits of the lands of Campvill. *Item*, I assign to the same house a chalice of gold beautified with emeralds and rubies; a pix of gold with pearls, and two silver cruets, the one gilt, the other plain; also its great chapel furniture, namely, a chasuble of purple satin, and a cope for the choir of purple satin; a dalmatic of saffron silk well-wrought, an alb with ornaments, an amice, a stole, and reliquary. *Item*, to the house of St. Mary of Banthwood, my feast-day chapel furniture, which I have been used to carry about with me. And also to the same house my book called *Portehoio*, or *Breviary of Prayers*."

To return to the Lady Ela. Having rendered all the necessary honors to the memory of her heroic and pious consort, she was determined to maintain her independence in what was then termed, in legal language, "a free widowhood; devoting herself, in the first place, to the education of her children, and after that to the service of God, during the remainder of her days upon earth."

We now approach the period of the foundation of Lacock nunnery. We quote from the Book of Lacock. "Ela had now survived her husband seven years in the state of widowhood. She had frequently proposed to herself to appropriate a portion of her ample means in founding monasteries to the honor of God, and to promote the salvation of her soul, and that of her husband; and at length she was directed in a vision to build a monastery in honor of the blessed Mary and of St. Bernard, in a pleasant meadow, near Lacock. Accord-

ingly, on the 16th of April, 1232, when in the forty-fifth year of her age, she founded two monasteries on one and the same day; in the morning, that of Lacock, in which holy canonesses might dwell, continually and most devoutly serving God; and in the afternoon, the priory of Henton, of the Carthusian order. These two places are about fifteen miles apart."

In the foundation of her nunnery, the countess Ela had undertaken a task which, for a season, was as much calculated to add to her employments, as it afterwards contributed to her repose. To the religious cares attendant on the formation of a religious community, and the arrangements necessary for their pious government, was added the disposition of adequate revenues for their support, and the due fulfilment of those legal forms which the laws of the country required. The first and most important of these forms was, of course, the countess' own foundation charter; but this it was deemed necessary to fortify by others in confirmation, obtained from her son, now of age, from the rector of Lacock, from the bishop of the diocese, and from the king.

By her foundation charter, the countess Ela gave to God and the blessed Mary, her whole manor of Lacock, with all its appurtenances, rights, and free customs, to found an abbey thereon, which she wished should be called *Locus Beate Mariæ*, or St. Mary's Place. This name, it will be remarked, is in correspondence with her husband's foundation of Carthusians, which he had called *Locus Dei*, God's Place. The remainder of the charter states, that the manor was to be held by the abbess and nuns "in free and perpetual alms," and therefore released from every secular exaction, due either to the king, or her heirs.

The charter of her son William Longespée merely recites his mother's charter, and ratifies the same. The vigilance with which the monastic societies were accustomed to solicit these confirmatory deeds, from the hands of the heirs of their original benefactors, is demonstrated in numerous instances; and its necessity is shown in several cases of their early history, in which a fierce and graceless youth seized again upon his an-

cestral estates, or refused to deliver what his father had bestowed upon his death-bed.

The chain of legal documents for the foundation of the abbey being thus completed, the pious work was carried forward with vigor, and ample provision was made for the permanent support of the nuns serving God at Lacock.

The first canoness who received the veil in this establishment was Alicia Garinges, who appears to have presided over the house during the eight years that elapsed after its foundation, at which period its religious government was assumed by Ela herself. After having performed the duties of a good mother, in watching as well over the temporal as the spiritual welfare of her children, she at length yielded to the stronger impressions of religious feeling, and retiring from all connection with the cares of life, and the duties of her high station, left the stately halls of her fathers, and repaired to the religious seclusion in the forest of Chippenham. The brief particulars recorded of her taking the religious habit are these: that it took place on Christmas day, in the year of our Lord, 1238, in the seventh year after the foundation of the house of Lacock, and in the sixty-first year of her age, she "having in all her actions and designs been constantly dependent on the counsel and aid of Edmund, archbishop of Canterbury, and other discreet men."

The following particulars of the profession of a nun, are taken from a MS. of this period, preserved in the British Museum, and may not be unacceptable in this place.

"If any seek to be admitted into the order, in the way of charity, the lady abbess standing, or sitting in a chair at the grate, with the whole convent in their full habit standing about her, shall bid her say what her wish is, in presence of all the convent. This being heard, if the number of the sisterhood be complete; she shall say: 'We may receive none over the number limited in our rule.' If the number be not complete, she shall say: 'none may be proposed in this order, before a whole year of sufficient probation; nor, after their profession, can they change to another order.'"

"If she still desire to be admitted to the

year of proof, the abbess shall examine her, by inquiring how long she has had an intention of entering this order, and whether she be moved thereto of herself, or by any other person; secondly, if she be free of all worldly bonds, that is, of debt, borrowage, service, bondage, ban of the church, wedlock, contract, even to any other order, heresy, or such like; also, if she desire to enter a religious life purely for the glory of God, and not from any sickness or bodily infirmity, nor compelled by any shame, pain of worldly adversity, or such like. And after this she shall speak to her of what is to be endured in this order, that is, contempt of the world, the forgetting of parents, of relatives, and of all worldly friendships, except as the rule permits, and the church has determined; add to this, much fasting, early rising, long watching, daily labor, strict silence, long service, the lowest place, hard commands of the mother abbess, ready obedience, renunciation of her own will, patience in sufferings, endurance of sharp corrections, and such like; all of which may be lightly borne for a time, but when continued through a whole life, is hard work to some. If she give not her free assent to all this, then shall the abbess respectfully discontinue any further conference.

"If the abbess shall think her disposed to a religious life, she shall test her ability in voice, singing, and reading. This known, she shall bid her wait for an answer, which shall be given at some convenient time, when she has communed with the sisterhood upon the same, from whom, in such cases, she may conceal nothing, either from fear or favor, or from the threats of any one, of what power or dignity soever he may be.

"After this, the convent being convened in the chapter house, the abbess shall ask of each sister, in order and by name, beginning at the eldest, whether they wish the applicant to be admitted to the year of proof, or not; and if the graver party answer 'nay,' and assign cause for the same, the abbess, in presence of all the convent, or a majority of the same, shall give her a decided but gentle answer, and bid her go in peace.

"If the graver party consent to have her admitted to the zeal of proof, the abbess shall address in such words as these: 'Daughter, you have just cause to render thanks to God. I have consulted with my sisters, and find them satisfied as to the goodness of your intentions, and favorable to your wishes.' And then she shall add; 'In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of his most holy mother, our lady the blessed Mary, of St. Bridget, St. Augustine, and of all the saints, and in the name of my whole sisterhood, and in my own name, I admit you to your year of proof, according to the tenor of that rule of St. Augustine. Go, therefore, and make trial of your strength, by observing as far as you may the said holy rule, during the course of three months, after which term, come to us again, and, in the meantime, we shall take further deliberation respecting you."

Upon hearing this, the applicant shall render thanks to God, and to all the congregation, and after this she shall go with her forehead covered and with downcast look, anticipating her future obedience to the abbess. Before she is dismissed, let her be again reminded, 1. to bear in mind the time appointed for her return; 2. to demean and prove herself during this interim, observing the rule as well as she may, at least in part; 3. to speak with the general confessor as to the state of her interior. The abbess shall conclude with some words of advice, rather sharply uttered, to test her patience and obedience; and shall read over to her such points of the rule and statutes, as more immediately concern her person, that she may not afterwards plead ignorance on these heads. In the meantime, the abbess may inquire, or cause diligent inquiry to be made of such persons as know her, relative to her general life and conversation; desiring, if it be deemed advisable, written testimonials of the same.

"When she presents herself a second time, the abbess shall examine her, and repeat what is laid down in the rule."

If the applicant kept her year of proof in the outer court of the establishment, and was not able to defray her board, schooling

and other expenses, they were to be found her by the monastery.

The ceremony of being received into the sisterhood, at the expiration of the term required, was termed "quitting the year of proof." The abbess and convent proceeded to the grate, where the novice was kneeling without. The abbess thus addressed her: "What do you desire?" She answered; "I ask, in the name of charity, that I may be received to live with you in this congregation all the days of my life." Then the abbess, if she think proper, shall shortly recapitulate to the novice what was told her on her entering upon the year of proof, and conclude by expressing her satisfaction at the manner in which the duties of that year had been complied with.

Previous to the ceremony of profession, for the performance of which the presence of a bishop was required, the sextoness was to arrange a bier, covered with a layer of fresh earth, placing thereon a cross of smooth lath, and setting it before the door. The novice was to be professed in her own dress, and not in borrowed finery; and before being presented to the bishop to be consecrated, her hair was to be cut off by the lady abbess, in the manner prescribed, which was as follows. The abbess was to repair to the grate with some of the sisters, either after our Lady's mass or complin, or at any other time most convenient; the sextoness bringing holy water, a fair kerchief, and a pair of scissors. The window of the grate being opened, and the hair of the novice being dressed becomingly behind her head, the abbess sprinkled holy water upon her, saying: "*Aqua benedicta sit tibi salus et vita, in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti;*" the community answering *Amen*. And then, while the abbess cut off her hair, the sisterhood ranged on each side, sang alternately the hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus*; other responses and prayers closed the ceremony.

On the day of profession, all the canonical hours were performed before high mass; and when the bishop had entered the sanctuary, four sisters, appointed by the abbess, brought in the bier, of which mention has been made, and set it down before the professing novice; and having made a rever-

ence towards the high altar, turned again into the monastery, the door being closed after them.

When the bishop came to the door, he found the novice kneeling without. He addressed her in these words: "Art thou free and unfettered by any bond of the Church or of wedlock, of vow, or of excommunication?" To whom she was to answer: "I am entirely free." The bishop then added: "Doth not shame, or some secret grief, or the pressure of worldly calamity, or debt, induce thee to adopt a religious life?" She shall answer (from a scroll in her hand, if her memory serve not): "I am come hither, moved neither by grief nor shame, but by a fervent love of God; and I have already paid all my debts to the best of my power. The bishop further added: "Dost thou seek admission into this order in the name of Jesus Christ, the great spouse of souls, and in honor of his most holy mother, the Blessed Mary?" She replying: "I so seek it," the bishop conducts her into the Church, saying: "Behold, she now worthily enters this order." At her entrance, a red banner was carried before her, on one side of which was painted the image of the Virgin Mary; that the new bride, on contemplating the sign of her spouse suffering on the cross, might learn patience and poverty, and looking upon the Virgin Mother, might learn chastity and humility.

"When brought into the church, she was placed near the door, and the bishop proceeded to consecrate her ring;* after which, approaching the novice, he said: 'Pledge thyself to God, and to me in his behalf, that thou wilt obey thy prelates and superiors, and live according to the rule of St. Augustine, until the end of thy life.' The novice replies: 'I, Sister [ELA], do hereby make my profession, and promise obedience to Almighty God, and the Blessed Mary, ever a virgin, to St. Augustine and St. Bernard, and to thee, the bishop on their behalf, and to our good mother, the abbess, and her successors, to live a life of poverty and chastity, according to the rule

* For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring, And virgin choirs her hymenials sing.—Pope.

of St. Augustine, even until the day of my death.'

"After some further prayers and responses the bishop placed the ring upon her right hand, and then proceeded to sing the mass of the Holy Trinity. At the offertory the costume of the convert was brought to the altar upon a salver, and the bishop blessed it with prayer. The novice then put off her shoes, scarf, and ornaments, and walked barefoot to receive from the prelate's hand her consecrated habit. She then put on her conventual shoes; which act, as well as those of covering her head with the fillet, fitting on her mantle, and putting on her hood, were each accompanied by prayer and blessing by the bishop. Lastly, upon placing upon her head the veil, the hand-maid of the Lord having knelt down and received the bishop's final benediction, is received within, and the grate is closed."

It was on the 15th of August, 1240, the feast of the Assumption, that Ela, after having previously fulfilled in all strictness the rules of her order, assumed the government of the abbey she had founded. The Book of Lacock states that she was then constituted the *first* abbess; we may, therefore, conclude that the constitution of the society was not fully completed till that year, nor probably the whole of the conventual buildings; but that this important step was the crowning stone of the pious work.

The ceremonies of the consecration of an abbess are described in the "Pontificale," a splendid volume preserved in the library of Salisbury Cathedral. We give an extract or two, illustrative of the ceremonies following the election.

"The election being thus completed, the chantress solemnly intoned the hymn, *Tu Deum laudamus*, which the sisters chanted, in alternate choir, to the end. The abbess elect was then conducted by the elder sisters to the choir, where she prostrated herself before the altar, and so remained till the end of the prayers, the concluding one of which was the following: 'Almighty and Eternal God, have mercy upon this thy servant, and according to thy clemency, direct her in the way of eternal salvation; that by thy grace she may desire what is

pleasing in thy sight, and pursue it with all zeal and diligence. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.' This done, the officiating minister shall proclaim the election to all the people, when all the bells shall be rung for joy.

"After the mass of the Annunciation had been solemnly sung, during the offertory, the abbess elect having made her offering, and communicated at the close, the bishop proceeded to the ceremony of installation. The *Tu Deum* was chanted, and the church bells rang the moment she had taken her seat in the richly ornamented stall. The sisters then formed in procession, and two by two approached the stall, knelt before the abbess, and kissed her hand. After this she was conducted by the bishop to the chapter house, where, seated on his right hand, she received the sisters who were ranged in order. The book of the rules and constitutions of the monastery, was brought and placed upon her lap, when, two by two, the sisters approached her, laid their right hands upon the book, and repeated separately: 'I, Sister *N. N.*, solemnly pledge myself to the abbess of this monastery, to observe obedience after the rule of St. Augustine.' To whom the abbess, taking the sister's hands and joining them in her own, thus answered: 'And I admit thy obedience. In the name of the Father,' &c. When all this had been done in due form, the bishop and his attendant clerics went out in the same order they came, the sisters following him in procession to the door, and then receiving his blessing."

Though the countess of Salisbury had quitted the world, relinquishing her temporal for a spiritual dignity, yet we find her pious solicitude for the welfare of her children in no wise abated in her religious retreat. In 1256, a fatal event which befel William, the hope of her family, came to embitter for a season the hours of her meditation. Among the evil consequences of the chivalry displayed in the tournaments of these days, was the not unfrequent loss of life among the combatants; nor could the efforts made by many prudent men and pious churchmen control these ebullitions of the martial spirit of the times. During the

Whitsuntide festivities of 1256, jousts were held at Blythe, in Nottinghamshire, where the Lord Edward, eldest son of King Henry III, first began to give proofs of his chivalrous spirit. In this "mimic war," divers were overthrown and maimed, and among others, William de Longespé was so severely bruised that he died shortly after in the flower of his age. The following year there was another "passage of arms," in the same field of tournament, in which Roger Bigod, earl of Norfolk, grandson of the countess of Salisbury, was so severely hurt that he died the year following of the injuries received.

Thus was Ela deprived by death of both her son and grandson. Nor were these the only trials of her maternal affections; the year previous to the death of her eldest son, she had lost her daughter Isabella, Lady Vescy; and in the last year of her life she was preceded to the tomb by her son Stephen, whom she caused to be interred in her favorite abbey of Lacock, erecting over his remains, a handsome memorial of maternal affection. So that of all her family, she left only two sons and two daughters surviving, one of whom, Richard, canon of Salisbury, died the year after her.

The five last years of Ela's life were spent in perfect retirement, she having abstracted herself even from the peaceful rule of the monastery she had founded. The Book of Lacock records, that after having for eighteen years "strenuously governed the flock committed to her charge,* most devoutly serving God, and maintaining a life of close seclusion, in fastings, watchings, holy meditations, severe self-discipline, and other good and charitable works; and, at length perceiving that old age had come upon her, and such weakness as prevented her from benefitting her order, she retired from the government of the house, appointing Beatrice of Kent, as abbess in her place. This was on the last day of the year 1256, and in the seventieth year of her age. And thus she survived for nearly five years after, released from every care."

* *Strenus gubernavit.* Matthew of Paris applies to her an expression not less vigorous, "*non muliebriter gubernavit.*"

And yet, even in this closing stage of her career, we find her earnestly soliciting from the king, important benefits for the foundation which held the chief place in her affections. The convent had been deficient in fire-wood, and one among the grants of the monarch consisted of forty acres of woodland, from Melksham forest, "granted to the earnest request of our beloved kinswoman, ELA, FOUNDRESS OF THE HOUSE OF LACOCK."

At length, "in the seventy-fourth year of her age, on the 24th of August, 1261, yielding up her soul in peace, she rested in the Lord, and was most honorably interred in the choir of the monastery." Among the entries in the Book of Lacock, the following should not be omitted: "To three poor persons on the eve and day of the profession of the Lady Ela Longespé, to each of them daily, in bread, drink, and meat, 2d worth." "To the poor, on the feast of St. Bartholomew, the apostle, for the soul of the Lady Ela Longespé, eight bushels of corn, worth 5s. 8d., and sixteen chuses, or *allaces* [dried fish], worth 8s." "For forty-four pounds of wax, for twenty-five candles daily lighted throughout the year [during the mass for the dead], about the tomb of the Lady Ela Longespé, the foundress, at 7d.,—*i.e.* 5s. 8d."

Among the bequests to this convent is the following very touching one; "Bequeathed to the abbey of Lacock, the manor of Shorewall, in the isle of Wight, by Amicia, countess of Devon, and 'Ladye of the Isle;' *together with her heart to her daughter Margaret, a nun at Lacock.*" The deep and hallowed feeling under the influence of which a mother bequeathed her heart, to rest near that daughter, whom she had resigned in this world to be devoted to the service of religion, can be better conceived than described.

The reception within the walls of the abbey, in the year 1297, of the heart of the aged Nicholas Longespé, bishop of Salisbury, the last surviving son of the foundress, is another instance of pious affection.

We learn that the abbey maintained three priests for the daily celebration of divine services, and one discreet and learned priest,

the general confessor to the convent, and the teacher and preacher of God's word.

The last abbess of Lacock was Johanna Temys, who continued to preside till the dissolution of the house in 1539, when it was surrendered, with so many others, into the unhallowed grasp of Henry VIII. The fatal document is still preserved among the records in the Augmentation office. The surrender was made on the 21st of July, before John Tregonwell and William Peter, clerks in chancery, and is ratified by the common seal of the abbey. Besides the abbess and the prioress, there were fifteen other nuns, at the time of what was qualified by the gentler term of "surrender."

We have thus traced the annals of Lacock abbey to the time when that royal exemplar of all that was most ruthless in tyranny—all that was most inexorable in revenge—all that was most loathsome in lust—all that was most sordid in avarice—HENRY VIII, bearing, as in mockery, the absurd title of *Defender of the Faith*, smote throughout the kingdom those unnumbered beautiful edifices, which had so long subserved the cause of piety, learning, hospitality and charity. The stern mandate went forth—*Down with them, even unto the ground!* and the effects of that mandate are still before our eyes. In the majesty of silent desolation, they still hallow the romantic vallies, and secluded spots over which their august and venerable fragments are strewn.

Among those monuments of the piety of our forefathers, Lacock has preserved, in an almost perfect form, the cloisters, the cells of the nuns, its rich Gothic windows, and ivied chimneys: the church only has disappeared. In the cloisters, which are as fresh, as if from the architect's hand of yesterday, is preserved the monumental stone that covered the remains of Ela; it was removed from near the altar of the destroyed choir, and has the following inscription, in the jingling verse of the time.

Infra sunt defossa Elæ venerabilis ossa,
Quæ dedit has sedes, sacras monialibus ædes,
Abbatissa quidem, quæ sancto vixit ibidem,
Et comitissa Sarum, virtutum plena bonarum.

The venerable Ela sleeps below,
The foundress of these walls and abbess too,
And Salisbury's countess; full of years, and blest
With store of virtuous deeds, she sank to rest.

The holy ritual of that religion which Ela loved and cherished, has been retained within these walls, to which it is kindred. The late dowager countess of Shrewsbury was a resident here for a number of years, and a branch of her family still possesses this beautiful domain. In the year 1806, the Rev. George Witham, the countess' chaplain, an ecclesiastic possessed of every amiable virtue, compiled and printed with his own hands a short "*History of Lacock Abbey.*" This small quarto is a literary curiosity of great rarity. The present sketch is indebted to it in more instances than one.

One word more respecting the dissolution of this religious retreat, and we have done. The hypocritical formality with which the imperial robbery, planned and executed by the sacrilegious avarice of Henry VIII and his hungry minions, would awaken no other feeling than that of virtuous indignation, did not the humble and uncomplaining submission of the helpless inmates of its walls, demand our tears also. Let us picture to ourselves the scene exhibited at the time of this iniquitous visitation, executed by men interested in doing the will of their employers, in defiance of every feeling of justice and humanity. The "commissioners," as they were termed, appear to have been men whose consciences "were seared as with a hot iron." Let us look at their method of proceeding in reference to the house whose history we are sketching; and *ex uno diace omnes*. One story told will serve for all the rest.

The arrival of a party of stern-looking men is announced to the abbess and her startled sisters. The reckless bearing and authoritative tone of the visitants betoken their purpose. Thus are the commissioners, "men dressed in a little brief authority," and ready

"To play such tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep."

No previous intimation had been given of the fearful visit, and all is doubt, fear, and

consternation. The abbess and her whole community are summoned before the visitors in the chapter house. Having hurried to the altar, and poured forth a hasty prayer together, perhaps for the last time, we may conceive them standing in silent submission before their cold and subtle inquisitors. The fatal instrument of surrender has been already prepared. Its purport is, that the abbess and her nuns "of their own will and free consent, and without any compulsion, did, out of pure conscience, resign forever FOR THE KING'S USE, their whole property and possessions;" we use the very terms that disgrace many an instrument of the kind, and this instrument the poor sisters were compelled to confirm, in consideration of the beggarly pittance doled out to them in their destitution!

Any thing like remonstrance, complaint, or refusal, was sternly interdicted. But this was tolerable: the worst was yet to come. Crimes were alledged against them, such as would blanch the cheek of womanhood to hear. The wolf can readily find charges when the lamb is accused. A long catalogue of alledged crimes, but unaccompanied by a shadow of proof, shocks the ear of the reader. Malignity "will sometimes overleap itself;" this list of enormities is so evidently exaggerated, as to excite in every virtuous bosom instant indignation at their falsehood. From the disgusting pages of a Speed, a Foxe, and others, where these atrocities are recorded in cold blood, without the slightest intimation of a proof, or of the necessity of one, we turn away with no reply but that of indignant silence!

We said that all remonstrance on the part of the sufferers was forbidden. It was so: but, despite this command, we find one calm dispassionate appeal upon record, so touching and so natural, that we must not withhold it from the reader. The writer is the abbess of that very convent, Godstow,*

* The following beautiful lines on the ruins of Godstow nunnery, were written by Dr. Markham, archbishop of York, when at Oxford:

Qua nudo Rosamunda humilis sub culmine teoti
Marmoris obscuri servat inane decus;
Rara intermissæ circum vestigia molis,
Et sola in vacuo tramite porta labat;
Sacra olim sedes rigæ convallis in umbra,

in Oxfordshire, where the beautiful but unfortunate mother of the first noble Longespée, fair Rosamund, had her tomb.

Letter of the Abbess of Godstow to Crumwell.

May it please your honor, with my most humble duty, to be advertised, that, whereas, it pleased your lordship to be the very mean to the king's majesty for my preferment, most unworthy as I am to the abbess of this the king's monastery of Godstow; in which office I trust I have done the best in my power towards the maintenance of God's true honor, with all truth and obedience to the king's majesty. I was never moved nor desired by any creature, in the king's behalf, or in your lordship's name, to surrender and give up the house; nor was I ever minded, or intended so to do, otherwise than at the king's gracious command, or yours; to which I have ever, and will submit myself most humbly and obediently. I trust to God, that I have never offended God's laws, or the king's, whereby

Et veteri pavidum religione nemus.
Pallentes nocturna cians campana sorores,
Hinc matutinam sepe monebat avem;
Hinc procul in media tardæ caliginis hora,
Prodidit arcana arcta fenestra faces.
Nunc muscosa extant sparsim de cespite saxa,
Nunc muro avellunt germen agreste boves.
Fors et tempus erit, cum tu, Rhedvoina, sub æstris
Edita, cum centum turribus ipsa rues.

Where now those roofless walls give scanty room,
Fair Rosamund, to guard thy simple tomb;
Where by the fragments scattered on the floor
We trace the chancel's site, now seen no more;
Fair Godstow towered amidst the forest shade,
By our forefathers' faith how awful made!
How oft its bell, that tolled the hour of prime,
Awoke the matin lark before his time;
And through tall windows streamed its tapers bright,
Seeming to chide the tardy-footed night.
Now moss-grown ruins totter to their fall,
And the kine crop the grass upon the wall.
And shall thy fate be such, Oxonia! must
Thy hundred towers thus crumble in the dust?

Might we not add in regard to this venerable seat of learning, and more especially in reference to the present religious indications there, the following:

Then didst thou fall, when in ill-omened hour,
The hand of reformation marred thy bower:
Thy rise shall be, when error's voice shall cease
To haunt thy walls; and unity and peace,—
The peace of heart by free submission won,
When pride is self-subdued and duty done,—
Shall to thy mother her lost child restore,
To Rome, who yearns to clasp that child once more;
To interchange fond vows, too long unknown,
And with her glories interweave thine own.

W.

this poor monastery ought to be suppressed. Yet, notwithstanding this, my good lord, so it is, that Dr. London, who, as your lordship well knows, was against my promotion, and has ever since borne me great malice and grudge, like my mortal enemy, is suddenly come to me, with a great rout with him, and doth threaten me and my sisters, saying that he hath the king's commission to suppress this house, in spite of my teeth. And when he saw that I was content that he should do all things according to his commission, and showed him plainly that I would never surrender into his hands, he being my ancient enemy. Now he begins to treat me, and to inveigle my sisters, one by one, otherwise than ever I heard tell that the king's subjects have been handled; and here tarrieth and continueth, to my great cost and charge, and will not take my answer that I will not surrender till I know the king's gracious command, or your lordship's. I do, therefore, most humbly beseech you to continue my good lord, as you ever have been; and to direct your honorable letters to remove him hence. Whensoever the king's gracious command, or yours, shall come to me, you shall find me most ready and obedient to follow the same. And notwithstanding that Dr. London, like an untrue man, hath informed your lordship, that I am a spoiler and a waster, your good lordship shall know that the contrary is the truth; for I have not alienated one ha'pworth of the goods of this monastery, movable or immovable; but have rather increased the same, never having leased any farm or piece of ground belonging to this house, otherwise than had been done in times past, always under the convent seal, for the weal of the house. And, therefore, my very trust is, that I shall find the king as gracious lord to me, as he is to all other his subjects, seeing I have not offended; and am, and will be, most obedient to his gracious commands at all times, by the grace of Almighty Jesus, who ever preserve you, in honor long to endure to his pleasure. Amen.

Godstow, the 5th day of November.

Your most bounden beadswoman,

KATHARINE BULKELEY, *Abbess there.*

Surely no better proof is wanting than the above letter of the integrity of this spirited woman, and that of the sisters of her society; nor could a better proof be exhibited of the hard measures and worldly craftiness to which she, as well the other religious of that day, was exposed. Of what description of persons many of those commissioners were, we have a specimen in this very Dr. London, who could insult in her sorrows a virtuous and high minded woman, and whom we afterwards find convicted of perjury, and exposed to public scorn and degradation.

The measures of the commissioners was imperative, and sometimes, as was the case at Reading and Glastonbury, they proceeded to the extreme penalty of death, on a charge of high treason.* On the other hand, if they recommended the religious to the king's favor, it was in consideration of *their readiness to yield to the imperial mandate!*

The following letter of the prior of Hinton, addressed to his brother in London, presents the picture of a mind hesitating between a sense of duty, and the terrors of arbitrary power.

"Thus:—In our Lord Jesus shall be your salvation. And whereas you marvel that I and my brethren do not freely and voluntarily give and surrender up our house at the motion of the king's commissioners, but stand stiffly, and, as you think, obstinately in our opinion; truly, brother, I marvel greatly that ye think so; but rather, that you would have thought us light and hasty in giving up that thing, which it is not ours to give, being dedicated to Almighty God for service to be done to His honor continually, together with many good deeds of charity, which are daily done in this house to our Christian neighbors. And considering that there is no cause given by us, why the house should be put down, but that the service of God, religious conversa-

* The following are notices extracted from Cromwell's private memoranda:

Item.—The abbot of Reading to be sent down to be tried and executed at Reading, with his accomplices.

Item.—The abbot of Glastonbury to be tried at Glaston, and also to be executed there, with his accomplices.

tion of the brethren, hospitality, alms deeds, with all other our duties, are as well observed in this poor house, as in any religious house in this realm, or in France; which things we trusted that the king's grace would consider. But, because you write of the king's high displeasure, and my lord privy Seal's, who ever hath been my special good lord, and I trust yet will be, I will endeavor as much as I may to persuade my brethren to a conformity in this matter; so that neither the king's highness, nor my said good lord, shall have any cause to be displeased with us; trusting that my poor brethren, who know not where to have their living, may be charitably looked upon. Thus our Lord Jesus preserve you in grace." **ED. HORD.**

Hinton, the 10th day of February.

To his brother Allen Hord in the middle temple.

The following is a list of the inmates of Lacock Abbey, at the time of the dissolution, and of the annual pensions assigned

them. To Johanna Chemys, abbess, £40; to Elenor Monmouth, prioress, £5; to Anne Brydges, Amy Patsall, Ellen Bennet, £4 each; to Margaret Leggetton, Elizabeth Wylson, Elizabeth Baynton, Agness Bygner, and Margaret Welshe, £3 6s. 8d. each; to Johanna Marshall, and Elizabeth Wye, £3 each; to Elenor Basdale, and Anne Trace, £2 13s. 4d. each; and to Scholastica Hewes, Elenor Maundrel and Thomasina Jerves, £2 each.

The imagination may faintly conceive, but what language can adequately express, the feelings of forlorn destitution which must have weighed down the hearts of these poor women, some of them, perhaps, having sacrificed friends and expectations in life, and now to find themselves turned adrift, to seek where they might a sojourn, till earth should receive their ashes.

Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon:

The world was all before them, where to seek
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.

A LETTER ON PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

DEAR —,

IN compliance with your request, I hasten to explain the nature of our belief in the doctrine of purgatory, or a middle state of souls; and to show you our reasons for praying for the souls of the faithful therein detained. Of all the doctrines of the Catholic Church, there is perhaps no one, if we except confession, less generally understood, and more misrepresented than that of purgatory; and yet why should it be so? Is it not a consoling belief, a cheering thought, that though the cold grave has closed over the countenance on which we once loved to gaze,—though the eye that once sparkled with all the joy of a fond father's or a loving mother's heart, is now bedimmed in death, and we hear no longer the endearing accents of a parent's, a brother's, a sister's, or a child's voice, we can still follow them beyond that grave into the very regions of eternity,—that we can go in spirit

in search of those cherished objects before the throne of God; and if we find them not enthroned in all the splendor of the Deity, we can search and find them advancing towards the land of eternity, in a state of temporary probation, preparing for their entrance into the promised land, heaven, their home, their true country? And oh! is it not consoling to us to believe and to know that heaven has placed it in our power to aid them in that preparation, and by our prayers, alms-deeds, and supplications, to abridge the period of their exile from the beatific vision of their God? Such is the firm and settled belief of Catholics—such the doctrine of the true Church. I will not, my dear friend, for the task would be almost as useless as it would be endless, attempt a refutation of the many unkind and absurd arguments advanced against this doctrine. To do so would be to treat

these wild vagaries of a disordered brain with too much seriousness. Let it suffice to explain in as clear and concise a manner as possible, the real doctrine of the Catholic Church on this point; and, if circumstances allow, we will, in concluding our explanation, take a cursory view of the most reasonable objections against this doctrine. I propose then to give you our real belief, relative to purgatory. And to show you that far from being a compound of folly, ignorance and delusion, it is substantiated not only by the Bible, by the universal and constant practice of all ages from the Jews, the chosen people of God, down to the days of Jesus Christ, the divine Founder of the new law, and from the days of our Blessed Redeemer down to the period usually termed the reformation, and by human reason; but that it is congenial to the finest feelings of the human soul,—nay more,—that *as there is a God, there must be a Purgatory.*

Start not at the proposition—difficult as its elucidation may appear at present to you, I feel a consoling assurance that ere long you will as readily and as cheerfully admit the existence of a temporary state of punishment after death as I do. Permit me, my friend, before I enter upon my argument, to lay down the grounds upon which that argument is to be built; and here I will first request you to observe that in the Catholic Church there exists a grand distinction between matters of faith, and matters of opinion. Whatever the Church proposes to her numerous children as an article of faith, we all admit as positive and essential to salvation. There is then no room for idle speculation or questions of opinion—the Church has spoken; the matter is finished! The case is widely different with regard to matters of opinion. We are all at liberty to investigate, to compare, and if we deem proper, to admit whatever opinion seems to us the most probable; if not we can reject it. Through want of attention or through ignorance of this distinction, many zealous opposers of Catholicity have been betrayed into the most singular and oftentimes absurd mistakes. Thus, for example, to give you an idea of the want

of reflection on this point among some of our opponents, even some well instructed on other points,—not long since, in one of the public controversies in a neighboring city, it was argued that there must be, and that there is a schism in the Catholic communion, because of the variety of religious orders, peculiar rules, and habits or dresses of those orders, and their peculiar ceremonies! “See,” said the champion of the opposition party, “their almost endless variety of monastic institutes. Some admitting one point, others rejecting it; one assuming one form and color of dress, others another; the Dominican claiming superior sanctity from the whiteness of his scapularium—the long-bearded Carthusian boasting of his gloomy cowl and hood; the Augustinians quarreling with the Dominicans, and the crafty, designing Jesuits with both!”

Alas! can it be that the individual who gave expression to the above sentiments, intended them for the semblance of argument? Can it be that he has toiled up the rugged hill of science, which must be ascended by every man before he can lay claim to the name of scholar; or that in the school of the mild and meek Jesus he has imbibed the spirit of his Divine Master, charity, which is the brightest ornament of a Christian minister? But to proceed. In our investigation we may occasionally discover a discrepancy of opinion relative to purgatory, even among the earliest as well as the latest writers. But, my dear friend, remark, and remember well, the subject on which they differ. Is it relative to the existence of a place called purgatory? No; never do we read in the unadulterated annals of ecclesiastical history, that one among the early writers of the Church denied the existence of purgatory; they all agreed on this one point; they all unanimously and invariably admitted this truth;—but they differed, at least some among them,—on what? *In their opinion relative to the nature of the punishments endured in purgatory.* This was the subject of their difference, as this is, and ever has been a matter of speculation and opinion. The Church has indeed decided that there is a purgatory or

a middle state of souls suffering for a while on account of their sins; but the Church has never decided, because heaven has never revealed, what is the nature of the punishment there endured. Is it the punishment of *fire*, which would seem the most probable from St. Paul: "Every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day of the Lord shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is. If any man's work abide, which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward; if any man's work burn, he shall suffer loss,—but he himself shall be saved, *yet so as by fire*?" (1 Cor. iii, 13, 14, 15.) Or is it, as maintained by some of the primitive fathers, that painful separation for a while from God, the author and the object of their souls' affection? Does the punishment there endured consist in darkness, as others admit, or are its victims doomed to endure the anguish of all these torments combined? Here you are left to your own opinion. The Church is silent—she has decided nothing; she leaves her children to follow the guidance of their own reason, and requires only the admission of the truth,—*there is a purgatory!* Though all may differ with regard to the punishment endured, all unanimously agree in the one point of faith—*there is a purgatory!* Again: the Church teaches that the souls detained in that middle state which we call purgatory, are benefited by the prayers and suffrages of the faithful on earth, and particularly by the most holy sacrifice of the mass. But how are they benefited? How is the fruit of the holy sacrifice, or of the prayers of surviving friends applied to the souls in purgatory? Is it by abridging the period of their banishment, or by lessening the intensity of their sufferings, or by procuring from heaven a greater degree of love and affection for that God, who punishes them like a tender father because he loves them?—or is it by all these means combined, that the sufferings of the souls in purgatory are relieved by our prayers? Here again you are left to follow the dictates of your own piety.

The Church has decided nothing on this

particular point; and again all may differ in *opinion*, while all agree in the point of *faith*—*the souls in purgatory are helped by our prayers.* With this exposition of the grounds on which I shall in this friendly examination proceed, let us refer to the proofs.

And first in order, both from its sacred nature, and the antiquity of its authority, comes the sacred volume which contains the revealed word of God. Are there no proofs of the existence of purgatory to be found in the Bible? Open that sacred book—that best and most holy of all books; turn then to the *second book of Machabees*, twelfth chapter, and read from the thirty-seventh to the forty-sixth verse. Here we find that the gallant and pious Judas Machabees, the general of his people, when going forth to battle against the enemies of his God, his religion and his country, began as we read in the thirty-seventh verse, in his own language, to sing in a loud voice, hymns of invocation, "and called upon the Lord to be their helper, and the leader of the battle." Fired with a holy indignation against the sacrilegious foes of his religion, he fought and led his faithful followers to victory; for God heard his prayers, and He, in whose hands are victory and defeat, smiled upon his arms and strengthened his spirit for the righteous cause. He fought and conquered; but the victory was gained at the expense of the lives of many among his noble followers. After a few days, Judas came with his men to take away the bodies of the gallant soldiers who had fallen on the field, to bury them in the sepulchres of their fathers; he found among them several who had so far forgotten the precepts of God, and yielded to the fatal suggestions of a love of wealth, as to conceal under their coats various articles which had either been used or presented in the temple of the false deities of their enemies. Grieved at their blindness, and still more at the recollection of the sin they had committed against the God of armies, the pious Judas bowed with submission to the just decrees of heaven, and commanded his surviving followers to supplicate the God of mercy to forgive the sin which had been committed. Although exulting with vic-

tory, he forgot not those who were slumbering in the cold embrace of death; for them he wept, for them he poured forth the full tide of his heart's bitter sorrow. And that their departed spirits might be spared by an offended Deity, he collected *twelve thousand drachms of silver*, and sent them to the only true temple in Jerusalem, to have the then only true sacrifice offered for their repose. "Thinking well and religiously of the resurrection," says the sacred text, "for if he had not hoped that they that were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead." What the opinion of this pious general was, relative to the sin committed by those who had been slain, we read in the following verse, where we learn that he did not despair of their final salvation; for, says the sacred writer, "he considered those who had fallen asleep with godliness, had great grace laid up for them. It is, therefore," concludes the sacred text, "a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." To resume then the argument; here we find the chosen people of God, the depositaries of divine revelation—long before the coming of the promised Messiah, offering in the temple of Jerusalem sacrifices for the souls of the dead. They prayed and offered sacrifice, the supreme act of religion, for those who had fallen fighting for their homes and their religion. But why did they pray for their departed brethren? Because it was and is, "a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." Therefore it necessarily follows, that the departed souls must have been in some place, or condition, not impenetrable to the gentle dews, the cheering effects of pardon. But where was this place? Not that dark and dismal abode of never-ending pain and despair, the hell of the reprobate; because you admit with me that reason tells us, "out of hell there is no redemption." Assuredly then the noble spirits who had struck for their home and their altar, could not have been chained down in the endless flames of hell; for if they had, never would the angel of mercy have been deputed to release them,

or throw open the adamantine gates of that horrid abode. Those souls could not have been detained in heaven, for "nothing defiled entereth heaven," and they were defiled with the guilt of disobedience at least; and the sacred text tells us that it was "for this cause they were slain." Moreover had Judas Machabeus, or the priests in Jerusalem been persuaded that they were in heaven, surely they would not have ordered sacrifices for them, as the thrice blessed souls in that home of the just have no sin from which they can be freed. The ~~soul~~ for which the sacrifices were offered, was no longer on this earth, for "they had passed the bourne from which no traveller returns." Where then were they? Not in heaven with the angels and with God,—not confined within the gloomy caverns of hell,—not on this earth; where then were they? Wherever they were, they were in some state of probation from which they could be freed, through the tender mercies of God, by the prayers and sacrifices offered in their behalf. And wherever that was, there was purgatory. Call it as we may, adopt whatever title we may feel disposed, "to this complexion must it come at length." We contend not for names, but for principles. But to pursue this argument still further. The book of Machabees speaks of this, not as a new custom, till then unknown, but as of a matter well understood, and in practice. We read of no reclamation, either by the Jews or from the priests. It was evidently one of the Jewish customs, *a custom which is religiously observed to this day among the Jews*. Do we read in any part of the new Scripture that our Blessed Saviour warned us against this practice? On the contrary, what does he expressly command his followers in the twenty-third chapter and second and third verses of St. Matthew: "The Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat; all, therefore, whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do." Are we not here clearly commanded to obey the authority which sanctioned this practice? We are indeed there warned against the hypocritical ways and deceitful manners of these Scribes and Pharisees—but in no portion of the New Testament are we told to reject

this belief. Nay, far from this, as the custom evidently prevailed among the Jews, both before and during the time of the adorable Saviour, as it does yet, did not Jesus Christ, when he kept regularly the passover in the temple, join with the adoring multitude in supplicating his eternal Father in behalf of the departed? Did not the pious followers of our Saviour, "who continued daily in the temple with one accord," say, St. Peter and St. John, when they went up to the temple at the "hour of prayer," pour forth their supplications with the true worshippers of God, that the dead might be loosed from their sins? To me, my dear friend, this would appear a sufficient reason for speaking at least of this custom in a rather more respectful manner than is usual among many of our separated brethren, "lest," to use the words of an able writer, "their reproaches should fall on one whom they would least wish to offend."

But you have, no doubt, been often told: Catholics argue from the book of Machabees as from an inspired book; whereas it is not an inspired book, and is not found among the canonical books even of the Jews—therefore no argument deduced from this book, is of any avail. Let us briefly examine the point. And first, let us for a moment admit they are not canonical books. Are they not strong and unanswerable arguments in favor of the antiquity of the custom of praying for the dead, and consequently of the belief of a purgatory or middle state of souls? Do they not serve as historical records, on which is stamped in indelible characters the custom of the Jews, the then chosen people, and only true depositaries of the religion of God? Will it be said, these books are of recent origin? most assuredly not, for we read of them in the earliest ages of Christianity, as we shall presently see. But we deny in terms the most express and positive, that they are not inspired books. Do they not bear the same internal, and external marks of divine inspiration, which characterize any of the books admitted as inspired? We lose, indeed, the author in the gloom of antiquity, but long before the dawn of that event, which is so loudly extolled by the

opposers of Catholicity, the reformation, the divine inspiration of the book of Machabees was defined, and taught by the unerring Church of Christ.

St. Clement of Alexandria, who adorned the church, no less by the brilliancy and depth of his penetrating mind, than by the more important qualities of the saint and philanthropist, in one of his works, cites the second book of Machabees as one of divine inspiration. Who will prove to the satisfaction of an inquiring mind, that St. Paul himself alludes not in his Epistle to Hebrews, xi, 35, to the thrilling history of that venerable old man Eleazar and the seven brothers, as related in the second book of Machabees, vi, and vii. Do we not read, and here let me observe that, even in the opinions of our most severe adversaries, the writings of the holy fathers are of every avail, because they prove what was the doctrine of the Church then existing in her golden ages of innocence and purity; do we not read in the works of Tertullian, who died in the year 245; of St. Cyprian, the noble minded and heroic bishop of Carthage, who sealed with his blood the faith he professed and taught, in the year 258; of St. Hilary, bishop of Poitiers, whose happy lot it was to be called by the great St. Jerome "a most eloquent man, and the trumpet of the Latins against the Arians," and who died in his episcopal see in 368; of Lucifer, bishop of Cagliari, the metropolis of Sardinia, who threw indeed in the last year of his eventful life, a gloom and shade over the brightness of his early zeal by fostering and encouraging a fatal schism of Antioch, but who fearlessly, and even imprudently in the first years of his episcopacy defended the rights and privileges of the Church, against the daring inroads of the wicked emperor Constantius, and who died in the year 371; of St. Ambrose, bishop of Milan, who died in 397; of St. Augustine, the illustrious convert of the equally renowned St. Ambrose, who was raised up by the Almighty Dispenser of all things, in the fifth century, to adorn, defend and protect the Church of God, and who died as he lived, the learned admired bishop of Hippo

in Africa, in the year 430; of St. Isidore bishop of Seville, who is honored as the pride and ornament of Spain, and who died in the year 606; in a word, for were we to examine all the ancients who have quoted the book of Machabees, as a part of the sacred Scripture, it would lead us far beyond the prescribed limits of a letter, do we not find in the writings of these ancient pillars of the church, these heroes of Christianity, extracts, or mention made of the book of Machabees, as sacred Scripture, as the inspired word of God? It is true, that Origen, who flourished during the commencement of the third century, excluded them from among the canonical books of the Jews; but this same remarkable genius and eminent scholar, in other places of his voluminous works, cites the books of Machabees, as works divinely inspired. It is again true, that St. Jerome, and St. John Damascen, the first of whom died in the year 420, and the latter in 780, concurred not fully in the canonicity of these books; but of what avail is the doubt of a few individual writers, however otherwise great and exalted their character, when compared with the vast majority of those equally great and equally illustrious, who stand forth the defenders of this point? With a greater degree of propriety, may we urge this argument, when we reflect, that in those days no decree of a general council defined the canonicity and inspiration of the books in question. Will it be said that the council of Carthage, held in the year 397, and at which St. Augustine was present, decided upon their canonicity, and ranked them as we do, among the divinely inspired works? We reply, that highly as we revere the proceedings, and venerable antiquity of that body, as of the other regular local or provincial councils held there or elsewhere, still they are not held or considered as general councils, and consequently in holding points opposite to the decree of such councils, St. Jerome, or St. John Damascen; or any of the writers either contemporary or subsequent to that council, were not rejecting any decision which was binding as emanating from a *general council*. How widely different the case, after the de-

cision of either or of both the councils, which are considered and admitted by the church as *general councils*, both of which by their decision on this point set the matter to eternal rest. I refer to the general council of Florence, in 1439, and to that of Trent, in 1563. Thus then, while the discrepancy of a few ancient writers proves nothing against the inspiration of these sacred books, it on the contrary shows forth more boldly the utter fallacy of the idea that others equally renowned for piety and erudition would have admitted them as divinely inspired, had not their minds been assuaged of the fact, by strong and forcible reasons, while the assent of all since the decrees of the Church, and the very decision of the Church from whom alone, and not from the doubtful traditions of the Jews, as St. Augustine says, we are to receive the assurance of the canonicity of the books of Scripture, prove beyond all doubt the necessity of admitting among the divinely inspired works of God, the books of Machabees. It is true, our separated brethren have rejected this portion of the Old Testament from the list of inspired works; but why have they, or their predecessors in a new religion done so? Why, do I ask? For the same or a similar reason that induced them to hurl with unhalloved hands, into the vast ocean of apocrypha the Epistle of St. James in the New Testament, where in chapter v, verses 14 and 15, we find a sanction, nay, an absolute command, to administer the sacrament of *extreme unction*, or to anoint with oil, the sick and dying. In the former case the proofs of the existence of purgatory, and of the consequent propriety of prayers for the dead, were too strongly, and too forcibly set forth, to admit of the possibility of a doubt; in the latter the proofs in favor of the sacrament, and salutary ordinance of extreme unction were equally strong and evident. Hence it was, that in the ardor of their zeal against the Catholic Church, the early reformers in an evil hour swept off both the one and the other.

In the preceding pages, my dear friend, you have a brief statement of the doctrines held by Catholics on the subject of purga-

tory; of the grounds on which the present examination is to be prosecuted, and a hasty defence of the divine inspiration of the books of Machabees, from which Catholics deduce a strong proof in favor of the propriety of praying for the dead. Feebly as I have sketched the outlines of the picture, you have seen it, you have no doubt seriously reflected upon it, and what may be the result of your consideration time alone can prove. I now propose to adduce such of the Scriptural proofs of this doctrine as the New Testament proposes to our consideration. Turn then, I pray you, to St. Matthew, chap. v, verses 25, 26. Here without attempting to give you any description of that *prison*, mentioned in the text, let me ask you, is it not evident to any reflecting mind, that the words, "while thou art in the way with him," signify while thou art in this life, before the awful "night of eternity cometh on in which no man worketh," when we can no longer make an agreement with our adversary, but when on the contrary, we must suffer in that *prison*, and there expiate the faults of our life, by paying the "last farthing," for all faults unexpiated on earth, where we were in the way with him? Now, if we make not this agreement, while we are in the way with the adversary, with God who is always the adversary of sin, while we are in this life, we will be cast into a *prison*, where we are to pay the last farthing and to satisfy the justice of God, before we are permitted to burst from our confinement and soar to heaven. Where is this prison of which our Saviour speaks? It cannot be the prison of the reprobate,—for in that gloomy prison, never will a ray of hope cheer the agonizing victim of God's anger; never there will anguish cease or sorrow fail, but the dark gloom, and horrid despair of the present will grow still more frightful, as succeeding ages seem but to rivet more strongly the chains which bind the reprobate in hell; they can never "come out from thence," because out of hell there is no redemption; consequently the "last farthing" can never there be paid. Surely no one will say, that the prison of which our blessed Saviour speaks is heaven,—for

heaven is no prison, and there is no "last farthing" to be paid, no suffering, no atoning for faults, as nothing that defileth can enter the portals of that celestial Jerusalem. (Rev. xxi, 27). Moreover, far from coming out from thence, the ~~these~~ blessed spirits there enthroned, are absorbed and inebriated in contemplating the eternal attributes of the Deity. Where then let me ask, is this prison? Is it not that place, where as the Catholic Church teaches, the temporal punishment due to sin previously pardoned, or venial sins here unatoned for, is undergone, and the soul after death is purified from its stains, or as the Scripture expresses it, "pays the last farthing," and is then borne triumphant to the abodes of the blessed? Let reason, let your own piety reply.

Turn now to the twelfth chapter of St. Matthew, verses 32, 36, 37; what means this distinction between a word or offence against the Son of man, and against the holy Spirit? One we are assured may be forgiven, but the other is unpardonable. "It shall not be forgiven either in this world, or in the world to come." Does it not therefore naturally follow, *that some sins are forgiven in the world to come?* Else why this distinction, this assurance, that one particular sin shall *not be forgiven in the world to come?* In the thirty-sixth verse, we find that even an idle word is pronounced a sin, and one too that must be accounted for at the day of judgment. Surely if those idle words are forgiven in this life, and are atoned for while yet "we are in the way," they will not be produced against us at that "great and bitter day when God shall come to judge the world by fire." The text refers therefore to those idle words which are not expiated in this life. But let me suppose a case which is far from being metaphysical. We are told in Holy Writ, that "the just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again." (Prov. xxiv, 16). Now evidently the faults into which the just man falleth so often, and is still called a just man, cannot be those fatal crimes which exclude the soul from heaven, and which are so frequently enumerated in the Epistles of the New Testament; as in

Ephesians, v, 3, 4, 5, and Rev. xxi, 8. They are then to be ranked under the head of venial sins, or if you will, *idle words*. May not this just man expire suddenly, after falling one of these seven times, without a moment to exclaim: Lord, have mercy on my soul? That sin or idle word must be accounted for, at the moment of death. If it must be accounted for, it is evidently a defilement or stain upon the soul; and we are told that nothing defiled, or that defileth can enter heaven. (Rev. xxi, 27). This defilement must therefore be washed away,—it cannot be washed away in this world, because the man expires suddenly; it cannot be purified in hell, because there is no coming out “from thence,” there is no washing away in that awful abode, and moreover, it is not one of those defilements or sins which consign to endless torments. It cannot be said that the soul is cleansed from its defilements by suffering the pang of death, for in the sudden and instantaneous death of which we so often hear, and which you perhaps, as well as I, have witnessed, is there any pang to suffer, any pain to endure? How often do we see the innocent babe of a few weeks or days expire in agony or writhing torture, while the grey-headed sinner dies in apparent peace, without a visible struggle? The soul thus leaving this world cannot atone for its sin, its “idle word” in heaven, for in heaven there is no suffering, as St. John so beautifully describes the ravishing scene, when from his lonely isle of Patmos, he beheld the New Jerusalem “coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her bridegroom.” And the “great voice” from heaven cheered his agitated soul, as with the consoling assurance, that in that thrice blessed home of the just, God “shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pains.” (Rev. xxi, 2, 3, 4). Yet before this soul can be admitted into this celestial Jerusalem, it must be cleansed from all defilement, and this cleansing from defilement, cannot be admitted to be affected by the all-atoning merits of Christ, *independently of our own ex-*

ertions, for if we once admit this, we plunge into that fatal vortex of iniquity, that *faith alone* availeth to salvation, in direct contradiction to the express terms of St. James, (ii, 26), where we are told that faith alone, without good works, is dead, and besides, on the same principle, the fanatic in religion and the enthusiast may easily so form his conscience, that he would soon lull himself into the fatal lethargy, that the blood and merits of his Saviour will wash away all his defilements and sins. Hence, he would not fear and tremble in working out his salvation, as we are told in Philippians, (ii, 12). He would reverse the word of Scripture, and act as if he *were sure* of pardon and love. Where then again I ask you, where is this sin or idle word to be atoned for, or to be washed away? We have seen that it can neither be in heaven nor hell, nor in this world, as the case supposes,—where then? Wherever it may be, *there* is purgatory.

Again, consult 1 Cor. iii, 8, 12, 13, 14 :* we read as plain and evident a proof of a middle state of souls as it is well possible to conceive; and it is a remarkable fact, that fifteen of the earliest fathers whose testimonies I have before me on this and other points, refer to these words in support of this doctrine, and these writers are of the second, third, fourth, and fifth centuries. Indeed so clearly do I consider these words demonstrative of purgatory, that I shall only remark that, as “every one is to receive his own reward according to his own labor,” and as there are certain sins which exclude from heaven, (Romans i, 29, 30, 31; 1 Cor. vi, 9, 10; Eph. v, 5; Rev. xxi, 8, and in the Old Testament, Isaiah v, Ezekiel xliii), and others into which even the just man falls, and is still called just; and as even these faults are to be atoned for, and do not exclude from heaven, since God “rendereth to every man according to his works,” it necessarily follows, that they

* “Every man shall receive according to his own labor. . . . If any man build upon the foundation (Christ), gold, precious stones, &c. every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day of the Lord shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire, &c. . . . If any man's work burn, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire.”

who die defiled with the guilt of venial or lesser sins only, can not be consigned to endless torments for those imperfections, because they are to receive "according to their own labor," both reward and punishment; and by the distinction of sins which exclude from heaven, and those which do not, as in the case of the just man, it evidently follows that all sins do not exclude from heaven *eternally*, and consequently any man who dies guilty of these latter sins is to receive "according to his own labor," and therefore there *must* be some place where he is to receive that punishment, which place can neither be heaven nor hell, nor in many cases this earth; and therefore there must exist a place we call purgatory. Verses 12, 13, 14, 15, in 1 Cor. iii, speak plainly for themselves.

We read in Psalm lxi, 12, God "rendereth to every man according to his works." The same is repeated by St. Matthew, xvi, 27, in Romans, ii, 6. Now, let us for a moment dwell upon these texts and compare them with each other. We are necessarily induced by these texts to conclude that God will reward the good, and punish the wicked; that as we read in Galatians, vi, 5, "every man must bear his own burden," and that when the dread accounting day shall come, and each man will be called to "render an account of his stewardship," by his own works he shall stand or fall. Transport yourself in spirit now to the throne of judgment, and contemplate a scene, for a moment which may happen, and does happen almost continually. Two individual souls are at the same moment ushered before the throne of God, to await their eternal doom. One is the soul, the trembling agitated soul, of a man long accustomed to the indulgence of every degrading passion, grown old perhaps in habits of intemperance, or polluted with the blood of a fellow-being, perhaps of his father, his brother, or his friend, whose tortured soul now cries in the horrid language of despair for revenge upon his murderer. Eye for eye! blood for blood! soul for soul! Perhaps it is the soul of one, who has seduced from the paths of virtue, many an unsuspecting youth, lured them on to

wickedness and crime, blasted the fair fame of an unsuspecting neighbor, and whose memory is execrated on earth as a moral monster. Checked by the hand of God, in the midst of his mad career, he is called from the earth which he has so long desecrated by his presence, and now trembling, despairing, and already self-condemned, behold him a guilty criminal, at the bar of divine justice! Can you doubt for a moment what will be his eternal fate?

Turn now to the little object at his side. It is the soul of a child twelve or fourteen years of age. In an unguarded moment, through fear of punishment the thoughtless youth gave utterance to a falsehood: perhaps he is guilty of disobedience to some parental mandate, or of an improper expression in a moment of excitement. That he is guilty, no one surely can deny, for he was endowed with reason, which taught the soul that it was wrong in the commission of either of these sins or faults. He falls suddenly dead, or by some sad accident he is hurried from time to eternity; and now the soul of that child stands side by side, with that of the grey-haired reprobate, to await its final doom. Can it be that an infinitely good and merciful God, will hurl the child's soul to eternal damnation, and consign to the same deep dungeon of never ending pain, the soul of the paracidal monster and that of the thoughtless child? Can he chain down in the endless flames of hell the soul of the latter, for so small a fault? Are they both to be damned, and damned forever? Is this then the infinite mercy or justice of our God? Is this to "render to every man according to his works?" Is this the only reward for which even the "just man" can hope, if he should die after he has fallen even once of his "seven times?" Is this the dark and gloomy prospect, which must be, like a lowering cloud, forever hanging over us, when in a moment of forgetfulness or passion we speak an idle word? Great God! who then is safe, or who can hope for pardon, if even the smallest fault is to be punished with everlasting damnation? Ah! away, away, with so unjust an idea of the mercy and justice of our infinitely good God. He

who called and forgave a wandering sinful David; He who cast an eye of compassion on the sinful unfaithful Peter, even when in the act of denying his Master; He who so sweetly whispered, "thy sins are forgiven thee," when at his feet a sinful Magdalen "wept and was forgiven,"—He, in a word, who changed to a saint the repentant thief upon the cross, and made a vessel of election of a persecuting Saul; He will never thunder forth the dreadful decree of everlasting reprobation against the soul which appears before his throne stained with "an idle word" or venial offence; yet, since in his infinite decrees, *nothing defiled or that defileth* can enter heaven (Rev. xxi, 27), and the child of whom we are speaking is defiled with the guilt of some small faults, where are these faults to be expiated? Where are they to be washed away or atoned for? Not in *hell*, not in *heaven*, not on *the earth*, for the child is dead,—where then? Can you for a moment doubt, that an infinitely good and just God, will consign the soul to that *prison* of which our blessed Lord speaks in Matthew v, 25, where by some temporal punishment it may be washed from its faults and stains, and then be admitted to the fruition of its God? Is not this to render to every man according to his works? The wicked man, we all believe, will be cast into exterior darkness, where there is but weeping and gnashing of teeth, into *unquenchable fire*, (Matt. iii, 12), into *everlasting punishment*, (Matt. xxv, 46;

Mark ix, 43, 48; 2 Thes. i, 7, 8, 9; Jude 6, 7, and Revelations,—*passim*). This is a *necessary* act of retributive justice, which enters into the very essence and nature of the Deity. Consign them *both* to the endless flames of hell, and you make of our God a monster of cruelty, delighting to punish, not according to the works of every man, not according to the demerits of the case, but inhumanly, unreasonably, and in direct opposition to every assurance of the sacred Scripture, which in many places, as we have seen, tells us the reverse. *Admit either* of them *immediately* into heaven, and you falsify the same sacred volume, as we read, among other places, in Rev. xxi, 27. Now, let me again ask you candidly and sincerely, can you longer doubt of the necessary existence of a third place after death? That the expression "purgatory" is not found in the sacred volume, I admit; but is the expression "Sunday," or the still more essential term, embodying as it does the very existence and truth of Christianity, "Trinity," or even the term "Christianity" read in the Bible? But this objection is too purile to deserve further comment. It is a maxim of law and divinity, that we are to admit, not only all that the word of God *evidently* contains, but also all that is *legitimately* deduced from it; and if I have not here legitimately deduced the existence of purgatory, elaborated and explained to such fatiguing length as are the texts, then reason is of little avail, Scripture almost useless.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ON THE PROPOSAL TO ERECT A MONUMENT TO BISHOP ENGLAND

Spare many words: suffice it that the eye
Catch some brief record as it glanceth by:
When kindred hearts have treasured up his fame,
Why on his tomb write aught besides his name?

CATHOLIC MELODIES.

NO. VI.

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins.—2 Macch. xii, 46.

PRAY for the dead!—a wholesome thought,
A pious practice, long
By sacred writers felt and taught,
In act and language strong.

Pray for the dead!—in ancient days,
By holy Jews were given,
With precious offerings, prayer and praise
In their behalf to heaven.

Pray for the dead!—from earth ascends
Each faithful prayer above,
Where with the saints' its incense blends,
And mercy wins from Love.

Pray for the dead!—a part is theirs
In that communion whole,
Whose living members by their prayers
Aid the departed soul.

Pray for the dead!—their labor 's o'er,
Pray for their calm repose;
For them time *was*, but is no more,
When life's dark portals close.

Pray for the dead!—a blessing flows
By God's own promise, where
The ray of charity still glows,
And warms the soul in prayer.

Pray for the dead!—these acts of love,
Like dews of Hermon fall,—
Like oil down Aaron's beard,—and prove
The bond of grace to all.

Pray for the dead!—to them denied
The power their pangs to tell,
Till perfect justice satisfied,
They rise with God to dwell.

Pray for the dead!—their weary race
O'er life's sad course is run;
Pray that the promises of grace
Be through their sufferings won.

Pray for the dead, whose venial sins
Are still to be forgiven !

The prayer of faith acceptance wins,
And speeds their flight to heaven.

Pray for the dead !—the heart bereaved
Of what it most has loved,
To heal the wound from which it grieved,
A balm in this has proved.

Pray for the dead !—the hour will come,
When prayers for thee may win
Admission to that glorious home,
Where all are free from sin.

Pray for the dead !—that purified
So as by fire they rise,
Like gold within the furnace tried,
And mount beyond the skies.

St. Louis, Mo.

MOÏNA.

STATE OF CATHOLICISM IN EUROPE.*

IT is with a true pleasure, illustrious academicians, that I am this year charged with opening the course of your wise dissertations. I am happy too in felicitating you on the literary labors you have undertaken for the defence of our holy Catholic religion. You have known how to unite the force of reasoning with the riches of learning, for the purpose of combating and destroying the lying and hateful accusations, which heresy and schism have multiplied against the sovereign pontiffs, in representing as the tyrants and oppressors of nations those who have been the benefactors of humanity, the true authors of so many excellent Christian and civil institutions, of which strangers have daringly endeavored to attribute the honor to themselves as if it had been their proper work. Would that I were able, at the same time, to inspire your courage with a new ardor in this glorious and useful enterprise.

We cannot dissemble. In different parts

of Europe the Catholic religion is attacked either by open violence or by perfidious secrecy and dark machinations ; but from the midst of this lowering and frightful horizon there break forth some luminous rays, the consolatory forerunners of a better and happier future.

I shall endeavor, then, to point out to you the end which your labors should have, to retrace before you the principal vicissitudes of the Catholic Church in this age—to paint for you, together with the actual situation of this same Church that of the dissenting sects, and to propose to you the conjectures which we may form as to the future, conjectures which have been suggested to me by the long residence I have had in different countries in Europe, and the numerous interviews which I have had with men, with savans, with ministers even attached to divers errors opposed to the Catholic faith, and, in fine, by the experience gathered in a time so fruitful as our own in great events :—these have followed each other so rapidly, that in a few years we could flatter ourselves that we had lived more than a century.

You will give to these considerations that

* Discourse pronounced at Rome at the opening of the Academy of the Catholic Religion in the year 1843, by the Cardinal Pacca, Dean of the Sacred College, Bishop and Legate of Veſſetri, &c., principally translated from the *Ami de la Religion*.

degree of importance only which you shall think fit; for my part I shall apply to myself those words of the Prophet Joel,—“*Seniores vestri somnia somniabunt.*” (ii, 28.)

When I arrived in Germany, in 1786, it might be said that the churches and the clergy of that country were at the summit of human greatness. Two archiepiscopal sees were occupied by a brother of the emperor then reigning, and by the son of a king of Poland, elector of Saxony. At the head of the other archiepiscopal and episcopal churches were placed prelates allied to the most ancient and illustrious families. Vast portions of the soil of Germany, the most fruitful and the fairest, belonged to the clergy, with a right of temporal lordship which stretched over many millions of subjects. Great in the empire were the authority and the influence of the clergy. In the electoral college, over eight electoral members, three were ecclesiastics—the archbishops of Mayence, of Treves, and of Cologne; the college of princes was presided over by the archbishop of Salzburch, and all the bishops, as well as a great number of abbés brought their votes into the diet. All this opulence, and splendor, and power, disappeared before the unjust domination and the rapacious sacrilege of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and the clergy of Germany are now reduced to that state of dependence and of mediocrity, in which nearly all the remainder of the Catholic clergy are placed.

But shall we in this recognize an evil to the Church? I dare not say so. I consider that the bishops deprived of temporal domain, which might be very useful for the sustainment of the ecclesiastical spiritual authority when it was applied to that object, and despoiled of a portion of their riches and power, will be more docile to the voice of the sovereign pontiff; and that we shall see none of them treading in the footsteps of the proud and the ambitious patriarchs of Constantinople, nor pretending to an almost schismatical independence. Now also the Catholic population of all these extensive dioceses will be able to contemplate in the pastoral visitations the face of their own bishops, and the sheep shall at least

occasionally hear the voice of their own pastor. In the nomination of canons and dignitaries, and of chapters of cathedrals, they will have more regard, perhaps, to merit than to illustrious birth; it will no longer be necessary to brush the dust from the archives to establish, among other qualities of candidates, sixteen quarterings of nobility; and ecclesiastical titles being no longer what they have been, surrounded with wealth, no more shall be witnessed what has been more than once beheld—the moment a high dignity or a rich benefice was vacant, nobles who up to that moment had no other post but one in the army, laying aside their uniforms and their military decorations, and all of a sudden investing themselves with the dignity of canons, and ornamenting with rich and brilliant mitres, heads which but a few years before had borne helmets. The grave ideas of the sanctuary did not always prevail over those of soldiery. We may then have henceforward not so rich, it is true, but better instructed and more edifying pastors.

With respect to the different sects which are found in Germany, the obstacles that opposed themselves to the return of their members to Catholicity are equally diminished. There are states and governments which as yet name themselves Protestant, but in which Protestantism no more exists. What the apologists of the Catholic religion predicted in the sixteenth century has been fully accomplished:—the principle of private judgment triumphant, and each Protestant claiming for himself the right of explaining the sense of Scripture, by little and little all the dogmas which at first preserved the pretended reform have disappeared, and it but remains for its adherents to fall into pure deism.

At the commencement of my residence at Cologne, it happened one day that I was entertained by a Protestant diplomatist—a well-instructed man and distinguished writer; the conversation fell on the scientific journals which were then published in Germany. This diplomatist informed me that for some years there appeared in Berlin a collection entitled “*Bibliothèque Allemande Universelle*” (Universal German Libra-

ry), and that its writers proposed various reforms in matters of religion which was understood to be Protestantism. I desired to have the early volumes of this journal, and to apply myself to reading them. Behold, then, in a few words what were these theological reforms. The inspiration of the sacred books, the divine Scriptures, was rejected; they did not say a word of mysteries, very reasonably, because they did not admit them at all; there was no question whatever of a ministry and ecclesiastical hierarchy—in a word, in their pretended outline of evangelical religion, there was no trace at all of the Gospel. At that time a portion of the Protestant ministers—that is, the teaching portion of the sects had already fallen into similar errors; and many ministers carried their incredulity so far as to openly ridicule the most holy things.

After the death of Frederick II, many Protestant ministers had no shame, in administering baptism to children, to substitute for the adorable name of the august Trinity the name of that unbelieving monarch who had just died. Since then, secret societies and political revolutions have struck the last blow at religious ideas, so that, as I have already said, Protestantism exists no longer but in name. But this frightful abyss into which the heterodox sects have fallen, offers in my opinion to very many Protestants, a felicitous facility to return into the bosom of the Catholic Church. The heart of man cannot divest itself of religion, and when his intellect casts off the yoke of those errors which in his youth he had contracted, and when he rids himself of the principles of a false education with which he was imbued, it becomes easy for him to discover the light of truth. The number of conversions daily taking place from heresy to Catholicity, strongly bears out my opinion.

But if we behold in Germany rays of light and hope for the Catholic Church breaking even from the bosom of dark errors, France, in the vista, offers to our view an horizon still more consoling. From the first ages, the churches of Gaul distinguished themselves by a singular attachment and a filial devotion to the chair of

St. Peter; from that time also they fought with an ardent zeal against every rising heresy. During a long succession of centuries we have seen this strict union perpetuated with the mother Church of Rome; and these churches, these children devoted in their fidelity, acquired a glorious renown.

In the sad and unhappy days of the sixteenth century, when the sects of Luther, of Zuinglius, and of Calvin were let loose by the dark genius of error to inundate Europe, the Sorbonne, at the head of all the other universities, raised itself up to defend the pure and ancient doctrines of the Church, with all the vivacity and ardor which characterize the French nation.

The generous efforts of the Church of France, during the following century, in combating and overcoming the hydra of Jansenism are known throughout the world; but during that century also, in the year 1682, the glory and splendor of that ancient church was partly eclipsed. The obscurity was not, however, of long duration; the mists which hung around it, were soon dissipated; a terrible revolution burst forth in that kingdom, bearing with it the most frightful consequences, among others that which is never wanting, the persecution of the Church. Then the illustrious clergy of France understood what those of other countries are not always aware of, that the episcopal body and the clergy of a nation in union with the chair of St. Peter and firmly attached to it, form an impenetrable phalanx against all the attacks of the false policy of governments and philosophical impiety leagued against them; they resumed their ancient courage, and their filial devotion for the holy see, and since that epoch, the church of France has by her works, her writings and her zeal for the propagation of the faith, shewn anew, that she is the most affectionate and submissive child of the Roman Church. It is true that that kingdom contains within her bosom numerous enemies of religion, that her churches do not assuredly enjoy perfect tranquillity: how could it be otherwise? When the ocean has been violently agitated, the motion of the waves does not cease immediately with the tempest, it is

only slowly and by degrees that the waters resume their former tranquillity. Religion and the Church find themselves still attacked on all sides by a crowd of enemies. Whilst the partizans of the irreligious doctrines of Voltaire and the other philosophers of the eighteenth century, endeavor unceasingly to seduce all classes of society, by selling at a low price and with the utmost effrontery, books infected with deism, the Protestants arm themselves with renewed audacity, and their Bible societies are spreading with profusion copies of the Sacred Scriptures, that have been altered and falsified. To add still more to the disorder and confusion, new enemies have appeared in the field,—framers of new religions, with their extravagant and sacrilegious systems, the Saint-Simonians, the Socialists, and the unfortunate Chatel, the proclaimer of a new French Church. These attacks and these efforts of hell are aided by the impious and licentious romances of immoral writers, and even by dramatic poets, who with effrontery represent in their plays atrocious crimes which render the heart of man callous, who hold up to view the most shameful vices, and impudently bring upon the stage the most sacred mysteries and august ceremonies of the Church. Besides this multitude of desperate enemies, the clergy find another in the university, an institution which ought to be, on the contrary, its most faithful ally.

However, what would perhaps make the clergy of any other nation tremble, does not alarm the clergy of France. They do not endeavor to withdraw from the contest, they oppose to their adversaries, on all sides, a determined and heroic resistance. Hence, notwithstanding the violent attacks made against religion, the Church in France gains ground continually, and the people evince a happy tendency to resume the faith of their fathers. We do not then without reason cherish the hope that that illustrious body of clergy will not only persevere in an enterprise so gloriously commenced, but that their zeal in defence of religion will go on increasing. To me it seems, that the Lord, being at length appeased, now destines France to be

the instrument of his divine mercies. He wishes that she should herself repair the numerous evils which she has produced in the world, during the past century and at the commencement of the present, by so many impious books, and by that philosophical propagandism, the emissaries of which went forth to spread amongst the people the principles of rebellion, not only against governments, but also against the Church; and, in truth, France first conceived and executed the grand and glorious association for the propagation of the faith, destined to second the admirable institution of the propaganda at Rome. France has re-established the triumphant standard of the cross on the shores of Africa, and formed a new African church. France, in a word, under the auspices and direction of the holy see, labors to dissipate the darkness of idolatry among the poor savages of Oceanica, and sustains the religion of Jesus Christ in Cochinchina and Tong-King. With a zeal truly admirable and apostolic, her missionaries endure incalculable sufferings, and in defence of the Gospel spill their blood, to obtain the crown of martyrdom.

But all good Catholics must be pained at the contemplation of what is transpiring at the two extremities of Europe.

To exhibit the state of the Catholic religion in the north, particularly in Russia and unhappy Poland, no other expressions can serve than those which the sovereign pontiffs have employed in speaking of the episcopal sees in heathen countries—“*status plorandus, non describens*,” a state which can be described only in the language of tears. One thing I know, and it is attested by the Holy Scripture and the history of mankind, that when the resources of the Church are exhausted, the Lord rises in his might, to vindicate his cause; and then is heard in the distance the rumbling of the storm that will soon break forth in terrible chastisements, which are the just inflictions of the Almighty upon entire nations, and from which not even royalty itself is excepted. Instances of this have been often and plainly visible in our own days.

At the other extremity of Europe we behold Spain and Portugal. Those two king-

doms, for many ages distinguished and renowned for their piety, for their sincere attachment and filial obedience to the holy see, were, about the middle of the last century, unfortunate enough to pass under the dominion of rulers, who although commendable by their personal qualifications, were too much inclined to favor the advocates of liberalism. They yielded the government into the hands of ambitious and irreligious officers; an event of most fatal import; for this itself is one of the most dreadful punishments that God in his wrath metes out to guilty nations, when their crimes, according to the expression of a poet, have swelled beyond the bounds of his mercy.

The count of Aranda in Spain, and Sebastian Carvaglio, better known as the marquis of Pombal, in Portugal, the former instigated by the philosophers of France, the latter an agent of the Jansenistic party, but both imbued with a deep hatred for Rome and the apostolic see, left nothing undone to corrupt the public mind, by removing and debarring from the professorial chairs all those who were the advocates of sound principles, and substituting others infected with the errors of Dupin, Febronius, Pereyra and authors of the same class. An effort was made by these men to shut out from their respective kingdoms, all books that breathed a truly Catholic spirit, while avenues were opened on every side for the introduction of such works as assailed the rights and authority of the sovereign pontiff, or defended the doctrines of a philosophical impiety. When these two ministers had retired from office, the same pernicious and criminal system continued to be pursued, and we now witness the lamentable effects of that hostility which it excited against the holy see. The scenes enacted in these countries at the present day, are but the sad consequences of the schismatical attempts to which we have alluded.

I was once departing from Lisbon, my mind a prey to many gloomy thoughts and painful anticipations; and as the vessel withdrew from the shore, I cast my eyes for the last time upon the city, and wept over it. But the condition of Spain afflicted me still

more. Having climbed to the lofty summit of mount Calpe, now Gibraltar, which unfolds to the eye of the spectator a considerable portion of the African coast, I compared the deplorable state of those countries which are still groaning under an infidel and piratical power, with the condition of the people that inhabited these regions in primitive times, when they were illustrated by the Tertullians, the Cyprians, and the Augustins, and by the celebrated council that watched over the purity of the Christian faith. At that moment, I know not how, but a saddening thought stole upon my mind. It seemed to me that the inconstancy of human things would possibly work a fearful change in the country where I then was, and that like myself who was then deploring the fate of the unhappy Africans buried in the darkness of Mahometanism, some European traveller at a future day, when Christianity again flourishes on the southern part of this vast continent, would perhaps contemplate the coast of Spain and of Portugal from the opposite summit of mount Abila, and would compassionate, with emotions similar to those of my own bosom, the infidelity and apostacy of these two kingdoms, once so firmly attached to the Catholic faith. I was far from indulging this fancy as a serious thought, for I was unwilling to believe, as it is stated in the published narrative of my journey from Lisbon to Italy, that it could haunt my mind as a fatal presentiment of coming events.

But alas! the deplorable state to which religion was subsequently reduced in Portugal and Spain, soon recalled those painful reflections, and I began to fear lest the fatal day had arrived for the departure of the true faith from those countries, which were formerly so distinguished for their staunch Catholicity. I have seen the gallant people of France elevate in triumph the standard of the cross on the coast of Africa, rebuild its fallen altars, convert its profane mosques into Christian temples, and erect new churches to the honor of the Almighty; while on the opposite coast of Spain, the sacred altars of religion were pillaged, and houses consecrated to the divine worship were overthrown or destroyed by the flames.

I have also beheld in the country of the Moor, a holy and venerated prelate surrounded by a zealous band of clergymen, and not only welcomed at his approach by the joyful acclamations of Catholic hearts, but respected and revered by the Arab and Bedouin infidels themselves; while on the opposite shores of unhappy Spain the faithful pastors of the Church were summoned before lay tribunals, and, after the iniquitous proceedings of a mock trial, condemned to drag out their days in prison, or banished from their sees, or in despite the forms of law inhumanly assassinated in the temple of God and at the very foot of his altars, in hatred of the Catholic religion. In a word, on the Algerine coast I have seen the daughters of Vincent de Paul, the venerated sisters of charity, welcomed as angels from heaven, and I have seen them with no other arms than their meekness, their goodness, their tender solicitude for the sick, (those arms which are so influential and victorious,) awaken the enthusiastic admiration of infidels, prepare the way for their conversion, and dispose them at length to embrace a religion which inspires and realizes such exalted virtue; while in Spain, on the contrary, holy virgins consecrated to the service of God, were relentlessly driven from their asylums of peace, and every expedient was resorted to for depriving them of the necessary means of subsistence.

Would not all this seem to announce, as I have before observed, that a fearful crisis had arrived, and that the terrible moment was now come, when the Lord will transfer the flambeau of faith to some other clime, and accomplish the dreadful menace of our Saviour to the Jews: "The kingdom of heaven shall be taken away from you, and be given to a people who will bring forth the fruits thereof?" (Matt. xxi, 43.)

But we may well rejoice that these apprehensions, which we have had so much reason to entertain, are now counteracted by a consoling prospect of better things to come. Vast numbers of that chivalrous people and a great portion of the clergy have preserved a deep and abiding attachment to the faith of their ancestors, and a filial devotion to the holy see; like the Is-

raelites of old, who, although far distant from their country and exiles on the banks of the rivers of Babylon, kept their thoughts and their hearts unforgingly fixed on their beloved Jerusalem. Spain, moreover, numbers too many intercessors near the seat of divine mercy to permit the frustration of our hopes. Methinks I behold at the foot of the Almighty's throne, the tutelary angel of that kingdom surrounded by all the saints that the Spanish Church has ever engendered unto eternal life, among others, those illustrious founders and reformers of religious orders, who, after having illustrated and enriched the Church during their mortal career by their labors and the splendor of their virtues, still continue the great work through the indefatigable zeal of their holy and numerous posterity,—a Dominic, an Ignatius, a Joseph Calasancius, a John of God, a Peter of Alcantara, a Theresa. I feel within me that the fervent prayers of so many intercessors cannot fail to appease the divine indignation, and that the Lord will at length cast an eye of mercy upon Spain and Portugal. But, until the day of his clemency dawn upon these nations, our part must be to bow with resignation to the orders of his all-wise Providence.

If it has been more or less painful to view the situation of Catholicity in the two kingdoms that I have just mentioned, we shall consider with very different sentiments the state of the Church in another country, where it was groaning for centuries under the pressure of a most cruel and tyrannical persecution. There, the ill-fated Catholic was denied even the consolation of practising his religion; and not only was this religion not tolerated; it was proscribed under the severest and most inhuman penalties. But how wonderful the revolution that has taken place! In that same country, now-a-days, new churches and magnificent cathedrals are rising in honor of the living God; conventual establishments for religious of both sexes are erected, and a kind and generous hospitality is extended to the clergy of foreign countries, who have been compelled to seek on its shores an asylum from the persecution of their native land. You are aware that I allude to Eng-

land. Most consoling, indeed, are the facts which I have enumerated; we should not, however, imagine that the Anglican sect is on the verge of extinction. It is true that it daily loses ground, since it is abandoned by innumerable persons, who have already fallen into a state of complete incredulity, and by many others who, enlightened by divine grace, return to the bosom of their mother, the Catholic Church, which has never ceased to love them with sincere tenderness. However, notwithstanding the apparent ruinous and tottering state of the Anglican Church, it is sustained by two firm props, the power of the aristocracy and the opulence of the clergy.

As long as the nobility of England shall have the power to distribute among their brothers, their children and their nephews, the vast revenues of the episcopal demesnes and the opulent benefices, which annually amount to six millions of pounds sterling, a sum equal to thirty-two millions eight hundred thousand Roman crowns, or (thirty millions of dollars); in vain shall we flatter ourselves with the hope of seeing that sect disappear. But should the Lord continue to bless the zeal and labors of our clergy in England, ere long we shall behold the Protestant clergy abandoned by the bulk of their flock. But a short time since a Protestant curate, in one of the parishes of Ireland, had no other hearers than his wife, his children and his maid-servant. What the Anglicans call defection, but we conversion, must force the government to serious reflection. At a former period we might have feared that it would serve only to excite the flame of persecution; but, in the actual state of Europe, we can not but look for results favorable to the cause of Catholicity.

England then presents us with some consolation, in the midst of the sorrows which encompass the Church; but our consolation and joy increase when we reflect on the state of religion in Belgium. During the course of my life I have witnessed four different dynasties arise, and hold in turn the reins of government in that industrious and interesting country. The three first, rivals and often even opposed in political and commercial interests, resembled each other

and agreed perfectly in one thing only, in their efforts to oppose and torment that excellent people, so sincerely Catholic, by their religious innovations. The three first dynasties having been expelled, either by the force of foreign arms or by the insurrection and efforts of the people, Providence has at length granted peace to that Catholic nation; it has executed its design by a wonderful stroke of omnipotence, by one of those means which the narrow views of human wisdom would judge adverse to the end intended, a means excellently expressed by an ingenious proverb of the Portuguese language: *Deus escreve direito sobre os regos tortos*: God directly attains his ends by indirect means. In fact, the Almighty to procure peace for the Catholics, called in a fourth dynasty. He raised to the throne a new prince, a foreigner, born and raised up in Protestantism, and attached to the sect of Luther. Who would not have thought that the enemies of religion would find in him a firm support? Well, that prince worthy of being proposed as a model even to those who have had the happiness of being born in the bosom of the true Church, has understood perfectly the truth and justice of those celebrated words of Osius, bishop of Cordova, to the emperor Constantine: *Tibi Deus imperium commisit, nobis quæ sunt ecclesiæ credidit*: To you, emperor, God has confided the empire, but to us he has intrusted the interests of the Church.

When the present king of the Belgians ascended the throne, the discourse which he addressed to the clergy expressed the same thought, and he has faithfully kept his promise; for, to give his people a guarantee and a full assurance of the attachment of the new dynasty for the Catholic faith, he desired to have his children baptised and educated in our holy and august religion.

But can I forget our own beloved Italy, which ought without doubt hold the first place in my thoughts? This rich and lovely country, one of the most privileged, one of the most favored with the gifts of nature, has been blessed with a mild and healthy climate, it enjoys almost continually, a serene and cloudless sky, its fertile soil generously

rewards the labor of the husbandman with a plentiful harvest; its people are intelligent and capable of the most glorious deeds, as the celebrated Romans of antiquity and in modern times the sovereign pontiffs, for the most part Italians, have abundantly proved. The Popes have performed actions worthy of lasting fame, not only in the government of the Church, but also with regard to the temporal interests of civil society, and even of the entire world, by their beneficent influence and wise authority. In proof of this, illustrious academicians, we need only refer to the learned discourses which have been delivered before this society in preceding years. But what are all these blessings, if compared with another of much higher value, that of having received from the east into the bosom of Italy, into our own immortal Rome, the chair of truth, the supreme tribunal of the Church, in a word, the see of Peter and his successors? It is the Church of Rome, that excellent and tender mother, that has ever nourished, and still continues to nourish all the churches of Italy, with the rich manna of heavenly doctrine; it is she that has ever combated, and still daily combats to chase far from its bosom the infernal venom of heresy and schism. From the earliest periods, when Arianism was protected and upheld, at first by the emperors of Constantinople, and then by the Gothic kings, the Roman Church has always succeeded in preventing the establishment of heretical sects in this country; and in the sixteenth century particularly, when, from the bottomless pit innumerable heresies arose inundating the north of Europe, and endeavoring to penetrate into Italy, to infect the popular faith, it was Rome that averted from our borders the terrible scourge of religious war, which for thirty years covered the soil of Germany with blood, and for nearly forty years desolation over France, and then carried its ravages into England, Bohemia and Hungary. It was, however, the misfortune of Italy, in the seventeenth century, to witness the introduction within her limits, of a hypocritical sect that originated in Flanders, and which, the more effectually to conceal its progress and dark

designs, disavowed its own existence. Although proscribed and denounced by the anathemas of the holy see, it found an easy access and a welcome reception into several cloisters, whose destruction it was perfidiously meditating, and into universities, some of whose members, unnatural children of Italy, unworthy of bearing the name, and ungrateful to heaven for its numerous favors, espoused the errors of the party and undertook their defence. From these two sources of education, was rapidly propagated among political men and the civil and judicial officers of the country, that spirit of opposition, jealousy and aversion against the holy see, which, even under the reign of princes whose public and private life is governed by the Christian maxims, and whose intentions are upright, reduces the Church to the deplorable servitude of Agar, that Church which in religious matters ought to be free and independent.

One of the most illustrious prelates of the seventeenth century, the immortal Bossuet, in a discourse before Louis XIV, one of the most powerful monarchs of modern times, made use of the following language: "Oh! sacred authority of the Church, the necessary curb of licentiousness and the only stay of discipline, what art thou now become? This authority, Sire, abandoned on the one side and usurped on the other, is either completely abolished or wielded by unlawful hands. But to represent to you all these wounds that have been inflicted upon the Church, would exceed the bounds of my discourse. Your majesty will see them in the course of time."*

Thus spoke Bossuet, and a long time has rolled away since he uttered these words; but the wounds that have afflicted our beloved country, together with many others, have not yet been healed. They are still bleeding, and they bleed profusely. Let us hope, however, with the great Bossuet, that the course of events may enlighten the minds of those princes who are well disposed, and may disabuse them of their erroneous impressions. Who knows but that

* Third Sermon on Palm Sunday, 2d part.

heaven has reserved ~~this~~ day of happiness and consolation for the glorious pontiff who now governs the Church of God, in order to reward that sacerdotal firmness and apostolic courage with which he has proclaimed, from the heights of the Vatican and in presence of the mightiest powers of Europe, the impressive voice of Peter; that voice which is ~~divided~~ by the enemies of religion, however they may pretend not to fear it; that voice which still at the present day is heard throughout the world, and which, if it do not immediately arrest existing evils,

will always bring strength and comfort to the virtuous heart, while to those who are wandering in error, it will open a path which must lead them infallibly into the bosom of their compassionate mother.

Be not astonished, my beloved colleagues, and you, my illustrious hearers, if I have spoken freely and frankly. You may well imagine, how an old man, bending under the weight of eighty-seven years, and already sinking into the tomb where he must soon repose, has turned a deaf ear to the timid suggestions of human wisdom.

Translated for the U. S. Catholic Magazine.

HISTORY OF THE PAPACY.

Continued from page 617.

THE pontificate, of St. Miltiades or Melchiades, an African and a priest of the church of Rome, followed that of St. Eusebius, and was one of consolation to his flock. He was elevated to the papacy at the prayer of Constantine, on the 2d of July, 311, after a vacancy of the cause of which we are ignorant. This pope, who occupied the holy see until the month of January, 314, that is, during two years and a half, assembled nineteen bishops at Rome to pronounce upon the nomination of Cecilian to the bishopric of Carthage. Donatus who opposed its validity was condemned by the council, and Melchiades vainly endeavored to reconcile him. St. Augustine, speaking of the gentleness which he evinced on this occasion, observes: "O true child of peace! O real father of the Christian people!" Melchiades decreed, that in token of union, a part of the oblations which had been blessed in the sacrifice should be carried to the houses of the faithful. He also ordained that no Christian should fast on Sunday or Thursday, that there might be no conformity with the pagans who considered these days sacred. The reign of Melchiades is marked by the conversion of Constantine, and his victory over Maxentius. The for-

mer, marching in 312 to meet this tyrant, who had declared war against him, saw in the heavens a luminous cross which appeared above the sun with this inscription: *In this sign thou shalt conquer.* Jesus Christ appeared to him the following night, and commanded him to make an image of the cross and carry it with him in his battles. Constantine, on awaking, hastened to prepare a standard adorned with the sign of salvation, and some days after, having given battle near the walls of Rome, he defeated the troops of Maxentius who were obliged to fly, and while endeavoring to pass over a bridge which had been broken, fell into the Tiber and were drowned. This double event freed the Church from the yoke of pagan persecution. Three entire centuries, and especially the ten years of the last persecution, had sufficed to show that the Christian religion was the work of God, and, resting on him alone, that all the efforts of men were of no avail against it. After having crowned the martyrs, God, in the course of his providence, was pleased to bring emperors into the household of the faith, thus manifesting his will that all mankind should be saved, and accomplishing the promise which he had made by the

mouth of Isaiah: "I will stretch out my hand towards the nations, and I will raise up my standard before all the people. Kings shall be your nursing-fathers, and queens shall be your nursing-mothers. They shall adore you with their face towards the earth." (xlix, 22, 23).

When the Church however was protected by the empire, although no longer to be assailed by enemies from without, it was to be tried by domestic foes not less notorious than the tyrants of paganism. Heresy was destined to succeed persecution, schisms were to convulse the Church, to scatter the pastors, and produce disorders which councils could not suppress and which princes would foment, thinking to serve the truth, when they were its cruel oppressors. But here opens a prospect which extends beyond the fourth century. At the period of which we are now speaking, religion was released from its fetters by the piety of Constantine, and after some disturbances under Constantius and Valens, it was diffused and fortified still more by the zeal of Theodosius.

Constantine was the cotemporary of three other popes after Melchiades, the first of whom was St. Sylvester I, a priest of the church of Rome, his birth-place, who ascended the pontifical chair, in January, 314. This pontiff occupied the holy see nearly twenty-two years, and died on the 31st of December, 335. At the commencement of his reign, he sent two legates to the council of Arles, convoked for the purpose of putting an end to the schism of the Donatists. The fathers of this assembly, by a synodal letter in which they expressed their regret that he had not been able himself to preside over them, addressed to him the canons which they then established.

The peace which the Church had obtained through Constantine, was soon troubled by Arius who began to promulgate his doctrines about the year 319. Arius was a native of Lybia; he was ordained priest at an advanced age and charged with the government of the churches of Alexandria. He had all the talents for persuasion, uniting to science and eloquence a modest and mortified demeanor, which gave greater

weight to his words. His heresy consisted in the belief, that the Son of God was a mere creature, capable of virtue and vice according to his own free-will, and that he was not God truly, but by participation, as all others are to whom the name of God is attributed. He admitted that the Son of God existed before all ages, but at the same time he taught that he was not co-eternal with God, and that he had commenced to exist. To destroy at a single stroke this dangerous heresy, the universal Church assembled for the first time in a body, at Nice, in the year 325. Sylvester, prevented from attending by his great age, sent thither in his place two priests who with Osius, bishop of Cordova, presided at the assembly. The triumph of truth in this first œcumenical council, and the concurrence of Constantine, did not prevent the gradual propagation of this heresy in every part of the known world. Its dominion was one of violence wherever it was established, and Arianism, under the princes who favored it, produced very many martyrs of the true faith, but a greater number of apostates. The virtues of Sylvester, and the zeal which he manifested for the purity of the Christian doctrine, caused him to be canonized by public consent. Symmachus, one of his successors in the sixth century, dedicated a Church in his honor, where the body of the saint was afterwards deposited, and placed under the high altar. Historians relate that Pope Sylvester was exiled to mount Soracte during the reign of Constantine, and that on his return he baptized this prince, and at the same time healed him of the leprosy. This circumstance, contested by grave critics, is not sufficiently established.

Saint Mark, a Roman, was placed in the holy see, on Sunday the 28th of January, 336, but held it only eight months and twenty-one days, his death having occurred on the seventh of October following. He was interred in the cemetery which was subsequently called by his name, though at that time it bore the name of St. Balbinus, and originally that of Pretextatus, a short distance from the cemetery of Calixtus, near the Appian way.

On Sunday, the 6th of February, 337, the chair of St. Peter after a vacancy of four months, was occupied by St. Julius I, a citizen of Rome and a deacon of that church. The removal of the seat of empire to Byzantium and the death of Constantine signalized the commencement of his pontificate. But it is not less celebrated in ecclesiastical history, on account of the generosity with which Julius espoused the cause of St. Athanasius, or rather that of the Church, against the Arians. This illustrious bishop, to escape the fury of his enemies, took refuge near the Pope, who, already convinced of his innocence and of the injustice of those by whom he had been condemned, received him with every mark of the most tender affection. There is still extant, on this subject, either from him or from his council assembled in 342, a letter to the Eusebians which is one of the most beautiful monuments of antiquity, and which vindicates the truth with a vigor worthy the chief bishop of Christendom. Julius, using his right of supremacy, re-established, not only Athanasius, but all the bishops attached to his cause, in the churches of which the Eusebians had deprived them. Another letter of Julius, which scarcely yields to the preceding, is that which he wrote, after the departure of St. Athanasius, to the church of Alexandria, to congratulate it upon the return of its pastor. Not being able to assist in person at the council of Sardica, in the year 347, the sovereign pontiff was represented by two priests and a deacon. This Pope ordered that all ecclesiastical acts should be recorded by the chief notary. He died on the 12th of April, 352, after a wise and holy administration of the Church during fifteen years, two months, and six days.

The facts mentioned in the preceding pages confirm the proposition which we at first advanced, in reference to the necessity and benefits of the papacy. The period which we have traversed, offers a glorious series of thirty-six SAINTS, most of them martyrs, all illustrious by their struggles against the persecutions of paganism on the one side, and on the other against heresy or schism. Can we believe, that if the Church

had not, from its birth, possessed a chief pastor, to direct the labors of its apostles, to provide for its wants, to decide in cases of internal dissension, it could have been sustained and propagated, even so far as to subdue the throne of the Cesars, and to plant its cross upon their diadem? The papacy, it must be acknowledged, because the fact is clearly attested by the course of events, has been for the religion of Jesus Christ a means of preservation, without which it would not have subsisted; but, if instead of *one* Pope, there had been *two*, it would have languished and succumbed before the end of the first century. So far, however, we have followed it to the middle of the fourth.

The facts which we have stated suggest to us another consideration.

We have seen, that the Popes received lands from the pious liberality of the faithful, and that these lands finally constituted the domain or the patrimony, or the *right* of St. Peter. According to some historians Constantine, from a spirit of gratitude, bestowed upon the Roman Church a most magnificent donation, giving to St. Sylvester the city of Rome, which he quitted to establish himself in Constantinople. Had this donation never been formally made by the emperor, the natural tendency of things itself would have easily transferred the capital of the Christian world into the hands of the Popes. "In Rome, while yet pagan," says M. de Maistre,* "the Roman pontiff, already embarrassed the Cesars. He was only their subject; they had all power against him, while he had none against them; yet still they could not be at rest while he was there. Upon his brow was seen the character 'of so elevated a priesthood, that the emperor, who bore among his other titles that of sovereign pontiff, viewed his presence in Rome with greater uneasiness, than he would have suffered in his armies a Cesar who disputed with him the empire.† A secret hand drove those temporal princes from the eternal city, to give it to the head of the eternal Church. Perhaps in the mind

* Du Pape, t. i, p. 243.

† Bossuet, lettre pastorale, sur la communion pascale, n. iv, ex Cyp. epist. li, ad Ant.

of Constantine sentiments of faith and respect were mingled with the restraint that determined him to change the imperial seat; but there is reason to believe that the latter consideration induced him to remove the seat of the empire, much more than all

the political motives which have been ascribed to him: 'thus was accomplished the decree of the Most High. The same boundaries could not enclose the emperor and the pontiff; Constantine ceded Rome to the Pope.'

TO BE CONTINUED.

PRASCOVIA, OR FILIAL PIETY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF COUNT XAVIER DE MAISTRE.

A TRUE STORY.

Continued from page 632.

PRASCOVIA had now decided upon her journey, but the time of her departure was not yet fixed. Lopouloff hoped to receive some assistance from his friends. Several of the prisoners had sufficient means to befriend him, and some of them had made him, on other occasions, offers which he was too prudent to accept. But now he thought he might claim their aid. He wished also to find a traveller, in whose society his daughter might, at least, begin her pilgrimage. But he was disappointed in his expectations. Yet Prascovia was impatient to depart. The whole fortune of the family consisted in one rouble of silver. After having in vain endeavored to increase their mite, they fixed the day of the cruel separation, according to the wishes of the noble girl, on the eighth of September, the day of nativity of the B. Virgin. When this determination was known in the village, all their friends came to see her, led rather by curiosity than by real interest. Instead of lending her assistance, or of cheering her mind, they generally disapproved of her father's having consented to her departure. Those who could have given her money, pleaded unfortunate circumstances, which, they said, "often prevent our rendering services to our best friends;" but not to be altogether niggardly, they were profuse in woful predictions. Two of the poorest and

most obscure prisoners, took up, however, the defence of Prascovia, and encouraged her parents. "Things more desperate," said they, "have succeeded beyond all hope. If she cannot speak herself to the emperor, she may find protectors who will undertake to recommend to him the object of her visit."

It may easily be imagined that Prascovia's parents, although they had consented to her journey, became more and more sad, as the day approached for her departure. She, however, looking only to the result which, she fancied, would be the restoration of her parents to a state of liberty and happiness, nerved herself for the moment when she would be compelled to bid them adieu, and recommended to the divine goodness herself and the plan which she had in view.

The time for parting at length arrived. Prascovia again attempted to comfort her parents by the prospect of her success, and then asked and received their benedictions; and having made a last effort of firmness, in disengaging herself from their arms, she quitted their poor dwelling forever. The two exiles accompanied her for a werst, while her parents, immovable at the door of their house, followed her with their eyes, to send her from afar a last farewell; but she did not look back, and soon was out of sight.

Lopouloff and his wife entered their habitation, now to them more gloomy than ever. Few visited them, because most of the gossips of Ischim blamed the father for having encouraged his daughter to venture on so imprudent an enterprise, and ridiculed his presumptuous hopes. They derided still more the two prisoners, who had the simplicity to repeat the promise which Prascovia had made them to interest herself in their favor, and congratulated them on their good fortune.

We must now leave this scene of distress, to follow our interesting traveller on her journey. When the two friends who had accompanied her for a short distance, left her, she met with a few country lasses, who were on their way to the next village, at about twenty-five wersts from Ischim. During their journey, they encountered a number of young peasants, some of whom were half drunk, and who alighted from their horses wishing to accompany the female travellers. The scene of this piece of clownish gallantry, was at the entrance of a thick forest. The terrified maidens, pretending to be fatigued, said they wished to refresh themselves: they sat down at the side of the road, opened their handkerchiefs which contained some provisions, and begged the intruders to continue on their way. But, like other "travelled gallants," they repeated their offer, and seemed resolute not to be denied. Prascovia, in order to rid herself of them, thoughtlessly made use of a little deceit. "We would gladly go with you," she said, "if we were not obliged to wait for our brothers who are coming to carry us in their wagons." Two wagons were indeed approaching, but they were yet at a considerable distance, and the lads had not seen them until Prascovia pointed in the direction in which they were seen, slowly advancing up the road. Her little stratagem was successful, for the men mounted their horses immediately and went off. "This was an untruth," said she, when speaking of her first adventure; "but it is too late now to recall it." She reached the village in safety, and was hospitably received by a peasant of her acquaintance.

On awaking the next morning, she felt the effects of the fatigues of the preceding day. They were indeed new to her, and on leaving the village where she had passed the night, and finding herself again on the road left to herself, she was for a moment terrified by the dangers that might await her. But the story of Hagar in the desert occurred soon to her mind, and revived her courage. She made the sign of the cross, and pursued her journey, recommending herself to her guardian angel. After having passed several houses, she discovered, by the eagle painted over a tavern, before which she had passed on the preceding evening, that instead of taking the road of St. Petersburg, she had gone in the opposite direction. She stopped to look around her, and turning towards the house of her hospitable friend, she saw him advancing towards her, and mildly reproaching her, he said: "My dear, if you travel in this way, you must not expect to go far, and you would indeed do better to return to your parents."

She made the same mistake several times, during her journey, and when she inquired for the road to St. Petersburg, although yet at an immense distance from that capital, the people, to her great confusion, laughed at her. Without the least geographical information about the country through which she was to travel, she imagined that Kiew, which is famous in the religious history of Russia, and of which her mother had often spoken to her, was on her way to St. Petersburg. She intended to pay her devotions in that city, and resolved to take the veil in one of its convents, if her enterprise should succeed. But observing that every body laughed at her inquiries after St. Petersburg, she begged to be directed to Kiew, and excited still more mirth.

Being once more than ever uncertain which of several roads that crossed each other before her, she should choose, she determined to await the arrival of a "Ki-bitk," which was approaching, and requested the travellers to direct her to Kiew. They thought she was jesting, and answered good-humoredly: "In whatever direction you go, you may reach Kiew, Paris,

and Rome." She took the middle road, which was fortunately the right one. In the narrative of her journey, she was unable to give any exact detail of the provinces through which she had travelled, or to name the villages through which she had passed, the names even which she remembered often proving her ignorance or inattention. When she arrived at a small village, she was generally received with kindness, at any house where she asked for hospitality; but obtained it with difficulty in larger places, and those which were remarkable for good dwellings; the refusal was sometimes rendered more painful, by the suspicion which was shown respecting her character.

In the vicinity of Kamouïcheff, and on her longest day's journey, she was overtaken by a violent storm, upon which she hastened, as much as her failing strength would permit, to reach some house that she hoped could not be far off; but a sudden blast of wind having thrown down a large tree before her, she ran in great terror into the thickest part of the forest, to seek for shelter in the underwood among the pines. The storm did not abate during the whole night, and the poor girl was but ill protected from the rain, which fell in torrents, and did not cease until day-break. She then continued her journey, as well as she could, chilled by the cold, and exhausted by inanition. Fortunately a peasant, who passed her on the skirts of the wood, took pity upon her, and offered to take her into his cart. Towards eight o'clock they arrived at a great village, where the driver left her in the middle of the street, being himself obliged to continue on his way. The good appearance of many of the houses made poor Prascovia fear an ill reception. Forced, however, by fatigue and hunger, to solicit relief, she advanced towards an elderly woman, who was standing at a low window, engaged in some business of the kitchen, and begged her to give her shelter. But the woman, looking at her contemptuously, roughly bade her go her way.

In alighting from the cart, Prascovia had fallen into the mud, of which her bespattered attire bore strong evidence. She was,

moreover, much disfigured and wasted by the sufferings of the preceding night, and the want of aliment. The unfortunate girl could nowhere find admittance. An old waspish woman, at whose door she stopped in the last degree of dismay, sent her off with vociferations against thieves and prostitutes. A few steps farther was a church. Prascovia thought that there, at least, she should find a refuge; but the door being shut, she seated herself on the steps. Mischievous boys, who had followed her through the street, and had been witnesses of the ill-treatment she had received, continued calling her thief and insulting her. She remained for two hours in this deplorable situation, almost dying of hunger and cold, yet continually beseeching God to permit her to survive this severe trial.

A woman approached, at last, with a show of compassion. Prascovia told her what she had suffered the preceding night; and while they conversed together, other persons joined them. The "Starost," or mayor of the village, examined the passport, and having testified to it, the charitable woman offered to take her to her house: but Prascovia was not able to rise; her limbs were stiffened; she had lost one of her shoes, and her naked foot was much swollen. A general compassion succeeded soon, to the uncharitable suspicions which had been manifested. She was put in a cart, and the same boys who had a little before insulted her, exerted all their strength to carry her to the house of the person who was the author of this happy change. She remained with this good woman several days, and was treated with uncommon kindness. A benevolent peasant made and presented her with a pair of half-boots. When sufficiently restored to health, she took leave of her benefactress, and continued her journey, remaining more or less time in the villages through which she passed, according as she might need repose, or meet with hospitality; this, however, she did not always accept, without endeavoring to make herself useful to her benefactors, by washing, or assisting in other domestic labors. She disclosed the purpose of her journey, only when she was already received into a

house; for she had remarked, that when she did it immediately on begging assistance, she was distrusted and misconceived. Most men, indeed, are less disposed to become interested in those who manifest an intention of moving their compassion, than when they are left to the natural impulses of their generosity. They are, perhaps, rather willing to show their compassion, than to grant marks of esteem. Prascovia asked ordinarily for bread, said how exhausted she was, and how much she needed a little rest; and when she was admitted into a house, she mentioned her name, and made her host acquainted with her history. The way in which she performed her journey, gave her many opportunities of looking deeply into the human heart.

Oftentimes those who had refused her a shelter, recalled her when they saw her depart with big tears in her eyes, and became kind to her. Beggars accustomed to be refused, are little distressed at it; but Prascovia, although reduced to a similar situation, was probably too new to the feelings which it creates, to go without anguish through these trials of resignation and fortitude.

The advantage which she derived from exhibiting her passport, in which the military rank of her father was mentioned, led her to show it whenever she was in need of more than immediate assistance. In her intercourse with the numerous persons to whom she addressed herself, she had, upon the whole, met with infinitely more instances of benevolence and humanity, than of unkind treatment. "My journey was not," said she often, "as painful as some imagine, while they hearken with more eager attention to the few sufferings I have endured, than to the innumerable proofs of hospitality and benevolence, with which I was favored."

Among her most serious adventures, the following is remarkable, as well for its singularity, as for the dangers which perhaps threatened her life.

She was one evening walking on the side of a row of houses, to beg for a night's lodging, and had just been very rudely refused at the door of one of the villagers, when she heard the steps of a person be-

hind her, and saw the same man calling her back. He had an ill-favored countenance. Prascovia hesitated at first to accept the invitations of the keen-looking old man, but followed him, fearing she might not obtain shelter elsewhere. She found in the hut, an old female, of still less prepossessing mien than the man, who, as he entered, bolted the door, and barred the window shutters. She was scarcely attended to by her hosts, who, besides, promised so little good by all that she could observe in their features and appearance, that she became alarmed, and regretted having accepted their hospitality. The room was lighted by a few chips of pine, thrust into a hole of the wall, whose place, when they were burnt, was supplied with more. By that dim light, she found the eyes of her hosts fixed upon herself, when first she durst look up. At last, the woman interrupted the silence, which had continued since Prascovia had been motioned to take a seat, by asking her from whence she came. "I come from Ischim," replied she, "and am going to St. Petersburg."—"Ho! ho! you must needs have a good deal of money, for such a long journey."—"I have but eighty kopecks in copper," stammered the trembling girl.—"Thou liest," returned the hag, "thou liest; no one goes on so long a journey, with so little money." The poor girl vainly protested that she had no more. The woman, addressing her husband, in a scoffing tone, said: "What thinkest thou? With eighty kopecks, from Tobolsk to St. Petersburg! Indeed! indeed!" Affronted by the distrust of her veracity, and terrified by the dangers which she began to apprehend, Prascovia prayed inwardly to God, to assist her, and strove to repress her tears. She had for her supper, a few potatoes; and when she had eaten them, the woman advised her to go to sleep. Having begun to suspect the honesty of her hosts, she would gladly have given them all her money, if she could have left their house. She threw off a part of her garment, before she ascended the stove,* where she was to spend the night, and left at the disposal of her

*The Russian peasants often sleep on a stove, for want of a bed.

room-mates her sack and pockets, expecting that they would count her money, without farther affronting her personally. When they supposed that she was asleep, they proceeded to the examination of her things. Prascovia could hear their half articulate conversation. "She has surely more money about her," said they,—“perhaps bank-notes.”—"I saw," answered the woman, "a ribbon on her neck, supporting a small bag, where she probably keeps her money." This bag of gummed silk, contained her passport, which she never parted with. The conversation between the hosts, continued in a lower tone, and the few words which Prascovia could hear, were ill calculated to lull her into sleep. "No one saw her come into the house."—"Nobody knows even that she entered the village." The voices became then less audible, and soon they were entirely silent. Prascovia anticipating all the horrors which her alarmed imagination brought before her mind, felt, on a sudden, the head of the wretched old creature, who was mounting the stove. With anguish she prayed aloud for her life; she protested anew, gaspingly, that she had no money; but the hostess, instead of replying, examined her clothes, and took off her boots. The man brought a light: both searched the bag containing the passport; they obliged her to open her hands, and when they found all fruitless, they descended and left the poor girl more dead than alive.

This terrifying scene, and the dread of what might follow, prevented her for some time from closing her eyes: but when she became assured by the snoring of her hosts, that they were asleep, she recovered by degrees her usual tranquillity of mind, and her lassitude being probably greater than the fears which still agitated her, she fell at last into a tranquil sleep. It was late in the morning when the hostess awoke her. Prascovia left the stove, and could not help being astonished at the composure and seeming benevolence of both her hosts. Yet she would gladly have left them immediately; but they begged her to eat something, before she continued her journey. The woman set herself to work, and showed

far more activity than on the preceding evening. She took out of the oven a pot of soup, with salt meat and cabbage, of which she presented to Prascovia a plentiful portion: her husband was not less prompt, and descending into a sort of cellar, beneath the floor, and covered with a trap-door, brought up a bucket of kvass (a liquor made of wheat-flour), and offered her a full pitcher. Somewhat tranquillized by these attentions, she replied readily to their inquiries, and told them a part of her story. They seemed to take interest in her situation; and, anxious to apologise for their previous behavior, they protested that they had no other reason for inquiring whether she had money, than because they suspected that she was a thief. She would see, added they, by examining her bag, that, as to themselves, there was no cause to doubt their honesty. Prascovia, on taking leave, was not quite sure what to think of them, but was glad to bid them farewell.

When she had got a few miles, on her way from the village, she counted her money; and the reader will conceive her as tonishment, when she found it increased. Her hosts had added forty kopecks.

Prascovia was fain to mention this example of God's power, to touch the heart of the wicked with charity and compassion.

Shortly afterwards, she met with another accident, which alarmed her not a little. Having one day a long distance to walk, before she could reach any inhabited place, she set out at two o'clock in the morning. When she arrived at the outskirts of the village, a number of curs attacked her, and became more and more infuriated against her, as she ran to escape from them, and endeavored to defend herself with her staff. One dog seized her garment and tore it; another flew at her face, while she was kneeling and praying. "I thought," said she, "He who had saved me from tempest and human wickedness, would not abandon me, in this new danger: and my reliance on His protection was rewarded; for a villager came and frightened away the dogs."

The winter was fast setting in, and Prascovia was detained for a week in a village by the snow, which fell in such quantities

that it was impossible to travel on foot: and when the road became fit for sledges, she got ready to continue her journey; but the good people, who had received her under their roof, represented the fatigues of it to be such as the most robust men would be unable to support; for when the wind blows up the snow, the beaten paths become invisible, and the traveller is lost in a frozen wilderness. Happily for our pilgrim, a caravan of sleds, carrying provisions to Ekatherinemburgh for Christmas-day, arrived at the village. She obtained a seat in one of these vehicles. Yet, notwithstanding the care which the kind-hearted drivers took of her, she was ill-protected by her clothes against the severe cold, though she enveloped herself in one of the mats appropriated to the cover of the wares. The cold became so intense, on the fourth day, that when the caravan halted, the poor girl could not rise from the sled. She was carried to a sort of inn, at thirty wersts distant from any village, and where the relays for messengers and travellers were kept. One of her cheeks was frost-bitten. A fellow-traveller hastened to rub it with snow, and all of them were anxious to assist her; but they refused to convey her farther, because they considered it too dangerous for her to travel in such severe cold, which might yet increase, without better clothing than she was provided with. The poor girl wept bitterly, when she reflected that she probably could not meet again with such a good opportunity, and such kind people. The innkeeper seemed, besides, not at all inclined to receive her, and advised her to continue with the company with whom she had arrived. The drivers, seeing her distress, resolved to buy her a pelisse of sheepskin, which, in that part of Russia, costs but five roubles; and each one offered to contribute his mite for that purpose. But unfortunately there was no merchant to sell a pelisse, and none of the inmates of the "kharstma" (the inn) was willing to part with his own, for fear he should be obliged to wait too long for an opportunity of procuring another. In this perplexity, one among the youngest of the drivers, proposed that they should alternately lend her

their pelisses, or that he would give her his own, if his comrades would each, by turns, part with his for a given time. The suggestion was received with loud applause; and a calculation was quickly made of the distance, and the number of times that the pelisses were to be changed. A Russian peasant likes to know what is expected from him, and is not easily cheated. When the arrangement was completed, the girl was put, well wrapped in her pelisse, on a sled; and the lad, who had given her his fur coat, covered himself with the mat, which she had used before, and seating himself upon her feet, began a merry song, and opened the march of the caravan. At every mile-stone, one of the drivers gave up his pelisse; and in this way the company reached without accident Ekatherinemburgh, in good spirits, and in less time than usual.

During that whole journey, Prascovia did not cease to pray to God, that the generous action of her companions might not prove injurious to their health.

Prascovia alighted in the town, at the same inn or caravansary where her fellow-travellers stopped. The hostess having been partly informed, by the latter, of Prascovia's history, and inferring that she was without money, went to her and took occasion to mention some of the inhabitants most noted for charity, and advised her to solicit their assistance, and the means of continuing her journey. She mentioned with particular commendation, a lady by the name of Milin, who, she said, was an angel of benevolence, and the mother of the poor of the city. All the persons present agreed in this encomium. Had not Prascovia had worldly wisdom enough to guess at the meaning of mine hostess, she would more expressly have been invited to seek another shelter. The house where she was then, was what the Russians call a "Pos-toialerol-dvor" or "place of rest," a sort of large stable, covered only at the top, and in an angle of which is a warm room, the fourth of its whole size. The travellers accommodate themselves as well as they can, in this chamber, and those who cannot find room on the stove, sleep on the floor.

The day after her arrival, Prascovia went out early in the morning, to inquire after the generous lady whom her hostess had mentioned to her; but, according to her usual custom, she sought first a church. It was Sunday, and the church contained a larger number of people than she had ever yet seen together in one place. The fervor with which she said her prayers, called the attention of some; and her bag and her attire that of others. When she left the church, a lady asked her who she was. Prascovia answered her briefly; and remembering the call she was to make, inquired of her for the house of Mrs. Milin, who, she added, had been represented to her as a generous and benevolent lady. Probably Mrs. Milin had seldom heard of her reputation, in so unsuspecting a way. She had, however, her portion of human frailty; and instead of saying who she was, she replied to Prascovia: "Mrs. Milin, who has been so much praised to you, is not by any means so charitable as you imagine. If you would come with me, I can perhaps procure you a better shelter."

After all she had heard of Mrs. Milin's virtues, Prascovia could not help forming an unfavorable opinion of her new acquaintance, and she accompanied her, without either accepting or refusing her proposal. Observing that she seemed to follow with reluctance, Mrs. Milin said to her: "However, if you have such a great desire to speak to that lady, your house is close by: I will accompany you, and you shall see what sort of reception she will give you. But promise me before, my child, that if she does not urge you to remain, you will go with me." Without answering, Prascovia entered the house with her, and addressing the first female servant she met, she asked if Mrs. Milin was at home. Astonished to hear such a question from a person who came in company with her mistress, she did not immediately reply.—"Can I see Mrs. Milin?" repeated Prascovia.—"Do you not see her?" said the maid. Turning back, she saw her acquaintance, who extended her arms to embrace her. "Ah! my heart told me that Mrs. Milin was kind and compassionate,"

cried our traveller, kissing the lady's hands.

Mrs. Milin, greatly amused with this little scene, immediately sent for a friend who lived with her, Mrs. G., a person no less benevolent and generous than herself, to consult with her on the means of becoming most serviceable to the young girl. After breakfast, and when Prascovia had become a little better acquainted with her benefactress and her friend, she related to them all that she knew of the misfortunes of her parents, and mentioned, at last, the resolution she had formed, of imploring of the emperor her father's liberty.

Though Mrs. Milin did not trust much in Prascovia's success, she did not immediately endeavor to dissuade her from her enterprise, but she and Mrs. G. resolved to engage her to remain, at all events, with them until the spring. She was herself reluctant to continue her journey at that rude season, the cold having lately much increased. The two ladies, with a view of determining her to remain, did not tell her what they intended to do in her favor, and what they performed afterwards, to aid her in her noble exertions.

Prascovia felt herself very happy in the company of her new friends. Their affability, their polished manners, and unaffected kindness, afforded her a delight which was before unknown to her. She loved to remember each little incident of that fortunate time, and she never pronounced the name of her principal benefactress without deep emotion.

Her health, however, was not so good as might have been expected from the comforts which she now enjoyed. The cold she had caught in the night she passed in the forest, had been increased by the fatigues and the inclement weather during her subsequent journey. She was, nevertheless, very industrious in learning to read and write. Her parents might be thought very blameable for having so much neglected her education, had not their situation been such as to make them fear that their child, who was, in all probability, to spend her life in the lowest occupations, might become rather miserable than happy

through the cultivation of her mind. Her heroism was the more interesting for that very neglect of her education. The little practice of reading she had acquired in her childhood, she forgot when afterwards obliged to aid her mother in her domestic employment. Now, however, that, for the first time, she enjoyed leisure, she applied herself with all her natural ardor and perseverance to reading, and in a few months was able to peruse the prayer-book presented to her by her benefactress, who was often obliged to restrain her zeal. Her exertions were so much the more endeared to her, she said, as she found in the prayer-book the natural impulses of her heart, explained in the clearest and most affecting language. "How happy are the rich!" she once exclaimed; "how they must pray with all their soul, having so many means of studying and understanding their religion, of expressing their gratitude to their divine Benefactor, and of appreciating his gifts!"

Mrs. Milin smiled at these reflections of the enthusiastic girl, thinking that nothing could be impossible for so devoted a heart, and so ardent a piety as hers; and she determined, in common with her friend, to encourage Prascovia in her undertaking, and to leave it to the care of Providence, to enable her to surmount those difficulties in which their aid could be of no avail. Before they knew her as well as they now did, they had, as we have already observed, tried to dissuade her, and made her the most flattering offers to induce her to remain with them. But nothing could alter her determination. She reproached herself sometimes for the comforts and the happiness she enjoyed. "How does my poor father do in the desert, while his daughter forgets herself so much in her unexpected good fortune?" She often upbraided herself in this way; and her benefactress thought, at last, that it would be better for her to continue her journey as soon as the weather should permit. In the spring, Mrs. Milin, after having provided for her wants, put her on board of a boat, under the care of a man who was going to Niejeni, and who was accustomed to make that difficult voyage. Before leaving the

Oural mountains which separate Ekatherinemburgh from Niejeni, the traveller embarks on the rivers, which run from these highlands and flow towards the north. He continues in the boat until he reaches the Tobol, where he lands to cross the mountains. The road is neither very high nor very rugged; and when the mountains have been passed, the traveller embarks anew on the rivers which fall into the Wolga. Prascovia went on board of one of the numerous craft which are employed to carry iron and salt into Russia along the Tchousova and Khama.

The person to whose care she was entrusted, spared her many troubles during this long journey, which she could hardly have performed without such assistance; but unfortunately for her, he became ill in passing the defiles, and was obliged to remain in a small village on the banks of the Khama. Deprived again of all protection, she travelled, nevertheless, without any ill accident, till she reached the confluence of the Khama and the Wolga. From that place the boats going up the river are drawn by horses. During that passage, our traveller met with an unfortunate accident. One of those violent storms, which are so frequent in that country, had suddenly arisen, and the steersmen, endeavoring to put off the boat, pushed with all their strength a large oar that supplied the place of the rudder, on the side where several persons were sitting. They had not time to turn it off, and three of the passengers, Prascovia included, were thrown into the river. She was immediately taken out of the water, and happily without any injury; but, reluctant to dress herself in the presence of so many persons, she retained her wet apparel, and took a violent cold, which, in the end, proved fatal to her existence.

The ladies of Ekatherinemburgh, having commissioned the person into whose care they had put their young friend, to make the necessary arrangements for the continuation of her journey from Niejeni, had not recommended her to any one in that city, where in fact she did not intend to stop; but now, in consequence of the accident which had befallen her companion, she

found herself in Niejeni, without any acquaintance or support.

Opposite the landing place, on the bank of the Wolga, are situated on the top of a hill, a church and a convent. Prascovia immediately directed her steps towards the former, intending to seek, after her prayers, a shelter somewhere in the city.

When she entered the solitary church, she heard from behind the grate, female voices chanting the concluding part of the evening prayers. She considered this as a happy omen. "At some future day," she thought, "if heaven prospers my enterprise, I shall also be invisible to the world, and have no other calling than to worship and thank my Creator."

On leaving the church, she stopped a while on the steps to enjoy the splendid sight which meets the eye at that place, and which was then mellowed by the soft light of the setting sun. Niejeni Novogorod is built on the confluence of the rivers Oca and Wolga, and seen from the spot where Prascovia stood, presents one of the most beautiful landscapes: our poor girl had no idea of so large a town, and she clasped her hands with admiration and amazement.

In setting out on her pilgrimage, she was prepared to meet, with resignation, all the sufferings and dangers, which, in her ignorance of the world, she could represent to herself; the inclemency of winter, oppressive heat, hunger, nakedness, diseases, death: but since she had become a little more acquainted with larger collections of men than in her village of Ischim, she feared her courage would be insufficient. In the wilderness she had no conception of the mournful and chilling solitude that awaits the poor in populous cities: she did not imagine that thousands of fellow-beings would walk by her without seeing her, and without listening to her prayers, as if they had no eyes for misery, nor ears for sighs and lamentations.

Besides, since her acquaintance with Mrs. Milin and her friend, a sense of propriety, self-respect, and perhaps a little pride, rendered the humiliations to which her situation exposed her, more painful than ever. "When shall I find," said she to herself,

"friends like those I have left? I am now at more than a thousand wersts from them; and how shall I be able to approach the palace of the emperor, when I tremble to ask shelter at the poorest inn!"

For the first time, her courage was shaken, and with mournful dejection and bitter tears, she dwelt on the thought that she had, perhaps, been wrong to leave her parents on so adventurous an errand. But her natural strength soon got the better of this momentary weakness. Her confidence in God reviving in her bosom, she became ashamed of her despondency, sought forgiveness of her guardian angel, and hurried again into the church, to implore the Almighty for new fortitude to support her sufferings. Her steps towards the altar were precipitate; her prayers were fervent. A nun, who was about to shut the church, and had seen her enter, and witnessed her devotion, interrupted her by observing that it was time to retire, and by addressing some questions to her. Prascovia, yet agitated, told the cause of her re-entrance into the church, and, confessing her reluctance to seek for a shelter in an inn, declared how infinitely she would prefer spending the night in the poorest corner of the convent. The nun replied that it was not permitted to lodge strangers, but that the abbess would perhaps succor her. "I want no other assistance than a night's lodging," returned Prascovia; and showing her little purse, she added, "this gift of two charitable ladies, places me above the necessity of asking alms for the present, and all I now long for, is to be permitted to pass the night under this roof; to-morrow I shall continue my journey."

The sister offered to present her to the abbess. At the entrance of her room, they found her on her knees, engaged in prayer. The nun stopped and kneeled. Prascovia following the example, breathed ardent supplications to God, to dispose the heart of the abbess in her favor. After a little while this lady rose, and advancing towards Prascovia, kindly offered her hand to raise her. Our traveller related her story, shewed her passport, and begged for hospitality. Her request was immediately granted. The

company was soon increased by the arrival of several nuns, whom curiosity had brought into the room of the abbess. In answering their various inquiries, Prascovia was insensibly led to mention the many incidents of her journey; and such were the affecting simplicity and natural eloquence of her narrative, that her hearers could not restrain their tears, and vied with each other in showing the interest with which she had inspired them. She was loaded with kindnesses and caresses; the abbess lodged her in her own apartment, and was glad to think that she might become one of her novices.

We have already mentioned, that Prascovia had formed the resolution of spending the rest of her life in a convent, if she should succeed in her endeavors to procure the liberty of her father. Better acquainted with the religious establishments of Kiew, than with those of Niejeni, she had determined to take the veil in one of the convents of the former city, because she wished to visit the famous catacombs,* which she had heard belonged to its cathedral, and was desirous to be near the many holy relics which those tombs enclose. However, since she had learned that Kiew was not on the road of St. Petersburg, she was not disinclined to choose the convent of Niejeni for her future retreat. The nuns pressed her to make her vows, but she would only give a qualified promise. "Do I know," said she, "what God may yet require from

me? I wish,—I long to finish my days here, and if it is also the will of heaven, who shall oppose it?"

She readily consented to spend a few days at Niejeni, to rest herself, and prepare for her journey to Moscow; but, instead of profiting by it, she began to feel the effects of her extraordinary exertions, and became dangerously ill. Since her accident on the Wolga, she had suffered much from a troublesome cough, and she fell now into an inflammatory fever, which alarmed her physicians for her life. She herself felt no apprehension. "I cannot believe," said she "that my time has come, and I hope that God will permit me to perform my task." She mended indeed, gradually, and spent the rest of the autumn in the convent. But, feeble as she was, she could not continue her journey on foot, and still less support the jolting of post-wagons. For want of means to procure a more comfortable mode of conveyance, she was obliged to wait until the season for travelling in sledges had begun. In the meantime she observed and practised the rules and the duties of the convent, perhaps retarding by it her recovery, but improving in her studies. By her conduct she won more and more the esteem and affection of the nuns, who had no longer any doubt that she would, at some future time, return to them and become a permanent member of their society.

When at last the roads were fit for travelling, she departed in a covered sled, with some other travellers, for Moscow. The abbess gave her a letter for one of her friends in that capital, and promised her that she should find a refuge in her convent, and be received at it as a favorite child, whatever might be the result of her pilgrimage.

* The catacombs of Kiew are large subterraneous galleries under the cathedral, containing the remains of a great number of Greek saints, dressed in rich apparel, but of whose persons only the faces, hands, and feet are visible; yet the bodies are said to be entire. The fleshy part of them has the color and hardness of mahogany. The religious service at the Cathedral is committed to the monks of an ancient and rich monastery.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE THEATRE.*

WE learn from history, that in every age they who have had a regard for sound morals, have evinced an opposition to theatrical representations. They were first introduced at Athens, and the legislator of that celebrated republic did not hesitate to condemn, as an unworthy citizen, the author of them, who exhibited the hideous spectacle of a false divinity under the garb of intemperance. In assuming a more polished exterior, the ancient drama only became the more dangerous; for then, as now-a-days, it was the achievements of unlawful passions that were displayed to the view of the public. Philosophers indeed wept over such a state of things; but what could they effect to stay a licentiousness which the dramatic poets continually presented to the gaze of the people?

When Greece fell under the power of the Romans, the scenic art was carried from that country to the capital of the world, and was one of the means by which the conquered revenged themselves of their conquerors, introducing among them, as an excellent historian has remarked, unbecoming usages and disgraceful fancies.

The gravest writers of pagan antiquity loudly protested against the exhibitions of the theatre, with a view to arrest their baneful influence over public morals. In speaking of the ancient Germans, an historian alleges as the reason of their sound morality, that "they were not corrupted by the licentiousness of popular shows." He elsewhere mentions these exhibitions as having introduced into Rome every species of disorder and infamy, and as having contributed more than any other cause to the corruption of its people. Another writer lauds the decree of the senate, that required the demolition of all newly constructed theatres. In Lacedemon, the comedian, buffoon and other dramatic actors were banished the republic; in Rome they were

branded with infamy; *Quisquis in scenam prodierit, aut prætor, indignus est."*

But can that which was criminal, which was the destroyer of virtue and the source of every vice in a pagan community, be lawful among a Christian people? Can we have a right to permit, under the law of grace, in the face of the Gospel and under the shadow of the cross, that which decency alone reprobated before man was regenerated from above? No, one of the most glorious features in Christianity is, that it will not connive at any sinful act, that it proscribes unreservedly every thing vicious, and requires its followers to shun even the appearance of evil. If the reckless Christian attempts to conciliate the unlawfulness of the theatre with the maxims of the Gospel, he who values his salvation will rather listen submissively to its teaching, as declared by the voice of the Church. All her councils that have taken this subject into consideration, have condemned the drama of their respective periods. A synod of Arles pronounces excommunication against theatrical actors. A council held by St. Charles Borromeo, is still more severe in the penalties which it inflicts upon such persons. If we consult the fathers of the Church, we shall find them denouncing, in the strongest terms, the exhibitions of which we are speaking. Tertullian calls the theatre "a place that gives rise to unholy thoughts, a rendezvous of demons, an assembly of the enemies of Christ." Its performances are termed by St. Jerom "the idols of Egypt, the mere sight of which will contaminate the soul." "What a subject of grief and of shame," exclaims St. Cyprian, "is presented by the dramatic art! how sorely does it wound the morals of the people!" He adds, that a priest ought to refuse the holy communion to an actor, as long as he continues to exercise his profession. St. Augustin asserts, that "the theatre is the ruin of morality." In a word, St. John Chrysostom does not hesi-

* Translated and condensed from a late *Pastoral Letter* of the bishop of Marseilles.

tate to pronounce the drama, "a school of vice, a rallying-point of lust, a receptacle of uncleanness, a furnace of Babylon." This is most assuredly energetic language; but if the eloquent archbishop of Constantinople had lived in modern times, how much more forcibly would he have depicted the excesses that are now witnessed!

It cannot be denied that what ought to be the most carefully shunned by a Christian, is the most frequently brought under his observation in a theatre. Does he not there behold every incentive to a vice, which, according to the apostle St. Paul, should not even be named among the followers of Christ! Is not the subject developed before him, almost always made up of incidents arising from the successful scheming or disappointed hopes of some wild and enthusiastic suitor? Is it not the opportunity of witnessing the living image of scenes congenial and flattering to the corruption of the human heart, that too frequently leads the worldling to exhibitions of this description? But this is not the only evil that they produce. False maxims, and maxims altogether at variance with the precepts of the gospel, are there inculcated in the most solemn and impressive manner. Every thing is fitted in a theatrical display, to pass off, not only the follies and vanities of the world, but even its crimes and disorders, as harmless, nay worthy of admiration and praise. All kinds of iniquity find their justification in the circumstances of those who have perpetrated it, and awaken in the breast of the spectator feelings of sympathy much oftener than those of horror and aversion. To say that the drama has a moral tendency, would be a mockery of all experience. It is true, you will occasionally hear on the stage a pompous eulogy of virtue, and magnificent exclamations in favor of the high principles that should govern the conduct of men; but all this is a mere desecration of what is holy and estimable. The maxims of virtue are opposed and counteracted in too many ways by the immoral arts of the modern drama; and hence a writer, who was far from being a friend of religion, has ridiculed the idea of associating morality with the theatre, and

has well observed that the union of the two would itself be a fit subject for a drama, particularly as it would be represented for the first time.

Nor is it only by the ordinary aids of language and impassioned elocution that the pernicious maxims of the drama are inculcated; every seduction that art can invent is employed to act upon the passions and to produce the deepest impressions. To the physical excitement of the *dramatis personæ*, to their affected tones and too often indelicate attitudes, are added the enchantments of music, that nothing may be wanting to lead away captive the mind and heart of the auditor. But what shall we say of the dance that is not unfrequently mingled with such performances? Is it a worthy spectacle for Christian eyes to gaze upon? In ancient times, among the Greeks and Romans, a female was never suffered to participate in the pantomime, or appear as an actress on the stage; the moral sense of the community would have been shocked by such a disorder. But at the present day, and under the light of the Gospel, woman is introduced upon the scene, as the idol of men's adoration; an idol the undue veneration of which has been known to vilify them to a level with the brute creation.

We have every reason, therefore, to say, beware of the theatre. If immoral books or objects offensive to modesty are to be avoided, there is much more reason to shun them, when extraordinary means are used to heighten their dangerous influence. You will ask, perhaps, if it is an evil to visit the theatre, how does it happen that so many persons of respectability frequent it? But it is easy to answer in the words of Bossuet to a powerful monarch: "there are great examples in favor of the theatre; but there are weighty reasons against it;" and it is certain that bad example should never prevail over the requirements of Christian morality. The number of those who flock to the drama, far from being admissible as a plea of justification, is rather an additional motive for condemning it. Not to speak of those individuals who are the outcast of society, can it be said that the classes which frequent the theatre, are the wiser and the

more religious portion of the community? There are no doubt many upright and respectable persons among them; but is it not true that the general characteristic of a theatrical assembly, is a spirit of levity, of vanity, of sensuality, of worldliness, of imprudence, which is altogether opposed to the spirit of the Gospel? Is not this the world which the apostle warns us not to love? Do we not here meet with those stumbling blocks which caused the Son of God to utter the malediction, "wo to the world because of its scandals?" In vain will it be urged by some persons that they visit the play, merely as a pastime, and by others that they receive no injury from its entertainments. To the first we would reply that amusement or relaxation should never be purchased at the risk of innocence and virtue; to the second, that they have

no right to fancy themselves secure, where the piety of so many others has suffered a fatal shipwreck. At all events, charity requires that we should not, by example, encourage in our neighbor, a profession, a practice, or an action which may be the occasion of his spiritual ruin.

The dangers of the theatre are to be shunned with peculiar caution at the present day, when the ingenuity of human passion is exerted to the utmost in the contrivance of novel and more refined enjoyments. Let the parent particularly think well before he suffers his children to be the spectators of a theatrical display. To permit them to do so would be imitating the example of the Israelites, who once sacrificed their sons and their daughters to evil spirits. We say to all, *non licet*; it is not allowed to visit the theatre.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

Vicariates and Prefectures of the Catholic Church.

EUROPE.

States.	Vica. Pref.	Missionaries.	Population.
England,.....	8 ..	624	1,000,000
Nassau,.....	180,000
Low Countries,.....	5 ..	1,742	1,804,890
Gibraltar,.....	1 ..	10	13,000
Sweden and Norway,....	1 ..	2	2,000
Denmark,.....	1 ..	7	3,000
Scotland,.....	3 ..	86	100,000
Saxony,.....	..	*	28,000
Saxe-Weimar,.....	10,174
Witttemberg,.....	512,333
Buskovina & Neoplanta, .	1	14,000
Italo-Greeks,.....	3 ..	144	30,000
Constantinople,.....	1 ..	46	10,000
Turkish Dalmatia,.....	..	7	7,206
Moldavia and Wallachia, .	2 ..	30	64,000
Bosnia,.....	1 ..	106	128,672
Bulgaria,.....	2 ..	12	6,309

29 00 2,816 3,413,584

* Besides this, is the German Confederacy, in which there are three vicars apostolic, and a Catholic population amounting to 2,068,968.

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ASIA.

States.	Vica. Pref.	Missionaries.	Population.
Turkey in Asia,.....	3 1	...	12,000
India west of the Ganges, 7	758,000
India beyond the Ganges, 6 ..	179	...	457,000
China,.....	10 ..	160	360,000
	26 1	339	1,577,000

AFRICA.

Abyssinia,.....	1	5
Bourbon, Island,.....	1	12	100,000
Cape of Good Hope,....	1 ..	4	2,000
Egypt,.....	2 ..	50	10,000
Guinea,.....	1 ..	16
Madagascar,.....	1	6
Morocco, Empire,....	1	1	300
Mauritius,.....	1 ..	6	85,000
Senegal,.....	1	2	25,000
Tripoli,.....	1	4	1,300
Tunis,.....	1	6	7,600
	5 7	112	231,200

AMERICA.

English Possessions,....	2	73,000
French Possession,.....	1	1,300

States.	Vica. Presb.	Missionaries.	Population.
Texas, Republic,.....	5	..	10,000
Antilles,.....	256,000
Hayti,.....	1,000,000
Guiana,.....	2	..	24,000
French Guiana,.....	1	..	16,000
	9	2	5 1,380,300

OCEANICA.

Batavia,.....	1	..	10,000
Western Oceanica,.....	1	..	50,000
	2	0	0 69,000

SUMMARY OF MISSIONS AND THEIR POPULATION.

	Vica.	Presb.	Missionaries.	Population.
Europe,.....	29	..	2,816	3,413,584
Asia,.....	26	..	839	1,577,000
Africa,.....	5	7	112	231,200
America,.....	9	2	..	1,380,000
Oceanica,.....	2	60,000

Total,.....71 9 2,267 5,662,084

Population of the Catholic world, 160,842,424.

ITALY.—The reports that have gone abroad, of grave events in Italy, are unfounded, as we gather from the official publications of that country.

IRELAND.—*The Catholic Missionary College of All Hallows, Drumcondra.*—We are much gratified to find that there are already thirty-nine students in this college preparing for the foreign missions; eight for Madras, two for Calcutta, one for Agra, three for Australia, one for the Cape of Good Hope, four for Demerara, four for Trinidad, four for Indiana, in North America; one for New York, ditto; one for Boston, ditto; five for Scotland; and the others for places not named to us. The establishment is as yet only in its infancy. The directors, are, however, commissioned by the bishops of the dioceses before named, and by other bishops of various parts of the world, to select and educate young ecclesiastics for their respective missions; so that, from the encouragement which this admirable institution is receiving from the bishops of the foreign missions, we may calculate that ere long this will become one of the most powerful means in the hands of Divine Providence to diffuse and sustain our holy faith throughout the world, and that Ireland will shortly again merit the name which she so long before retained—the *Island of Saints*.—*Tablet*.

NORWAY.—It is painful to observe, how readily Protestant writers take every occasion of declaiming against the pretended intolerance of the Catholic Church. They tell us of Spain, of Italy, &c., whilst they are careful to say nothing

of the fanaticism and persecuting spirit, evinced in every Protestant country, against the professors of the ancient faith. It is a fact manifest from history, and evident in our own times, that Protestantism has shown the will to persecute, when she has had the power to do so. But a few years only have passed, since Protestant England was forced, by the circumstances of the age, to repeal, for the most part, her penal code. The late king of Prussia raised his arm against the hierarchy of the Church in his dominions, and imprisoned two of her most estimable prelates; but the spirit of the people being aroused by these acts of religious tyranny, the present king was necessitated to relinquish the principles of his father. The Protestant cantons of Switzerland have also evinced, of late years, the intolerant spirit of the first reformers. The Protestant ministers, who went from our own country to the islands of the South Seas, have used all their efforts to arouse a persecuting spirit among the barbarians over whom they had gained influence; and the French Catholic missionaries to those islands have been made to experience, by their sufferings, how effectually they succeeded.

But if Catholics have rejoiced at witnessing more moderate principles prevail in England and Prussia, they will doubtless experience increased delight, upon learning that the principles of toleration are being extended to their brethren in the Protestant kingdoms of the north of Europe. Over these Lutheranism has prevailed since the period of the Reformation, to the exclusion of every other system of belief. The Catholics in Sweden and Norway were in an especial manner objects of aversion to the government, and laws were enacted against them which rivalled those which stained the statute book of England. The clergy were exiled; the faithful were forbidden to assemble for religious purposes; they were required to attend the Protestant worship, and to have the sacraments administered according to the forms of the Lutheran service. But after full three hundred years of trials and persecutions, we find by a notice in the ministerial journal of the kingdom of Norway, that more tolerant principles begin to prevail in that remote country: that religious privileges to a certain extent, have, during the present year, been extended to the Catholics. The Catholics in the city of Christiania have been permitted to build a church, to have their own pastor, to assemble publicly for divine worship, and to have the sacraments of Baptism and Matrimony performed according to the rites of their own Church. They are not allowed, however, to hold public processions. In cases of mixed marriage, the ceremonies must

be performed by the Lutheran minister, and the Catholic party is required to sign a certificate, that he will raise the children in the Protestant faith, and prevent his spouse from becoming a Catholic, in case she should desire to embrace the ancient faith. The priest is forbidden to receive any Lutheran into the Catholic Church. At the end of the year, he must present to the civil magistrate a list of the marriages, births, and deaths.

Such is the substance of the decree in favor of the Catholics of Norway. It is, no doubt, the harbinger of future good. As in Norway and Sweden the hierarchy has been preserved, we may hope that this emancipation of the Catholic Church, will be attended by benefits no less conspicuous than those which are daily developed in England. Already one minister of distinguished talents in Sweden has lately inculcated the insufficiency of the Bible alone as the rule of Faith, but he drew upon himself the hatred of the established church.

A Swedish journal observes that Rev. Mr. Palmer, of Oxford, was expected at Stockholm. The object of his visit, it is conjectured, is to persuade the Lutheran church of Sweden and Norway to embrace the principles of Oxford, and to form a union with the church of England. As yet we are to learn the success he has met with.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—We have had handed to us a letter from the Rev. Mr. Walsh, one of the persecuted priests of the Sandwich Islands, dated at *Kanai Koloa*, 1843, from which we make the following extracts :

"The number of *image worshippers* (so the misnamed orthodox missionaries of New England, in the plenitude of their zeal, are pleased to term us) in this Archipelago is about ten thousand, and I confidently trust, that ere long, the members of our holy religion here will double that number. Yes, truth must prevail, and cant and bigotry, which have for several years reigned triumphant in these islands, must necessarily yield to the superior power of that Church which is the 'pillar and ground of truth.'

You will confer additional favors on our mission if you could send a few good controversial books. Milner's *End of Controversy* has already, with God's grace, made some converts from Protestantism amongst our foreign residents, but I have only one copy of that admirable work, which I lend to those whom I find inclined sincerely to seek after truth."—*Bost. Pilot*.

THE REV. FATHER DE SMET ABROAD.—We translate the annexed interesting paragraph, in regard to this excellent man, from the *Paris L'Ami de la Religion* of the 9th September.

"The Rev. Father de Smet who left this city for Rome on the 10th of August, returned some days since. His journey was marked by an incident worth noting.

"Going down the Rhone, on the 11th of August, in the steamboat which runs between Lyons and Avignon, a young man with his head full of the notions of M. Michelet and Quinet undertook to repeat the usual invectives of these gentlemen against the Jesuits. A bystander, who appeared to be about forty-five years of age, stout and apparently a Belgian, grave and modest in his demeanor, was among the few who preserved silence. At length, addressing himself to the young declaimer, he said with a winning mildness of tone and manner: '*My friend, I am a Jesuit.* [At this avowal all eyes were turned upon the speaker.] I have been one for three and twenty years, and if there were one word of truth in all you have just said, I should never have been so long a member of the order; on the contrary, I should quit it at once. [Here there was a general and strong sensation among the passengers, who came crowding round, from all parts of the boat.] Your tirade was a tissue of misstatements. If such are the sentiments which the university puts into the mouths of her students, no wonder that all France is fast becoming disgusted with the university monopoly, no wonder that she is demanding, together with the freedom of teaching, the right of religious education, and that the Jesuits begin to be so generally chosen by parents, as they have been already by the many families who send their children to the colleges of Fribourg, of Bruggel, and other similar establishments. These institutions, spacious as they are, can scarcely accommodate the pupils who flock to them from all quarters; so that the question is becoming to the university one of money and profit and loss; nothing else. I am aware, gentlemen, that it is the commonest thing in the world to find the Jesuits attacked by persons who know nothing about them, and I have no doubt that this is the case in the present instance. I am, probably, the first Jesuit the most of you have ever seen.'

"All the by-standers, not excepting the oldest among them, confessed very good humoredly, that it was so.

"To cover his defeat, the young man insisted that there were among the Jesuits many conspirators and political incendiaries; and quoted in proof of this the assertions of the newspapers. The good father replied, that, in the first place, if any persons of that description were discovered in the order, they were expelled forthwith, and, in the next place, that if for every falsehood as-

serted by the newspapers, a handful of sand were cast into the Rhone, the boat which was at the moment making such headway, would very soon run aground.

"The laugh was now on the side of the Jesuit; a thousand apologies were offered, a thousand expressions of kindness and good-will, and every body in the crowd (which by this time included almost every passenger on board) was anxious to know who could the priest be?"

"Of course they were not long in finding out that he was Father de Smet, a Belgian Jesuit, and a missionary among the Flat Head Indians, whom he had converted. They learned also from the impressive, but simple narrative of the good father, that in the Rocky Mountains his labors had been crowned with the same magnificent results, which the philosophers of Europe could not help recognizing and admiring in the republics of Paraguay. Further details of the greatest interest respecting the North American Indians and the incredible toils of the Catholic missionaries in their efforts to convert and civilize them, soon won the admiration and respect of the whole company.

"The missionary happened to speak of a war dress of an Indian chief with all its accoutrements, &c., complete, which he was bringing as a present to the superior-general of his order; and on all sides there was a most lively desire to see such a curiosity. The good father consented at once, and the captain of the boat was kind enough to have the baggage searched which contained the package. The dress had belonged to a warrior more than six feet in height, a great chief of the *Black Feet*, slain in battle by the *Flat Heads*, who presented the spoils to their missionary. Its novelty and beauty were the theme of general admiration."—*Freeman's Jour.*

MASSACRE OF THE NESTORIANS.—The sad tidings of the massacre of the Nestorians by the Mahomedan Pacha, in combination with the Kurdish chiefs, in the mountains near Mosul, are confirmed. The jealousy and fears of the Pacha were excited by the report of the erection of fortresses in the mountains by the Nestorians, prompted by American missionaries. Mr. Badger, sent by the bishop of London, is said to have used his influence with the Pacha to eject the Americans. The same allegation, with less semblance of truth, is made as to the French Catholic missionaries. But it is beyond all credibility that either instigated the Mahomedan to the sanguinary act. The fact seems to be that the American missionaries suggested to the mountaineers ideas of independence, which provoked the fury of the Turk, so that these poor

people have fallen victims to the missionaries; for which reason a London paper observes, that it would be happy for them, if they had never been visited by missionaries.—*Catholic Herald.*

AN APOSTATE PRIEST.—Rev. Henry L. Oxley, lately a Dominican friar in England, has apostatized from the Catholic faith, on account of pecuniary embarrassments, for which the convent in which he resided would not become responsible. We mention this circumstance, because the conversion of Mr. Oxley has already been noticed with apparent satisfaction by certain Protestant journals. If they can find any cause for self gratulation in the acquisition of such individuals, who were not in good repute among Catholics, and who left the Church from worldly motives, they are welcome to it. What a contrast between the conversions of the Oxford divines and other Tractarian clergymen of the Church of England, to the Catholic faith, and that of certain priests to a Protestant sect! The Spencers, the Sibthorps, the Talbots, the Smiths, made a sacrifice of many hundreds a year by becoming Catholics, and enjoyed at that time a good reputation among their friends; but the Oxleys and others that might be mentioned, have abandoned Catholicity for the loaves and fishes, to place themselves in a more comfortable position. It is easy to judge which of the two calculations is more conformable to the spirit of Christianity; for its Divine Founder has declared that his "kingdom is not of this world."

CALUMNY.—The foreign papers inform us that the pretended decree of the Inquisition at Ancona against the Jews is a fabrication. The anticatholic journals in this country have circulated the slander; it remains to be seen whether a due regard for truth and justice will lead them to retract it.

LONGEVITY.—A Carmelite nun died lately at Placencia, in Spain, aged one hundred and eight years. She lived in the reigns of Philip V, Ferdinand VI, Charles III, Charles IV, and Ferdinand VII. She also witnessed the reigns of nine Popes. She had been seventy-nine years in the cloister.—*Tablet.*

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—The corner stone of a new church was laid at Havre de Grace, on the 6th of October, by Rev. James Reid, pastor of St. Ignatius', near the Hickory.

DIOCESS OF BOSTON.—On Sunday the 1st of October, a church at Cabotville, Massachusetts, was dedicated by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Fenwick.

THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL OF N. Y.—The assault made upon the Catholic population of

Baltimore in a late number of the above-mentioned paper, by a Philadelphia correspondent, required and would also have elicited from us a word in self-defence, had not the *Catholic Herald* furnished a correct statement of facts, together with some just and severe strictures upon the unmeaning production to which it replies. Whether the writer of this article were actuated by a *culpable spirit* or not, is a matter of no moment except to himself. His motives, let them have been what they may, are no justification of the false charges preferred against the Catholic laity of the Metropolitan city. If however he is to be exculpated from improper motives, it necessarily follows, that having undertaken to write upon a topic about which he is woefully uninformed, and having adopted a mode of delivering his lessons, which was very unwise, particularly as they were altogether uncalled for, he is taxable with ignorance and imprudence, two faults that totally disqualify him as a correspondent of the public press. Upon the writings of such men we have reason to look with suspicion.

In quoting the remarks of the *Herald*, we must observe that our New York cotemporary also has published them, Oct. 28th, and although he has passed rather slightly, in his prefatory observations, over the false and absurd statements of his correspondent, we consider his language an unequivocal evidence of an honorable return *ad meliorem frugem*.

"*Baltimore and Philadelphia.*—The last number of the *New York Freeman's Journal* contains an extremely silly and mischievous letter from a Philadelphia correspondent, who most unjustly satirizes Baltimore and its respectable Catholic laity. To those who know that city, the injustice is manifest. The College of St. Mary, the Convents of the Visitation and of Mount Carmel, the Hospital and Infirmary, the House of the Colored Oblates, are institutions which prove Baltimore to be far ahead of our city in Catholic establishments. The number of churches erected during the administration of the present venerated metropolitan, is considerable, and several are in progress of erection. St. Peter's, which is being built, will, we are informed, be a splendid edifice, and St. John's of the Redeemers is a magnificent Gothic structure. The progress of our holy religion there is most consoling, and such as might well be expected from the edifying piety and untiring zeal of her clergy. The seminary is a tower of strength for the Catholic religion, under the direction of a venerable body of ecclesiastics, which has furnished our hierarchy with its brightest orna-

ments, besides forming to the sacred ministry a large portion of those who exercise it. The parochial clergy emulate their zeal, and the piety of the faithful is promoted by spiritual retreats given in the Metropolitan church, and in St. Vincent's and elsewhere. Of the generosity of the laity we need no other evidence than the number of churches erected, or in progress of erection, and the various institutions fostered and sustained. Numerous conversions to our faith have also taken place. These, and other undeniable facts, which we omit, prove that the progress of religion has been great, especially during the administration of the present archbishop, who has introduced into the diocese the zealous congregation of the Holy Redeemer, and has adopted measures for establishing the brothers of the Christian schools, besides extending to the city religious institutions previously established in other parts. In all that is Catholic, Baltimore is far beyond Philadelphia, and although we aspire to rival her, and if possible, surpass her in works of charity, we freely acknowledge her superiority, and envy not the privileges of her see, but rather desire their increase. Not only should her metropolitan rights remain sacred, but she must of right be invested with the primacy, when it may please the holy see to erect other metropolitan churches in the south or west, as may be the case at no very distant period.

We must express our surprise that the editor of the *Freeman's Journal* should have inserted the silly production, and treated, even in jest, of the removal of the metropolitan privileges, which was not at all mentioned by the writer; especially when publishing a homily on editorial responsibility for the benefit of all Catholic editors."

RELIGIOUS ORDERS.—Very Rev. G. J. Wilson has been appointed provincial of the Dominican order in the United States, and Very Rev. James Vandeveld, superior of the Society of Jesus in the southern and western parts of the Union.

CONSISTENCY AGAIN.—The *Banner of the Cross*, October 28th, has the liberality to admit, that "the Roman communion is a branch of the universal Church," and a few columns after, it declares that "Romanism has many and awful errors." We think after this that even *dissenters* may have a chance of being recognized by the *Banner* as a portion of the true Church. In fact, if Bishops McIlvaine and Doane of the Protestant Episcopal denomination in the United States, are proclaiming opinions diametrically opposite on the subject of religion, and are still

united in the sacred and precious bonds of unity, why may not the Methodists, Presbyterians, Friends, Unitarians, and others lay claim to the honor of contributing to *the one fold under one shepherd*? The bishops above mentioned differ from each other, and very significantly and very pointedly state their disagreement on such matters as justification, baptismal regeneration, and other topics which at the time of the reformation were deemed of vital importance; but we all know that these questions have lost that grave aspect which they originally bore; the lapse of time has worn away the interest they once possessed, and to entertain contrary views respecting them is at the present day no obstacle to a perfect harmony in the faith!! We have every reason therefore to believe, that the various sects to which we have alluded, would not be discarded from the privileges of fellowship by our Episcopalian brethren. If some of them cannot square their ideas with those of episcopacy, they flatter themselves at least that they enjoy under another name, the same ecclesiastical mission and jurisdiction as their Episcopalian churchmen. If some do not admit the regenerative effect of baptism, well, what matters it? Episcopalian bishops themselves are divided upon the question, and are still of *one mind*; why should the other sects therefore suffer any apprehensions? They have the more reason to be cheered by the liberal condescension of certain editors, as of late a striking similarity has manifested itself between the happy and universally satisfactory proceedings of Episcopalian conventions and Presbyterian presbyteries. If Drs. Smith and Anthon of New York are alarmed at the dreadful assumptions of authority by a clerical officer, Bishop Breckenridge of Baltimore is not less despondent about the condition and fate of the true church established by Calvin, as we gather from the following comments of that gentleman regarding the late meeting in Baltimore.

"It is not, by any means, our purpose to write a commentary on the doings of the last Assembly. We deeply regret the necessity which seems laid upon us to say a word touching any part of them, and are more and more anxious, and, if God permit, more and more resolved to withdraw from a struggle, which, during thirty years, we have zealously and unflinchingly

maintained for a faith and order which new disasters constantly compromise, and which it seems to be the will of heaven to permit to be endlessly endangered, if not betrayed. Oh! that God would pity his poor, misgoverned, misguided church."

We cannot forbear congratulating the *Banner of the Cross*, on the enlargement of his bounds of charity, which must afford no little pleasure to our separated brethren of every opinion.

A propos; speaking of charity, it may not be amiss to suggest to the editor of the *Banner*, the *non sequiter* of his illogical and inconsistent remarks in relation to the words *Romanist*, *Papist*, &c. He seems to think that because he considers the word *Romanist* a proper designation for Catholics, and because Bishop Griswold looks upon the word *papist* in the same light, *therefore* the Catholic body should accept the appellations. If individuals have a right to nick-name the great majority of the Christian world, why does the editor of the *Banner* complain of the word *puseyism* which all the world give to a small party in England? We are willing to believe that he will, on reflection, acknowledge it to be inconsistent with his own principles, to impose upon the more numerous body of Christians, names which they disown, and that it is equally incompatible with the principles of true courtesy and charity.

OBITUARY.

DIED on the 20th of August, at the college of St. Mary's, Barrens, Perry Co. Mo. Rev. John Larkin, C. M. He had been ordained one year before, and during his short ministry was distinguished for his zeal and piety.—*Cath. Cabinet*.

On the 27th of August, Rev. Abraham Backers, subdeacon, a native of Holland, aged twenty-seven years. The deceased was a member of the Society of Jesus, at Grand Coteau, La.—*Ibid*.

On the 2d of October, Rev. Robert Doogan, pastor of Alexandria, Louisiana, aged thirty years. A zealous and active laborer in the holy ministry, his death excited the profoundest regrets of the flock that he had served.—*Prop. Cathol*.

On the 29th September, Mr. John Morrin, a novice of the Dominican order, at St. Rose convent, Ky. aged twenty-four years.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

An Oration, delivered before the Pennsylvania Catholic Total Abstinence Society, July 4th, 1843, by Wm. Geo. Read, LL.D., of Baltimore.

We owe an apology to the learned and eloquent author of the above oration, for not noticing at an earlier period, his very interesting production. By some mischance his discourse found its way into our hands only a few days since. Nothing has yet fallen from this gentleman's pen, that we would not cheerfully commend for its classic elegance, its originality and strength of conception, its purity and beauty of style, and in general its sound views. The present effort abounds in all these marks of a finished orator. We give the following extract as an evidence of the high moral tone which characterizes the whole oration, and unite with the author in asking for it the dispassionate consideration of every patriot.

"I hesitate not to declare, and (considering at whose invitation I am here) the remark will not, I trust, be offensively obtruded—but at every personal risk, I fearlessly commend it to the dispassionate consideration of every thinking patriot, whom my feeble voice may reach—that the only permanent security for American liberty will be found in a more general investigation of the authority and obedience to the teaching of that Divine Religion, which, in her unchanging and unchangeable dogmas, her steady discipline, and sacramental aids, involves the elements of all true morality, all sound politics, all abiding civilization. Which, as she was the only power to tame the brute fury of kings and nobles, in times of feudal tyranny, so is the only one that can restrain the irregular passions of the multitude, in an age of universal suffrage; a religion not of speculative opinion but of explicit doctrine and positive precept; which leaves not man the interested judge of his own defaults or obligations, but, following him from the rebukes and exhortations of the confessional, to the solitude of the closet, bids him tremble there for the unatoned public wrong in which he may have shared, as for the private injury for which he cowers in undivided responsibility—which recognises no bankrupt or insolvent law—which absolves from no repudiation."

Sadlier's Family Bible. New York.

This republication has reached its sixth number, and as the best evidence we can offer of the

elegance of its execution, and the satisfaction it has given, we state that Mr. J. Murphy, the agent, has not been able to supply the increasing demand for the work. This we are glad of, both for the reward which the publisher reaps for a faithful undertaking, and as an evidence of the anxiety of the Catholics of Baltimore to supply themselves with a family edition of the holy Bible. *Commemorative discourse on the occasion of the death of the Rev. F. P. W. Greenwood.* By Geo. W. Burnap. Delivered Sept. 17, 1843.

This discourse, like every thing emanating from the same source, is illustrative of the practical good sense of the author, and awakens in its details a lively and mournful interest in all that relates to the subject of its commemoration. The author, however, will not expect us to adopt or commend such of his opinions as refer to Catholic usages or points of Christian doctrine. The veneration which the Church accords to her saints elicits his warm approval. He can even appreciate the feeling, ("which in darker ages was exaggerated into superstition,") of reverence for every memorial connected with holy men. This is a reflection very politely made on a pious usage, a rebuke sweetened with a kiss, a concession which almost makes us believe, that the author thought more favorably than he even spoke of this good and ancient Catholic custom, and that in his heart he considered it no superstition at all. As Catholics we deny that there is any superstition in making pilgrimages to the spots which virtue has sanctified, or bearing away the dust on which holy men have trodden, and assure the author that this fancied extravagance of the middle ages (he might have traced it back to the days of the Saviour himself), is still cherished and perpetuated by us as a consoling and most reasonable duty. Indeed we see the sick pastor whose interesting history the discourse commemorates, busied in his last illness, in carving little crosses of different materials, as memorials and relics for those he cherished, and from whom he felt he was soon to be severed. Now, we cannot see, that they who preserve these tokens of their departed friend, exhibit less of "the superstition of the darker ages," than the people of those ages themselves, who would pilgrim to the grave of a good man, and bear away the dust on which he had trodden. Indeed it seems from

the discourse before us, that the deceased pastor did alarm some friends into a belief that he was a Catholic, from the fact of distributing crosses among his friends. This alarm however the author quiets, and pronounces his reverend associate Catholic, only in extending "fellowship to all," and claiming "fellowship with all the true disciples of Christ, of every name and denomination, who proved their discipleship by bearing the image of their master." We do not know that we are theologians enough to comprehend this definition of a Catholic, but if we do, we infer from it, that no man can be a Catholic, unless he belongs to all the Christian denominations at once, and that to be truly Catholic you must combine all the harmonious ingredients of Catholic and Mormon, Covenanters and Shaking Quakers, Episcopalian and New Jerusalemite, and of all other creeds, until the picture would make us look like religious centaurs, or like the painter's non-descript, "*desinet in piscem mulier formosa superne.*" And from what follows we should judge that this combination makes up what is called the Independent Church of Baltimore. Not that any one man has all the varieties, but that the units who possess all the varieties make up one Catholic independent whole.

A Key to Universal History Illustrated, or the Stream of Time made visible, &c. Edited by S. G. Goodrich. N. York. D. Appleton.

This is the title of a book that is sold as an accompaniment to an historical map, called the Stream of Time, and is intended to facilitate the use of the chart, by giving some insight into the events that are noted on it. The reader would of course expect, that within the limits of 235 pages 12mo, the author could merely glance at the more prominent and interesting facts which history records: but strange to say, he has turned away from these to devote a long essay on the Inquisition in Spain, while not a word is said of the equally cruel inquisitions practised in England and the American colonies, by the very ancestors of the author himself. We ask moreover why should a subject like this, the recollection of which is by no means creditable to Protestantism, be so inappropriately and so inaccurately treated in a book of this description? Perhaps we should be satisfied with the reply, that the author is Mr. S. G. Goodrich, or Peter Parley, of notorious memory as a slanderer of the Catholic religion. While we recommend the Historical Map, we caution the Catholic community against the purchase of the book which accompanies it.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

IN approaching the close of the present year's publication, which will terminate with the issue of our next number, it may not be amiss on our part, to state, and it may be gratifying to our friends, to learn that further arrangements have been made to enhance the usefulness and interest of the Magazine. Gentlemen among the clergy and laity, who rank high in point of talents, erudition, and literary accomplishment, have pledged their assistance in contributing to the pages of our periodical, and we confidently promise its patrons, during the ensuing year, a still more instructive and entertaining series than has yet been furnished. We are happy to inform them that the publisher is not deficient on his part in endeavoring to invest the work with additional merit, with respect to its mechanical and ornamental arrangements, and he has already provided a beautiful mezzotint engraving for the opening number of the next volume. Every thing, in short, will be done to render the Magazine of the coming year superior in its attractions to the volumes that have preceded it.

We have received lately several valuable pa-

pers, which will be placed before the reader in due time. Among them we may mention *The Lady Margaret*, an interesting sketch from British history; *Richard Crashaw*, an outline of this Catholic poet, with specimens from his writings; *The Reclaimed*, a spirited and entertaining tale, showing the force of early impressions; *Education in Rome*, a review of an excellent work on the eternal city; and the *Geography and Chronology of Niagara*, a scientific essay on that wonder of nature. *The Reclaimed*, is the first contribution of a pen that promises a rich store of gratification to the readers of the Magazine.

It would afford us pleasure to insert the Latin poem which was kindly sent to us by a venerable ecclesiastic of the west, and for which we must express our acknowledgments; but as it would be unintelligible to the great portion of our readers, we are reluctantly compelled to omit it.

The article on the *Pointed style* of architecture, for which we are thankful to the author, contains some valuable hints, and will appear, with some slight modification, at an early period.

THE UNITED STATES CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1843.

EDUCATION IN ROME.

Reminiscences of Rome: or a Religious, Moral, and Literary View of the Eternal City, in a series of Letters, addressed to a Friend in England. By a Member of the Arcadian Academy. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1840.

"Mother of arts! as once of arms; thy hand
Was then our guardian, and is still our guide.
Parent of our religions! whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven!
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward driven,
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven."

In something of a prophetic spirit, thus sang the noble author of "Childe Harold," some thirty years ago. Since that day such a change as is here shadowed forth, has come over the spirit of the age. A progressive and deepening interest is evinced for all that regards the eternal city, and the high destinies that hang round her name and history. We have heard one of the latest and most interesting of English travellers exclaiming with solemn enthusiasm: "Behold! all hearts are turned towards Rome,—all eyes fixed upon her in love, hope, fear, and inquiry. Long has her mysterious character been seen. Men could not feel indifference towards her, as towards a common city, but either fond love or bitter hatred has been her portion from every one who cared for the cross at all,"

&c. And again: "Rome is the legitimate capital of Christendom. She has been a marvellously fruitful mother, with an almost miraculous fecundity in planting churches; and the curious diligence of antiquarians cannot alter the fact, that all we of the west, at least, are her children."

Of late years, the press has teemed with works upon Rome; but the writers have generally been content with describing the antiquities and more modern works of art in which this capital is so rich. The more immediate object of the work before us is to make us acquainted with its religious monuments,—those numerous and munificent institutions of charity and of education, in which no other city so abounds, though, unlike other cities, Rome has had but few chroniclers to record her charities. Indeed, to borrow the words of a powerful writer, "we cannot understand how traveller should succeed traveller, and tour struggle in the press with tour for primogeniture of publication, and yet all should invariably overlook this new and virgin field, which, to one acquainted with the country, forms its prominent and distinguishing characteristic."*

We will begin with the establishments for education. More than three centuries

* Dublin Review, for July, 1836.

ago, one of the most remarkable men of his age, but accused of his undue bias to the popedom, has the following words, in a letter to a friend: "Alia est patria, sed Roma communis omnium liberatorum est patria, alrix et evectrix." "Of the learned, some claim one country, some another, but Rome is the motherland of them all; their common patron, their common promoter." By anticatholic writers, the capital of the Christian world is not unfrequently described as the foster-nurse of ignorance and of that priestcraft which seeks to crush knowledge in its birth; but we trust that the following brief review of some of her numerous institutions for the furtherance of education, from the pen of one who, from his familiar acquaintance with the subject, is qualified to give an opinion, will show that Rome still merits the eulogium which we quoted above, and which she merited from the great Erasmus, more than three hundred years ago.

"The number of universities within the papal territory has been reduced to seven. Of these, however, I purpose calling your attention only to the two existing within the walls of the Roman metropolis. The first in rank is the Archiginnasio Romano, or as it is more commonly called, L'Università della Sapienza. Its latter denomination is taken from the sentence of the Psalmist inscribed over the door—" *Initium sapientiæ timor Domini.*" (The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.) The precise date of the foundation of this university is not known with any degree of certainty. Some trace its origin to a period antecedent to the fall of the Roman empire, and maintain that it continued a flourishing nursery for learning till the invasion of the Goths and the other barbarians. Be this as it may, it appears beyond a doubt, that, on the site of the present establishment, schools of public instruction were opened by St. Gregory the Great, as early as the seventh century. Schools for the study of law were also founded here in the fourteenth century, by Popes Innocent IV and Boniface VIII. The last named pontiff was himself one of the greatest canonists and most learned jurisconsult of his age.

In the year 1311, Clement V established professorships of Hebrew, Greek, Arabic and Syriac. Still later, fresh privileges and additional revenues were conferred upon this establishment by that great patron of learning and the arts, Leo X.

'But see! each muse in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her withered bays;
Rome's ancient genius o'er the ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears its reverend head:
Then sculpture and her sister arts revive—
Stones leap to form, and rocks begin to live—
With sweeter notes each rising temple rang,
A Raphael painted and a Vida sang!'—*Pope.*

"Under the auspices of this munificent patron of literature, commenced the rebuilding of the present university, which was continued by Sixtus V, Urban VIII, and Alexander VII. During the pontificate of the last named, the Alexandrian Library was also completed. It fills the upper part of the building, and is for the use of the public at large, as well as the students of the university. The interior of the present stately pile, the design of Michael Angelo, is particularly admired.

"In regard to its educational economy, the Sapienza is divided into five faculties, the direction of which is confided to a committee, under the presidentship of a cardinal, with the title of archchancellor of the university. Part of this foundation is also appropriated to the 'Accademia di San Luca, where gratuitous lectures in drawing, sculpture, architecture, &c., are given by professors of merit, paid by the Roman government. The commencement and close of every lecture is sanctified by prayer; and it is moreover the custom of all the members to assemble during three days, for the purpose of worthily preparing themselves for their Easter duties. Well arranged museums of natural history, with lecture rooms for physical and chemical experiments, are attached to the university.

"Next to the Sapienza our attention is called to the Gregorian University, or as it is more commonly called, 'Il Collegio Romano.' This noble establishment was founded in 1582 by Pope Gregory XIII, one of the greatest promoters of education of whom modern times can boast. Besides

this university, he also founded the English, German, Greek, and Maronite colleges in Rome, not to mention eighteen other universities established under his auspices in different parts of the world. In the Roman college all the liberal arts are taught, except civil law, medicine, and surgery, in which faculties the Sapienza has the exclusive privilege of conferring degrees. It must, however, be acknowledged that the schools of the Roman College being solely directed by the Jesuits, who know so well how to combine zeal for science with piety to God, are more conspicuous for religious instruction and devout example. Every day both masters and scholars proceed in a body to hear mass in the contiguous church of St. Ignatius; and on festival days the different pious sodalities, into which the students, according to their age, are divided, assemble in the various oratories set apart for the recital of the divine office, and other practices of devotion. On Sunday evenings, the younger catechetical students are instructed and examined in their religious and moral duties. One day, likewise, in every month, is set apart for a spiritual retreat. Three days also are annually devoted to spiritual exercises and meditations on the most important truths of religion, as a preparation for complying in a proper manner with the paschal precepts of the Church. The chamber in which St. Aloysius Gonzaga, the youthful and angelic patron of students, lived and died, in the Roman College, is now a sanctuary, resorted to by crowds of the pious of all ranks and ages. The body of the saint reposes in an urn, incrusting with gold, lapis lazuli, and other precious materials beneath an altar dedicated to his memory. On the 21st of June, his festival is annually solemnized with extraordinary pomp in the adjoining church of St. Ignatius.

"The papal government allots twelve thousand crowns a year to the support of the Roman college, wherein at present about fifteen hundred students receive a gratuitous education. The students, whether lay or clerical, patrician or plebeian, natives or foreigners, may publicly try their strength on the literary arena, and those

who distinguish themselves are sure of meeting with encouragement and reward. In the list of successful competitors, some poor youth or orphan boy, wholly dependent perhaps on charity for his support, not unfrequently passes before the nephew of a cardinal or the son of a prince. Previously to the distribution of prizes, which annually occurs in the month of September, public examinations take place, during several days, in the great hall of the college, where any person may interrogate the students on the progress they have made. The distributor of prizes is usually selected from among the most exalted personages in the hierarchy. Within my own recollection, the present pope has, more than once, condescended publicly to award with his own hand, the usual scholastic premiums to the successful candidates.

"The library of the Roman college numbers sixty thousand volumes, and several rare and valuable manuscripts. It has also an observatory well fitted for astronomical purposes, where several important discoveries have been made, and among its directors the names of Boscovich, Jacquier, Calandrelli, and Conti hold a conspicuous place in the annals of modern science. It has also a well stored museum which was commenced by the celebrated antiquary and mathematician, Kircher.*

"The next place of education which claims our notice, is 'Il Seminario Romano,' which, in accordance with a decree of the council of Trent respecting the institution of diocesan seminaries, was founded by Pius IV, in 1565, solely for the education of clerical students. The course of studies here is not quite upon so extensive

* This extraordinary man was born in the year 1601. At the age of seventeen he entered the Society of Jesus. His incapacity and dulness were at first so apparent that his superiors were on the point of dismissing him from the novitiate. The young postulant, however, earnestly implored, and succeeded in obtaining the divine assistance to preserve him from the fate he dreaded. Afterwards he became the universal scholar of his age; and at his demise, in 1680, besides the museum which bears his name, Father Kircher left behind him his printed works in twenty-two volumes folio, as lasting monuments, not only of his taste and erudition, but also as an encouraging example of what may be achieved by ordinary abilities, with the aid of persevering industry and humble prayer.

a scale as in the universities. It comprises, however, all that is necessary for youth especially set apart for the service of the Church. The belles-lettres, mathematics, philosophy, theology, canon law, the oriental languages, and sacred archæology, are taught by able professors. The entire educational discipline is not, as formerly, in the hands of the Jesuits, but is now superintended by secular priests, who follow the rules laid down by St. Charles Borromeo for the government of similar institutions. The seminary schools are not exclusive to the resident alumni, as many aspirants to the sacred ministry dwell at home with their parents, and even the students of the English and other colleges attend them. This establishment being the diocesan seminary of Rome is obliged to furnish twelve clerks for the service of the Pope's cathedral, the Lateran basilica (St. Peter's). In return, the chapter contributes an annual pension towards the support of the seminary. Among its most distinguished élèves, the annals of the Roman seminary record the names of five Popes, Gregory XV, Clement IX, Innocent XII, and Clement XI; eighty cardinals, and several hundred bishops, besides a host of other dignitaries, celebrated for their learning and apostolic labors in the Church.

"To the Vatican Basilica is also attached the 'Seminario di San Pietro,' for clerical students, who, after their ordination, are provided with livings by the chapter."

The writer adds, "The discipline of the seminaries is certainly watchful and severe. The following remarks of an old English writer may, I think, justly apply to them. 'Foreign students,' says Dr. Patterson, 'are so orderly governed, and the seasons of study, devotion, scholastic exercise, and spiritual recreation; yea, even their necessary repast and rest, are all so exactly measured out; all occasion of idleness, excess, and ill-company, so prudently and carefully prevented, that it is no wonder they are so civil, devout, religious, temperate, sober, and well-governed in outward deportment, as, through the grace of God, they are. Though strictly kept to their tasks, they are rather won than forced to them. They

are bridled with a hard bit; but it is carried with such a gentle hand, as not to gall, but guide them; so that their studies, blessed be God! are not altogether unhappy, so neither is their life unpleasant; but sweet, agreeable to virtuous minds, and full of the noblest contents.' Strict discipline has been found by experience, calculated to insure that innocence of life, so necessary towards an efficient discharge of the duties belonging to the clerical profession; and here, beneath the eye, as it were, of the Church's supreme pastor, it is fitting that youthful Levites should be practically, as well as theoretically initiated into those grand and solemn truths which they are destined to proclaim openly, by word and deed, to men living in a corrupt world.

"Annually, on Maunday Thursday, in imitation of our Saviour's example, the rector of the Roman seminary washes the feet of twelve of the students, drawn by lot. The '*apostoli*,' as these chosen ones are termed, are invited after the ceremony to an entertainment by the rector, who humbly waits upon them at table. On every occasion, in fine, it may be said that the affability and kindness of the superiors towards their pupils, without distinction of age or rank, cannot be too highly extolled."

The "*Academia Ecclesiastica*," is a collegiate community, founded by Innocent XII, exclusively for the purpose of finishing the education of those ecclesiastics of noble birth, who aspire to the prelacy. When admitted among the latter, they receive the title of Monsignore, either as domestic prelates, or as apostolical protonotaries to his holiness. They then enter upon a judicial or diplomatic career; which, at its successful termination, according to the ordinary routine of court business, is rewarded with the dignity of cardinal, as the sovereign usually selects from among the prelatical colleges those whom he intends to prefer to the most important offices in Church and state.

"*Il Collegio di Nobili*" was once a community of one hundred noble youths, forming a part of the Roman seminary. When Leo XII, a few years ago, restored the direction of this university to the Jesuits, it

was on condition that they should re-establish the institute in question for the education of the lay aristocracy. Under such able masters, this nursery of learning, open exclusively to the scions of nobility, promises to revive its former honors and literary renown.

"Il Collegio Nazareno," so called from its founder, Cordinal Tonti, titular archbishop of Nazareth, is at present under the direction of the secular clergy. Independently of the alumni, several foreign pensioners are admitted into the establishment. This college has a fine library and museum.

"Il Collegio Capranica," was founded by the cardinal of that name, for the education of poor ecclesiastical students. This public spirited prelate converted his own palace into a collegiate establishment, and endowed it with revenues sufficient for the maintenance of thirty-two alumni. This interesting establishment is in a flourishing condition.

"Il Collegio Salviani," endowed by the cardinal of that name, for the purpose of enabling such orphans as give promise of superior capacity, to be instructed in the higher departments of knowledge, is now blended with the asylum for orphans.

"Il Collegio Pamphili," maintains a certain number of students, who, previously to being enrolled upon the list as alumni, must give proof of having been born on one or other of the feudatory estates of Prince Doria Pamphili. The *jus patronatus* of this institution belongs exclusively to this ancient and opulent family.

"Several other colleges which were suppressed at the revolution, have not been re-established, their endowments having fallen a prey to the rapacity and sacrilegious spirit of the time. The celebrated "Collegio Clementino," however, and the "Scuola Militare," founded by Clement VIII; the "Collegio Bandinelli," endowed by a Florentine baker, and the "Collegio Ghislieri," founded by a Roman physician in the seventeenth century, have recently been reorganized, and placed on a respectable footing.

"In all the principal monasteries, also, schools exist for the purpose of general in-

struction; we might particularise those of the regular canons of San Pietro in vinculis, of the Benedictines of San Calisto, and of the Theatines of San Andrea della Valle, where a liberal education is afforded to the children of the neighborhood.

"For the education of females there are numerous establishments in the nunneries of the city; those in especial repute are the Pia Casa, directed by the dames of the order of Oblates de Santa Francesca, the convent of the Augustinian sisters, the French nunnery at the Trinità di Monte, and the Dames du Sacré Cœur.

"The numerous infant or primary schools for children of both sexes, are superintended by pious sisters, termed *Maestre Pie*, and are wholly supported by funds from the Pope's almonry.

"In seven of the most populous quarters of the city are stationed as many large elementary schools which afford gratuitous education to about two thousand poor boys. These schools are principally directed by the society of Christian Brothers.

"The Scuole Regionarie, District schools, are sixty in number. They afford a genteel education to above two thousand children, who are expected to pay according to their means, from two to five shillings per month."

The following summary of the institutions which Rome contains for the diffusion of knowledge, may be relied on as correct.

Public Libraries,	11
Literary Academies,	8
Universities,	2
Seminaries,	2
Colleges,	7
Boarding Schools,	18
Night Schools,	3
Elementary Schools,	372

In the latter alone upwards of fourteen thousand poor children of both sexes, gratuitously receive the first rudiments of education.

The foregoing is a brief statement of the establishments in Rome for the education of the natives. We have reserved an account of the colleges founded there exclusively for the gratuitous instruction of for-

eigners, and more particularly the English, Irish, and Scotch, being desirous of grouping together these most interesting portions of our subject.

"Of these institutions, though not the most ancient, yet doubtless the most important is the "Collegio Urbano de Propaganda Fide," founded by Urban VIII, for the purpose of preparing missionaries to propagate the faith in those regions where heresy and infidelity prevail. To use the language of Clement XIV, this institution "may be justly regarded as the seminary of the universal Church,"—*jure ac merito tanquam seminarium Ecclesie universalis haberi debet*. It was erected in the year 1627, as was also the adjoining palace, wherein the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, composed of cardinals, prelates and divines, holds its meetings. Endowed with ample revenues, this truly apostolic congregation maintains an intercourse with every part of the known world. It maintains six schools in Egypt, four in Illyria, two in Albania, two in Transylvania, and two in the islands of the Archipelago, without taking into account various other Catholic educational establishments in Protestant countries. There are at present in this establishment about one hundred and thirty alumni of every tongue and nation. After being six months in the community each alumnus engages himself by a solemn vow to the service of the foreign missions. The ordinary term of education is ten years. When the alumni have completed their ecclesiastical course, and been ordained, some are furnished with means to return to their native country, where they are to labor to bring back their strayed brethren from the mazes of error to the fold of the "one Shepherd;" others are commissioned to carry the light of Gospel truth to benighted, or still unawakened nations, to plant the cross upon newly discovered lands, and peril life amidst barbarous tribes. Every missionary from the Propaganda is bound to give an account of himself to the secretary, once a year, if in Europe, or every two years, if stationed in any other part of the globe. He is further bound not to meddle with the temporal or political concerns of the people to whom

he is sent, but to attend wholly to the salvation of souls confided to his care."

Annually a public exhibition is given of proficiency in about forty languages. This institution has recently been placed under the direction of the Jesuits. It has a large printing office with the types of forty different alphabets. Its library is rich in Polyglot literature, and oriental curiosities.

The Greek college, which has lately been re-opened, maintains about twelve students. It was founded by Gregory XIII, as early as the year 1577, and many of its alumni have distinguished themselves by their zeal and abilities in the cause of orthodox unity. Joseph Velamani, for instance, during his long apostolical career in Muscovy, Poland, and Lithuania, is said to have converted more than two millions of souls to the true faith. This college has also given two celebrated librarians to the Vatican, Leo Allatius and Nicholas Alemanni, names second to none in the field of eastern learning.

The German and Hungarian colleges were founded by Gregory XIII, in 1573. Both of these establishments have sent forth a host of learned men and zealous missionaries.

Various British establishments have existed in Rome, with short interruptions, for upwards of a thousand years. Soon after their conversion to the true faith, our Anglo-Saxon ancestors conceived the provident idea of founding a nursery of learning near the fountain head of Christianity. During the persecution of the Catholics under Elizabeth, Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Allen established a clerical seminary for the education of priests to supply the English mission. The reigning pontiff, Gregory XIII, approved of the undertaking, and furthered it by a pension of twelve hundred crowns per annum. This resource, with donations from the charitable and wealthy, enabled the college at one time to support nearly two hundred students. In 1579, Pope Gregory XIII, gave a considerable estate on the Palatine hill, to increase the revenue of the new establishment. It consists of an extensive vineyard, which contains a portion of the ruins of the villa of Augustus.

There is something striking in the fact, that this abode of the Cæsar who despoiled Caractacus and his countrymen of their humble cottages in Britain, should, in the strange vicissitudes of human things, become the inheritance of their exiled descendants, in the sixteenth century. The Triclinium of the emperors of the world has been used as the refectory of meek and unambitious students. In the vestibule leading to it, I observed some interesting portraits, and in spite of the dust and cobwebs which now overshadow them, I was able to decipher the following names, S. Gregorius Angliæ Apostolus, S. Thomas Cantuariensis Archiepiscopus, Jacobus Tertius Rex Angliæ, Henricus Cardinalis Eboracensis. The painting, however, which more particularly attracted my attention, was one over the entrance of the chapel, representing a youth in the collegiate uniform, holding a scroll whereon was inscribed:—*O bone Jesu! ut convertas Angliam humillimè supplicat collegium Anglicanum de Urbe.* “O good Jesus! the English college de Urbe most humbly supplicates for the conversion of England.” May not the pious prayer of the exiled youth of England of the sixteenth century, by God’s grace, become available in the nineteenth? *Felix faustumque sit!*

“In 1680, under the auspices of Cardinal Howard the college was rebuilt and the church repaired. Upon the invasion of Rome by the French, the English students were ejected, and the college property confiscated; and at one time its desecrated halls served as the head-quarters of Murat and his soldiers. Soon after the return of Pius VII, in 1814, the college was restored to its original purpose. Doctor Gradwell was appointed rector, and it opened to ten students, who arrived from England, in 1819. At present it numbers upwards of thirty students.

“The Scotch college owed its foundation, in a great measure, to the zeal of Bishop Leslie, secretary to the unfortunate Mary of Scots, who also contributed to the good work. Afterwards Pope Paul V, and Urban VIII, became its munificent protectors. After falling into decay, in 1835, this establishment revived again under the auspices

of the worthy Abbé Macpherson, and is now enabled to support thirty alumni.”

The Irish have four scholastic establishments in Rome, that of San Sisto, granted in 1602, by Clement VIII, to the Dominican missionary students of the Irish province. About the year 1624 Gregory XV made a grant of the Church and Monastery of S. Isidoro to the Irish Franciscans. There are at present upwards of twenty students in this establishment. Its church and great hall contain some admired specimens of art, and the archives can boast of some important inedited manuscripts relative to Irish history, besides the annals of the order by the celebrated Father Wadding, in eighteen folio volumes. In 1628, a college for the education of the Irish secular clergy, was founded by Cardinal Ludovisi, nephew of Pope Gregory XV. Among other celebrated names recorded in the annals of this establishment, are those of Dr. Oliver Plunkett, archbishop of Armagh, who suffered martyrdom in England, in 1681; of Dr. Blake, the present bishop of Dromore; Dr. Lanigan, author of an Ecclesiastical History of Ireland; Dr. Charles O’Conner, compiler of the “*Scriptores Rerum Hibernicarum*,” &c. and Dr. Clinch, author of Letters on Church government, and professor of Rhetoric at Maynooth. This, like the rest of the Hiberno Roman colleges, did not of course escape the grasp of the French revolutionary spoliation, and it was not till recently that the property was restored. The ancient premises being, however, found too small for the intended number of students, Pope Leo XII, with his characteristic munificence, granted them the use of a more spacious college. His holiness’ brief of donation is dated the 17th of February, 1826, in virtue of which Dr. Blake (formerly alumnus of the old college, and at present bishop of Dromore, in Ireland), was appointed first rector of the new establishment. His lordship’s successor was Dr. Boylan (since deceased), who was succeeded by Dr. Cullen, the present rector, who is also a professor in the propaganda. Under the presidency of the last named gentleman, owing to the continually increasing number of students (at present

more than sixty) they have been authorized by the reigning pope to exchange their too limited precincts for a more ample residence, comprising the ancient monastery and Church of Santa Agata dé Goti. "In the early part of 1837, not long after the Irish collegians had taken possession of their new quarters, his holiness, Gregory XVI, attended by Cardinal Frasoni, their patron, paid them a visit, and was received by the whole community, Dr. Brown, the present bishop of Kilmore, Dr. Higgins, now bishop of Ardagh, and the rector at their head. His holiness, after examining the alterations and improvements going forward on the premises, partook of some refreshments prepared for himself and his retenue. During his stay, which lasted upwards of two hours, the holy father conversed familiarly with the students, exhorting them to become strenuous laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, and worthy ornaments of the Irish church, so deservedly famed for its persevering fidelity to the see of Rome, the great centre of Catholic unity. A Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation, recording the gratitude of the collegians to his holiness, stands conspicuous in the college hall.

To GREGORY XVI, SUPREME PONTIFF, as a grateful memorial of his munificence in translating the Irish college from its former narrow limits to this more spacious and pleasant abode, whereby, imitating the example of Gregory the great, of blessed memory, he has rescued from neglect the temple of St. Agatha, virgin and martyr, and revived the ancient piety of the Roman people towards this illustrious saint, the president of the college has caused this inscription to be placed, in the year of our Lord, 1837.

We must not omit a portion of our author's tribute to the order of the Jesuits. He says: "Entering of late the chapel of the principal house of the society here, my attention was attracted by the following inscription:

SOCIETATEM. JESU.

Pius. Septimus. Pontifex. Maximus.
Urbi. et. Orbi. Restituit.

A. D. MDCCCXIX.

"Pius VII, the sovereign pontiff, restored to this city and to the world the Society of Jesus. A. D. MDCCCXIX."

Even so it is; "the advantages which the city of Rome, nay, which the whole world derives from these zealous laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, are incalculably great. In support of this assertion, I can adduce unexceptionable testimony. During a conversation which I had with the late general of the regular Clerici minori, he made the following candid avowal: 'The Jesuits do more good than all of us (the regular clergy) put together; for, generally speaking, we dedicate ourselves, in a special manner, to one particular good work, for instance, the Dominicans and Franciscans to preaching and theological studies, the ministering Clerks to the care of the sick; the Trinitarians to the redemption of captives; the Missionaries to the instruction of the country people, &c. But the Jesuits are foremost in every good action of public utility. They are found preaching in towns and villages; attending assiduously to the duties of the confessional and the administration of the sacraments; in visiting the sick in hospitals and prisons, besides attending to the main object of their institute, the education of youths.' This favorable view of the Jesuits, by a member of a different society, is valuable, considering that the religious orders not unfrequently look upon each other with more or less of a jealous eye; and are more apt to find fault, than to discover merit in their supposed rivals.

"What Lipsius said of the Medici—*Stirps ad promovendas bonas literas nata*, 'a progeny born to promote the belles-lettres,' may be more justly applied to the Jesuits. You should see what I have seen, and hear what I have heard at the Roman college, properly to appreciate their method of combining zeal for science with piety to God, in cultivating the minds of youthful students. The devout demeanor, and exemplary deportment as well of teachers as of scholars, are so edifying, that their modesty has become proverbial. To meet the young professors and novices, especially when walking from college to church, is an affecting sight; and truly not a few of

these saintly youths seem to verify the saying of the pious and learned Cardinal Ugo, *Datum est hominibus ut fiant angeli*. (It is given to men to become angels.)

"On the 31st of July, the Jesuits celebrate the festival of their illustrious founder, with all the magnificence of old. The chapel of St. Ignatius, as well as the whole sacred edifice of which it forms a part, may vie in costliness and splendour with the richest in Rome. The saint's body is preserved beneath the altar in an urn of bronze gilt, and richly adorned with gems and precious stones. Annually also, the apartments in the adjoining convent, in which St. Ignatius lived and died, are opened to the public on his festival day. Over the door of the saint's room, which has been converted into an oratory, are six Latin inscriptions which in English would run thus :

Here St. Ignatius died.

Here St. Philip Neri frequently visited St. Ignatius.

Here St. Francis Borgia fell asleep in the Lord.

Here St. Charles Borromeo offered up the holy sacrifice.

Here SS. Aloysius and Stanislaus made their vows to the Society.

Here St. Francis of Sales oftentimes came to pray.

Within this sanctuary are several interesting remains of the above mentioned holy men, such as portraits, autographs, &c. Here likewise may be seen some relics of the great Bellarmine, whose name sounded like *Bella-arma-minæ* in the ears of his Protestant antagonists, and with whom our pedantic James I entered the lists of polemic warfare. It was not, I must confess, without considerable emotion that I entered for the first time this sanctified abode of one of the greatest and wisest lawgivers, of which ancient or modern times can boast. The constitutions of the Society of Jesus breathe such a knowledge of mankind, such foresight, wisdom, and sanctity as may be looked for in vain among codes of merely human origin."

We must make room for one more extract. "At the extremity of Mons Celius stand the church and monastery of Eng-

land's apostle, the great St. Gregory, whose cloistered dwelling is still visited as an object of veneration. Within these hallowed precincts Englishmen should enter with peculiar reverence; for if the British travellers undertake long journeys, and seek with avidity among unintelligible ruins for some mutilated statue, or fragment of a tomb, what interest should they not take in viewing the habitation of that venerable pontiff, who was so instrumental in communicating to their ancestors a knowledge of the true God? From this monastic seminary it was that thirteen centuries ago, Pope Gregory, not being able to fulfil the wish of his heart, to reduce our barbarous Pagan ancestors, the *toto divisos orbe Britannos*, in subjugation to the yoke of Christ, and to execute the design in person, commissioned some of his disciples, with no other arms than the cross in one hand and the Gospel in the other. A marble tablet near the entrance of the church of St. Gregory records the names of the first apostolic missionaries: St. Augustine, first archbishop of Canterbury; St. Paulinus, first archbishop of York; Mellitus, first bishop of London; Justus, first bishop of Rochester, and several others of less fame.

"But what, I exclaimed, has become of the church which Gregory planted, Augustine watered, and God in his mercy so wonderfully increased? Alas! if we have wept over the material ruins of ancient Rome, surely the spiritual ruin of our native country is still more deserving of our tears! The dark clouds of heresy and schism have long obscured its comely features, and nearly three centuries of absurd prejudice and refined persecution have been employed, though in vain, to crush the faith of ages,—the faith which the Bedes, the Alcuins, the Ælfreds, and the Edwards gloried to profess. But let the genius of another Gregory arise, and we may hope to see England return again to the one fold of the one Shepherd. The reigning pontiff, Gregory XVI, being himself an alumnus of this same monastery, seems to have inherited the spirit as well as the mouth of his holy predecessor, whose well-known exclamation upon seeing our captive coun-

trymen in the market place of Rome, none, perhaps, more frequently repeat, — *Non Angli sed angeli, si fuerint Christiani*; 'not Angles but angels, were they but Christians.'

"Commercial or political prosperity is not the test of moral felicity among men, nor the criterion of a nation's acceptance in the eyes of Almighty God; for a people sated by pride or soured by discontent, are but little qualified to form a just estimate of their actual situation. In both of these predicaments Great Britain would seem to be at this moment. But ere England seeks for religious peace, or moral happiness in Catholic unity, she may have to pass through an ordeal of calamity, more trying than France, or more recently Spain has undergone. Adversity seems destined by the inscrutable laws of Providence, to be to nations as to individuals, the unerring school of more wholesome knowledge. This is a truth to which the history of every people has borne testimony. God grant, however, that England may be an exception to the general rule; and that, profiting by the awful experience of others, she may in time become wise unto salvation. For her attainment of this desired end, every pilgrim, on visiting the sanctuary of the apostle of England, should fervently pray that the efforts of his living successor in the chair of St. Peter for the reconversion of Britain, may be speedily crowned with success; and in the language of the prayer of the student on the Palatine, let his ejaculation be,—*O bone Jesu! ut convertas Angliam humillimè supplicat peregrinus Anglus in Urbe!* 'O good Jesus! the English pilgrim in the Eternal City humbly prays for the conversion of England!'"*

To the author of these "Reminiscences

* The following anecdote is connected with this subject. About the middle of the sixteenth century, in the monastery now known by the name of 'Il Retiro,' the Retreat, the celebrated Cardinal Howard, of the Norfolk family, established a college of English missionaries of the Dominican order. At present it is occupied by a community of religious, named 'Passionisti,' from their especial devotion to the passion of Christ. From one of these religious we learnt that the founder of their society, the venerable Father Paul of the cross, never allowed a day of the last forty years of his life to pass without offering up a fervent prayer to God for the conversion of England to the Catholic faith."

of Rome," we are grateful for much pleasing and valuable information. His *manner* is good, but we must be allowed, at parting, to offer a remark or two as to his *manner*. He is evidently a young writer, the poetic fervor of whose temperament requires to be sobered down by the logic of time and experience. He has the besetting sin of young and inexperienced writers, a continual effort to be grand, an affectation of translating the commonest circumstances into the language of metaphor and passion. He has not attended to that remark of an acute observer, that "simplicity without elegance is preferable to studied refinement, just as the plain manners of a Quaker are less repulsive than the affectation of a coxcomb." In his determination to be singular, he can neither see nor hear like other people; instead of listening to a strain of sweet music, it must "gently captivate his hearing sense" (vol. ii, p. 81); instead of gazing in imagination upon the chivalrous tournaments of the middle ages, they "are summoned to the presence of his mental sight." (p. 79.) He seems afraid of saying common things in a plain and natural way; the evening breeze from the neighboring catacombs, becomes "the plaintive sigh of evening from the *proximate catacombal* dwellings of the dead" (p. 53); barbarous treatment driving a man mad, is "*obtenebrating* his mental vision, and impelling him to a fit of despair" (p. 55); a veteran ecclesiastic is "a Nestor of the patriarchal age, over whom the winds of nearly fourscore and ten years have *scooled*" (p. 227); "Dante, the bard of mysterious song, *resplends* like a meteor amid the firmament of Italian literature" (p. 56); "a skull enclosed in a chrystal shrine, is venerated by *pictorial* enthusiasts, as the identical cranium of the divine painter [Raphael]" (p. 70); "during the cholera epidemic, fear came over the healthful youth, and stoutest man *quailed like the aspen leaf*." (p. 78.)

Sometimes a simple flat-footed fact is made to assume the buskin: the use of olive oil for church lamps, and wax candles for the altar, is thus announced; "the produce of the olive and the bee are made subservient to religious purposes in the Ro-

man churches." (p. 87.) Sometimes the grand and the familiar find themselves in amusing juxtaposition. Speaking of a college friend, he says, "manhood seemed to have made but little alteration in his mental character; his quiet and unobtrusive spirit was still the same; and such was his delicacy of reserve, as to make it *next to impossible for him to elbow his way through the world.*" (p. 221.)

Our reminiscence has the following high-wrought passages, which, in the simplicity of his youthful heart, he fancies to be the sublime. He is describing the festival of the "*Infiorata*," or floral procession in honor of the blessed Virgin. "Yes; long shall I remember the soul-thrilling impression. The luminary of day was about to tinge with his last setting glow of crimson and gold the smiling clouds of the west, and the last words of praise were echoing from the *proximate* hills. Could I a poet's privilege assume, I might be tempted to compare the music of the rustic minstrels—the beds of variegated flowers, and other joyful accompaniments of their divine procession, to some ideal *fête champêtre*, or festal rite, annually observed by our first parents in the garden of Eden, had they not sinned!" (p. 98.) In more senses than one this is a curious passage; how an *ideal fête* could be *annually observed*, if our first parents had not sinned, is an enigma which it would require a considerable degree of ingenuity to solve.

At p. 296, we have "The Thunderstorm," which is thus described;—"The thunder became progressively more loud and awful; the lightning fearfully *proximate* to us, in rapid succession flashed *with* its forked and terrific darts, the rain, as if the cataracts and floodgates of heaven had again burst forth to cover the earth with watery desolation, poured down in overwhelming torrents. Through the *liquid* mist I could discern a black lowering cloud approaching, &c. It was no small consolation to be near the benign effigy of Mary, *the mistic Iris*, &c." (p. 296.) The reminiscence and his college friend pay a moonlight visit to the Colosseum; "the moon advancing towards her zenith, emitted rays of lovely splendor.

We roamed through its columned arches, and admired the various shades depicted by the celestial rays of the lunar orb." They retrace their steps homeward, and "the irradiance of a cloudless star-lit sky, with the lightsome beams, though pale and mild of a crescent moon, served to guide us along the solitary streets, while we discoursed, or mused upon profane and sacred love." Such is the night picture, now for a day-scene. They visit the monastery on the Cælian mount, "the corridor of which is adorned with portraits of men, whose mortified and thoughtful-looking countenances mutely told us of strange, mournful, yet beatific things. We took the liberty to stroll about the solitary garden, where the softness of the atmosphere, the fragrance of the orange, almond, and lemon plantations, and even the incessant chirping of birds delighted us. To harmonize the harsh garrulity of these feathered songsters, the zephyrs would ever and anon agitate the wild shrubs and flowers of the surrounding (*proximate*?) ruins, and waft occasionally dulcet sounds of more pleasing music 'in floating music to the ear.' A grove of cypresses accorded well with the melancholy loneliness of the place, and attuned our minds to a poetic feeling." This is what Dean Swift terms the "finical style;" what follows is more in the "Ercles vein." He is describing the internal economy of the Roman college:—"Later, the seminarists are summoned by the punctual and inexorable bell-ringer to chapel for night prayers and meditation, after which they sup, and then withdraw to their play-rooms until the time arrives for the enjoyment of sweet dreams and uninterrupted slumbers, during the hours allotted for nocturnal repose. Each one then places his lamp inside his chamber door, and while undressing, responds aloud, as in the morning, to the prayers vociferated by the perambulating hebdomadarian." The following is still more highly wrought. It is the portrait of an unfair antagonist of Catholicity, one "who lays a train to explode the citadel of veracity!" (p. 134.) "Let him summon together his æolian auxiliaries, and triton-fleets of bugbear apprehensions about Popery,

to excite or storm against her. Let him arouse those leviathans and monsters of the deep, in the shape of religious jealousies—slumbering animosities—and other bad passions, to arm and unite in arresting her peaceful progress. Let him exhaust his hell-guided energies, in order to overwhelm or thin the ranks of her defenders, let him endeavor to conceal her buoyant course amid the fog and smoke of bigotry and slander; his impotent efforts will only tend to make him guilty of atrocious high-treason against the common interests and happiness of his fellow-men. In the meantime, in defiance of human and infernal opposition, confident of divine assistance, the present venerable pilot, the two hundred and fifty-sixth successor of the fisherman of Galilee, will still undauntedly stand at the helm of the vessel, and keep unfurled the meteor flag of Catholic truth, wherefrom will be

emitted rays of supernal light sufficiently strong to pierce the darkest clouds of error, calumny, and misrepresentation, ever raised by—the “Times!”

On listening to such a passage as the above, we can imagine some honest backwoodsman exclaiming; “What a first-rate stump-orator was lost in that man!”

In conclusion—let us not be understood as offering these remarks in an ill-natured or captious spirit. Nothing can be farther from our intention. In pointing out the faults into which this young writer has fallen, we would hold them up at once as a warning to the student, and as no unfriendly hint to the reminiscent, of whose talents we think so favorably as to feel anxious to meet him again in the field of letters, and to felicitate him upon that more matured taste which added years will be sure to bring.

ST. BERNARD.

A SKETCH FROM THE SAINT'S OWN WRITINGS, AND FROM THOSE OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

BY PROFESSOR WALTER.

Born at Fontaines, in Burgundy, 1091; educated at the college of Châtillon, 1106; embraces a religious life, 1113; made abbot of Clairvaux, 1116; assists at the council of Sens, 1140; preaches the crusade, 1142; confutes the errors of the famous Abelard, 1145; dies at Clairvaux, 1153; canonized by Pope Alexander III, 1165.

WITH the more prominent features of St. Bernard's life, and with the influence he exerted upon the age in which he lived, and which he illustrated by his talents and his virtues, every reader of general history is acquainted. The object of the present sketch is to furnish the lovers of personal history with a few anecdotes and characteristic traits, drawn from St. Bernard's own writings, and from those of his contemporaries, and thrown into chronological order. It is hoped that they will lead to a more intimate acquaintance with the man, and tend to inspire a deeper love and reverence for the saint. In a former

sketch we traced St. Bernard to the foundation of the celebrated abbey of Clairvaux, and to his appointment as abbot of the same. In a few years, the fame of this monastery, and of the extraordinary man to whom it owed its origin, was spread throughout Europe. The widely extended influence of Bernard's example, and the practical value, not to say attractions of the rule of life which he laid down for the community under his direction, may be estimated by the number of influential men of the time who sought admission into the order. The gentle and amiable Peter of Clugnai, though alienated for a time from our saint by contending interests, became united with him in the bonds of the sincerest affection. Hear what he says in one of his epistles to Bernard: “I have constantly wished to escape from my charge, that I might be at liberty to live united to you till death. To

be attached to your holy person by an indissoluble bond, I should consider as a more precious possession than any earthly crown; yes, I would rather pass my life with you, than enjoy all the kingdoms of the world; since to serve you would be agreeable not only to men but to angels."

In the same spirit of devoted affection, Hildebert, archbishop of Treves, repaired to Rome to entreat Pope Innocent's permission to resign his mitre, in order that he might live at Clairvaux. The Pope, however, refused his consent; "which," says Hildebert, "I pray God to forgive him!" Bernard's friend, Gregory, abbot of St. Thierry, to whom he was much attached, having proposed to leave his abbey for the same purpose, Bernard thus wrote to him: "My worthy friend, I should desire this quite as much as yourself; but reason requires that laying aside both your will and my own, I should advise you agreeably to what I believe to be the will of God. I feel my conscience at ease in proposing to you this counsel, and you will find peace of mind in following it: stay where it has pleased God to place you."

But Bernard's activity of mind was not limited to his own convent; it took a wider range, and embraced the interests and well-being of many of his contemporaries. We will particularize one among other instances. The order of Clugni had, like that of Cîteaux, originated in a project of conventual reformation, by restoring the observance of the Benedictine rule in all its primitive austerity. The convent was at first distinguished for the severity of its discipline, and the fervor of its religious exercises. The fame of this attracted the reverence and secured the liberality of the people. A succession of eminent men had presided over the order, whose counsels and participation in affairs of moment had been solicited by popes and sovereigns. The charitable purposes to which the convent applied its large resources, excited general esteem and affection. But increasing wealth and power produced their usual results,—relaxation of discipline, and gradual departure from the spirit of the founder. The convent, richly adorned, had now become

the seat of arts and learning; but these too were perverted into active causes of evil. Under Pontius, a young and worldly minded man, who, in the year 1100, was chosen abbot of Clugni, the laxity and disorder of the convent had become so notorious as to reach the ears of Pope Calixtus II, who addressed an admonition to Pontius. In consequence of this, the superior abdicated his post, and undertook a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. But after two years, moved by ambition, and regretting the step he had taken, he endeavored by violent means to reinstate himself as head of the order. In the meantime, Peter, a descendant of a noble house in Spain, had been chosen abbot of Clugni. He was a man of cultivated mind, and he commanded universal esteem by the frankness and gentleness of his character, and by the winning courtesy of his manners. Pontius, however, whose character was far more suitable to the general inclinations of the monks, forced his way into the convent, during the absence of Peter, and seized upon the treasures belonging to the monastery, not even sparing the sacred ornaments of the church, costly crucifixes, golden reliquaries, and the more valuable of the sacred vessels of the service. These proceedings led to the greatest confusion in the order; till at length Pope Honorius II interfering, by his authority put an end to the strife, and, in the year 1125, reinstated the Abbot Peter in his office. It was at the call of the friends of order and good discipline, and more particularly of William, a Cluniac abbot, that St. Bernard composed his celebrated "*Apologica ad Gulielmum abbatem*."

St. Bernard had, however, personal motives to join in the feeling of the time against the monks of Clugni, from their conduct in regard to Robert, a son of his mother's sister. This young man having been, at his birth, consecrated to God by his parents, had subsequently been promised by them to the abbey of Clugni. In his boyhood, however, he had formed a strong attachment to Bernard, and when the latter determined on entering the monastery of Cîteaux, young Robert, though at that time only thirteen years of age, insisted on ac-

companying him,—a mark of attachment which won strongly upon the susceptible heart of Bernard. Two years later we behold him accompanying and forming one of the infant colony that proceeded to the settlement of Clairveaux, where permission to assume the habit of the order was granted to his earnest entreaties. This gave offence to the monks of Clugni, who, under pretence of Robert's early engagement, procured a decree from the pope, authorising him to pass from Clairvaux to Clugni. Furnished with this document, and availing themselves of the absence of Bernard, the emissaries of the Abbot Pontius gained access to the young monk, and having succeeded in persuading him that he was subjected by Bernard to an unreasonable excess of austerity, they prevailed on him to accompany them to Clugni.

The grief of St. Bernard, when on his return to the monastery he found that he had been thus robbed of the child of his affection, is represented by his biographers to have been excessive. For the space of a year, he ceased not to offer prayers, mingled with sighs and tears, for his restoration. At the end of that time, he dictated the celebrated letter, of which the reader will be pleased to see an extract :

"I have waited long enough, my dear son Robert; nay, perhaps, too long, in the hope that it might please God to soften your heart and my own; inspiring you with sorrow for your fault, and granting to me the consolation of your repentance. But since my expectation is vain, I can no longer conceal my sadness, or restrain my sorrow. Behold me, then, come to ask pardon of him, who ought rather to seek it from me, and contemned as I have been, to recall him who has wounded and insulted me. When suffering under any heavy affliction, we cease to deliberate, or to reason with ourselves; we are no longer sensible of shame, or apprehensive of degradation; we neglect all counsel and rule, all order and measure: all the faculties of the mind are absorbed in seeking how to soften the rigor of suffering, or to recover our lost happiness. But I think I hear you tell me, that you have neither despised nor offended

me. Be it so. My object is not to dispute, but to put an end to all disputes; and surely the blame must rest with the persecutor, not with him who flies from persecution. Come, then, let us forget the past; I will not stop to examine into circumstances, I would fain banish them from my remembrance. I will speak only of my affliction in being deprived of your society. I do not ask the reasons of your leaving me; I only ask, why you do not return. Yes, return, I entreat of you, and all shall be peace; return, and all shall be well again; I shall again be happy and my heart shall sing with joy, "He was dead, and is alive; he was lost, and is found!" I am content to take all the blame of your flight upon myself. Yes, I was too strict, too severe; I did not make sufficient allowance for the tenderness and delicacy of youth. It is time, that I might, perhaps, allege in my justification, the necessity of repressing the sallies of youth with a steady hand, so as by due discipline to train the restive to virtue, according to that admonition of holy Scripture, 'Correct thy son, and thou shalt save his soul,'—'Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth,'—'Better are the wounds of a friend, than the kisses of an enemy.' But, I repeat it; I am willing to bear the blame. Oh my son! consider the means by which I seek to recall you; not by a slavish fear, but by endeavoring to inspire you with a filial love, which will induce you in all the confidence of affection to throw yourself into the arms of a loving father. I employ no menaces; all the force I use is that of prayers and entreaties, to gain your soul and allay my grief. Others would, perhaps, have adopted a different method; they would have sought to frighten you by the representation of your sin, by the terrors of an avenging God; they would have reproached you with the base apostacy which led you to prefer a handsome dress, or luxurious table, an opulent establishment, to your former coarse habit, vegetable fare, and humble poverty. But knowing your heart to be more alive to love than fear, I have not thought it necessary to hurry him along who is already of himself advancing in the right way; to

alarm him, who already trembles; to confound one already overtaken by confusion. And if it be thought strange that a young and diffident monk should have dared to violate his vows, and to quit his monastery without the consent of his brethren and superiors, is it not far more strange that David should have fallen with all his holiness, Solomon with all his wisdom, and Sampson with all his strength? Is it surprising that he who could deceive our first parents in paradise, should have had the address to seduce a young man from a frightful desert? Deceived by the spurious arguments of certain men in authority, of a wolf in sheep's clothing, whom he knew not, the credulous young monk suffers himself to be conducted to Clugni. 'What!' cried his betrayers, 'doth God take pleasure in man's suffering? Doth the Holy Scripture command us to shorten our days, to dig the ground, to fell trees, to exhaust the body in labor? Why did God create meats, if not for our use? why give us bodies, if we may not nourish them? What man in his senses ever hated his own flesh?' And so, having inveigled him into their monastery, they caused him to bathe, to have his hair cut and his person trimmed, and substituting for his old and threadbare garments robes of costly stuff, receive him into their community, nay more, give him precedence over many aged men, and congratulate and applaud him, triumphing as in the spoil of a victory. What pains have they not taken to destroy a poor soul, and how was so young a man to resist the influence of such flattering arts? What leisure was allowed him for self-examination, for calm and humble inquiry after truth? But think not that I wish to intimidate you; I would instruct you as a son whom I tenderly love, for though you may have many masters, you can have no other father in Christ than myself. My fear is, lest all that I have attained by my patience, watered by the word and sustained by my prayers, should fall away and come to nought. It is less the fruitlessness of my labors, than the misery of my son that I deplore. And yet, can I forget my own bowels? Must I not suffer and greatly too, when the half of myself is

torn from me? And see thee, then, young soldier of Jesus Christ, shake off thy trammels, return again to the combat, and let the shame of thy defeat be forgotten in the renewed ardor of thy courage? Many are the combatants who persevere unto victory, but the number of those who after having turned their backs on the fight, are brought again to renew the fight, is very small. Since then the value of a thing is enhanced by its variety, what a transport would it not cause in me to find in thee a courage of which so few are capable? It is Jesus Christ who fights above head. It is He who says to us, 'Fear not, I have overcome the world;' and 'if God be for us, who shall be against us?' Oh the happiness of the warfare that is undertaken for Jesus! In such a cause, neither wounds, nor defeat, nor death itself,—nothing indeed, but a shameful flight, can deprive us of victory. Happy, thrice happy he who falls with his weapons in his hand, for he dies but to be crowned; but miserable is the man who turns aside from triumph and from the crown laid up for his perseverance. My dear son, God keep you from such a disaster! and may it please His merciful goodness to open your heart to my words; otherwise, alas! this letter will but increase your condemnation."

This earnest and affectionate appeal does not appear to have produced its effect at the time. It was not till nearly two years after, that Bernard had the satisfaction of again embracing his cherished disciple, who was sent back to him by Peter the venerable, shortly after he succeeded the evil disposed Pontius. Robert was subsequently appointed abbot of Maison Dieu, at Besançon, lived to a venerable age, and died in the odour of sanctity.

We spoke of St. Bernard's "Apology," written to clear his brethren from the reproach of having slandered the Cluniacs, and to expose the abuses prevailing among them. It not only produced a beneficial result in that convent, but was conducive to a far wider sphere of usefulness, by inducing other institutions to follow the good example. Among them was the celebrated abbey of St. Denis, near Paris. Suger, the

abbot, the distinguished minister of Louis le Gros, had heard this production spoken of with great diversity of opinion, and was resolved to read it himself and form his own judgment. It carried conviction to his heart, and he immediately set about reforming his monastery, which had long been looked upon rather as a palace of pleasure for the king and his courtiers, than as a retreat of penitence and piety. St. Bernard has described the disorder of the place. "The cloisters," says he "are crowded with soldiers, the convent filled with the ministers of intrigue and litigation, the tumult of the world re-echoes on every side, and even women, who are excluded by the rules of the institution, are permitted to enter at pleasure." All this was at once put a stop to, order and discipline were restored; and Suger, whose upright and honest heart was ever open to the voice of truth, addressed the following letter of thanks to Bernard. It is thus inscribed:

"Suger, humble minister of the blessed Denis to the most beloved lord and venerable father, Bernard, by the grace of God, Abbot of Clairvaux, sendeth greeting and sincere affection.

"You have visited us, as the day-spring from on high visiteth you, by your letters, which in truth are precious gifts, the bread of blessing, letters of consolation containing sacred words, abounding in milk and honey, and thus you have afforded to me, a miserable sinner, the greatest consolation in the hour of my extremity. If I might but once before my death behold your angelic countenance, I could depart more securely from this wretched world; in which if I might be spared to live a thousand years or more, I would not desire to remain unless it were well-pleasing to God: for, trusting not in works of righteousness, but in His mercy alone, which he always manifests to those who hope in Him, I desire with the whole of my heart to return to Him. I therefore devoutly recommend myself to you, that you may conciliate to me the divine favor, through the prayers of your congregation." When, in 1152, Bernard heard that Suger was dying, he wrote to him, praying that, when in heaven, he

would use his intercession for the speedy release of one whom he had sincerely loved on earth."

1130.—St. Bernard was not allowed to enjoy a life of retirement and contemplation amidst his monks for any length of time together. The unhappy schism in the popedom, in the year 1130, demanded his exertions for the restoration of peace in the Church. On the death of Pope Honorius II, Cardinal Gregorio was elected Pope, by the name of Innocent II. But a powerful faction arose which set up an antipope, under the name of Anacleto II. The decision between their rival claims was remitted by king Louis to a synod of bishops which assembled at Etampes, and Bernard was invited to aid their decision by his counsels. They decided in favor of Innocent, even the venerable Peter declaring for him, although Anacleto, who had been a monk of Clugni, had canvassed warmly for the support of his former brethren. Peter sent an escort of sixty horsemen to Innocent, with an invitation to Clugni, which the Pope accepted, and with his numerous suite enjoyed its hospitality for the space of eleven days.

King Louis despatched an honorable embassy of congratulation, with his minister the Abbot Suger at its head, to meet him at Clugni, and he himself, followed by his whole family, advanced as far as the monastery of St. Bennet, on the Loire, to do him honor; and there falling at his feet, according to the custom of the age, he vowed obedience to him. In the meantime, Bernard had been despatched on a journey to Normandy, in order to prevail on Henry I, king of England, to recognize Innocent as pope. Henry's mind had, however, been prejudiced against him, and our saint met with some unexpected difficulties. After taking some pains to remove this impression, and finding his efforts unavailing, he at length exclaimed: "You dread bringing guilt upon your soul by recognizing Innocent. Well, then, be pleased to listen to my advice; think only how you may answer for your other sins in the sight of God, and I will be responsible for this." The king was not displeased with the inge-

nious turn given to his scruple, and ended by declaring in favor of Innocent.

St. Bernard afterwards accompanied Innocent to Milan, where the pontiff received the homage of the prelates, who declared their adhesion to him. The extraordinary effect of St. Bernard's presence in this city, is thus described by an eye-witness. "Nothing can equal the enthusiasm of the people at having this man of God among them. At his nod, all the gold and silver ornaments were removed from the churches, and shut up in chests and vaults, as being offensive to the holy abbot; men and women were seen clad in hair-cloth, or in the meanest woollen garments; wine was turned into water, demons were dispossessed, and sicknesses healed. The holy abbot delivered the prisoners of war from their fetters and set them at liberty, and thus confirmed a vast multitude of persons in their allegiance to the emperor and their obedience to the Pope, by the oath which they took before him." Wherever he appeared, the multitude flocked round his person, and plucked fragments from his mantle. "The people of Milan earnestly desired to keep the holy man among them as their metropolitan; and assembling in festal procession, they proceeded, singing hymns and psalms of jubiles, to the cathedral, and entreated his acceptance of the archiepiscopal office. Unable to escape from their importunities, he at length bethought himself of this device; "To-morrow," said he, "I will mount my horse, and if it carry me out of the city, I shall conclude that I am not to refuse your request; if, on the other hand, it should refuse to carry me beyond the walls, I will then consent to your request." From Milan Bernard journeyed to Pavia, where, by an eloquent appeal to the popular feeling, he obtained the liberty and restoration of a number of Milanese prisoners. His reception by the bishop and clergy was in the highest degree enthusiastic. His reply to an address of the bishop of the place is one among many evidences of that spirit of deep and genuine humility which was his distinguishing characteristic. "The fruit of the good seed which is sown in the good ground belongs to Him who giveth

the seed and fertilizeth the ground; who causeth the blade to grow and ripeneth the corn. In all that has been done, what can I attribute to myself? Wo be unto me, if I usurp the glory of Christ! It is he alone, and not I, who can change the heart. The beauty of a manuscript is not the work of the pen, but of the hand that guided it. All that is permitted me to claim is this,—that my tongue has been 'the pen of a ready writer.'" After a twelvemonth thus spent in endeavors to restore peace and unity in the distracted church in Italy, Bernard set out on his return to France. The news of his coming flew before him, and in his passage over the Alps, he was met by crowds of peasants and shepherds, who came down from their dwellings among the rocks to see him, and returned to their rude homes rejoicing that they had received his blessing. How beautiful is this spontaneous homage rendered by all ranks of people to a man indebted to his Christian virtues alone for the veneration he inspired!

From Besançon he was solemnly escorted to Langres, and at a short distance from that city, he found his brethren from Clairvaux, who had hastened to meet him on the news of his approach. To use the words of the annalist of Cîteaux, "they fell on his neck, they embraced his knees, they spoke to him by turns, and were fain to have all spoken together; and full of joyous exultation, they accompanied him to Clairvaux."

It was soon after Bernard's return that the rebuilding of Clairvaux commenced. The monastery was no longer capable of containing the numbers who flocked to it for admission. A hundred novices, principally from the banks of the Rhine, where Bernard had preached the preceding year, had been recently received; and the original building, placed in the angle formed by the hills, could not be enlarged so as to accommodate them. It was necessary to pull it down and rebuild it entirely. The expense of so vast an undertaking weighed heavily on the mind of Bernard. "Remember," he would say to his monks, "remember the labor and cost of our present house, with what infinite pains did we at

last succeed in constructing aqueducts to bring water into our offices and workshops; and what would now be said of us, if we were to break up our own work and commence a new one? We should be looked upon as madmen, and with reason too, being destitute of the means to undertake it. Let us not forget that word of the Gospel, that 'he who would build a tower, must first sit down and calculate the cost.' " To this the brethren replied: "You must either send away those who are conducted hither by the hand of God, or must build accommodations for them; and surely we should be more than miserable, we should be culpable too, if through fear of the expense, we were to oppose any obstacle to the accomplishment of God's will." Moved by these representations, the abbot yielded to the wishes of his community; offerings flowed in from all parts, and the buildings advanced with incredible rapidity. Thibart, count of Champagne, granted the charter of this second foundation in the year 1135, and with his daughter Matilda, countess of Flanders, and her husband Philip, whose tombs are still seen at Clairveaux, contributed largely to the endowment, as well as Ernengarde, countess of Bretagne. In the hill situated to the west of the valley, was a spring of clear water, which, after making its way to the meadows below, lost itself under ground, and at a little distance re-appeared. It was at this point that the new monastery was erected.

1138.—Shortly after the completion of the building, Bernard was again called away on another mission of peace. William IX, sovereign count of Aquitaine and Poitou, a man of impetuous and vicious character, taking advantage of the papal schism, had driven from their sees several exemplary prelates, who were obnoxious to his corrupt inclinations, and had supplied their places with men of distinguished families, of more accommodating temper, and whom he hoped to win over to the party of Anaclete, whose cause he espoused. These proceedings necessarily occasioned the greatest confusion in the Church, and Peter the Venerable had in vain sought by his representations to turn the count from the course

he was pursuing. The pious Godfrey, bishop of Chartres, who had been appointed by Innocent legate of Aquitaine, resolved to undertake a journey to the court of William, in order to try every expedient to put an end to the scandal of these proceedings. He was aware of the extraordinary influence which Bernard possessed over the minds of men, and he engaged the saint to accompany him on his mission. It was no very difficult matter to persuade the count, a rude and ignorant layman, unskilled in ecclesiastical affairs, to recognize the supremacy of Pope Innocent, as it was a question in which his interests were not immediately compromised; but it was another matter to persuade him to admit the ejected prelates to their sees. In spite of every remonstrance, he persisted in his refusal to replace them in their sees, declaring that they had offended him too deeply, and that he felt himself bound by a solemn oath which he had taken never to be reconciled with them. After a long time spent in unavailing negotiations, the legate gave up all hope of being able to vanquish the count's obstinacy, and had fixed a day for returning home.

The day previous to his intended departure, St. Bernard celebrated mass in the cathedral church. The count, who as an excommunicated person, did not dare to assist at the ceremony, remained standing in the church porch. After the consecration, and previous to giving the *Pax* before the communion, the saint descended from the altar, and made his way through the people to the place where the duke stood, bearing in his hand the paten with the consecrated host,* and then with a stern and commanding countenance, and with eyes flashing holy indignation, he addressed the astonished count in these awful words: "Again and again have the servants of the Most High joined their supplications with ours, and you have disregarded and despised them. Lo, now, the Blessed Son of the

* "A particular impulse of the Holy Ghost, the great authority of the saint, and the dignity with which this man of miracles was enabled to perform so extraordinary an action, make it an object of our admiration, not of our imitation."—*Buller's Lives of the Saints*.

Virgin, He who is the Lord and Head of the Church which you persecute, comes in person to see if you will repent. Behold your Judge, at whose voice every knee is bowed, in heaven, on earth, and in hell. He is the just Avenger of crime, into whose hands your soul will one day fall. Will you despise Him, will you reject Him, as you have rejected his servants? Will you?" The saint was silent, and throughout the assembled multitude not a breath was heard. They awaited in trembling expectation the result, as though this solemn denunciation would be followed by a sign from heaven. Count William, in the meantime, terror-stricken, and trembling in every limb, fell to the earth in a swoon. His attendants raised him, but he was unable to support himself, and a second time sunk to the ground. Bernard then drew near, and commanded the count to rise and receive the commands of God from his lips. "Here in presence," said he, "is the bishop of Poitiers, whom you have driven from his diocese; go and be reconciled with him, and confirm that reconciliation by the kiss of peace; lead him to his episcopal throne, and give the example to all the separatists in your dominions to return to the unity of the Church." The count, unable to reply, hastened to the bishop, bestowed on him the kiss of peace, and to the joy of all his subjects, reinstated him in his former see. From this time the count gave himself up to sincere repentance for the sins of his past life, and in penance for his sins, resolved to undertake a pilgrimage to St. Iago di Compostella. Before he set out, he disposed by will of his vast inheritance, entrusting the fulfilment of the same to the restored bishop of Poitiers. His end was happy; on the Good Friday of the year 1137, he died at Compostella, while paying his devotions at the shrine of St. Iago.

Bernard having thus succeeded in accomplishing the object of his mission, returned

To seek that dear retreat,
Which absence self had rendered doubly sweet.

In the most secluded part of the valley, he had caused a bower to be formed, which

was shaded by twining pease-blossoms. It was in the shade of this sequestered spot, which he fondly termed his "earthly Jerusalem," that he meditated his celebrated sermons, and particularly his Commentary on the Canticles; in which, to use the words of Milner, the Protestant historian of the church, "we have laid before us the inward soul of a saint of the twelfth century, confessing and describing the vicissitudes of spiritual consolation and declension; which, with more or less variety, are known to real Christians in all ages of the church." Notwithstanding the delicacy of his health, Bernard was in the habit of preaching daily to his monks. His eloquence is described as possessing that insinuating character, which makes its way directly to the heart, and at the same time is said not to have been deficient in energy and vehemence even, as the subject required. His voice, though weak, was wonderfully flexible and melodious, and its effect was enhanced by a countenance which mirrored every emotion of a sensitive heart, and which was lighted up by those "dove-like eyes,"—the "*oculos columbinos*," of which his contemporaries speak so much. It is said that we owe the discourses which have come down to us, to the care of the monks, who took them down in writing as he delivered them.

1139.—This year, the sensitive heart of St. Bernard was doomed to experience a more severe visitation than it had ever yet experienced. We have already been touched and edified by the remarkable conversion of his elder brother, Gerard. This faithful companion of all the saint's journeyings, this affectionate one with whom he had so often taken counsel, breathed his last in Bernard's arms, on the 13th of April, after a lingering illness. Like another David, Bernard had given way to his grief while Gerard was languishing and dying; but when all was over, he suppressed every token of feeling, and even presided at the funeral rites with an air of the most profound calmness and mastery of his feelings, while all around him were dissolved in tears; a circumstance the more remarked by his brethren, as the characteristic tenderness of his heart was known, having been

observed to weep with all the tenderness of a parent over every member of his community of whom death had deprived him. But at his accustomed hour of preaching, Bernard, who never suffered any circumstance to interrupt the performance of his religious duties, mounted the pulpit as usual, and continued the exposition of the Canticles ;

but on a sudden he stopped, overcome by his feelings and almost suffocated by the grief he had stifled in his bosom ; then after a pause he continued, and the tribute he paid to his departed brother in this unpremeditated funeral oration is among the most touching effusions of Christian antiquity.

DEATH OF AN INFANT RELATIVE.

BY MISS LEONORA WILSON.

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's early morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a veil o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.—*Moore.*

What sorrow lies within thy heart, my gay, my youthful friend ?
Why doth the tear unbidden start, and grief thy bosom rend ?

Have friends once loved proved false to thee,
And checked thy course of mirthful glee ?
Have cherished hopes and visions bright,
Dissolved like summer clouds from sight ?
Or dost thou pine to see thy home,
Through its loved halls once more to roam ?

Ah no ! those silent tear-drops tell a tale of grief more sad
Of one, whose infant soul had fled while yet life's scenes were clad
With rainbow tints of fairy hue,
With pale flow'rs sparkling bright with dew.

But weep thou not : that cherub one to brighter realms hath flown,
Where grief ne'er finds a resting place, and sorrow is unknown ;
And there o'er flow'r-enamelled glades,
'Neath skies whose beauty never fades,
An angel pure, enrobed in light,
She roams 'mid bands of seraphs bright ;
And oft, from that sweet home of rest,
She'll visit thee, in visions blest.

Oh, then, chase far away from thee the trembling drops that lie
Upon the silken fringe that shades thy once bright laughing eye,
Mourn not her gentle spirit flown
To realms where nought but bliss is known.

A LETTER ON PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

Concluded from page 672.

LET me now reply to some of your questions. You ask me, does not the existence of purgatory imply a contradiction? for either God forgives entirely our sins or not at all. If the former, surely he does not punish in purgatory sins already forgiven; if the latter, there is no occasion for purgatory, as all admit that a sinner who dies unpardoned is lost forever. Again, you ask: "Is not the doctrine of purgatory, even according to many Catholic writers, an invention of the middle or dark ages?" And thirdly, "Even though we admit this doctrine, what connection exists between the existence of purgatory and praying for the dead?" To each of these questions, I propose to give you at least a brief and candid reply.

And first I will add, that you seem to have understood rightly what was said before concerning those who, according to the Catholic doctrine, are consigned to the temporary punishment of purgatory. It is the fate of those who, *after* the guilt or eternal punishment due to mortal sin has been remitted, die *before* the temporal punishment has been endured—or they who at the moment of death have not satisfied for lesser sins which are called *venial*. Your first question supposes that God, in forgiving the sins of an offender, remits at the same time all punishment due to his sins. Whereas the Catholic Church teaches that the Almighty God may remit the sin and its consequent eternal punishment, and still enjoin a temporal punishment to be undergone either in this life or in that to come. Here then is the point on which we are at issue. Which of us is right? I shall not here attempt an examination of your point, for circumstances will not allow; but I will briefly vindicate the Catholic doctrine on this subject, holding it as a necessary maxim that two contradictions cannot be true. If one be proved, the other must ne-

cessarily be false. This I hold no less true in morals than in mathematics. To prove my position, turn, I pray you, to the history of the Jews, the chosen people of God, and first to Numbers xiv, and read the prayers of Moses for his people, commencing at the thirteenth verse. Reflect attentively upon verses 20, 21, 22, 23. Do we not here find that God, who had been roused to anger by the ungrateful conduct of the Jews, was on the point of hurling against them the bolts of his indignation, of "smiting them with pestilence," and disinheriting them from his favor? When lo! Moses, like a tender father, suppliantly implores for the pardon of his people. His voice is raised in prayer, and the leader of the hosts of Israel stands between an offended Deity and his guilty, ungrateful people. The anger of God is appeased. His arm, even then uplifted to deal the deadly blow, falls harmlessly, or is extended to receive his misguided children; with mercy he replies to the prayers of Moses: "I have pardoned," (20—23.) In fact read attentively the remaining part of the whole chapter, and you will find that God after forgiving the sins of his ungrateful people, and remitting the eternal punishment which these sins deserved, still afflicted them with a temporary punishment, a series of afflictions, a constant wandering up and down in the wilderness, and in the end, refused to all in punishment of their sins (which he had expressly forgiven, as we read in verse 20), admission into the promised land, except to Caleb and Joshua. Even Moses, in punishment for his want of confidence, was debarred from that long expected happiness. Does not this prove that God may sometimes forgive the sin, and yet enjoin a satisfaction, a temporary punishment. And if this punishment be not undergone here, must it not still be undergone? It cannot be endured in heaven. Not in hell,—(for "out of hell

there is no redemption.") Where then, let me ask you, is it to be endured?

But I need simply ask you whence the various, ten thousand evils which afflict the human family. Was man originally thus? Was he created in his primeval state to suffer, to toil, to languish, and to die? Was the fair garden of Paradise intended to be desolated by the angry storms of life? its beauty doomed to fade—its sweets and joys to be imbittered by all the woes which now afflict the world? Was man, that noble being, man, who bore upon his majestic brow the impress of reason—whose soul was stamped with the image of his maker, God, doomed to fall from his high estate, and wander o'er the world, friendless, accursed and subjected to death? No, assuredly not. And yet, man fell, and by his fall, involved the human family in sorrows, in sufferings, and in death. Did not the tender mercies of God prompt him, when stern justice demanded vengeance, to pardon and forgive our unfortunate progenitors, and promise them as a future Saviour, even though justice bade him drive them from their forfeited paradise? Can we doubt that our first parents "wept and were forgiven?" Can we for a moment entertain the idea that they are eternally excluded from the beatific vision of their Creator? Surely not; and yet, though God in his infinite mercy pardoned their transgressions, how did they suffer for their fault. How deeply did they drink the bitter cup of sorrow, how bitterly did they deplore their disobedience! The evils of life, the sufferings, the afflictions to which we are even yet subjected; sickness, want, and death; behold the sad consequence entailed upon children by the fall of our first parents! Is there not here, my friend, a proof that God may and does pardon the sin, and yet enjoin, nay imperatively demand a temporal punishment in satisfaction for that sin?

You have no doubt often read and reflected upon the trials and persecutions endured by the holy servant of God, David. Although prostrate in sackcloth and ashes, he had long propitiated the mercies of heaven, although, when conscience-stricken

he exclaimed in anguish; "I have sinned against the Lord," he was cheered by the consoling assurance of the prophet Nathan: "The Lord hath also taken away thy sin; thou shalt not die;" yet the inexorable justice of an offended God commanded the prophet to declare unto him, "Nevertheless because thou hast given occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme, for this thing the child that is born to thee shall surely die." (2 Samuel xii, 14.) And that little child around which were entwined the dearest affections of his heart, died in satisfaction to heaven for the sins of its adulterous progenitors. Nor did the anger of heaven rest here; but as long as David lived, so long was he forced to feel the sad effects of his unfortunate transgression. Behold the prophet of the Lord declaring with the voice of inspiration, that God had "removed his sin from him, as far as the east is from the west." Still in atonement for that sin, David was doomed to see the bosom of his family torn with dissension; Ammon blasting the fair fame of his sister Tamar; (2 Samuel xiii.) The fratricidal hands of one of his sons stained with the blood of an incestuous brother! (2 Samuel xiii.) Still was he forced, in the feebleness of old age, to flee before the conquering arms of an ungrateful son, who had risen in rebellion against his grey-haired father. (2 Samuel xv.) And who can read unmoved the plaintive cries of this anguished parent, as he mourned for the hopeless fate of his misguided Absalom! (2 Samuel xviii.)

For a single act of vanity, the guilt of which had been remitted by the Almighty, (for it had been bitterly deplored) David was forced to behold the destroying angel dealing death and pestilence throughout the extent of his dominions. Eternal God, how stern is thy justice, how tremendous thy anger! Do we not here find a sufficient proof that God oftentimes pardons sins, and yet enjoins a temporal punishment in satisfaction for those sins? What if David had expired ere yet he had endured the appointed punishment? If in the court of heaven it was decreed that this temporal punishment was to be endured,

could death oppose a barrier to the views and decrees of God ?

David was forgiven. The Jews were forgiven ; consequently they would not have been consigned to endless torments. Now there is no punishment in heaven, therefore they could not have endured or undergone this their temporal punishment there. Where then ? Reason replies, in some third place. Faith replies, in purgatory.

In answering your second question, I shall necessarily be compelled to detain you for some moments. So deeply interesting is the subject, and so entwined around the antiquity of our holy faith, that it would be to do an injury to the subject to pass lightly over it ; and indeed I thank you for having given me an opportunity to dwell on this important point. You ask me is not purgatory a late invention, tracing back its origin to the dark ages ? Alas ! those poor "dark ages" are much abused ; and I shall here endeavor to show that they are not to be blamed for the invention of a purgatory. Indeed, in my last letter you have a tolerable proof in favor of the antiquity of this doctrine. I shall use freely, in reply to this question, the very conclusive arguments of a reverend and esteemed friend of your city, to prove that the Christian Church has always admitted the existence of purgatory. I will here mention a fact on which you have perhaps seldom reflected, and which is so strictly entitled to historical credit, that it will be denied by none, save a theoretical sceptic. At the period when Luther began to inveigh against the Catholic doctrine on sin, justification, indulgences, &c. and was led by a series of false conclusions to deny the existence of purgatory, he was in opposition to every Christian Church then existing, and, as he boasted, was "standing alone" against all the bishops, priests, and faithful of the eastern as well as of the western Church. So general was the indignation roused against his new doctrines, that from every side decrees of condemnation were directed against him, and he was then led to take the final step which consummated the separation between the body of the Church and his followers, a separation which unfortunately lasts yet after

several hundred years ; this is a fact stamped on the page of history, and which cannot be called in question.

If we pass now to the eastern church, composed of the Greeks, the Eutychians (called also Jacobites from one of their principal men), and of the Nestorians, we will find the same unanimity of belief concerning the existence of purgatory, and the necessity of praying for the dead. True it is that the disciples of Luther, availing themselves at first of the distance of places, the difference of languages, the difficulty of communication, boasted that although the western church was against them, the eastern church, which had been fertilized by the blood of Jesus Christ and the apostles, was for them. But this bold assertion soon turned to their confusion, and brought over positive declarations from those churches, by which it appears that the belief of purgatory was as unanimous amongst them as amongst the faithful in the west.

The belief of the Greeks is manifest from a number of facts ; but I will quote only the words of a council held at *Cyprus*, where several bishops had met : "Let him be considered as a heretic who says that there exists not an unbloody sacrifice, truly propitiatory for the sins of the living and the dead." In this declaration the synod condemns principally the assertion of the reformers who deny the existence of a true sacrifice among Christians. But leaving aside this question of sacrifice, which it is not our intention now to prove, it is manifest that the Greeks consider it a heresy to assert that the sacrifice of mass is not propitiatory for the dead. Hence they hold that the dead may be assisted by the oblation of the holy mysteries, and, by a necessary consequence, that there is a purgatory. Now the same council declares, at the end of its decrees, that this is the faith of the four patriarchates of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem ; of the Muscovites, of Bulgaria, of Servia, of Myrria (both upper and lower), of Epirus, of the Arabians, and of the Egyptians.

Shall we find the same belief among the Eutychians, who form a distinct church, spread to a considerable extent in Assyria,

Armenia, Ethiopia, and Egypt? We have from their patriarchates an authentic declaration, in which they state: "We offer the holy sacrifice of mass in behalf of the sins of the living and of the dead; the same body which was crucified for us, and the same blood which was shed for us on Calvary. Let him who maintains the contrary be anathema."

We have another declaration from the other Christian society in the east, the Nestorians: "We have heard with great surprise that some have calumniated the eastern churches, by falsely asserting that they reject the most adorable mystery of the eucharist. . . . We offer the sacred body of Jesus Christ, which was crucified for all, and the precious blood which was shed for us, in behalf of the living and of the dead, for the remission of their sins, and the punishment they have deserved."

Now, for the full elucidation of the inference which I intend to draw from these facts, I must remind you of a fact known to all who are even slightly acquainted with ecclesiastical history. The Greeks have been separated from the western Church from the year 890, when disputes (apparently relating to the necessity of using leavened or unleavened bread in the sacrifice of the mass, but in reality the boundless ambition of the patriarchs of Constantinople), led them to the final separation which has since baffled several attempts to restore union between the two churches. It is also known that the Eutychians form a distinct society which separated from the body of the Church at a time when the Greeks and Latins were united in the same belief, and were under the same authority (in 451), when Dioscorus, then patriarch of Constantinople, was condemned by the general council of Chalcedon, held in the same year. Hence they are enemies to the Greeks, and their bitter animosity against them has been increasing for the last fourteen centuries, as several facts prove. In fine, the Nestorians are enemies to the Greeks and the Eutychians, for they broke asunder the bonds of unity in 431, when the Latins, the Greeks, and the Eutychians, were yet united in the same belief. And between

the Eutychians and Nestorians there must exist an antipathy so much the greater as they were cut off from the Church at that time, because they fell into heresies diametrically opposed to each other. After this short digression, which will not be found useless, I can with confidence say that the existence of purgatory was universally admitted by all Christians throughout the globe at the time of Luther; and I conclude from this incontestible fact, that such has been the belief of the Church in all ages, from the apostles down to our own days. For it must be granted at first sight, that probability and appearance of reason are on our side; for we did not innovate; we keep the traditions which we received from our fathers. If, then, it be said that purgatory is the offspring of human invention, those who make the wild assertion must prove that a change has taken place in the Christian world since the time of the apostles, and that for their doctrine has been substituted a superstitious dogma. If it be alleged that a change has been made, let solid proofs be given to substantiate the assertion. You must then point out to us clearly the time when the idea of purgatory was introduced into the Church, and by whom it was introduced, and where it originated and thus spread itself to the confines of the earth. You must be able to show the first writings in which mention is made of the place for the expiation of souls after death. Can our opponents solve any of these questions? Can they with all their erudition, give a correct, a satisfactory answer to one of these queries? No, my dear friend.

But I mistake. They say in vague terms that purgatory is a "monkish institution;" and in support of this assertion they add that it savors of the "dark ages!" Shall we believe them on their word? This, my friend, is the general reason of those who have no better reason to oppose; but I am confident that there is no one who cannot easily see that to throw on the "monks," or on the "dark ages," the explanation of a puzzling fact, shows more embarrassment and distrust of their cause, than candor, ingenuity, or honor. But although I might

stand only on the negative, and wait until solid proofs are advanced, and until the name, the country, and the age of that surprising monk be clearly assigned, I go forward and take a higher position. You cannot prove that a change has been made in the Church, while I will prove that no change has taken place; and indeed the impossibility of any change will appear evident to every one if we consider the time and the manner in which this change might have been made.

To render my explanation clearer, and the inference more striking, let me remark that the existence of purgatory is not one of those idle questions for which no person cares,—which may sleep for centuries in the dust of libraries, unheeded and forgotten. No; it is a question eminently practical. It is a question connected with the finest feelings of the human soul, and one which has consequently been always decided in the minds of Christians, either in the affirmative or in the negative. At all times Christians have been called to render the last honors to their parents, relatives, or friends. In this circumstance it is impossible to suppose that they were without any idea on the subject of purgatory. They must have believed either that prayers and good works are beneficial to them, and consequently they will have prayed for them to the Almighty, or that all the customary prayers and expiations were of no use to them, and then they will have abstained from every expiatory act in their behalf.

Such, then, being the case, I say confidently that any change in the belief of Christians concerning the existence of purgatory, is utterly impossible. For at what time between the apostles and the first reformers could the change have been effected? Was it in the time that passed from the separation of the Greek and Roman Churches in 890, down to Luther in the sixteenth century? I assert it was not. If the Roman Church had devised this dogma during the time of the separation, the Greeks would have rejected it, and reproached the Romans or the Latins (for they are the same) with their variations on this subject. The same may be said if purgatory be an

invention of the Greeks. Indeed who will persuade himself that two rival churches would have agreed without the smallest shadow of dispute, and without a single dissenting voice on the fiction of purgatory, when we find that the most virulent and bitter discussions have been carried on between them; and on what subject? On any of equal importance to that of the truth of purgatory? No; but simply whether leavened or unleavened bread must be used in the sacrifice of the Christians. And to give you another example of the inclination of the Greeks to admit the ideas of the Latins, it will not be useless to mention the fact that they have constantly refused to admit the Gregorian reformation of the calendar (a reformation, the necessity of which cannot be questioned by any scientific man, and one which has been adopted by Protestant churches), because this reformation was the work of a Roman pontiff; and that they choose to submit even yet to the irregularities of a calendar which will subvert the order of the seasons, and give the spring in the month of January, rather than admit a reasonable regulation of a Pope on a point in which religion is not directly concerned. To assert, then, that the Greeks have borrowed from the Latin monks the idea of purgatory is to be ignorant of the disposition of man; to admit a moral impossibility and to suppose a complete overthrow of the laws of moral order. Was, then, the change introduced between the schism of the Greeks and the separation of the Eutychians? Most assuredly not; for then a spirit of jealous rivalry and envy, subsisted between the Eutychians and the Greeks. Hence the Greeks could not borrow the dogma of purgatory from the Eutychians, nor the Eutychians from the Greeks. In fine, the same argument may be applied with equal force and evidence to the time which elapsed from the separation of the Eutychians to that of the Nestorians, which took place in 431. Hence we find it absolutely impossible that the dogma of purgatory could have been introduced during the last fourteen centuries, and this gives already to the dogma a respectable authority: the unanimous belief

of all Christian churches during fourteen centuries. But I may extend still farther my inferences, and conclude that among the first four centuries the same belief had been as unanimous as it then was. For leaving aside the positive testimonies which I shall soon quote, let us transport ourselves in imagination to that century and ask whether the dogma of purgatory was invented at the time of the separation in 431. Every one will answer no: for had the introduction of that dogma been recent in the Church, one of the two contending parties would have rejected it, and reproached the other with its variations in the faith. Every one who examines the human heart knows how much ingenuity is displayed in the contest of two adversaries,—how ardently one wishes to find fault with the other,—with what avidity they seize upon the smallest failing, and too often magnify them into great crimes,—how loudly they disclose their mutual weakness. Hence we can conclude with all possible evidence, had the belief of purgatory been recent at that period, one of the belligerent parties would have immediately rejected it; and, as all generations do not pass away in one day to rise the next, it follows that the belief of purgatory had been, previously to 431, a dogma universally received,—in fine, a dogma coming from the earliest ages of the Church; a dogma directly emanating from the apostles and from Jesus Christ himself.

I have insisted on this argument because it speaks to the mind, alike of the learned and the ignorant; because it does not require the reading of a large number of volumes, because it is resolved into a fact which may be ascertained by every one who has eyes to see, and a judgment to understand. Here our adversaries cannot cavil on the meaning of a text, on the signification of a word, on the properties of foreign languages. The fact that the Latins, the Greeks, the Eutychians, the Nestorians, agree and have always agreed on the dogma of purgatory, is above all such dissensions and objections; and the inference deduced from this universal consent is to every sound and reasonable mind, an incontesti-

ble proof that this dogma originated not with men, but that it came down from Jesus Christ, and that it is an essential tenet of Christianity. Here I cannot refrain from an obvious reflection on the adorable views of Providence. Truly God can draw good from evil! There must be error—there must be heresies,—such is the weakness and depravity of the human mind—such its corruption and wickedness. But by a wonderful dispensation of that Divine Being whom every event obeys, those very errors and heresies serve admirably to the accomplishment of the designs of God,—render manifest his protection over his Church, and have no other final effect than to place beyond all doubt some point of doctrine. Thus, against the infidel, who would at some future remote period, deride our sacred volumes, and pretend that they are the work of man, the apologists of Christianity would not fail to answer: “See how great has been the opposition between the Catholics and Protestants,—how many discussions and harsh controversies they have had; see how often they have mutually anathematized each other,—and still both Catholics and Protestants admit the same Bible, receive it with equal respect, and are equally convinced that it comes from the apostles. That argument would be infallible to prove that the Bible has never been fabricated either by Protestants or Catholics; and in the same manner with respect to the dogmas denied by Protestants, and purgatory in particular, we answer the Protestant,—see the unanimity of the Catholics, the Greeks, the Eutychians, and the Nestorians on this doctrine, and then tell us that a “monk” invented this doctrine during the “dark ages” of the Church! A wonderful man indeed this monk must have been, who, in a truly miraculous mission, succeeded first in instilling his opinions among the Latins, then travelled over to the Greeks, whom he found as docile as the Latins, and then undertook to convert the Eutychians, and then the Nestorians, and in a few years made these inveterate antagonists unanimous in admitting an opinion which they had never heard before, and succeeded in uniting the Chris-

tian world in the same belief! For so wonderful an achievement his name at least ought to have been recorded in the annals of history.

Thus I think it clearly demonstrated that any change in this dogma was impossible, if we examine the time when the change might have been made. Let us now examine the manner in which this change might have been effected, and we will also be perfectly satisfied of the impossibility of any alteration. How then, we ask our opponents, was this change effected? Was it a sudden one, or did it come by degrees? Was it sudden? Every nation within the bounds of Christianity was one day fully persuaded that it was superfluous to offer prayers for the dead, and the next day, forsooth, they perform funeral services; they discover Missals and Liturgies with prayers for the dead; they kneel at the tombs of their dear friends and relations to implore the mercy of heaven in their behalf! Such a manner of introducing purgatory, if I may so speak, would be, even in the eyes of our adversaries, still more absurd than is the doctrine itself. It was, then, by degrees. One, for example, began, another followed, another continued, and so the belief became general. But what a strange accumulation of absurdities does not this suppose! There have been at all times pastors of the Church; that is, men whose duties it is to instruct others,—men continually occupied with the doctrine which they preach. Can you then suppose that the doctrine of purgatory stepped into Christianity without the knowledge of the pastors, on a day when every bishop, and priest, and monk, and doctor of the Church was asleep. And if the pastors were aware of the innovation (as in such a case they most certainly must have been), not one reclaimed against it, not one protested against the wicked innovation. All at once, in England, Italy, Germany, France, Asia, and Africa, all bowed down to the new doctrine; and that, notwithstanding their duty which obliged them to oppose the change,—notwithstanding the singularity of the idea of purgatory, and—what must appear very strange even to our adversaries—netwith-

standing the emulation, sometimes, perhaps, jealousy which may exist between the different pastors; notwithstanding the different prejudices, habits, customs of the individuals who compose the various nations of Christianity; notwithstanding all this, all the pastors agreed on the institution of purgatory. If some pastors protested, as they must have done, the monuments of their opposition, the discussions which it must have created,—the acts of councils which it must have caused to be assembled,—the writings for and against,—every thing, in a word, has perished, even the name of the extraordinary monk who succeeded so wonderfully in palming off upon mankind his own fanciful ideas, as the doctrines of the Church of Christ!

If we admit the first of these absurdities, by a necessary consequence we must also admit that the pastors of the Church became all suddenly deaf and blind, or were buried in sleep for half a century. The second amounts to this: that the bishops remained for a whole generation deprived of the use of speech. And the third would lead us to suppose that a new deluge had desolated the earth during the "dark ages."

Thus our opponents are forced to make their choice between three palpable absurdities: either the pastors did not perceive the introduction of the new doctrine, or perceiving it they did not oppose it, or having opposed it, the new dogma prevailed, notwithstanding, and all the monuments of their zeal have perished! Once more, I affirm, it is easier and plainer to admit the existence of purgatory than to admit either of these ruinous hypotheses.

Our opponents often speak of the dark ages, and seem to suppose that men were then so brutified that any individual bold enough to raise his voice was believed as an oracle. Without examining here how far those ages which they call dark are entitled to that epithet, I assert with confidence that if they deserve that name so injurious, it was not because men were then predisposed to admit every thing at random; but they should be called dark, if at all, for the very opposite disposition: that is, for a propensity to quarrel on trifles, to cavil

about mere words. If it were necessary to quote any example, the following, among numerous others, might be adduced: "Whether a mendicant be the owner of the food he eats or not!" On this subject, trifling as it must to all appear, whole volumes were written, warm discussions were maintained, and many bitter feelings were excited. And yet, forsooth, our opponents would fain persuade us, that without any discussion, without any opposition, the new fangled doctrine of purgatory, that wild chimera of a monkish brain, that new offspring of ignorance and bold usurpation, in which not only religion, but every family, every single individual was concerned, passed into the Church unnoticed, and was universally and suddenly admitted, as if by magic influence! Surely you, my dear friend, cannot admit this absurdity,

After what has been said, it is unnecessary for me to dwell long upon your third question; that is, on the utility of prayers for the dead. From nearly every text adduced, it follows as a plain and necessary consequence, that, as there exists a purgatory, so also the prayers of the faithful on earth are available for the souls therein detained. Does not the book of Machabees, on which we dwelt at some length in our first part, expressly say, "It is, therefore, a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins?"

Thus from the custom of the Jews in those days, in the days of Jesus Christ, and even of the present day, we conclude that it is "a holy and wholesome thought to pray" for those who are slumbering in the lowly grave. The texts deduced from antiquity, the universal custom of the Christian Church at all times, in all places,—the positive quotations from St. Augustine,—the history of his mother's death and burial, of Constantine the Great, the first Christian emperor, of all of which we shall now speak, and, in fact, the express testimonies of our separating brethren,—all prove beyond the possibility of a doubt, that it is indeed "a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." Nay, so con-

genial to human nature is this pious custom, that the first impulse of an anguished heart, as we kneel and weep at the grave or coffin of a departed parent, friend, or child, is: "May God have taken you to his own bosom, spirit of the departed one!" We naturally breathe forth a gentle sigh, a tender wish that the day of trial is over, and that God has enthroned the soul in bliss beyond the grave. Thus, then, although such a one may never have heard the word purgatory, he substantially admits and practices its belief.

But are there no other monuments of antiquity to prove that the early Christians prayed for the dead, and therefore that they admitted a purgatory? Of the many I find, you shall have a few, and for others let me refer you to the work, I think, you tell me you now have, "*Milner's End of Controversy*," subject purgatory; to the second volume of the "*Amicable Discussion*," and to the valuable work just published from the classic pen of Dr. Pise, &c.

St. John Chrysostom, who lived three hundred years after the age of the apostles, and who it must be admitted, was at least as well able to know the doctrine as we are, in his third homily on the first chapter of *Philippians*, has the following significant words: "It was not without good reason, ordained by the apostles that mention should be made of the dead in the tremendous mysteries, because they knew well these would receive great benefit from it." Does it not here appear, that in that early age, the dead were mentioned by the faithful Christians, and that by the ordinance of the apostles? But to advance nearer the apostolic age, *Tertullian*, in his work concerning *Widowhood*, chapter ten, thus speaks of a pious widow. "She prays for the soul of her husband, and begs refreshment for him." Here then we find the same done even in the age next to the apostles. In the age immediately succeeding, flourished *St. Cyprian*, who, among several others, speaking of the difference of some souls after death, has in book fourth, chapter second, these words: "It is one thing to be waiting for pardon, another to attain to glory; one thing to be sent to prison, not to go out from

thence till the last farthing is paid. Another to receive immediately the rewards of faith and virtue. One thing to suffer lengthened torments for sin, and to be chastised and purified for a long time in that fire; another to have cleansed all sin by suffering." Can words be more express than these, to prove the belief of purgatory in those early days? Why need I swell my letter, by quoting the authorities of St. Cyril of Jerusalem, of St. Ambrose, St. Epiphanius, St. Jerome, and St. Augustin?—and yet I cannot permit myself to pass thus rapidly over this latter father, the illustrious bishop of Hippo in Africa. In his one hundred and seventy-second sermon he has these words:—"Through the prayers and sacrifices of the Church, God deals more mercifully with the departed than their sins deserve." Who can read the affecting recital of the death of St. Monica, the heroic mother of St. Augustin, without melting into tears. Behold her, near threescore years of age, after so many toils and painful labors, now rewarded by a merciful God in the conversion of her wandering and misguided son. She sees him a Christian, a Catholic, devoted to the service of the sanctuary, and clothed in the sacred robes of the priesthood; unable to restrain the inward workings of her soul, she raises her feeble hands in prayer, and with what little strength is yet left her, she bursts forth into this beautiful exclamation. "Son, there is nothing more in this life that affords me any delight; what I have to do here any longer, or why I am here I know not, all my hopes in this world being now at an end; the only thing for which I desired to live was, that I might see you a Catholic, and a child of heaven. God has done more, and much more, in that I see you now despising all earthly things, and entirely devoted to his service. What further business have I here?" Five days after, expressing herself in this same pious manner, she feels the hand of death upon her. String after string of her maternal heart is broken asunder, and 'ere the last chord is severed, a mother's love still strengthening that heart, stays for a moment the work of dissolution. At her bedside kneels her weeping son, her long lost,

but now repentant Austin, and as she raises her pallid hand, to impart a dying mother's blessing, draw near and hear her parting words: "Lay this body anywhere, be not concerned for that; the only thing I ask of you both is, that you make remembrance of me, at the altar of God wherever you are." She droops, and calmly expires, and the eyes which had so long and so often wept the bitter tears of maternal anguish, but which had lately beamed with joy at his conversion, were closed in death by the hand of Augustin. She was carried to the grave, and as was then the custom, before the corpse was lowered to its narrow house, the sacred mysteries, aye the *holy Mass* was offered for her repose; this done, the weeping attendants consign her to her grave. Till now Augustin had suppressed his tears, but when alone by all unseen, save his God, and the sainted spirit of his departed mother, he burst into a flood of tears, and found relief for his troubled soul. The thought of her kind affection, and his own former ingratitude, of her pious instructions and his cruel recklessness; of the tears she had shed for her wandering son, and the days, the years of anguish he had caused her. Oh, who would not weep with him! When such a son weeps for such a mother, angels might mingle their tears in kindred sympathy, to blot from his memory the history of the past. In his "Book of Confessions," (ix, 11, 12, 13), from which I have translated this account of Monica's death, he thus expresses himself: "If any one think it a sin that I thus wept for my mother, some small part of an hour; and for a mother who had many years wept for me, that I might live to thy eyes O Lord! let him not deride me for it, but rather, if his charity be great, let him weep also for my sins before thee." In compliance with her last request, he assures us in his same Book of Confessions, (ix, 13), that he always prayed for his mother's soul, and he exhorts Almighty God, to inspire with the same idea all who read his book. Does not this show, at this early age, the admission of a third place, some middle state, where the souls therein detained might be benefitted by the prayers of

the living? "Why stop to relate the dying injunction of Constantine the great, the first Christian emperor? "Bury me at the entrance of the Church, that all entering to pay their vows, seeing my grave, may be reminded to pray for Constantine." Why pray for him or St. Monica? If they were in heaven, they needed not prayers, if they were in hell, prayers could be of no avail to them; therefore they must have believed in that middle state where they could be benefited by the prayers of the living. But why confine ourselves to antiquity? Does not Luther on more than one occasion, admit purgatory to be founded on Scripture? See his Book, *Assertiones*, article thirty-seventh, dispute at Leipsic. Does not Melancthon openly confess that the Ancients prayed for the dead, and that the *Lutherans do not find fault with it*? Does not Calvin yield even much more than truth or consistency requires, since he admits that all the faithful are detained in the bosom of Abraham till the last day, thus maintaining a universal purgatory? Whereas, the Catholic believes, and finds great comfort in the belief, that many, very many pious souls pass immediately from this world to heaven, without any defilement, and consequently without any delay. Is it not a surprisingly strange fact, that in the first liturgy of the Church of England, drawn up by the celebrated Cranmer, and which was declared by *act of parliament to have been framed by inspiration of the Holy Ghost*, there is an express prayer for the dead, that "God would grant them mercy and everlasting peace?" Examine Collier's history, and you will find that Bishop Andrews, Usher, Montague, Sheldon, Forbes, Taylor, Barrow of St. Asaph's, and Blanford, all taught, that prayers for the dead were not alone *lawful*, but *necessary*. Have you not more than once read in the published meditations of the pious Dr. Johnson, his beautiful and melting prayer for his deceased wife's soul? In a word, so congenial, so consoling is this belief to the reason, and the soul of man, that even the pagans of old admitted its existence. Plato in his philosophy, and Virgil in his sixth *Æneid*, as well as that arch demon Mahomet in his

Koran, all tell us of a probationary state of existence after death. As the last instance I shall note, I will refer you to the present controversy between the followers of Dr. Pusey in Oxford, who are from him called Puseyites, and the other divines of the Church of England at present going on relative to the *real presence* and *purgatory*. You will find that even in Oxford, the bulwark of Protestantism, truth has flashed conviction upon the minds of several of her most able professors, whose example has been imitated by *seven hundred* of the ministers of the established Church. Even in a late ordination in London, of fourteen candidates for Protestant ordination, *seven* were acknowledged Puseyites; these my good friend are facts all of which have happened within the past three years, and for their truth, I refer you to the well written articles, both original and extracted from English papers on the Oxford Tracts, which have been published, among others, in the present volume of the Catholic Herald of Philadelphia.

But a truce to hostilities. Let the calumny of peace pass round. With my examination of Scriptural proofs, and other grounds for the truth of our belief in purgatory, I have now done. At the outset I promised to prove, that not only the Bible taught this doctrine, but that it was dictated by reason, and taught by antiquity, and by Protestant authority of the highest standing. I have hastily, yet honestly done so, as far as the limits of an epistolary correspondence would allow, with you it remains to form your own decision, you are an accountable being, and must one day render an account of the use you have made of those reasoning faculties God has so plentifully given you. I have here but sketched the picture; in Catholic books you will find the filling up, the background, the shades, and finishing strokes; yet the little that I have here said, will, I trust, induce you to examine the subject. Investigate this cheering, this consoling doctrine, which serves as a connecting link, between the slumbering, honored dead, and the weeping pious living. Ask faith of God of whom alone it can be obtained, and then you too, like

the fervent child of the Catholic Church, will taste the sweet consolation of that doctrine, which teaches him, that though death may tear from his arms a parent, a sister, a brother, friend, spouse, or child, it can never dissolve that sweet "communion of saints," which serves as a channel of communication between the living and the departed; that he can still assist the departed object of his affection, and propitiate the mercies of heaven in its regard. When in all the anguish of a widow or an orphan she kneels at the grave of one whom once she loved, and who once loved her, and hears in spirit the departed one addressing her in the plaintive words of Job: "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, Oh you my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me." (Job xix, 21.) Oh how con-

soling, how heavenly, the belief, that around the grave of the slumbering dead, fond angels keep their friendly watch, to bear to heaven our fervent prayers in their behalf! that the guardian angel that watched around their cradle, now hovers o'er the slumberers' graves, and as in the lonely, silent city of the dead, the mourner kneels, and weeps, and prays, that rest eternal may be given them, and light perpetual shine upon their souls; the recording angel dips his pen in the falling tear, and with it writes the pardon of the dead! Oh! if this be illusion, if all the arguments before adduced be illusion, let us remain in that illusion, disturb it not, 'tis consoling to the living, 'tis sacred to the dead.

Yours, &c.

Washington, D. C. J. P. DONELAN.

AD POPULUM, OR THEOLOGY FOR THE PEOPLE.

NO. II.

RELIGIOUS INQUIRY.

ACCORDING to the words of an apostle, we should "always be ready to satisfy every one that asketh a reason of that hope which is in us," (1 Pet. iii): and therefore, as Christians, we are not dispensed from the obligation of adhering to our faith on rational grounds; or in other words, our faith, to be acceptable in the eyes of heaven, must be founded on motives of credibility, capable of determining and satisfying a sincere and unbiassed mind. Our divine Saviour did not reproach the Jews with the sin of infidelity, because they refused to acknowledge him as the Messiah, but because they persisted in their unbelief, in despite of the glaring evidences that established his heavenly mission. Had they not witnessed this evidence or learned it from unquestionable testimony, they would not have drawn upon themselves the curse of God. We also should be excusable, if we had never been enlightened on the subject of religion; but

having learned from childhood the truths of salvation, our convictions having been strengthened by education, our minds satisfied of the obligation to believe, we would culpably disregard this precious talent confided to our cultivation, did we neglect the means of rendering it unshaken in our minds; we would dishonor the gift of faith, we would expose it to the encroachments of human fancy, we would subject it to the vagaries of our feeble intellect or the desires of our rebellious hearts, if we did not attend to the grounds on which it claims our submission. Like the pilot heedless of the beacon-light that tells him to beware of the rocks and shoals in his way, we would enjoy no security from the dangers that surround us, we would be tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine, and ultimately perhaps be swallowed up in the vortex of universal scepticism. Thus did the apostle of the Gentiles warn his followers not to confide too much in themselves, nor to

imagine that their faith was too firm to be overthrown. He calls upon them in every page of his writings to hold fast that which they had learned; but at the same time he bids them fear lest they be deprived of this saving knowledge, by listening more to the suggestions of pride than to the principles which he had so zealously inculcated. The Christian of the present day has similar dangers to apprehend. He is not more firmly anchored in the haven of truth, than they who arrived there under the skillful direction of the apostles. It behooves him, therefore, as the follower of Christ, to appreciate the inestimable blessing conferred upon him by the communication of revealed truth, and to secure the possession of this invaluable treasure, not only by a practical attention to its moral excellencies, but also by the consideration of the brilliant characters which show forth its celestial origin. In this way he will offer to God, a "reasonable service," as the apostle expresses it (Rom. xii), the edifice of his sanctification will be reared upon a solid basis; the homage of his virtuous deeds will ascend more frequently and more fervently to the Almighty, as the intellectual eye that directs it, beholds more clearly the beautiful economy of religion, and the high destiny of its votaries. Our religion does not shrink from examination; her tenets do not fear the test of rational criticism. She appears before men with confidence arrayed in that grace and beauty with which her Divine Author has invested her, and invites all to the enjoyment of the blessings which she has been commissioned to distribute. "Come to me all ye that desire me, and be filled with my fruits. For my spirit is sweet above honey, and my inheritance above honey and the honeycomb. . . . He that hearkeneth to me shall not be confounded, and they that work by me shall not sin. They that explain me shall have life everlasting." (Eccl. xxiv, 26.) Such is the elevated office, such the consoling influence of our holy faith. Decked with these heavenly ornaments, she dreads not the scrutiny of man.

It is true, we hear it sometimes asserted that the policy of the Catholic hierarchy

and of the priesthood, is to shackle the mind of the people, and to restrain that freedom of thought which is necessary to a fair and successful investigation of religious truth; that the fabric of the Church could not withstand the test of close and legitimate argument. But let them who were once our adversaries, wipe away this unjust imputation. Every where around us are individuals of cultivated minds and high standing in society, who were taught from their infancy to look upon Catholicity as a hideous mass of error and superstition, whose prejudices were confirmed by education, and raised an almost insurmountable barrier to a subsequent change of opinion. By what motives have they since been induced to adopt the principles of Catholicism? They were not fettered by any undue influence; they were perfectly qualified to discern the weakness of our cause; and yet they have embraced it, in spite of every opposition calculated to stagger their resolution. They have embraced it, after having exerted their utmost ingenuity to persuade themselves that their former ideas of religion were well grounded, and could not be exchanged for more satisfactory views. Our religion presented nothing flattering to human nature; it did not promise to allow them the privilege of believing whatever pleased their fancy or interest; it did not open before them a wider sphere of pleasure and amusement. On the contrary, it threatened to impose a greater restraint on the pride and passions of their hearts; it presented the cross of Christ as the summary of our faith, and the symbol of our morality, that cross which "was a stumbling block to the Jews, and to the Gentiles foolishness, but to them who are called, the wisdom and the power of God." (1 Cor. i.) It spoke of fasts and privations, of various good works, of disclosing their sins to a frail being like themselves; and if they adopted it with such a prospect before them, they must have been actuated by the strongest and highest motives.

We repeat it, that faith which has numbered among its votaries the most distinguished champions of Christianity, which elicited the admiration and commanded the

obedience of the Ambroses, the Chrysostoms, the Augustins; that faith which during fifteen hundred years may be said to have held the proprietorship of the vast domains of literature and science, and which since that period has always exhibited within its communion, an amount of intelligence and learning, unsurpassed if equalled by the other sections of the Christian world, can proudly challenge the most rigid tests of philosophy; the more closely we examine its claims to orthodoxy, the more solid and indisputable will they appear; the more deeply we penetrate into its system of morality, the more clearly will we discover, that the spirit of the Catholic Church is the spirit of him who promised "to be with her all days to the consummation of the world." (Matt. xxviii.)

This assertion may perhaps have the appearance of presumption in the eyes of those who are but superficially acquainted with the tenets of our holy religion; nor is it a matter of surprise that they should entertain this idea, since they have never applied themselves seriously to the examination of our doctrines. We do not censure them for the erroneous opinions they may have innocently formed of our belief, nor are we so uncharitable as to suppose that they are unwilling to form an impartial estimate of Catholic principles. With this disposition, let them judge of our doctrines and sentiments, in the same way by which they ascertain the opinions and principles of a politician who aspires to some responsible station in the public gift. In relation to his real opinions, they do not depend on vague reports or the discrepant assertions of his adversaries; they are guided by his public declarations. All must admit that this is the course which reason dictates. Has it ever been conceded by any legislator or philanthropist, whose name adorns the record of human greatness, that an individual should be taxed with opinions different from those which he openly professes, when he has no possible interest in concealing his real sentiments? If this were the case, where would be the respect of one man for another? Where would be the security of commercial transactions?

Where would be the bonds of social intercourse? Were the moral world regulated by such a principle, it would soon present but a vast scene of confusion and disorder, of anarchy and strife; a chaos of right and wrong. We should become like the savage inhabitants of the forest, the mortal enemies of each other; public order would be civil war, domestic happiness would be but an empty name. But if sincerity and its daughter veracity are at any time entitled to our respect, they certainly claim it in questions of a religious nature, in the exposition of which we have every inducement to state the truth, and every thing to fear from its concealment: for "he who shall be ashamed of me and my words," says our Divine Saviour, "of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his glory." (Luke ix, 26.) If a Catholic desires to acquaint himself with the doctrine of the Episcopal Church, or that of some other Christian denomination, he consults the "Book of Common Prayer;" or the acknowledged standards of the society, whose creed he is investigating. It would not be fair or charitable in such a case, to request information concerning these particular societies of Christians, from individuals who for instance had been expelled from those societies, and whose personal disgrace might bias them in the statement of their principles. The Protestant would be chargeable with the same want of justice, were he to rely on the assertions of a clergyman who had been dismissed from the communion of the Catholic Church.

We have already had occasion to remark that our religion does not fear the scrutiny of the honest and impartial observer; on the contrary, it glories in its noble prerogatives, and perfectly satisfied with them, it never interferes with the privileges of any other system. Wretched and forlorn indeed would we consider her, if she had no better mark of excellence, than the abuse of all around her. Well might we suspect her of being a false guide, did she inculcate such a spirit or such a course of action. Hence, if her dignity is insulted; if her authority is contemned; if her institutions are vilified; if her principles are declared to be at

variance with the rights of God and man; how does she retaliate? Does she call upon her ministers to rival the scurrilous and vituperative language of their opponents? Do her pulpits resound with the retortion of unjust imputations? No; she holds not the doctrine, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;" but "love your enemies; do good to them who hate you; and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you." (Matt. v.) She understands full well the honor of suffering with her divine author, and however formidable may be the strength arrayed against her, however violent may be the assaults of her adversaries, she always pours forth in their behalf, that prayer of charity consecrated by the lips of our common Saviour; "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." (Luke xxiii.)

Her spirit of forbearance however may not always check the torrent of misrepresentation: it will therefore be necessary for those who desire to possess themselves of the truth, to learn it from such as are competent to impart it. "Let no one, says an apostle, seduce you by vain words," (Eph. v, 6), and under the garb of religious zeal, withhold from you that knowledge which you have a right to acquire. We are elsewhere cautioned by the Saviour, to beware of false prophets, who will tell us, "here is Christ, and there," and will assume so dictatorial a tone and put on so sanctimonious an air, as "to lead into error, if it were possible, even the elect themselves," (Matt. xxiv.) "By their fruits, however, you shall know them." From the charges which they have brought against the Catholic Church, and which any one may discover to be either the offspring of ignorance or imposture, it will be easy to pronounce upon their incompetency as religious guides.

Sincerity is an indispensable condition in the examination of religious truth. The object of the inquirer must be, not to indulge an idle curiosity, not to amuse the fancy, but to satisfy the mind, and by a comparison of the arguments advanced on one side with the objections alleged on the other, to decide their respective merits. It

may be asked, whether an individual is justifiable in renouncing the impressions imbibed from his early years, and adopting those which appear to him more consonant to the principles of sound reason? In answer to this query, it would be sufficient to observe that the primitive Christians were all converts either from Judaism or idolatry, and consequently they were all obliged to abandon the notions that had been instilled into their minds under the parental roof. If other circumstances have combined to shut out from us the genial light of truth, would we not be equally obliged to welcome its gladdening rays, so soon as the mercy of God permitted it to shed its lustre upon the soul? God has the same aversion for error that he entertains for vice. He is the God of truth as well as of sanctity; and he must necessarily reprobate the folly and insatiation of those who, knowing the truth, refuse to honor it by the testimony of their respect and obedience.

To avoid this condemnation we must dismiss those prejudices which the circumstances of birth and education may oppose to the exercise of our better judgment. We learn from the divine founder of Christianity, that when "the eye is simple, the whole body is lightsome," (Matt. vi), but if the sight is defective, every thing is wrapt in obscurity. Let the eye of the soul, therefore, be undimmed by the mists, which interest, or pleasure, or human respect may raise up before it: let the passions be silenced; and we shall listen with advantage to the teachings of truth. We cannot too much guard against the causes which may bias our minds. Who would have suspected the sincerity and fervor of that interesting young man in the Gospel, on whom the Saviour cast a benignant smile? Who would not have been inclined to consider him already a devoted follower of Christ, when he asked, "Good Master, what good shall I do that I may have life everlasting?" (Matt. xix): but the Gospel assures us that, having heard the answer to his question, "he went away sorrowful: for he was the proprietor of large possessions." He then who has discovered the truth, should not hesitate to embrace it in defiance

of every consideration that flesh and blood may suggest, to dissuade him from such a course. We have but one soul to save; and "what will it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (Matt. xvi.) The grace of God, if earnestly implored, will always lead the sincere inquirer to profess, what it has previously enabled him to discover. To believe,

is not the result merely of intellectual research. The apostle assures us that "we are not sufficient to think any thing of ourselves, as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is from God," (2 Cor. iii, 5); and in another portion of his writings he informs us that "by grace we are saved through faith; and this not of ourselves, for it is the gift of God." (Eph. ii, 8.)

MISSIONS AT THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

NO. III.

THE following letters from the missionaries of Oregon, one of which has been borrowed from the *Indian Sketches*, the other from the *Catholic Cabinet*, will inform the reader of the progress and actual conditions of the missions in that distant country.

"FORT VANCOUVER, 28th Sept. 1841.

"REV. FATHER:

"Blessed be the divine providence of the all-powerful God, who has protected, preserved, and restored you safely to your dear neophytes.

"I congratulate the country upon the inestimable treasure it possesses by the arrival and establishment therein of the members of the Society of Jesus. Be so kind as to express to the reverend fathers and brothers my profound veneration and respect for them. I beg of God to bless your labors, and to continue your successful efforts. In a few years you will enjoy the glory and consolation of beholding through your means all the savages residing on the head waters of the Columbia, ranging themselves under the standard of the cross. I do not doubt but that our excellent governor, Dr. McLaughlin, will give you all the assistance in his power. It is very fortunate for our holy religion, that this noble-hearted man should be at the head of the affairs of the honorable Hudson Bay Company, west of the Rocky Mountains. He protected it before our arrival in these regions. He still gives it his with business. The savages apply to us

support by word and example, and many favors. As we are in the same country, aiming at the same end, namely, the triumph of the holy Catholic faith throughout this vast territory, the Rev. Mr. Demers and myself will always take the most lively interest in your welfare and progress, and we are convinced that whatever concerns us will equally interest you. The following is an account of our present situation.

"The Catholic establishment of Wallamette consists of nearly eighty families; the one at Cowlitz of only five; twenty-two at Nez-quale on Puget-sund, which is from twenty-five to thirty leagues above Cowlitz. Besides these stations we visit from time to time the nearest forts where the Catholics in the service of the Hudson Bay Company reside. This is what takes up almost all our time. We are much in want of lay brothers and nuns, of school masters and mistresses. We have to attend to every spiritual as well as temporal affair, which is a great burden to us. The wives of the Canadians, taken from every quarter of the country, cause throughout the families a diversity of languages. They speak almost generally a rude jargon of which we can scarcely make any use in our public instructions—hence proceed the obstacles to our progress,—we go along slowly. We are obliged to teach them French and their catechism together, which occasions much delay. We are really overwhelmed

from all sides. Some of them are indifferent, and we have not time to instruct them. We make them occasional hasty visits, and baptize the children and the adults who happen to be in danger of death. But we have no time to learn their languages, and until now have been without an interpreter to translate the prayers we wish them to learn. It is only lately that I have succeeded in translating them into the Tchinoux language. Our difficulties are greatly increased by this variety of languages; each of the following tribes has a different dialect: the Kalapouyas, towards the head waters of the Wallamette; the Tchinoux of the Columbia river; the Kaijous from Wallawalla; the Pierced Noses, Okanaganes, Flat Heads, Snakes, Cowlitz, the Klickatates, from the interior, north of Vancouver; the Tcheheles, to the north of the mouth of the Columbia river; the Nez-qualles, and those from the interior or of Puget-sund bay, those of the Travers river, the Khalams of the above mentioned bay, those of Vancouver Island, and those from the northern posts on the sea-shore, and from the interior of the part of the country watered by the tributary streams of the Travers river, all have their different languages.

"Such are the difficulties we have daily to overcome. Our hearts bleed at the sight of so many souls who are lost under our eyes, without our being able to carry to them the word of life. Moreover, our temporal resources are limited. We are but two, and our trunks did not arrive last spring by the vessel belonging to the honorable Hudson Bay Company. We have exhausted our means. The savages, women and children, ask us in vain for rosaries. We have no more catechisms of the diocese left to distribute among them; no English prayer books for the Catholic Irish; no controversial books to lend. Heaven appears to be deaf to our prayers, supplications, and most ardent wishes. You can judge of our situation and how much we are to be pitied. We are in the meantime surrounded by sects who are using all their efforts to scatter every where the poisonous seeds of error, and who try to paralyze the little good we may effect.

"The Methodists are, first, at Wallamette, which is about eight miles from my establishment; second, near the Klatraps, south of the mouth of the Columbia river; third, at Nez Queli, or Puget-sund; fourth, at the Great Dulles, south of Wallawalla; and fifth, at Wallamette Falls. The Presbyterian missions are at Wallawalla, as you approach Coleville. In the midst of so many adversaries we try to keep our ground firmly; to increase our numbers, and to visit various parts, particularly where the danger is most pressing. We also endeavor to anticipate the others, and to inculcate the Catholic principles in those places where error has not as yet found a footing, or even to arrest the progress of evil, to dry it up at its source. The conflict has been violent, but the savages now begin to open their eyes as to who are the real ministers of Jesus Christ. Heaven declares itself in our favor. If we had a priest to hold a permanent station amongst the savages, the country would be ours in two years. The Methodist missions are failing rapidly; they are losing their credit and the little influence they possessed. By the grace of God, our cause has prevailed at Wallamette. This spring, Mr. Demers withdrew from the Methodists, a whole village of savages, situate at the foot of the Wallamette Falls. Mr. Demers also visited the Schinouks, below the Columbia river. They are well disposed towards Catholicity. I have just arrived from Carcader, which is eighteen leagues from Vancouver. The savages at this place had resisted all the insinuations of a pretended minister. It was my first mission, and only lasted ten days. They learned in that time the sign of the cross, the offering of their hearts to God, the Lord's Prayer, the Angelical Salutation, the Apostle's Creed, the Ten Commandments, and those of the Church. I intend to revisit them soon, near Vancouver, and to baptize a considerable number. Rev. Mr. Demers has been absent these two months, on a visit to the savages at the bay of Puget-sund, who have long since besought him to come amongst them. I have not been able to visit since the month of May, my catechumens at Flackimar, a

village whose people were converted last spring, and who had turned a deaf ear to a Mr. Waller, who is established at Wallamette. Judge, then, sir, how great are our labors, and how much it would advance our mutual interest, were you to send hither one of your reverend fathers, with one of the three lay brothers. In my opinion, it is on this spot that we must seek to establish our holy religion. It is here that we should have a college, convent, and schools. It is here that one day a successor of the apostles will come from some part of the world to settle,* and provide for the spiritual necessities of this vast region, which, moreover, promises such an abundant harvest. Here is the field of battle where we must in the first place gain the victory. It is here that we must establish a beautiful mission. From the lower stations the missionaries and reverend fathers could go forth in all directions to supply the distant stations, and announce the word of God to the infidels still plunged in darkness and the shadows of death. If your plans should not permit you to change the place of your establishment, at least take into consideration the need in which we stand of a reverend father and of a lay brother, to succor us in our necessities. By the latest dates from the Sandwich Islands, I am informed that the Rev. Mr. Chochure had arrived there, accompanied by three priests; the Rev. Mr. Walsh making the fourth. A large Catholic church, it was hoped, would have been ready last autumn for the celebration of the holy mysteries. The natives were embracing our everlasting faith in great numbers, and the meeting houses were almost abandoned.

"The bishop of Juliopolis, stationed at Red River, writes to me that the savages dwelling near the base of the eastern part of the Rocky Mountains have deputed to him a half blood who resides amongst them, to obtain from his grace a priest to instruct them. Rev. Mr. Thibault is destined for this mission.

"I remain, Rev. Father, yours,

"F. N. BLANCHET."

* We learn that Rev. Mr. Blanchet, the writer of this letter, has been appointed vicar apostolic of the Oregon Territory.

Extract of a letter, dated Fort Alexandria, 11th February, 1843, and addressed to Rev. Father DeSmet, by Rev. M. Demers, a Canadian clergyman, occupied in the missions of Oregon.

"On the 29th July, 1842, I left Fort Okanagan with the company under the command of the estimable Peter Ogden, Esq.; three days after I had the pleasure of receiving your letter, written with a pencil, from the hands of the chief Okanagan, whom you have perhaps seen and whom we call the 'Great Young Man.' We learn, by information received from *les Chaudieres*, that you saw the missionaries who came to the prairies; others have arrived by the lake; and three weeks after our departure, two French priests came in the boat belonging to the Hudson Bay Company. Yesterday I was at the fork of the Okanagan, where I was grieved to find so few marks of your visit in the spring: even the sign of the cross has been nearly forgotten. The two adults, whom you baptized came to see me in good health. Having camped there I baptized twenty-eight children, six of whom had been at Okanagan. On the 10th August I arrived at Cameloups. The neighboring savages having seen that a '*black gown*' had come to visit them assembled in great numbers. You cannot imagine the transports of joy and delight by which these poor savages showed the pleasure they took at seeing a priest; but I could remain only a short time with them, during which I taught them to make the sign of the cross, and baptized several. On leaving them I gave them crosses with their names written upon them. On the 10th the company took up its line of march for this place. Along the route I saw a great many savages, who, having heard of my arrival, came to meet me at different places. This alone makes known to us their disposition and the desire which they have to be instructed in the things of heaven. A great number of children had the happiness to receive the grace of baptism. On the 24th I crossed the river Frazer, after a fatiguing march of twenty-six days on horseback. It was at the fort I expected to pass the winter, but having an opportunity

to visit the most advanced posts in the interior of the country, by taking passage, through the kindness of Mr. Ogden, in the wagons which took the merchandize destined for those forts, I came back upon the Frazer, a river, in comparison with which, the Columbia has nothing frightful, although the former is much less in size. I arrived at Fort George on the 6th of September, where I saw but few Indians, as they had not received information in sufficient time to assemble. Few only were baptized. The company reached the end of its long travels on the 16th at Nanakazelo, otherwise called Stewart's Lake, which is thirty-five miles long and eight or twelve wide. I was ten hundred and fifty miles from Vancouver; my only company was to be three young men, and my only means of conveyance a barge which was to be built within three days. At other places the savages have shown better dispositions, but I made use of this short space of time in pointing out the principal disorders which existed among them, and in teaching them to make the sign of the cross. On leaving them I gave them the right to hope that they would soon see among them other interpreters of their father, for this is the name which they gave to me, and that these would remain a long time with them, so as to teach them all their duties. Loaded down with the attentions and politeness of Mr. Ogden, after having baptized twenty-five children, white and black, I left Stewart's Lake the 19th, and on the 24th I was at this place. You can learn the rapidity of the waters from the time which my descent occupied. Some days after, I went to visit Tchilkoteux. It was a journey of three days. They soon assembled, and during the sixteen days that I passed among them, I taught them the prayers as far as the commandments, including these. At the same time, I gave them a general idea of our holy religion by means of my *Catholic ladder*. A young man showed a prodigious memory—he learned the Ave Maria in two hours, and the six first articles of the creed in one hour. Having made them capable of making use of the beads, I gave a set to the chief. Returning on the

27th of October, I commenced to teach the prayers to my Staoten. By the 20th of November they knew as far as the commandments, and by the 9th of December they were able to chaunt six canticles, even the little children of five or six years old. Thus we see how capable they are of learning, and how much they promise for religion, when grace shall have reformed their manners and changed their habits. This will not be the work of a day, for much is to be reformed. Though polygamy is rare, the marriage bond is easily broken. Frightful debaucheries exist among both sexes, and as elsewhere, the women are corrupted by the whites. They have often killed their children to conceal their customs. Their language is difficult to pronounce, and their letters unlike those of the other nations, which I have known. So much for the Porteurs. The Atnaus are a nation of about five hundred souls. They are divided into four camps, extending along the river. They have as much to be reformed as the Porteurs; their language is essentially different, and the pronunciation of it discouraging at least to me. It has some resemblance to the Okanagan. I have already a good stock of work. It increases every day.

"I have now passed twenty days among the Atnaus. Following the example of the Porteurs, they have built a chapel forty feet in length, and nineteen in width. They have given not less hope than the Porteurs, that they will soon become a precious portion of the flock of Jesus Christ. They have learned the same prayers, but only five canticles. The number of baptisms amount to four hundred and thirty-six, of whom three adults, who were in danger of death. You see, my reverend father, what I can at present do for the savages. It is only a weak commencement; but the field is open and ready for you. You learn by these details that the work is too great for one laborer, and that the demand for others is a pressing one. At a day's journey from this place I have found a prairie, containing about two thousand five hundred acres of land, one-third of which is very good. The frosts, which injure the corn here, do not the same injury there. They have a beautiful place

for a mill, and wood is abundant. A neighboring lake furnishes excellent fish in the spring, and there is a little river which crosses the prairie. The land here is certainly inferior, but it produces good barley, corn, potatoes and other vegetables. Dry salmon affords us our principal nourishment. This prairie is but three hours walk from the river Frazer, where is situated the largest camp of the Atnaus."

Of the Canadian secular clergy, Rev. Messrs. Blanchet, Demers, and two others, principally attend the various forts of the English Hudson Bay Company; and several Jesuits of the province of France have lately left Montreal for Oregon Territory, to labor among the Indians north of the Columbia river; whilst the Jesuits of Missouri take charge of the Indian missions south of the same river and on the Rocky Mountains.

A MORNING HYMN.

BY PROF. WALTER.

Awake, my soul, with early day,
And like the flowers, thy life renew;
More sweetly shines morn's infant ray,
Thus trembling mid the morning dew.

Soar with yon matin bird on high,
Whose joyous song salutes the morn;
Thy orisons shall pierce the sky
Aloft by ministering angels borne.

Thy humble prayer shall entrance win,
Tempered at once by hopes and fears;
If Jesu's eye behold thy sin,
Oh be it only through thy tears!

PRASCOVIA, OR FILIAL PIETY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF COUNT XAVIER DE MAISTRE.

A TRUE STORY.

Concluded from page 694.

PRASCOVIA arrived safely at Moscow. The friend of the abbess received her with great kindness, and kept her in her house, while she was endeavoring to find her a fellow-traveller, for the journey to St. Petersburg.

The person to whom she determined to entrust her, was a merchant who travelled with his own horses, and consequently at a

moderate rate. In addition to the letters, which the ladies of Ekatherinemburg had given her, she had now one for the Princess T., an aged and highly respected lady. Under these auspices she arrived at St. Petersburg, towards the middle of February, twenty days after having left Moscow, and eighteen months after her departure from Siberia. Her courage was unabated, and

her confidence as unshaken, as on the first day of her journey.

She lodged at the merchant's house on the Ekaterina-canal, and for some time she was at a loss in that vast capital, how to enter on her business, and how she should deliver her letters of introduction.

The merchant was too much engrossed by his own affairs, to care much for his lodger. He had promised her to find out the house of the Princess T.; but before he could do so, he was obliged to depart for Riga, and left Prascovia to the care of his wife, who was very kind to her, but wholly unable to afford her any advice upon the subject which alone interested her.

The letter which the lady of Moscow had given her, was addressed to a person living on the opposite bank of the Neva. As the direction was very explicit, Prascovia thought that she could find the house, and accompanied by her hostess set out for Wasil-Ostrow;* but the river was opening, and the passage was prohibited by the police, as long as there was any danger from the floating ice. She returned home, painfully disappointed. In the midst of her perplexity, a friend of her hostess advised her unfortunately, to address a petition to the Senate, to request the revision of her father's trial, and offered to procure a person who would draw up the paper. The success of that which she had addressed to the Governor of Tobolsk, encouraged her hopes, and she was thus induced to copy an ill-conceived and worse written supplication. Nor could any one give her the least direction how to present it. She neglected to deliver her letters of recommendation, and in this way lost the opportunity of obtaining timely assistance.

With the petition in her hand, she went one morning to the palace of the Senate, ascended a long staircase, and entered one of the public offices. She was much embarrassed at the sight of the number of persons, who were seated or moving in this large room, not knowing to which of them she should deliver her paper. The clerks, to whom she whispered her request, looked

up to her, and then continued to write, without taking any farther notice of her. Some other persons, whom she was about to address, turned aside to avoid her, as they would a pillar which obstructed their way. At last an old soldier, who served as door-keeper and sergeant-at-arms, and who was hurrying with rapid steps through the saloon, met her, and passing to the right to get out of her way, while she turned to the same side, to make room for him, they came violently against each other. The provoked soldier asked her what was her business. Prascovia, rather pleased with the question, presented him her paper, and desired him to deliver it to the Senate. But he, taking her for a common beggar, seized her by the arm, and dragged her out of the room. She durst not re-enter, and remained the whole morning on the staircase, intending to present her petition to the first Senator whom she should meet. She saw several persons alighting from their carriages, some decorated with stars, some with epaulets, and all in uniforms, in boots, and with swords. She thought that they were all generals, or officers of the army; and waiting all the time for a Senator, who, from the idea she had conceived of these magistrates, was to be distinguished by something extraordinary, she had no opportunity of delivering her paper. Towards three o'clock, the palace emptied, and Prascovia finding herself alone, left the Senate in great amazement at not having met with a Senator among the crowd she had seen that morning. Her hostess, to whom she made that remark, had great difficulty in making her understand that a Senator was made like any other man, and that the gentlemen she had seen were probably for the most part persons, to any one of whom she might safely have presented her petition.

On the next day, at the hour when the Senate meets, she again took her seat on the staircase, and offered her paper to every person that passed near her; hoping, by this means, to avoid her error of the preceding day, and that she should at last meet with some one of those great personages, of whom she still found it difficult to form any definite idea; but nobody cared to take her paper.

* A quarter of St. Petersburg, on the right bank of the Neva.

She saw, at last, a corpulent gentleman with a red ribbon, and stars on each side of his red uniform coat, and a sword. "If this is not a senator," she whispered to herself, "surely I shall never meet with one in my life." She advanced towards him, praying him to take charge of her petition; but a liveried servant stepped suddenly forward, and gently turned her aside, while the star-red gentleman, who thought she asked alms, murmured a "God help you," and proceeded on his way.

Prascovia went thus to the senate for two whole weeks, without any better success than on the first day: often, wasted with the fatigue of standing on a cold and wet staircase, she seated herself upon one of the steps, and endeavored to read in the countenances of those who passed, some sign of compassion and benevolence. But probably nobody imagined what she wanted. This is inevitable in large cities. Opulence and misery, happiness and distress, elbow each other, and yet remain for ever separate, unless benevolence and pity, or the exertions of charitable persons, bring them into closer connexion than accidental meetings.

One day, however, one of the clerks, who probably had already become accustomed to her face, stopped beside her, accepted the petition, and took from his pocket a packet of papers. The unfortunate girl began to feel some hope; but the packet contained only banknotes, from which the stranger took one of five roubles, put it in Prascovia's paper, and, returning it, quickly disappeared. The disappointed girl, rose from her seat, and left the palace. "I am sure," said she to her hostess, "that if Mrs. Milin had a brother, who was a senator, he would have attended to my request, without knowing anything of me."

The senate not being in session during the Easter holidays, Prascovia, contrary to her inclination, had some rest. She employed it in devotion. During her pious exercises, she repeated her prayers for the happy issue of her enterprise, and such was the sincerity of her faith, that after having partaken of the holy communion, she felt assured that her petition would be accepted the next time she should present herself at the senate,

and told her hostess so when she returned from church. But the hostess was less confident, and advised her to try some other means. Still, on the day when the senate was to open its session, she had some business on the "English quay," and Prascovia being ready to go to the senatorial palace, she offered to carry her in her "baroschky." "I wonder," said she on the way, "that you do not become discouraged. Were I in your situation, I would not trouble myself further with the senate and senators, who will never do any thing for you: you might as well present your petition to this statue," added she, in pointing to the noble monument of Peter the Great. "I am sure," answered Prascovia, "that my faith will not be in vain. But I will try to-day for the last time, my fortune at the senate; and I am confident that my supplication will be received. God is almighty,—yes, he is almighty," repeated she, alighting from the vehicle, "and if He willed it, even this figure of bronze would move from its seat, and hearken to my request." The matron burst out into a laugh, and Prascovia, soon awaking from her enthusiasm, smiled herself: yet this was but the habitual current of her thoughts and expressions.

While she gazed on the monument, her hostess, looking round her, remarked that the bridge over the Neva was replaced: numberless vehicles were coming to and fro, in the direction of Wasili-Ostrow.—"Have you your letter for Mrs. L.?" asked the good woman; "I am in no hurry, and could carry you to her house." It being yet early in the morning, Prascovia accepted her offer. The river which, some time before, was meandering around masses of floating ice, was now thawed and covered with vessels and boats of every description. Prascovia was delighted with this sight; the weather was beautiful, and with redoubled courage, she felt assured that her visit would be successful. Embracing her companion, she said: "It seems to me as if God guided me, and I trust He will not forsake me."

Mrs. L., who had received from her friends in Ekatharinemburgh, some account of Prascovia, reproached her kindly for not having sooner presented herself. The affec-

tionate manner with which she was received, reminded her strongly of the time she had passed with Mrs. Milin. Prascovia explained the plan she had formed for the recall of her father from his exile, and mentioned the unsuccessful endeavors she had made, until then, at the senate. On a perusal of her petition, Mrs. L. soon found that it was not worded according to the official form. "Few could be more serviceable to you than myself," she said to Prascovia, "for one of my relations fills an important station at the senate; but I must confess to you, as I would to an older acquaintance, and to a friend, that for a short time past I have not been on good terms with him. However," she added, after a little reflection, "the occasion is so good, and our quarrel so trifling, that I should be willing to make propositions of reconciliation, of which you may be the immediate cause: besides, is it not Easter?"

Prascovia was to dine with her new friend, and in company with several persons who were invited, and who showed her the greatest kindness. When they were taking their seats at the table, a gentleman entered, and addressing Mrs. L., made the salutations usual on these festival days: "Christos voscres;" and without more words, they embraced each other in the most affectionate manner. This person was the relative mentioned by Mrs. L. The custom in Russia is, for friends and acquaintances, when they first meet at Easter, to greet each other by such marks of love and affection. The one says: "Christos voscres," (Christ is risen) and the other answers: "Voistino voscres," (in truth, he is risen.) Between friends, these expressions are, as it were, a new covenant; and, between persons who have quarrelled, the first words are an express wish for reconciliation. Mrs. L. finding her relation so well disposed, presented to him the young pilgrim from Siberia. Her affair was canvassed during the dinner, and the whole company agreed, that her application to the senate was an ill-advised step. A formal revision of her father's trial would have required much time; and it was thought at once a surer and shorter way, to apply immediately to the emperor. A little time, however, was necessary to determine by

what means this could be done. Meanwhile, Prascovia was advised not to continue her application to the senate, the narrative of which greatly diverted the company. Towards evening, Mrs. L. sent her little protégée home, accompanied by a servant. As soon as she could revert to the different incidents of that day, Prascovia, according to the ordinary bent of her mind, reflected on the wonderful ways, by which Providence disposes events in favor of those whom it designs to protect. How fortunate was it for her, she thought, to have presented her letter to Mrs. L., on the same day that her relative sought to make his peace with her! In passing before the senate, she remembered her prayer not to be obliged to re-enter that palace, more than once. "God, in his great mercy, has done more than I requested, for I shall not be under the necessity of going into it again;—and that bronze monument," added she, looking at the statue of Peter the Great, "was the instrument which the Almighty used to direct my steps."

Notwithstanding the lively interest of her new friends, she was destined to attain her end by other assistance than theirs.

The merchant, who had returned from Riga a few days before, was astonished to find Prascovia still in his house, and had begun to inquire for that of the Princess T. This lady, who already expected Prascovia, ordered him to bring her immediately. Though she regretted to leave the good people with whom she had lived for two months, she was too intent on her great purpose, not to be anxious to be introduced, as early as possible, to a protectress, from whom she might derive the most important services.

A Swiss in showy livery opened the door. Prascovia taking him for a senator, dropped a low courtesy. "It is only the doorkeeper, child," whispered her host.—When they had reached the first story, the Swiss rang twice. Prascovia did not know the meaning of it; but having remarked, that the doors of some shops were provided with bells, she imagined that it was a precaution against thieves. In the saloon, every thing she saw and heard, was calculated to fill her with admiration and amazement. Never had she

seen so much splendor; never had she entered a room lighted like this; never had she imagined that a large company could move with so little noise, converse in almost inaudible voices, and bear the same air of dignity and state. The company was dispersed in small groups: the youngest among them, were round card-tables, in one corner of the saloon. Many persons were standing near one of these tables, where the princess was playing whist with three other persons. As soon as she saw Prascovia, she motioned her to approach. "Good evening, my dear: have you not a letter for me?" Unluckily she had not yet taken it from her little bag, and was rather awkward in getting it from under her tucker, which caused some whispering and uttering among the younger part of the company. The Princess read the letter attentively. Her partner, who was not much pleased with this interruption of the game, drummed on the table, and fixed an ill-humored look on the new guest. Prascovia thought she recognized in him the corpulent gentleman, who had refused to receive her petition. While the princess was folding the letter, the gentleman bolted out with his "trumps!" Prascovia, already greatly disconcerted, observing that he continued to stare at her, thought probably he had said something to her, and asked with trepidation, "What do you say, sir?" the laughs did not lose the occasion to be merry at her expense. The princess greatly commended her conduct and filial piety, and promised to assist her. Turning then towards a lady who was sitting next to her, she addressed a few words to her, in French, whereupon the latter took Prascovia politely by the arm, and conducted her to the room which was prepared for her.

During the first days of her abode in the princess' palace, Prascovia, finding herself almost always alone, was low-spirited, and regretted not only the company of her friends at Wasili-Ostrow, but even the house of the merchant. Insensibly she became more familiar with her new acquaintances, and, to the humblest servant, every person in the house endeavored to imitate the kindness with which the princess distinguished her. Though she ate at the table of this lady, she

never had an opportunity of speaking with her, and her protectress was often prevented, by the infirmities of age, from dining with her. The persons of her retinue soon became so much accustomed to Prascovia's face, that they forgot she was a stranger, and what her business was. When she begged one of them to mention her affair to their mistress, her entreaties were fruitless, whether because they neglected to speak to the princess, or because the latter found it impossible to fulfil her intentions. She visited sometimes her less illustrious friends in Wasili-Ostrow, and put all her hopes on their assistance.

During the time she lived at the merchant's, a clerk of the empress-mother's cabinet secretary, Mr. Violier, had advised her to solicit her Majesty for succor, and had offered to take charge of her petition. The secretary, believing that she needed only the ordinary relief of the poor, set apart fifty roubles for her, and sent her word to call on him. The next morning she went to his house: he was absent, but Mrs. Violier received Prascovia, talked with her, and heard her story with as much surprise as interest. The acquaintance between charitable persons and the afflicted, is like the meeting of old friends, long separated by travels or difference of fortune. In the first hour that Prascovia passed with Mrs. Violier, she felt for her as much gratitude as for an old benefactress.

The lady desired her to wait for Mr. Violier, and when this gentleman, on his return home, saw her, and heard her tale, instead of offering alms, he promised to speak, on the same day, to the empress in her behalf. He begged her to remain to dinner, hoping that, at his return from the palace, whither at that moment his official duties obliged him to go, he should be able to give her some news.

The empress directed her secretary to present Prascovia to her, on the same evening, at six o'clock. The astonished girl almost fainted, when Mr. Violier brought her this news: instead of thanking him, she raised her eyes to heaven, and said in a trembling voice: "Thus, O God! have I not in vain put my trust in thee." In her

extreme agitation, she seized the hands of Mrs. Violier, covered them with her kisses, and begged her to express her gratitude to the generous man, to whom her father would be indebted for his liberty.

Towards evening, making a very trifling change in her simple dress, she accompanied Mr. Violier to the imperial palace. Remembering what her father had told her of the difficulty of being admitted into it, she said to Mr. Violier: "Oh! if he could now see me, and know in the presence of whom I shall soon find myself, how happy would he feel!"

Without any preparation for what she had to say, or any direction of what she was to do, she entered the cabinet of the empress, perfectly self-possessed. The empress received her with her characteristic benevolence, and put several questions to her, with a desire to have further details of her history than the secretary had been able to give. Prascovia answered with as much respect and composure, as the best educated person could have shown, on such an occasion. Persuaded that her father was innocent, she did not solicit his pardon, but the revision of his trial. The empress praised her for her courage and filial virtue, offered to recommend her to the emperor, and ordered that three hundred roubles should be given to her, as an earnest of further interest and protection.

Prascovia left the palace with such a sense of these favors, that when Mrs. Violier asked her, if she was pleased with her reception, she could answer only with her tears.

A lady of the princess' retinue, remembering that she had not met with Prascovia, since she had walked out in the morning, was, on inquiring, informed by the servant, who had accompanied her, that he had seen her go with Mr. Violier in a carriage to the palace, and she quickly inferred that she must have been presented at court. When she entered the princess' mansion, towards the close of the evening, she was, for the first time since her first visit, ushered into the assembly room, where her recent fortune had already produced a happy revolution in her favor. The persons who had shown her

friendship, were less profuse in congratulations, than those who had treated her with indifference. Some of the latter discovered that she had fine eyes and was well made. When she said that she was now certain of her father's liberty, nobody thought that it could be otherwise; and several persons, less hasty in encouraging her confidence, offered to recommend her to the ministers. The amateur of whist congratulated her, as soon as he rose from his game.

When she awoke next morning, she asked herself: "Is it not all a dream? have I indeed, seen the empress? has she, indeed, deigned to speak to me with so much goodness?"—She rose hastily to look in a drawer, to convince herself, by the sight of the present she had received, that her imagination did not deceive her.

A few days afterwards, the empress-mother assigned her a pension, and introduced her, herself, to the emperor and his august consort, who both received her with the most gracious kindness and benevolence, and presented her with five thousand roubles. But what gave her the greatest happiness, was his Imperial Majesty's command, that the trial of her father should immediately be revised.

The lively interest with which she inspired Count Kotchoubey, then minister of the interior, and all his family, removed many difficulties which might yet have retarded the accomplishment of her dearest wishes. That estimable statesman united in his person two things, which are not often found together: the inclination, and the means of doing good; and many afflicted families had cause to thank him, before they imagined that he knew of their misfortunes.

The revision of Lopouloff's trial fell happily, under the jurisdiction of this minister, and from that moment Prascovia was certain of success. Known to the imperial family, and protected by the minister, she soon became the object of universal interest. The representatives of foreign courts vied with the most distinguished inhabitants of the capital, in giving her marks of esteem and affection. Some ladies settled on her an annual pension. Yet these seductive favors

did not alter the simplicity of her character, nor the modesty of her manners; and if any thing distinguished her from any other demure and humble country girl, it was but the fearlessness of perfect innocence. After a most laborious study of society, a sagacious mind will feel convinced that perfect artlessness, and an unassuming demeanor, are the most captivating qualities; and thus learn that after all, nature is our best and unerring guide. The unsophisticated Prascovia could, without effort, display the winning graces of simplicity, and mingle, without the least disparagement, in the best society, her good sense and sound judgment supplying the place of education. Her quick and happy repartees discountenanced many who had been more favored in this latter respect.

Being once interrupted in her narrative, in the presence of a numerous company, by a person who asked her for what crime her father had been banished, she answered indignantly, and in a tone of cold reproof: "Sir, a father is never culpable in the eyes of his children, and mine is innocent."

Though she could not but observe the enthusiasm she inspired, in the unconscious display of the noble qualities of her soul, it had no influence on her behavior or language; and, when she touched upon her history, she seemed but to answer queries, and never betrayed an intention of exciting the sympathy of her hearers. She wondered that her conduct should be praised, and she could not conceal her displeasure, when she was commended in exaggerated terms.

She spent the time during which she was obliged to remain in the capital, in the expectation of the final sentence of her father's trial, very happily. Every enjoyment was new to her and delicious. The manner in which she expressed her emotions on these occasions, was often very striking.

Accompanying one day, the Countess W. through the interior of the imperial palace, she exclaimed, on seeing the throne: "Is this the throne of the emperor? oh! how I once dreaded to appear before it, and crossing her hands and turning pale, she whispered in a faltering voice: "Is this

really the throne of the emperor?" The awe, the fear, the reverence, with which this image of sovereign power had once filled her, were now blended with feelings of love and gratitude for the monarch. She asked permission to approach the imperial seat. With a trembling step she advanced towards it; and throwing herself at the foot of it, she burst into tears, exclaiming: "O! my father, see where the omnipotence of God has conducted me. God, merciful God, bless this seat, and him who occupies it! May he, through his whole life, be as happy as I now am." She could with difficulty be induced to leave this room, and such was her emotion that her friends found it necessary to defer showing her the rest of the palace to some other day. She did not recognize the rooms where she had been presented to the imperial family. When she entered the splendid assembly room of the knights of St. George, she thought she was in a chapel, and crossed herself.

On the day her friends accompanied her through the "Hermitage," she seemed to take great pleasure in looking at the pictures, with which this splendid palace is decorated, and she explained readily the religious subjects of some of them. But seeing a drunken Silenus, supported by Bacchantes and Satyrs—a picture of Luca Giordano—she said: "What an ugly thing! what does this represent?" Having never heard of mythology, it was difficult to make her understand the subject of the picture. But when she was told that it was a fable, she said: "I thought that there was no truth in it: men with goats' feet! what folly to paint things that never have existed, as if there were a want of true ones." Poor Prascovia was doomed to learn, at the age of twenty-one, what commonly is taught to children. However, her curiosity was never indiscreet; she seldom asked a question, and endeavored, by her own efforts, to satisfy herself about whatever fell under her observation that was new or that she did not understand.

Nothing gave her more pleasure than to be with well-informed persons, who conversed among themselves without thinking of her. Her eyes wandered then from one

speaker to another; and the attention with which she listened was so intense, that she could remember every remark which the limited extent of her acquirements enabled her to comprehend.

In the company of her intimate friends, she loved to dwell on the benevolent reception of the two empresses, and to repeat every word with which they had honored her. Her emotion could not but increase on hearing many other examples of the magnanimity and goodness of her sovereigns, and she wondered that they were not the usual topic of conversation.

The ukase for the recall of her father was delayed, however, longer than she had expected. Prascovia had not forgotten the two prisoners who had offered to assist her. But when she mentioned them to her protectors, they advised her not to embarrass the success of her principal request, by asking this additional favor; and for fear of injuring the interests of her parents, she was obliged to yield. But her good intentions prevailed at last; for on the day that the ukase for the pardon of her father was to be despatched to the governor of Siberia, the emperor, in ordering his minister to congratulate Prascovia, directed him to ask her, at the same time, if she had no favor to solicit for herself. She answered immediately, that the only additional boon she desired, was the liberty of two of her father's fellow-sufferers. Her wish was complied with, and together with the ukase which set her father at liberty, was sent that for the recall of her two friends, who thus obtained their liberty in return for the offer of a few kopecks.

Nothing now prevented Prascovia from making her long intended pilgrimage to the cathedral of Kiev; and in meditating on the last incidents of her life, she determined definitively to give herself up entirely to her religious duties. While she prepared herself for her new career, and went through the preparations for the monastic vow, her father enjoyed the liberty she had procured him. He received the joyful tidings twenty months after her departure. By an inexplicable mishap, he had heard nothing of her during that whole

time. The emperor Alexander had, in that interval, ascended the imperial throne, and on that occasion many prisoners were liberated, but none of those exiled at Ischim. Lopouloff and his wife felt so much the more discouraged. The separation from their only child had brought them to the brink of despair, when suddenly a messenger from the governor of Tobolsk arrived with the ukase of their liberty, a passport for their journey to Russia, and a sum of money.

This event, and the manner in which it was brought about, produced a great sensation in Siberia. Many of the inhabitants and prisoners of Ischim, were anxious to see the happy parents. Those who had ridiculed Prascovia's enterprise, and chiefly those who had refused to assist her, now deeply regretted their error. Nothing was wanting to complete Lopouloff's happiness, but the liberty of his two compassionate friends, for he was yet ignorant that they also had obtained their pardon.

These two men, who were both at an advanced age, had been exiled to Siberia since the rebellion of Pougatcheff, in which their youthful passions had engaged them. Lopouloff's closer acquaintance with them, was dated only from the time that his daughter entered on her pilgrimage. Of all his acquaintances, they alone had manifested a sincere interest for her. Afterwards, they often conversed together of Prascovia, and formed conjectures on the issue of her enterprise. Hope and fear succeeded each other upon these occasions. Lopouloff finding himself now in a situation to show them his friendship, offered to divide with them the money he had received; but they refused to accept anything. "I need nothing," said one of them, "for I have yet the piece of money which I offered to your daughter."

Dejection bordering on despair, was probably the cause of their refusal. They were about parting with their only friend. They remembered that Prascovia had promised them, to interest herself in their favor: and believing the exaggerated accounts which reached Ischim, of the reception she had met with at court, they were unwilling to

let her father know the extent of their disappointment.

In order to avoid the pain of witnessing his departure, they went the evening before to take their leave of him, and they returned home with feelings of the deepest anguish.

When they had gone, Lopouloff and his wife lamented the fate of their unfortunate friends. "Prascovia surely has not forgotten them," said they.—"Perhaps she may yet obtain their freedom."—"We will beg her to renew her intercession in their favor." After some farther observations of this sort, they retired, to be ready, early the next morning, for their departure.

They had scarcely closed their eyes, when they heard a noise at their door. Lopouloff rose, and met the messenger with the despatches for the two prisoners. He had searched in vain for the Captain-Ispravnik or head commissary, to whom he intended to deliver the despatch; and returned now to learn from Lopouloff, the lodging of the two exiles. They had gone home, in deep silence, and seated themselves on a bench, neglecting in their feeling of despair, even to light a candle: of what could they converse in these mournful moments? what consolation could they find in each other's countenance? all hope for them, as they thought, had vanished, and an eternal exile seemed now their only and certain prospect.

They thus sat brooding for two hours, over their present misery, and their woful futurity, when the glimmering of a lantern suddenly threw light into the room, through its little lattice. They heard steps near the door;—one knocks;—and the well known voice of a friend cries: "Open, open! your pardon! your pardon! open."

It would be vain to attempt to describe the scene that now occurred. At first, some broken expressions could alone be heard: "Pardon!"—"The emperor: God bless him! God bless him!"—"Thousand benedictions to Prascovia! no, no, she has not forgotten us!" Seldom had the transition from profound despair to the greatest earthly bliss, been so sudden and so unexpected: never, perhaps, had a good turn of fortune been more deeply felt.

The Captain-Ispravnik, having been informed that a messenger was searching for him, ran after him, and in the presence of the two prisoners, opened the packet, which contained a passport for each of them, and a letter from Prascovia to her father. Among other things, she mentioned, that she would have solicited a pecuniary assistance for her two friends, had not God given her the means to make them herself a present, in return for the generous offer they had made her, at her departure from Siberia. The present consisted of two hundred roubles.

Prascovia anxiously waited for an answer from her parents. In taking the veil at Kiew, she was, nevertheless, determined to fulfil the promise she had given to the abbess at Niejeni. She wrote to her after having finished her devotions, and shortly afterwards determined to depart for Niejeni.

The abbess, in the expectation of seeing her soon, did not write to inform her of the arrival of her parents at Niejeni. She went to meet Prascovia at the gate of the convent, with all the nuns. Prascovia threw herself at the abbess' feet, and her first inquiry was for news from her parents. "Come, my child," said the old lady, "come into my room, we have good tidings for you;" and she conducted her through the galleries and aisles of the monastery. The silence of the nuns might have awakened her fears, had their countenances not been expressive of joy.

In entering the abbess' closet, she saw her parents. They had heard nothing of her arrival; they knew not that she had taken the veil, and they threw themselves at her feet, overwhelmed by mingled feelings of gratitude, admiration, and grief. "What are you doing?" shrieked Prascovia, and gasping with her emotions, and falling on her knees, she added: "to God, to God alone we owe our felicity. Let us thank Him for his miraculous interposition." The nuns, deeply moved by this affecting scene, joined in the thanksgiving of the happy family, who, after this first burst of gratitude to their merciful Creator, exchanged demonstrations of love and tenderness, in

the moment of which the mother, pointing to Prascovia's veil, gave way to her feelings and sobbed aloud.

The pleasure they found in their meeting, they knew would be of short duration, and was therefore not unmingled with regret. Prascovia, in taking the veil, deprived her parents of the happiness they would have found in her company; and the new separation for which they were obliged to prepare themselves, seemed to them more painful than the former, because they could not flatter themselves, as then, to spend, perhaps, the rest of their lives with her. Their means did not permit them to establish themselves at Niejeni. Mrs. Lopouloff had relations at Wladimir, who invited her to live with them; and necessity obliged both parents to accept this invitation. After having passed a week with their daughter, in a quick succession of alternately delicious and agonizing feelings, they determined to depart. The mother was deeply distressed. "What have we gained," said she, "by this liberty, after which we longed so much! all the toils, and even the success of my poor child, have but ended in her eternal separation from us! I wish rather we had remained in Siberia with her for ever!"

Such complaints may be forgiven to the aged mother of a daughter like Prascovia. She was her only child; beside her, "she had no other children." (Judges xi, 34.)

Prascovia, in taking leave of her parents, in presence of the abbess, promised to pay them a visit at Wladimir, in the course of the year. The whole family, accompanied by the nuns, went then to the church. Prascovia, though more profoundly affected than her parents, encouraged them, and seemed anxious to give them an example of resignation and fortitude. Yet, she found it difficult to guard herself against the overpowering movements of nature; she glided, after a short prayer, into the choir, where the other nuns were assembled, and showing herself through the grate, she said to her parents, with a ghastly effort at cheerfulness: "Farewell, my beloved: your daughter belongs to God, but she will not forget you. Dear father, my dearest moth-

er, resign yourself to the sacrifice prescribed by Providence, and may the blessings of the Almighty accompany you wherever you go." Her overwhelming emotion obliged her to lean against the grate, and to give a free course to her tears. The poor mother, overcome by grief, rushed towards her, with inarticulate cries of anguish. At a signal given by the abbess, a black veil fell, and prevented a useless renewal of so distressing a scene. At the same moment, the nuns broke forth into the Psalm—

The good man's way is God's delight;
He orders all the steps aright
Of him that moves by his command;
Though he may sometimes be distress'd,
Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd;
For God upholds him with his hand.

Lopouloff and his wife had seen their daughter for the last time. A few minutes afterwards, they departed from Niejeni.

Prascovia submitted herself with perfect resignation to the severe rules of the convent, showed the greatest zeal in the fulfilment of her several duties, and won every day more and more the affection and esteem of her new companions. But her health declined rapidly, and the mountainous situation of the convent was no way calculated to retard the development of the malady which preyed upon her. After a year, a change of residence was recommended to her by her physicians.

The abbess, being at that time obliged to go to St. Petersburg, determined to take Prascovia with her. In this she was actuated, not only by a hope that the change of place might have a good effect on Prascovia's health, but by a wish also, that the interests of her convent might be served, by the friends she had in the capital. Prascovia was now again a petitioner, but a more disinterested one than before; and instead of partaking in the pleasures of society, as she did then, she visited only those persons whose acquaintance she was bound by gratitude and friendship, to cultivate.

Her features were already much altered, by her wasting disease, the consumption; but even in her decayed state, her countenance was one of the most agreeable and

interesting that could be seen. She was rather of a low stature, but well made; her black veil, though it excluded all ornament of her hair, showed to advantage the fine shape of her face; her eyes were of a deep black, her forehead was large, and her look and smile had a remarkable expression of sweet pensiveness.

She was aware of the nature and the danger of her disease, and all her thoughts were fixed on that future existence, for which she waited without fear, but yet without impatience.

The abbess, having despatched all the business which had caused her visit to the capital, prepared to return with Prascovia to Niejeni. On the day before their departure, Prascovia, on entering the house of some friends, of whom she wished to take leave, found a young girl lying at the foot of the staircase, reduced to the most abject state of misery. Seeing a lady followed by a liveried servant, the unfortunate creature raised herself to beg alms; and presenting a paper, she added, that her father was palsied, and lived only by the assistance which she was able to obtain, from charitable persons; but that she herself was so ill, that she had not strength enough to beg. Prascovia seized the paper with a trembling hand: it was a certificate of good character and poverty, signed by a parochial priest. She remembered the time, when she also was sitting on the staircase of the senate, in hope of relief from her suffering, and when she solicited in vain for compassion. She hastened to give to the poor girl all the money she had about her, and promised her further assistance. On her recommendation, the friends, whom she went to visit, became the protectors of this poor girl and her father.

She had hoped to obtain, before her departure from St. Petersburg, a dispensation from the law, by which, in Russia, novices are prohibited from making their final vows, before attaining the age of forty; but in this her hopes were disappointed.

On their return to Niejeni, the abbess and Prascovia passed a few days in a convent at Novogorod, where the discipline was less severe than in their own, and the situation

of which was more favorable to the health of the novice, who besides had the pleasure to meet here, with a sister of one of her companions at Niejeni. The young nun seemed extremely solicitous to possess her friendship, and informing her of the permission her sister had obtained, to change her residence at Niejeni for that of Novogorod, she urged her to follow her example and to come with her. The abbess, who hoped that such a change might be beneficial to her health, consented, though she extremely regretted parting with her, and soon after their return to their convent, she made the necessary application for her transfer to Novogorod.

Prascovia shortly afterwards left the latter place, followed by the good wishes and regrets of all her acquaintance and companions. She was obliged to wait two months at her new residence, before she could be put in possession of a small wooden house of two cells, which she had caused to be constructed for herself and her friend, for want of such accommodation in the convent. Yet, she was considered as belonging to it, and all the sisters, who were already acquainted with her, looked upon her arrival as a great happiness, and gladly performed those duties for her, which were beyond her strength.

She lived in this way, until the close of 1809; and, like most persons afflicted with consumption, Prascovia, though resigned to an early death, did not think that her end was near. On the evening before her death, she walked with less fatigue than she had for some time before, through the convent, and, wrapped in a pelisse, sat down at the steps to enjoy the exhilarating influence of the sun, on a wintry day. She mused pensively on the events of her life, and remembered the more vividly those of her infancy, as the aspect of nature contributed to carry her back to Siberia. Observing some travellers glide rapidly before her in a sledge, her heart began to beat as if kindled by some cheering recollections. "Next spring," she said to her friend, "if I am well enough, I will pay a visit to my parents at Wladimir, and you shall go with me." Her eyes beamed with joy, while death already dis-

colored her lips. Her companion could not without difficulty assume a composed countenance and restrain her tears.

On the next day, the eighth of December, 1809, the festival of St. Barbara, she had still strength to go into the church to partake of the holy communion, but at three o'clock she was so reduced, that she laid herself undressed on her bed, to take, as she thought, a little repose. Several of her companions were in the cell, and, not aware of her situation, talked gaily and laughed, in the hope of amusing her. But their presence became soon too fatiguing for her, and when the vesper bell was rung, she desired them to join their sisters in the chapel, and recommended herself to their prayers. "You may yet to-day," she said, "pray for my recovery, but in a few weeks you will mention me, in the prayers for the

dead." Her friend alone remained, and she begged her to read to her the evening service as she was accustomed to do. The young nun, kneeling at the foot of the bed, began to sing in a low voice. But after the first verses, the dying Prascovia having made her a sign with her hand, accompanied by a faint smile on her lips, she rose, bent over her, and could with difficulty catch these words: "My dear friend, do not sing, it prevents me from praying; read only."

The nun kneeled again, and while she recited the orisons, her expiring friend made, from time to time, the sign of the cross. The room was now becoming dark.

When the nuns re-entered with candles, Prascovia was dead. Her right hand was extended over her breast, as when she crossed herself for the last time.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

CATHOLIC POLAND.—The Poles professing the Catholic religion in that part of the country which has been united to Russia, have recently addressed a memorial to the holy see, exposing to the sovereign pontiff the cruel sufferings to which they are subjected by the autocrat. It appears that every species of injustice is inflicted upon those who are not willing to renounce the Catholic faith. An immense number of religious houses has been suppressed, and the inmates reduced to a condition of misery and starvation. Even the noble beneficence of the sisters of charity has been arrested, because it was a Catholic work, and commanded the respect and esteem of the schismatics around them. Various other grievances are detailed, which show that the present autocrat of Russia is a barbarous tyrant, not inferior to many of the Pagan persecutors in primitive times.

MADRAS.—On Sunday evening last the Rev. S. Fennelly, late of Maynooth college, and brother to the Right Rev. Dr. Fennelly, bishop of Madras, sailed from Kingstown, *via* London, for that distant and most rising mission, bringing with him nearly twenty associates—as clergy-

men, nuns, students, and catechists—who are to devote their talents, lives, and fortunes, to the promotion of religion in the Indies.—*Dub. Nation.*

TRINIDAD.—From a letter which I received by the last mail, on the 21st inst., I am gratified to hear that our holy religion is making rapid and consoling progress throughout that vicariate, and that with the exception of the Rev. Mr. J. O'Hanly—who has been somewhat indisposed, and who is at present, with the zealous bishop, Right Rev. Dr. Smith, at the port of Spain, after his missionary labors near the coast, as parish priest—all the other clergymen and the bishop himself are quite well.—*Ibid.*

BRITISH GUIANA.—This extensive vicariate has for some time back been placed in most distressing circumstances, owing to the want of missionaries and due attention to the sacred ordinances of religion. The last mail from Rome brings us the interesting intelligence that the Right Rev. Dr. Hynes, O.S.D., a most zealous and edifying Irish bishop, has been appointed by the holy see to take charge of the vicariate as administrator, as the Right Rev. Dr. Clancy has resigned the responsible duties of vicar apostolic. Those who are familiar with the past labors

of the Right Rev. Dr. Hynes—first in Demerara, and secondly in the Ionian Islands—duly appreciate his great worth, and entertain confident hopes that by the assistance of a sufficient number of active clergymen and religious, this exemplary and active man will soon re-establish religion and morality in every part of British Guiana.—*Ibid.*

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—*Religious Profession.* On Sunday the 5th November at the convent of the Visitation in Georgetown, the solemn vows of religion were made by Sister Mary Augustin (Catharine Cleary) of Occoquan, Prince William Co. Va. and Sister Mary Rose (Mary Mudd) of Charles Co. Md. On the same occasion Sister Mary Pulcheria (Catharine Gibbons) of Washington city, received the veil.

DIOCESS OF ST. LOUIS.—*Ordination.*—The following scholastics of the Society of Jesus received tonsure and minor orders at the hands of the bishop, in the Cathedral, on Thursday, 21st of September; Louis Dumortier, Adrian Van Hulst, Francis Hortsmann, John Bax, Ignatius Maes. On the same occasion, the holy order of sub-deaconship was conferred on John Baptist Druyts, Francis O'Loughlin, P. Arnoudt, A. Maessele, and Arnould Damen—all scholastics of the same society. On the following morning, the last named five scholastics, together with the Rev. James Murphy, subdeacon, were ordained deacons; and on the morning of Saturday were, together with Mr. Murphy, raised to the order of priests.—*Catholic Cabinet.*

DIOCESS OF NEW ORLEANS.—It is with pain that we again revert to the difficulties occasioned by the conduct of the trustees in St. Louis' church, New Orleans.

Shortly after the death of their late venerated pastor, the bishop addressed a letter to the president of the board of trustees, expressing his readiness to supply the place of the Rev. Mr. Bach, on conditions which every well disposed mind would naturally approve, because absolutely necessary for the good order of the parish and the proper exercise of the parochial office. Notwithstanding their repeated professions of respect for the sovereign pontiff, under whose orders the bishop has hitherto acted, these gentlemen have not thought proper to accede to the reasonable demands of their prelate. They have even questioned his episcopal authority, although fully aware of his appointment by the holy see. They have also carried their own pretensions to a point which cannot but make them a laughing-

stock in the eyes of the Catholic community. The *Propagateur Catholique* nobly defends the cause of the bishop against the enemies of religion, and exposes the emptiness of their claims with an equal force of logic and facetiousness of style. A respectable meeting of Catholics was lately held in New Orleans, and resolutions were passed deprecating the course of the trustees, and avowing a determination to stand by the bishop as the lawful head of the Church in Louisiana. We hope that their fidelity will find many imitators, and that the schismatical board will be reduced to that silent insignificance which must be the ultimate result of this course, and which would certainly be much less discreditable to them than their present degrading notoriety.

FIFTH PROVINCIAL COUNCIL.—Official accounts from Rome have been received, informing us that the acts and decrees of the fifth provincial council, held in Baltimore in the month of May, were confirmed by the holy see on the 24th of September. The following appointments also have been made:

For the vacant see of Charleston, Very Rev. Ignatius Reynolds, vicar general of the diocese of Louisville.

For the new see of Hartford, Conn., Very Rev. William Tyler, vicar general of Boston.

As coadjutor to the bishop of Boston, Rev. John Fitzpatrick, pastor of St. Mary's church, Boston.

As coadjutor to the bishop of New York, Rev. John McCloskey, pastor of St. Joseph's church, New York.

For the new see of Milwaukee, in Wisconsin, Very Rev. J. M. Henni, vicar general of Cincinnati.

For the new see of Chicago, Illinois, Rev. William Quarter, pastor of St. Mary's church, New York.

For the new see of Little Rock, Arkansas, Rev. Andrew Byrne, pastor of Nativity church, New York.

For the apostolic vicariate, Oregon Territory, Rev. F. N. Blanchet, Indian missionary.

ASSOCIATION OF PRIESTS.—The names of several clergymen from various parts of the United States, have been received and forwarded to Rome for the purpose of being enrolled in the society in honor of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Due notice will be given of the reply from the eternal city.

THE LATE COMMODORE CLAXTON.—It is well known that this distinguished and lamented officer, who was the pride of the American navy and who enjoyed the universal respect and es-

team of those who knew him, closed his earthly career in the month of March, 1841, and in a strange land where he was actively engaged in the duties of his important station. His affectionate family having adopted measures for the removal of his remains to the U. States, the corpse was accordingly conveyed from Talcahuana to Baltimore, and interred on the 30th of October in Green Mount Cemetery, with the solemn and imposing rites of the Catholic Church. The Very Rev. Dr. Deluol, superior of St. Mary's Seminary, and an intimate friend of the deceased, officiated on the occasion. The many excellent qualities which adorned the public and private character of Commodore Claxton, his gallantry, disinterestedness and love of justice, the peculiar regard which he always manifested for the wants and comforts of his subordinates, and which endeared him to all under his command, his happy disposition and his urbane and affable manners as a member of society, all this has formed the theme of frequent and fervent eulogy in the newspapers. The object of the present remarks is to exhibit his sentiments as a Christian, and to record a few facts which are honorable to his religion, and which may be edifying to those whom he has left behind him.

Long before his departure on the southern cruise which deprived our country of his valuable services, he had attended with pleasure the public worship of the Catholic Church, and although he delayed to practise the duties which it enjoins, he was frequently heard to express the conviction that there was and could be only one true Church, and that that church was the Catholic. Among the clergy of her communion he numbered some of his dearest friends. He oftentimes solicited the reverend gentleman already mentioned, to accompany him as the chaplain of his flag-ship, and endeavored to obtain his assent, by the assurance that the same honors and attentions would be paid to him as to the captain.

During the three months that he passed with his family at Westpoint, before he entered upon the command of the *Constitution*, and on other occasions, he manifested an unequivocal attachment to the Catholic religion. At the town just mentioned, a Protestant Episcopal Church in which a popular preacher officiated, always attracted within its walls the fashionable portion of the inhabitants; but Captain Claxton, though born of Episcopalian parents and educated in the principles of that denomination, did not go with the crowd. He preferred to attend the Catholic service which was performed in the same village every other week. The priest who

served this mission did not officiate in a church; there was none; he celebrated mass in the house of a Catholic soldier; but humble as the place was, the American Commodore was seen there regularly with his family, kneeling on the floor in the midst of the promiscuous and lowly band that flocked to the unpretending sanctuary. When he was bantered by his friends in high life about this apparently singular taste in a man of his station, he proved his eminent qualifications as a naval officer by subduing at once every consideration of human respect, and boldly meeting the observations of the fashionable Christian by a reply equally just and religious. His answer was that, far from being ashamed to appear among the poor of this world, he deemed himself unworthy of worshipping God in the company of those who, although moving in the lower walks of life, were perhaps much more acceptable than he in the eyes of heaven: and then, in his usual jocular manner, he asked; "do you expect to choose your company when you go to heaven?" If it was urged that the priest, to whose discourses he listened, was not an eloquent man, he observed; "true, he is not much of an orator, but his instructions are solid, and calculated to satisfy both the mind and heart," and he added, perhaps with rather too much point, "at any rate he believes what he preaches."

On his way from Westpoint to Portsmouth, Commodore Claxton tarried a few days in New York. Here one of his sons was to have the happiness of receiving the holy communion; a circumstance which even in expectancy rejoiced the heart of the parent; but when at the celebration of the holy mysteries it was passing under his eyes, he observed to Mrs. Claxton that "he would give the world to be in the place of his son."

The following incidents, however, indicate a still stronger feeling of Catholicity. Having arrived at Portsmouth, the Commodore did not report himself until he had first visited a Catholic Church, and offered up his prayers to the Almighty. This circumstance would lead us to judge that one of the dominant influences in his breast was a sentiment of piety. No observations injurious to the Catholic religion were uttered with impunity in his presence. During his last cruise on the South American coast, he always assisted at a low mass on Sunday when he had an opportunity to do so; his imperfect knowledge of the Spanish language he judged a sufficient cause of exemption from the sermon at high-mass, as under the circumstances it would not have been understood. Previously to

his last illness he addressed several letters to his wife, in which he expressed an ardent longing for his return to the United States, that he might have the happiness of uniting with her in the practice of a religion which he so much admired, and of rendering his life conformable to the principles of his faith. While abroad, he endeavored to perform his religious duties according to his knowledge and the circumstances in which he was placed. A Catholic prayer-book was frequently in his hands, and when he lay prostrate on the bed of sickness, it was his constant companion and his truest consolation, so long as he retained the use of his faculties. There can be no doubt that, with these sentiments, Commodore Claxton would not have hesitated, under more auspicious circumstances, to call for the services of a Catholic priest. But, to prevent this several causes combined. In the first place there was no resident clergyman on the spot: then the fever under which he labored was not of such a character as to awaken any serious apprehensions: add to this that during his sickness his attention was much diverted from the more congenial occupations of his mind, by the distracting and fatiguing business of a court-martial which he deemed necessary, and which probably induced a sudden and alarming change in the symptoms of his disease. Such was the dispensation of an all-wise Providence; Commodore Claxton did not enjoy those consoling rites by which religion sustains and cheers the soul in its passage to eternity; but we have abundant reason to hope that the God of mercy has had regard to the sincere and fervent aspirations of his heart. When we consider the circumstances that have been detailed, his warm attachment to the Catholic Church, his open vindication of its doctrine and discipline, his anxious solicitude to become a practical member of its communion, his fond anticipation of the happy event, the acts of piety which he frequently performed, we cannot but console ourselves in the issue of so much Christian sentiment; and we will say of the gallant American Commodore what the illustrious bishop of Milan once applied to the young and interesting prince Valentinian II, who came to an untimely end, before he could receive, what he had so much valued and desired, the regenerating sacrament of baptism: "What more can be expected from us than to desire and to ask for the blessings of religion? Long since did the youthful emperor wish to be baptized; and I therefore beseech thee, O Lord! to grant to thy servant that grace which he so fervently longed for during life." (*De obitu Valenti.*)

BANNER OF THE CROSS.—Our Philadelphia neighbor demurs at the admission of the inconsistency which he committed, in taxing with "awful errors" what he calls the "Roman branch of the true church." We persist in the declaration that the two ideas conveyed by the common use of such phraseology, are irreconcilable. The Church of Christ, as the apostle says, is "the pillar and ground of truth;" it cannot therefore teach "awful errors."

The editor of the *Banner* expresses a willingness, which, if we understand it rightly, is highly commendable. He is disposed to designate his Roman Catholic brethren by those appellations which they recognize and which are not opposed to the dictates of courtesy. Under these circumstances we would suggest the use of the term *Catholic*, when he speaks of the Church in communion with the see of Rome; because this title has always belonged to it, and still belongs *only to it*, according to general usage

Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi.

DISGRACEFUL.—The Rev. Mr. Sperry, a Presbyterian preacher, who has been travelling about the country venting his spleen against Popery, was lately arrested and arraigned before a magistrate at Pottsville, Pa., on the charge of disseminating an obscene and immoral book. The book consisted of extracts from Den's Theology, and has been arranged for the express purpose of imposing upon the public mind, in regard to Catholicity; as if a book of the very same description could not be made up from certain parts of the Scripture itself. Having promised to behave himself better for the time to come, this gentleman was set at large again. Such are the men who carry on a crusade against religion; some of them narrowly escape the justice of the law, after having degraded themselves by the diffusion of obscene books: others are indicted for libel, and the jury can't make up their mind as to their innocence. Who could place any confidence in the word or preaching of such individuals?

ERROR.—Two of our cotemporaries have suffered a singular mistake to go abroad, by trusting too much to the columns of the *Tablet* or some other paper. In the translation of Cardinal Pacca's beautiful discourse on the state of religion in Europe, this paper inadvertently rendered the words *Saint Siège*, into *St. Sulpice*; and thus the venerable dean of the sacred college is made to say, that "France, under the auspices and direction of St. Sulpice, labors to dissipate the darkness of idolatry among the poor

savages of Oceanica," &c. Cardinal Pacca spoke of the "auspices and direction of the holy see," not of the society of St. Sulpice or of the saint of that name.

We notice this error, not in a captious spirit, but under the impression that our cotemporaries will be pleased to receive the hint.

OBITUARY.

The Right Rev. Dr. ROSATI, bishop of St. Louis, died at Rome on the 25th of September. The venerable prelate is succeeded by his coadjutor, Rt. Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick.

The deceased bishop of St. Louis was born at Sora, in the kingdom of Naples. He entered into the Congregation of Priests of the Mission, at Rome, and in 1815, when the Rt. Rev. Dr. Dubourg was consecrated bishop of New Orleans, at Rome, he, with the holy priest, De Andreis, and several others, embraced the American mission. He passed some time in Kentucky, enjoying the hospitality of the venerable bishop of Bardstown, and studying the English language under the guidance of Dr. David, afterwards bishop of Mauricastro. He was appointed coadjutor to the bishop of N. Orleans and consecrated bishop *in partibus* on the 25th of March, 1824, and subsequently made bishop of St. Louis, and charged with the administration of New Orleans, on the resignation of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Dubourg. He was fifty-three years of age at his death, and precisely nineteen years and six months had elapsed since his episcopal consecration. He was eminent for ecclesiastical learning, as well as for piety, prudence, zeal, suavity of manners, humility, and all the virtues becoming his high station. In the provincial councils his sentiments were highly influential, and he penned several Latin letters, among others, the classic letter to the archbishops of Cologne and Posen, which breathes the spirit of a Cyprian. He enjoyed the confidence of the holy see, and was apostolic delegate to the republic of Hayti, where he was received with the reverence which his dignified manners, as well as his sacred character, inspired. On his way to this island the second time, with a view to terminate what had been begun with very flattering prospects of success, his infirmities compelled him to stay for several months in Paris, whence he returned to Rome towards the close of May, there to finish his course in the sacred retreat, which, twenty-eight years before, he had left for the arduous labors of the mission. He was truly a holy bishop, worthy of the brightest ages of the Church.—*Cath. Herald*.

Died at St. Mary's Seminary in this city, on the 5th of November, Rev. JAMES HECTOR NICHOLAS JOUBERT, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

Mr. Joubert was born of a respectable family, on the 6th of September, 1777, at St. Jean d'Angely, in the western part of France. In 1801 he left his native country for St. Domingo, whence he embarked for Baltimore, where he arrived in the month of September, 1804. Shortly after, he entered St. Mary's seminary, where he passed the remainder of his life in the faithful discharge of various duties, as a professor and as vice-president of the college. His attention was also partly devoted to the holy ministry, which he zealously exercised. He was the founder, in 1825, of the institution known under the name of Oblates, or Sisters of Providence, the object of which is to train young females of color to the knowledge and practice of those duties and employments to which they may be called at a maturer age. To his watchful zeal and untiring efforts in promoting the interests of this institution, may be ascribed the rapid decline of his health, already considerably impaired by a chronic affection which had long baffled the resources of medical art. On the 1st of March, in the present year, the symptoms of his disease became more alarming; a dropsy ensued, and despite the skill of the most eminent physicians, combined with the most assiduous attentions of his friends, he soon fell into a state of exhaustion, which rendered his recovery hopeless, and after many weeks passed in almost momentary expectation of his final hour, he breathed his last amid the tears and prayers of his numerous friends who had gathered around him. It is unnecessary to add that his death was but the glorious close of a life which he had consecrated to the service of God and his neighbor. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: from henceforth now, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors for their works follow them." (Apoc. xiv, 13.)

At Plaquemines, La., about the middle of October, Rev. Baron d'Aurange, who had exercised the sacred ministry in that place only for a few months. After twenty years' labor in France, he came to America to recruit his strength, but was soon carried to the grave by an attack of malignant fever.—*Propagateur Catholique*.

On the 5th of November, at the Female Orphan Asylum, Washington, D. C., Sister Claudia (Ringe) in the 24th year of her age.—*Catholic Herald*.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Spirit of Blessed Alphonsus de Liguori; a selection from his shorter spiritual treatises. Translated by the Rev. James Jones; preceded by a memoir of the author. Baltimore: F. Lucas, Jr. 24mo. pp. 397.

The religious community are much indebted to Mr. Lucas for the publication of this delightful little volume, which, coming from the pen of so distinguished an author and so eminent a saint as Liguori, must at once commend itself to the attention and esteem of all Christians, but particularly of those who desire to sustain themselves in the practice of duty by the powerful influence of pious reading. In the volume before us, the reader will find some of the principal truths of Christian morality inculcated in a forcible and interesting manner, and above all with that spirit of unction which makes its way to the heart, and imparts to the style of a writer the twofold excellence of producing a deep impression upon the mind, and awakening a relish for the subjects which it considers. In addition to this general merit which the book possesses, it supplies in our opinion, a great desideratum, by treating of various matters which have not before been so well arranged for the advantage of the pious reader. The practice of meditation, the comforts of a soul in spiritual desolation, a compendium of rules for a Christian life, &c., are of this description, and will prove eminently interesting and instructive.

It may be observed that the wording of the title-page would be more correct and appropriate, if it announced the spirit of *St. Liguori*, instead of *Blessed Liguori*. This defect on the first two pages of the book may be easily removed in those copies which have not yet been bound. The work is handsomely printed and in a very convenient form. Upon the whole, it is one of the most valuable publications of a spiritual character that have been issued from the American press, for a long time.

History of the Reformation in England and Ireland, in a series of letters. By Wm. Cobbett. Philadelphia: M. Fithian. 12mo. pp. 339.

Though the reformation was very tragical in its consequences, its pretensions, as an improvement of religion, have justly been considered in the light of a comedy. Especially in England does this view of the subject present itself to the reader of history, and Cobbett, in his quaint, popular, matter-of-fact style, has invested it with a de-

gree of interest, which it would not possess in a graver and more polished form. As he relates facts which the best historians confirm, his statements will always be received as authoritative. The present edition of his history is neatly printed, and offered at a very moderate price, circumstances which, in addition to its intrinsic worth, will no doubt insure it a ready and extensive circulation.

The Youth's Library, No. 8. Baltimore, F. Lucas, 18mo. pp. 168.

This very useful publication has now reached the eighth number, which surpasses in its mechanical beauty all that have preceded it. It is ornamented with a beautiful engraving and a very handsome extra title-page. The tales, which are full of instruction adapted to the comprehension of young persons, are *ordinandu* or *The Countess of Hennance*; and *The Glass of Water*. There could be nothing better adapted than this little volume as an appropriate present for children at the approaching season. We admire the Youth's Library so much that we regret exceedingly the loss of No. 7, on its way. *The American Almanac and Repository of useful Knowledge, for the year 1844.* Boston, David H. Williams, 12mo. pp. 342.

This work has made its appearance with the usual amount of matter, embracing a chart of the United States, with a vast deal of meteorological information and the statistics of the country in great detail. What strikes us as commendable in this publication is its freedom from sectarian views. With regard to its accuracy, we shall merely observe, that *St. Philip's University*, mentioned on page 190, has not existed for the last two years. On page 194, the theological schools of the Catholic Church are not mentioned in the list of such establishments. They are included in a general way in the statistical account, p. 196, but it would be more satisfactory to place them in full under the proper heading:

The Following of Christ, in four books, translated from the original Latin, by the Rt. Rev. and Ven. Richard Challoner, D.D. V.A. To which are added Practical Reflections and a Prayer at the end of each chapter. Translated from the French, by Rev. Jas. Jones. First American edition. Balt. J. Murphy. 32mo. pp. 520.

We have seen the sheets of this edition of the *Following of Christ*, which will be issued in a

few, and believe it to be the neatest, cheapest, and most convenient publication of this excellent work, that has ever been issued from the Catholic press in this country. Price of the plainer copies, bound in cloth, 25 cents; of the ornamented copies, on fine paper, 50 cents to \$2, according to the binding.

The Garland of Hops, translated from the French. Baltimore: John Murphy. 32mo. pp. 145.

This beautiful little book is the fifth number of the *Cabinet Library*, intended for the instruction and entertainment of children. It is not inferior to any of its predecessors.

Prascevia, or Filial Piety, a true story, from the French of Count X. de Maistre. Baltimore, J. Murphy; N. York, E. Dunigan, 32mo. pp. 140.

We are pleased to see this very interesting and instructive narrative, which has appeared in the columns of our Magazine, republished in a form which will better adapt it to the use of young persons. Books of this description cannot be too strongly recommended to the attention of parents. This interesting series, called the *Cabinet Library*, will furnish most useful and appropriate presents for children during the approaching holidays.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

THE present number of the Magazine closes the second volume of the work, and reminds us of the many obligations we are under to friends and patrons; to the former who have lightened our labors by their valuable contributions; and to the latter who have manifested a becoming interest in a work, destined to advocate and defend the cause of Catholicity, and to aid in the diffusion of a sound literature among the Catholic population of the United States. To all who have in any way favored the Magazine, we return our warmest acknowledgments, and we hope that their fostering assistance will be continued. We indulge this hope the more confidently, as the important objects of the publication, the defence of religion and the spread of useful knowledge, are acquiring an additional interest with the progress of events in this country and abroad, and require a well-sustained effort, on the part of those who are the friends of truth, to meet the exigencies of the times. So far as we are concerned, nothing shall be wanting to render our periodical a useful auxiliary in this great cause, and to invest it with still higher claims to a public regard. We have already stated, that several gentlemen distinguished for their talents, erudition and literary accomplishments, have pledged their assistance in supplying the columns of the Magazine, and under such auspices we confidently promise our subscribers a rare miscellany of instructive and entertaining matter in the forthcoming volume. By this arrangement also we shall be enabled to mould the character of our work something more into that of a *Review*, and impart to it a usefulness which is much to be desired, when we take into consideration the immense number of works that are issued from the press, and the

nature and tendency of which can be ascertained by the vast majority of readers, only from the pages of a periodical review. According to the plan which we have marked out for ourselves, about one half of the contents of each number will consist of critical articles, and the remainder will be appropriated to the usual variety of matter, embracing a well-condensed summary of ecclesiastical intelligence and a notice of the latest publications.

By the typographical arrangements that have been adopted for the next volume of the Magazine, the quantity of matter in each number will be equivalent to seventy-two pages of the present form. The January number will be ornamented with a splendidly executed portrait of the illustrious Dr. Carroll, the first metropolitan of the United States. This engraving, which will be followed by others of equal merit and interest, will be accompanied by an historical outline, exhibiting the state of the church during Archbishop Carroll's administration, and presenting many novel and valuable incidents of that early period which have been gathered with considerable research from the manuscripts of the Metropolitan Library in Baltimore.

We acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of the following excellent papers, which will appear without delay: *The True Catholic*, Nos. I and V, on the term *Catholic* and the *Catholicity of the Church*; Brande's *Encyclopedia*, a critical examination of the late American edition of this work, in a religious and scientific point of view: *Eusebius on the Theopneustia*, a glance at this production of the ecclesiastical historian, which was but recently brought to light by the researches of Rev. Mr. Tatham and translated by Dr. Lee, regius professor at Cambridge.

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